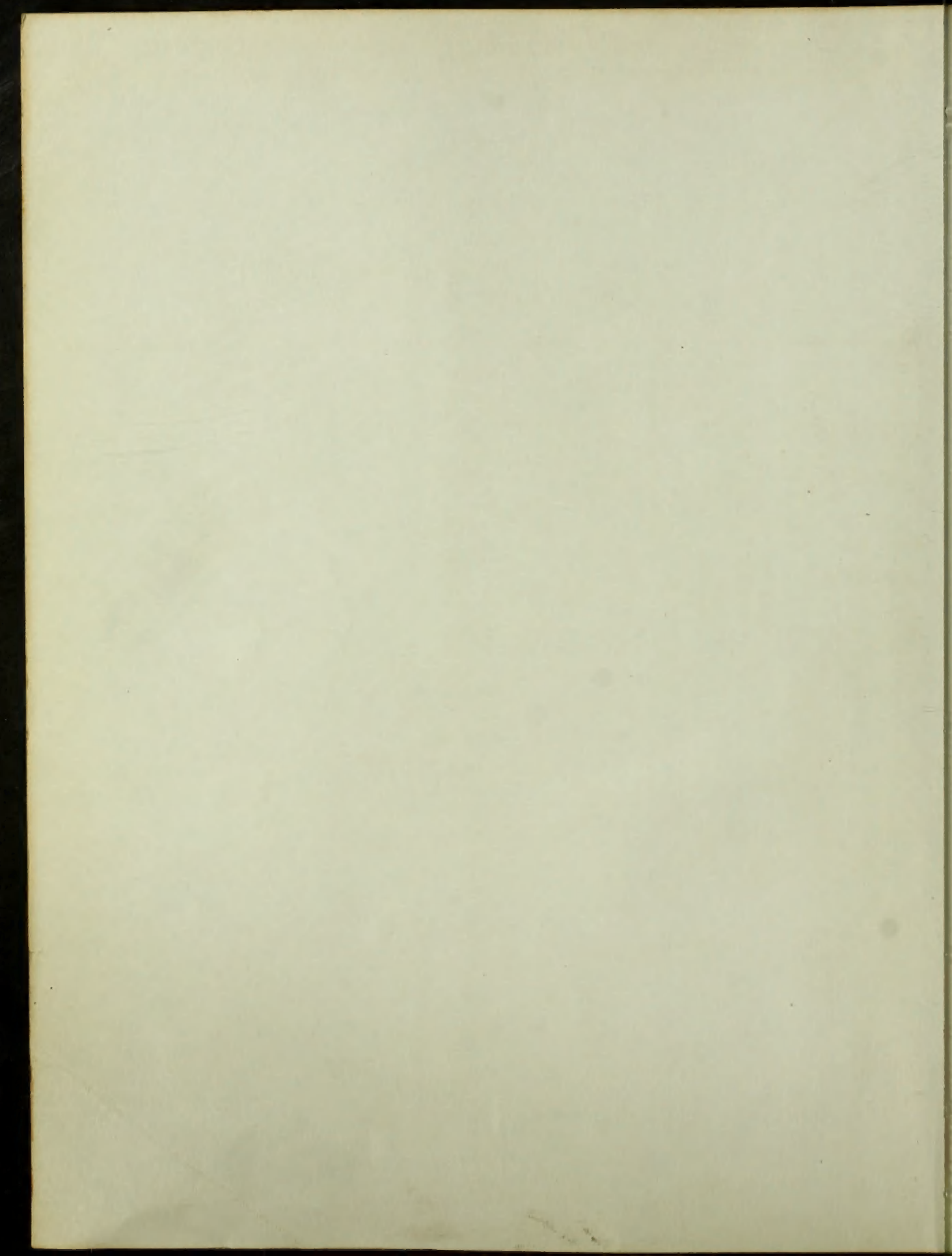


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THE Nation

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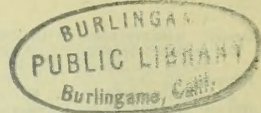
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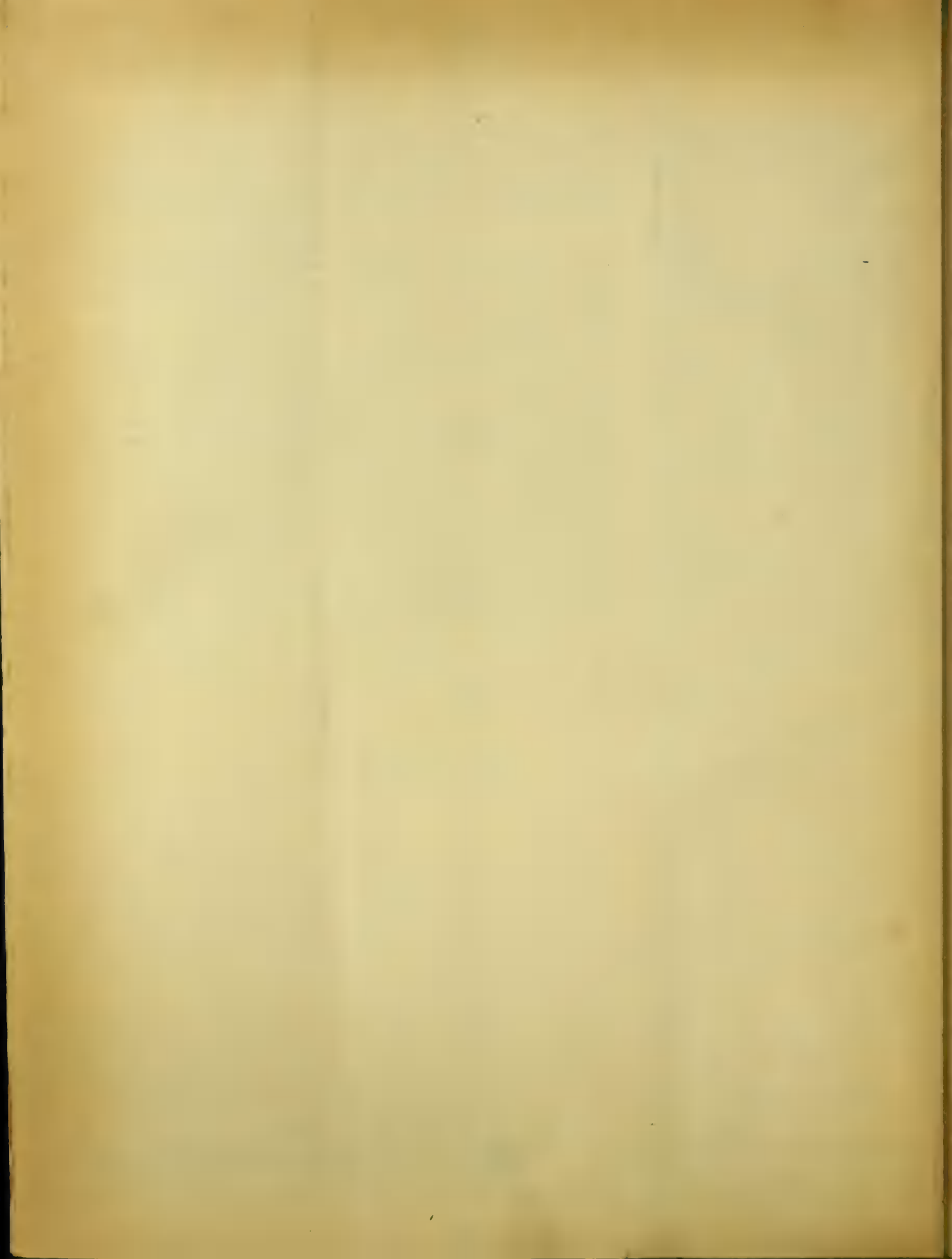
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Commuting 108 Miles To Public School

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
THIS town of 2,643 population is one of those linked irrevocably to the word "charming." Nestled—another inseparable word—in the West Virginia mountains, it is distinguished by the presence of the famed Greenbrier Hotel, which employs most of the town's Negroes and a good portion of its white residents. At the time of the Supreme Court decision on segregation, Greenbrier County, which contains White Sulphur Springs, had thirteen high schools for white and one for colored children.

In September, 1954, the county school board ruled that henceforth children who chose to attend the white schools nearest their homes were to be admitted. For Negro families this ruling was of momentous importance. The single Negro school was geared to the training of domestics to supply the area's dominating industry—the Greenbrier Hotel. It offered no foreign language, no English above sophomore level, no algebra. Poor preparation for higher education to be sure . . . but then people don't have to go to college to learn how to carry bags and clean up rooms in any hotel, however famous.

To reach this lone and inferior school, many children were obliged to travel long distances. One boy, who lived four blocks from a white school, made a daily round-trip journey of 108 miles to and from his colored school. He usually arrived home about eight in the evening—unless, of course, he stayed for football practice and missed the twenty-year-old bus warmed by a pot-bellied stove that somehow still endured the twice-a-day trip over the mountain roads. Then he reached home about eight o'clock the following evening.

Despite hardships of this sort, few colored children volunteered to serve

as pathfinders into the integrated public schools. But fourteen of them did request a transfer to the white school on Church Street and were duly admitted at the opening of the school term. All lived in the neighborhood—nine of them on the very street of the school itself; the white children knew them and their first week passed without incident.

On Friday evening, however, there was a football game, and two of the new students were permitted to sit on the football team's bench. They were not allowed to play, but they sat there as symbols of something or other. It may have been this symbolism that troubled people, and after the game the two boys were chased home by a shouting gang. Rumors spread quickly now, and on Sunday a mass meeting was held at which the white citizens of White Sulphur Springs heard promises that the following week would see the end of the desegregation experiment in Greenbrier County's public schools.

BY Monday morning a picket line had formed before the entrance to the Church Street building. It was not a big or rowdy picket line, and all the Negro students entered at 9 A. M. along with fifty per cent of their white classmates. They left at lunchtime and returned again for the afternoon session. By now the picket line had grown. Still nothing serious, but no police were around to make sure it did not become serious; the city's mayor claimed it was no business of his; the governor of the state was on holiday somewhere (not at the famous Greenbrier Hotel, unfortunately); the state superintendent of education interpreted the whole affair as strictly local.

At 6 P. M. Monday the school board rescinded its integration order and announced that all the schools would be closed the following morning while the Negro pupils got their belongings together and returned whence they had come. The local police, unavailable the day before when protection had been asked for the youngsters crossing the picket line, came out in force to assist in the moving.

Some Negro families didn't like the prospect of their children returning to the old colored school after the brief experience in the school for whites. More worrisome

than the simple lowering of educational standards was the effect of such a return on the outlook of the boys and girls themselves. The chief bellhop at the Greenbrier Hotel sent his family up to New Jersey, where they established a second residence in an effort to assure his two children of a decent education. A widow bought a house in Washington, D. C., and took seven of the students in with her so that they could attend schools there.

Meanwhile, Negro groups, led by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, began petitioning the school board for a reversal of its reversed policy, but the board showed extraordinary reluctance about promising to obey federal law in the foreseeable future. Wearied after months of hedging, the Negroes filed suit, and the case came into federal court at Lewisburg, West Virginia, in October. The school superintendent admitted on the witness stand that he had closed the schools and retransferred the students because of "racial considerations." But racial considerations are not very legal things, and after a three-day hearing, the colored students had won their case. Voluntary desegregation is already permissible in Greenbrier County, and the fall term, 1956, will mark the beginning of mandatory desegregation.

WALTER GOODMAN

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WALTER GOODMAN is a freelance writer.

Cable To Pravda . . by *Editors The Nation*

The Nation has received the following cable from Moscow:

The Editors of *Pravda* would highly appreciate your replies to the following questions: How do you estimate the record of the outgoing year in consolidation of peace and development of friendship and cooperation among the nations? What are your wishes for the new year? Your answer will be printed in New Year's issue of *Pravda*. Thanking you in advance for your kind cooperation.

PRAVDA EDITORIAL BOARD

Upon receipt of this message, we queried the State Department upon the propriety of answering. Having been reassured on this point, we cabled Pravda as follows:

We reply herewith to the specific questions posed in your cable of December 24 with the request that our answers be printed in full if printed at all.

Question: "How do you estimate the record of the outgoing year in consolidation of peace and development of friendship and cooperation among nations?"

Answer: We believe that the year 1955 witnessed a series of constructive steps toward the consolidation of international peace. Chief of these was the first Geneva Conference, which provided the great powers with an opportunity to voice the world's demand for the rejection of war as an instrument of national policy. The political results of the conference were far-flung: the armistice was kept in Korea, the Indo-China settlement was honored without major breach, new provocations in Germany were kept at a minimum. Especially in the case of Red China's claims on Formosa and the grave crisis which arose over United States policy of defending certain offshore islands, there was evidence of a greater awareness of imminent catastrophe on both sides. The refusal of either side to be the first to resort to a solution by force indicated a new maturity.

By decreasing tensions at high political level, the Geneva Conference made possible increased cultural, scientific, and economic contacts between the Russians and the Western world. The visits to the United States of Soviet farmers, scientists, students, technicians and journalists, with reciprocal visits to the U. S. S. R. by Americans, were themselves significant of a new and healthful trend. Even more important was the cordiality with which the visitors were greeted by the people of

the host country. The Soviet agricultural experts were welcomed in friendly fashion everywhere in our country; so were the distinguished Soviet artists, Gilels and Oistrakh; so were the sailors of the Soviet fleet in their visit to the British isles. And the Soviet people, on their part, extended an equally warm welcome to the many prominent Americans who last year visited the Soviet Union, including Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court, many Senators, Congressmen, and journalists. Traditional Russian hospitality was extended to members of the British fleet who visited Leningrad, to the American theatre troupe now presenting *Porgy and Bess* in the U. S. S. R., and to many other visitors. Whatever the past, there remains a vast reservoir of goodwill among the peoples of both sides which promises well for peaceful coexistence.

Certain developments within the Soviet Union which are entirely the internal affair of your country, but which inevitably have international repercussions, have made a good impression on Americans. The people here noted with approval a certain relaxation in censorship in your country, the greater freedom of movement permitted to travelers there, the greater availability of your political leaders to interviews.

THE Geneva spirit has permeated the U. N., tending to free energies heretofore locked up in that organization by the cold war. This is particularly true with regard to the admission of sixteen new members, a step which makes the world organization more representative and thereby increases its power to maintain world peace. The Geneva Conference, moreover—and this despite the disappointing results of the second, or foreign ministers' sessions—gave new impetus to the U. N.'s search for solution to two other problems: disarmament and colonialism.

Linked less directly to the Geneva Conference, but nevertheless partaking of its spirit, was the Geneva conference on atoms-for-peace, which promises to be the forerunner of a truly international attempt to harness the atom for the benefit of mankind as a whole rather than for those sections of humanity which, relatively, need it least. And we believe that the Bandung Conference, which in large measure brought together the "have not" nations of the world, can result ultimately in greater international social justice and a firmer hold on world peace.

Question: What are your wishes for the New Year?

Answer: We assign great importance to holding and fortifying in 1956 the very real gains made in 1955 toward a world of peaceful coexistence. At the same time, we recognize that many of the events cited in the first half of our reply were gestures of conciliation and evidence of a wish for greater understanding. There still exist major issues of the greatest potential danger which cannot be dissolved by good will and must be settled by solemn agreement. We list three of these as most urgent:

1. The arms race;
2. The position of Communist China in the world community;
3. The problem of Germany, Korea and Vietminh.
4. The Middle East.

On the first of these, we hope for a meeting early in the year, summoned in the "Geneva spirit," to establish an immediate and permanent ban on the manufacture and testing of atomic and hydrogen bombs; a limitation on the production of, and trade in, all conventional weapons; the formation of an international inspection system adequate to assure the carrying out of all arms agreements.

The admission of the China mainland to the United Nations is an urgent matter for U. N. action. At the same time, U. S. and Peiping ministers should meet to discuss the terms on which diplomatic relations can be established between the two countries.

The U. S. and the U. S. S. R., preferably through the machinery of the United Nations, should make a new approach to the problems of the three countries—Germany, Korea and Vietminh—in which they each at present maintain zones of influence.

On the question of the Middle East, we recognize the Soviet Union's legitimate concern with an area which the West is attempting to incorporate into its military defense structure. At the same time we cannot agree that arming of the Arab states will serve international peace. Rather we see the solution in agreement by the major powers to encourage direct peace negotiations between the Arab nations and Israel.

Supplementing these major tasks and carrying forward the advances made in 1955, we hope for the following:

An increase of cultural exchange between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. The American public is particularly eager to welcome the Russian ballet.

Greater accessibility of the U. S. S. R. and Eastern Europe to Americans who wish to study and travel there. At the same time, the welcoming to America of citizens from the Communist states who wish to visit here.

The immediate release of all American soldiers and civilians now detained in China in contravention of international law.

The gradual elimination of trade embargoes and the setting up of trade agreements based on mutual economic advantage and without political prejudice.

Increased U. N. support of economic, social and

scientific programs for the assistance of underdeveloped countries.

Greater U. N. pressure on colonial powers to speed up the education and technical development of their colonies for the earliest possible—and definitely time-tabled—*independence of all presently subject peoples.*

EDITORS OF THE NATION.

This cable was dispatched before President Eisenhower's Christmas message relative to the "liberation" of Soviet-bloc countries aroused sharp reaction from Soviet leaders. The Nation would like to call the attention of statesmen both in the East and the West that while fair words alone are insufficient to keep alive the Geneva spirit, ill-tempered ones could certainly kill it. We hope that in 1956 diplomacy will be extended to words as well as to deed.

FDR and Japan

[Dr. Monroe Deutsch, vice-president and provost emeritus of the University of California was—in my view—California's most distinguished citizen. To his colleagues he combined "the classic qualities of saint and prophet" but to those of us who knew him in a less intimate relation, he was essentially the great public citizen, one of Emerson's "representative men," one who understood and honored the obligations of leadership. Most of his fellow citizens, including all but a handful of the state's liberals, remained silent when the federal government proceeded to round up 125,000 West Coast Japanese, citizens and aliens alike, men, women and children, and cart them off to relocation centers during World War II. But so effectively did Dr. Deutsch rally the conscience of the state that before the war's end many of California's liberals began to imagine they had shown the same courage that he had shown when the issue first arose. It was Dr. Deutsch, too, who fought the university regents' loyalty oath and gave leadership to the "non-signers" in their struggle for vindication.]

Throughout his lifetime this "gentle educator" pursued his belief in the "worth of the individual, the dignity of each human soul, and the brotherhood of man." Two days before his death, on October 22, he sent me the statement which follows; as always, he was concerned with fairness and civic decency.—Carey McWilliams.]

By MONROE DEUTSCH

ONE ASPECT of the Yalta agreements which has been much discussed is the effort made at that meeting to bring Russia into the war against Japan. Some Republicans have violently attacked President Roosevelt on the ground that the Japanese were at that very time ready to surrender and it was wholly unnecessary to take any steps whatever to bring Russian troops into the conflict with Japan.

In that connection might it not be worthwhile to see what Henry M. Stimson had to say on that matter? He was Secretary of War and presumably had all the information that was possibly available. He was a great statesman and (it may be pointed out incidentally) a Republican. In the work entitled *On Active Service in Peace and War*, which he wrote in collaboration with

The Nation

McGeorge Bundy, appear a number of statements bearing directly on this matter:

Two great nations were approaching contact in a fight to a finish which would begin on November 1, 1945. Our enemy, Japan, commanded forces of somewhat over 5,000,000 armed men. Men of these armies had already inflicted upon us . . . over 300,000 battle casualties. Enemy armies still unbeaten had the strength to cost us a million more. As long as the Japanese government refused to surrender, we should be forced to . . . smash the Japanese ground armies, by close infighting of the same desperate and costly kind that we had faced in the Pacific islands for nearly four years. And two more statements:

In order to end the war in the shortest possible time and to avoid the enormous losses of human life which otherwise confronted us—the bomb seemed to me to furnish a unique instrument for the purpose. . . .

My chief purpose was to end the war in victory with the least possible cost in the lives of the men in the armies which I had helped to raise. . . .

Even more directly does he discuss the question of a surrender by the Japanese, for Stimson's own paper of July 2, 1945, shows "it was certainly not the view of American leaders that the Japanese already considered themselves beaten."

And most explicit of all is this:

He [Stimson] did not believe that any intelligence reports, short of a direct report that the Japanese were fully ready to surrender, would have changed the basic American attitude. No such report was made, and none could have been made, for it was emphatically not the fact that Japan had decided on surrender before August 6: forces in the Japanese government for and against surrender continued in balance until the tenth of August.

We must not forget a number of dates. The Yalta Conference was held from February 4 to 11, 1945. Indeed Franklin Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, almost exactly four months before, according to Secretary Stimson, the decision was made by the Japanese

to surrender. Is it not crystal clear that the charges that President Roosevelt knew well that the Japanese were ready to surrender at the time he sought to secure Russian agreement to enter the Pacific War, are absolutely false?

Honorary Degrees

The faculty at the University of Wisconsin has declined to accept the recommendation of one of its committees that the practice of granting honorary degrees be continued. In asking the committee to study the matter further, the faculty indicates that it is not convinced the recommendation is a sound one. William T. Evjue, publisher of the Madison *Capitol Times*, would like to see the practice of granting honorary degrees discontinued. Nowadays these degrees are granted more often than not with an eye on the bankroll of the recipient. "The purpose," he writes, "is to soften up the conferee."

If this were the only misuse of the honorary degree the remedy might be to declare donors ineligible to receive them. But there are other misuses. At the height of his union-busting activities in Salem, Secretary of the Interior McKay was suddenly presented with an honorary degree by Oregon State College at a ceremony which ROTC cadets were compelled to attend. At the time the degree was conferred, the Secretary of the Interior was being widely criticized in the state for his abandonment of the Hell's Canyon project to the Idaho Power Company as well as for the unenlightened labor practices followed by his Chevrolet agency. Since it is perhaps unrealistic to expect that university administrators can be counted on to abandon voluntarily a misuse of the honorary degree so gross that it amounts to a kind of academic pimping, Mr. Evjue may be right in urging that the practice be abolished.

BABBITT'S NEW FABLES

Economic Myths . . . by William A. Williams

THE CENTRAL article of faith among the New Babbitts of America's corporate society is the assertion that the United States has evolved *past* socialism. They develop their argument from two simple propositions. First they declare that all income brackets except the very rich, but in

particular the low- and middle-income groups, have dramatically increased their absolute and relative income during the last fifteen years. Second, they maintain that the diffusion of stockholding and the creation of a mass market have broken the oligarchy of economic, political and social power which dominated the country in the Era of the Cash-Nexus Entrepreneur.

We now live, so we are told by

Business Week and *Fortune*, in the Heavenly City of Twentieth-Century Capitalism. Schlesinger, Junior, explains that American society is based on the Vital Center, which includes everybody but the nobodies on the Right and Left. Riesman assures us that we have ridden "that great wave of American abundance" onto a shore where nobody but everybody has power. And Frederick Lewis Allen summed it all up in

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January 7, 1956

that we have evolved past socialism. There are three criteria, which may be stated in the form of questions, by which to evaluate this asserted ascension into an economic paradise:

I. Does the distribution of real income and actual economic and political power bear out the assumption that American society has been levelled upward?

II. What have been the moral, social and political costs of the economic changes which have occurred?

III. Does the New Babbitry's satisfaction and contentment with the status quo meet Jose Ortega y Gasset's penetrating description of a nation's life-force? "It is not yesterday, the past," he warned the West, "which is the decisive, the determining force in a nation. Nations are made and go on living by having a program for the future."

POSTWAR census statistics, supplemented by Herman P. Miller's study of the *Income of the American People* and the recent Congressional hearings on low-income groups provide some of the answers to these questions. These figures pertain almost exclusively to earned income; that is, wages and salaries. They do not give a complete picture of total income, which includes earnings

from dividends, rents and interest. But such additional receipts do not alter radically the profile of the American income structure which is outlined by these reports on earned income. Certain precautions need to be kept in mind, however, when using this data. Most vital of these is the crucial difference between real income (or purchasing power) and monetary receipts. The New Babbitts make much of this distinction when analyzing other economic systems, especially that of the Soviet Union, but slide over the point when discussing the United States. Likewise significant is the distinction between individual and family income. It is of key importance to know whether family receipts go up because things are getting better or because the husbands are taking on two jobs, or because the wives (and perhaps the children, too) also go to work.

And finally, the record should not be rigged by comparing the present with the depths of the depression. This sleight-of-truth is one of the standard gimmicks of the New Babbitts. The depression is a meaningless base from which to judge improvement: there was precious little place to go but onward and upward. It would seem, moreover, that the

years since 1940 provide a more legitimate period over which to measure America's progress past socialism.

Miller's analysis of the 1950 census figures leaves the reader with one overriding impression. Up to 1950, at any rate, there was not much substance to the claim that an expanding economy gave Americans an ever-greater prosperity. Indeed, the most appropriate image would seem to be one taken from Alice's *Adventures in Wonderland*: an economy running very hard to stay right where it was.

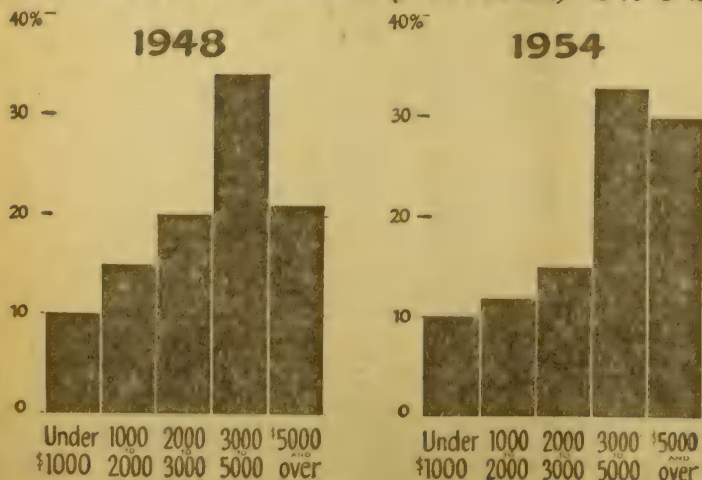
In 1950, for example, half of the income recipients "got less than \$2,000." From 1939 to 1949, furthermore, "there were comparatively few changes in the relative income position of occupations dominated by wage or salary workers." There was, it is true, a "significant narrowing of the income gap between high-paid and low-paid workers within occupations." But this does not alter the fact that over 20 per cent of income earners got less than \$1,000.

Neither did the seemingly dramatic increase in the median income do much to relieve the economic anxieties of maintaining a family. The median money income jumped from about \$1,800 in 1945 to about \$3,000 in 1951. Such a voluptuous statistic invites, and has received, much attention from those who assure us that all is well in America. "When the actual dollar amounts are adjusted for price changes, however, there appears to have been no increase in the average family's real income since 1914. On the contrary, the figures indicate a slight decrease in the purchasing power of the average family during the period after World War II." This made it somewhat difficult, up to 1950 anyway, for the majority of American males who headed families to sustain a "modest but adequate" standard of living.* Even it, on the as-

*This "moderate but adequate" standard calls for a rented five-room dwelling provided with hot and cold water, electric circuits, a window in each room and a heating plant that maintains a temperature of 70 degrees F. during the winter months. It is equipped with a gas or electric stove, a mechanical refrigerator and a washing machine. Meat may be served several times a week if the family shopper searches for the cheaper cuts. The husband may buy the following clothing: one heavy wool suit every two years and a light one every three years; and five shirts and two pair of shoes each year. His wife is allowed a heavy wool coat every four years, but may purchase four dresses and three pairs of shoes between birthdays. Two children under fifteen must also be fed and clothed.

Source: Bureau of the Census

PERCENTAGE DISTRIBUTION OF U.S. FAMILIES BY TOTAL MONEY INCOME (in 1948 dollars): 1948 & 1954



It should be noted that this chart is based on the 1948 value of the dollar. According to the Staff of the Subcommittee on Low-Income Families, a research body of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, Eighty-fourth Congress, "\$2,000 could purchase less in 1954 than 1948 because of the average increase of 12 per cent in consumers' prices. . . . In terms of purchasing power, families with current incomes under \$2,000 were worse off in 1954 than in 1948."

sumption that people fib about their income, we revise the reported income upward by 20 per cent (a generous revision), there was one out of every four families which could not maintain this standard on the earnings of the family head.

HOW, then, did the great plurality of American families manage to live moderately but adequately in the era which ended in 1950? One group of farmers seems to have tried to do so by leaving the farm. The number of farms decreased from 6.1 millions in 1940 to 5.4 millions in 1951. Almost half of the abandoned homesteads were under 50 acres, and about 65 per cent produced less than \$1,200 worth of goods for the market a year. And more than one-third of the farm families who remained in 1951 "received more cash from earnings from non-farm sources" than from turning the soil. Only three-fifths of the entire farming community derived more than half its income from the land.

Putting the wife to work was another survival trick. This tactic did much to double the number of working women between 1940 and 1950. As for the couple which wanted to gross \$5,000 or more, the odds were twice as great if the wife went to work. Even so, it was hardly a sure thing. For 67.2 per cent of female wage or salary earners received less than \$2,000 in 1951, and 47.6 per cent of the men got less than \$3,000. Small wonder, then, that "many of the middle-income families would probably be at the lower-income levels if they depended entirely upon the income of the family heads." One may also venture the suggestion that labor under such circumstances does not necessarily produce a sense—let alone the reality—of emancipation for the women.

Borrowing provided still another way to close the gap. For one thing, it has been difficult to rent modest but adequate housing. And the need—psychological or practical—of an automobile has been another pressure to borrow.

As for the structure of income distribution, the typical capitalist pyramid had not, at least by 1950, been modified in any drastic fashion. In 1951, for example, the 20 per cent of wage or salary earners who received less than \$650 a year got only 2.5 per cent of the nation's ag-

The Lowest Fifth—and the Highest



In 1951 one-fifth of the country's workers received less than \$650 a year; their aggregate share of the national income was 2.5 per cent. The "top" fifth (workers receiving more than \$3,860 a year) got 47.7 per cent.

gregate income. But the 20 per cent which earned more than \$3,860 received 47.7 per cent. Looked at in another way, the upper 20 per cent got 49.1 per cent of the total income in 1944. By 1951 their share had slipped to 47.7 per cent. This shift of 1.4 per cent hardly qualifies as a redistribution of income (or of power, one may add). At the very top, meanwhile, the two per cent which grossed over \$10,000 accounted for 12 per cent of the aggregate.

IT IS difficult to assess the changes in income receipts since 1950 with the same degree of thoroughness which marks Miller's study of the 1940-50 era. Available statistics are incomplete and are based on questionable sampling techniques. Most of the information, moreover, pertains only to family units, and is apt to be very misleading unless it can be correlated with the facts on individual income. Certain generalizations, however, do emerge.

To begin with, consumer prices climbed 12 per cent between 1948 and 1954. This loss of purchasing power served to whittle away much, if not most, of the increase in monetary income.

The overall picture is very fuzzy. For one thing, the Census Bureau and the Federal Reserve Board disagree on the proportion of families in the lower-income bloc; the former says 29 per cent, the latter 21 per cent. The available information does not explain, moreover, how the improvement, if such there was, was caused. A general rise in income could account for it, but so could population and age-group changes,

or an increase in the number of working members in lower-income bracket families.

There seems little point in fiddling with these figures after one reads further in the latest reports. For the consensus is that there has not been any significant—let alone drastic or revolutionary—improvement. One investigation concludes that families "with incomes of less than \$2,000 in 1953 and 1954 were poorer in an absolute sense and relative to other units than in 1948." Another adds that, measured in terms of real income, "the number of families with incomes under \$2,000 was about the same in both years."

As for the farmers, they are making their troubles known beyond the circle of connoisseurs who study the census reports. But it is important to note that the movement off the land, which had become so apparent by 1950, continued through 1954. Half a million more farmers, most of them low-income earners, abandoned the land as a way of life in the last four years.

THE general increase in family incomes, which is suggested by some of the late figures, needs to be correlated with other things beside the rise in prices. The latest census figure of \$4,200 for the median family income fails to tell the whole story. Families having four children average only \$3,949; those with five, \$3,155; and those with six or more, \$3,252. Low-income families, therefore, continue to "carry a disproportionate share of the responsibility for rearing the nation's children." Still more revealing is the data on the number of wage earners per family

in each fifth of the total. The lowest 20 per cent average 1.02 workers per family. But the figure rises quickly. The second lowest fifth has 1.34 workers; the middle fifth has 1.44; the fourth has 1.63; and the upper-fifth income families average 1.96 workers. Not only does it appear that the economy is puffing hard to hold its own; individual families would still seem to be relying upon borrowing, or on putting more members to work to improve their position. More probably it is a result of both factors. Consumer borrowing has steadily increased since 1950 (see "Are Consumer Debts Dangerously High?" in *The Nation*, November 12). Precise data on working wives is not available, but the situation in Madison, Wisconsin, may be indicative of the national picture. Forty per cent of

Madison's married women with children under eighteen are currently working—an increase of 25 per cent since 1950.

THESE income figures, coupled with the fact that there has not been any relevant change in the distribution of income, do not support the basic assertion of the New Babbitts. Indeed, they provoke a somewhat subversive thought. For if we are now in the next higher stage past socialism, then it would seem that the law of diminishing returns has taken effect. Perhaps it would be wise to consider a mild regression in order to forestall a serious recession.

Neither does the record give favorable answers to the other questions which may be asked of the New Babbitts. Let us assume that the real income of the American people has

increased between 10 and 12 per cent since the end of World War II (a generous estimate). The cost of this economic gain in terms of the damage to the character and the texture of American life has been high, for it is due largely to an economy primed by the cold war. Prosperity at such a price may not lead to bankruptcy in the narrow economic sense, but it is likely to destroy the moral and intellectual integrity of society and bring about its physical devastation in a nuclear war. And it may be doubted that sighs of satisfaction over this performance, or even promise to ameliorate its worst features, qualify as a life-giving program for the future. Lord Keynes was a dangerous counselor when he told us that "in the long run we all are dead," for if we believe him we all are dying.

RELIGION ON THE CAMPUS

Search for Security . . by Stanley Rowland, Jr.

A FIVE-DAY conference at Princeton University in December had the theme "The Relevance of the Christian Faith to the Individual in a World of Power." Twenty years ago, such a conference would have been improbable. If held, chances are it would have been attended by the little groups of campus "Christians" and by some who would have come to heckle and say that the Christian faith is not relevant to anything.

This is far from the case today. Today's undergraduates are more interested in religion than college students have been for twenty years at least. That statement is confirmed by reports from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, New York University and others, including some 300 colleges and universities across the country visited by the National Council of the Churches of

Christ in the U. S. A. The National Council is a federation of thirty major Protestant and Orthodox

On-the-spot reports on the interest in religion at three campuses—the Universities of Washington, Minnesota and California—will appear in next week's issue. Readers will find the report from the University of Washington especially interesting.

bodies with more than 35,500,000 members.

American college life is vast and complex, and there will be exceptions to any generalizations. Nevertheless the generalizations are useful as indicating trends in those institutions which, after all, are ideally searchers for truth—the citadels of thought and ideas that radiate their influence into the nation as a whole, despite the anti-intellectualism seen in some quarters.

Concern for religion on the nation's campuses did not spring full-blown from the Divine or from Madison Avenue. It has been developing since World War II. In the 1930s,

most undergraduates "wouldn't be caught dead taking religion seriously." Religion was a foil for campus wits, a something to be outgrown, to be scorned or ignored. There were exceptions, of course, but the tide was against them. Now the tide seems to have turned. While the scorn has by no means disappeared, it's no longer so widespread and has often been replaced by an attitude of objective inquiry. Religion has become intellectually respectable. Christianity and Judaism are being searched.

Religious-activity groups have become more integrated into campus life. Programs they sponsor are usually well attended. Some groups give courses in their specific beliefs—principles of Roman Catholicism, Protestantism or Judaism. Speakers on religion can usually count on a sizeable audience, and in the discussion period they are usually questioned vigorously—and constructively. Religious principles are dealt with seriously in many informal campus "bull sessions." The latest anti-religious witticisms of Professor

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So-and-so are still exchanged; but these are fewer, have often lost their sparkle, and seem a little dated. For a generation has been through all that, and come out with the H-bomb and the gray flannel suit.

Courses in religion, Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard said recently, no longer mean to students the study of some tribal rites or far-away beliefs: "Now the students take religion courses to find out about Christianity." The percentage increase and attendance of such courses in many cases has been far greater than the percentage increase in undergraduate enrollment. And these courses, though given for credit, are rarely required. The courses in religious beliefs given by campus groups are not only unrequired, but are also extra-curricular, carry no credit, and sometimes mean full-blown assignments and homework. Yet they are popular. In both kinds of courses, the emphasis is on religious principles of the Judeo-Christian tradition.

HERE are just two examples of the formal religion courses. Twenty-one students attended Princeton's first undergraduate course in religion in 1939-40. This year, 700 Princeton undergraduates are enrolled in religion courses. Twenty years ago at Yale, fifty students out of 2,800 attended three religion courses. Some 500 undergraduates out of 4,000 are enrolled in fourteen religion courses at Yale this year.

Examples of interest in religion on the campuses could be multiplied by the hundreds. But the point is, what has caused this concern? And what are its characteristics? The causes can be gathered under the headings of the insecurity of modern life and a disillusionment with scientific humanism. The characteristics are a searching and objective intellectual approach to religion and a certain aloofness toward the church.

The current generation of college students was nurtured on fundamental insecurity. It has been said that the class of 1929 was the last one to leave college on a magic carpet. Since then, graduates have walked. In the 1930's a number of the ideas and even some of the basic assumptions in our society were shattered. The effects were both immediate and long range. But even

to the college graduate of the worst depression years, security was a purchasable commodity—though the money was often hard to come by. But for the college student of today—despite the relative plenitude of money—security can no longer be bought. What price security against the H-bomb?

Today's college student was cutting his teeth when Hitler was slaughtering Jews. He has seen members of his family march off to wars and maybe not come back; he sees around him economic security in a seething, savagely insecure world; he reads newspaper headlines telling of faster planes, new weapons and new betrayals. Improvements in biological warfare vie with improvements in medicine. Over all hangs the mushroom cloud. This doesn't look to him like salvation through science or scientific humanism.

Nor is the memory of his Sunday-school days of much help to him. Young people today, as for years past, are undereducated in religion. This is particularly true of Protestants. Some pioneer thinkers in theology and in such sciences as psychology may be getting together, acquiring a new respect for one another, and even reaching some of the same conclusions. But this kind of dynamism has generally not as yet filtered down to church congregations, much less to the Sunday schools. A number of these continue to present the same pale romanticism that fades like a B movie under the impact of realities.

SO STUDENTS today, like many of their fathers before them, are going to college with a religious foundation distinguished for its unreality. Twenty years ago students often simply shed religion and embraced the sciences as the key to solving man's problems. Here is where a number of today's students part company with their elders. It's no longer easy to choose sides between science and religion, for the clash between them is no longer so sharp; indeed, it sometimes does not exist. Many neat, mechanistic assumptions about human personality have been shattered in the laboratory of human events. It has become quite obvious that man isn't just a complicated amoeba with a preference for gin.

Students are well aware that man's lot can and often has been greatly

Institute of Conservatism

The administration of Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin, is considering the establishment on the campus of an Institute of Conservative Studies. "The proposal," announced Fred O. Pinkham, president of Ripon, "calls for a series of graduate seminars. . . . Scholars, primarily in the field of conservative intellectual history, from all over the world would be invited to participate."

The editors of the campus newspaper, *The Ripon College Days*, reacted promptly: "The Ripon faculty voted 31-10 against the establishment of a conservative institute. . . . We understand that the faculty majority did not base its decision upon any political antipathy. Rather, it was based upon the clear recognition that a college is a forum of ideas and not an agency of propaganda for any social philosophy, be it conservative or liberal. . . . A healthy college must be free to explore both points of view. How can one doubt that under the proposed relationship Ripon would cease to be a healthy college? Or that many of the best professors would feel morally obligated to leave the campus?"

improved by the sciences. They are also well aware that science and "social engineering" can be used for brainwashing and for producing conformity and thereby depressing mass culture. In short, "social engineering" can also produce 1984—and at times seems to be heading that way. Thus the students of today are coming increasingly to believe that more than good social management is needed to solve society's ills. One campus reaction has been the growth—reports about it are rather exaggerated—of the "New Conservatism," particularly at Harvard and Yale. This alleged movement tends to view religion in a friendly way as a stabilizing, useful institution—like a very large public utility. But talks with students and reports from numerous colleges and universities indicate that religious searching is a more typical reaction. Christianity and Judaism maintain they have answers to the ultimate questions concerning the meaning and the nature of man and the universe. These religions are being explored vigorously, intellectually, objectively. There is a strong effort to relate religious knowledge to other fields and disciplines such as the sciences. A proportionately small but growing number of faculty members are

meeting to discuss religion and to relate religious principles to their fields. The National Council of Churches this past summer organized a faculty Christian fellowship. The professors aren't about to hit the sawdust trail of revival. But some who were indifferent to religion are now inquiring, deeply.

On the college campus, there exists not so much a religious revival as a religious search. Chapel attendance has increased only "some" or "a little" over twenty years ago. This contrasts sharply with the nation as a whole, where the National Council of Churches reports some 60 per cent of the population have a certain hostility toward the church. "Has the church stopped

the march of materialistic communism?" and "What's it really doing to bring the Kingdom of God they talk about all the time?" are the kind of questions students are asking.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, whose book *The Power of Positive Thinking* probably brought comfort to many, is a major figure in the popular religious revival. But talks with students and campus advisors in New York seem to indicate that Dr. Peale is not very popular on the campus. He "distorts Christianity," some said, or "promises pie in the penthouse," in the words of one N. Y. U. student. This type of reaction is to be expected, for college students genuinely interested in re-

ligion don't want formulas for contentment or success. The most thoughtful are reexamining the basic assumptions of our popular culture in the light of religious knowledge.

Arnold J. Toynbee said in a recent lecture that Western man is caught in a paradox of practicing a way of life based on technology and materialism, yet still believing in the sacredness of the human personality—a concept that grew from Jewish and Christian theistic principles. Thoughtful students may realize this. For undergraduates, interest in religion, at its deepest, is nothing less than an attempt to unify and find a core of meaning in our fragmented culture.

RESTON OF THE N. Y. TIMES

Scoop Reporter At Work . . by Edgar Kemler

ONE AFTERNOON last spring the self-assured, youthfully forty-five-year-old New York *Times* correspondent sat opposite a discomfited Acting Secretary of State, Herbert Hoover, Jr. Flippancies rolled easily off James "Scotty" Reston's tongue, and he smoked an undersized cigar. But his wide green-gray eyes were deadly serious. Almost two hours earlier he had entered this State Department sanctuary—not, he said, to get a scoop, but to get the official cable that would confirm a scoop he had already gotten elsewhere. "The New York *Times*," he explained, "is interested in documents, not scoops." Hoover had stalled. On the one hand, as a comparative newcomer to government, it had not yet occurred to him that a confidential cable could be declassified—even for the *Times*. On the other hand, since Reston already knew 75 per cent of the contents, clearly there wasn't much point in withholding the remaining quarter. By a phone call to a White House aide, his dilemma was solved in Reston's favor. Yet, instead of thanking the Acting Secre-

tary for the cable, Reston lectured him for not having released it voluntarily through regular channels. Had he done so, Reston said, "We would not have wasted so much of each other's valuable time. Furthermore, I would not have to ask about U. S. foreign policy in a foreign embassy."

WHY DOES Reston, whose *Times* position qualifies him as dean of the Washington press, play "cops and robbers" with top government officials like an eager cub reporter? This is not, as some of his rivals have suggested, because he lacks journalistic dignity, but, if anything, because he has too much. Since 1944, when he made his real Washington debut as one of the top *Times* men there, he has challenged every Administration to prove that it was facing up to the "simple realities" in policy-making. Since such proof has not been forthcoming voluntarily, he has been forced, in effect, to get it involuntarily. Moreover, to the extent that this kind of operation tends to show up the policy-makers, Reston has become unpopular with them. Under the Truman-Acheson Administration, Reston's scoops

were called "presumptuous." Under the present one, which talks of the tactical A-bomb as a "weapon of mercy" and which refers to the Presidency as "a rest cure," his exclusives are called "slanted," "unconstructive" or, by innuendo, "treasonous." While the Administration pleads the "quasi-military character" of much information as the reason for withholding it, the real reason, Reston suggests, is that officialdom is terrified of a skeptical reaction. "Ninety percent of all such material is legitimate news," he says, "with the rest subject to dispute."

Not all of Reston's scoops were quite as damaging to the Administration as the Atomic Energy Commission's bill of particulars against Oppenheimer, which the *Times* sat on for three months in 1954 so that Oppenheimer's defense could be covered the same day, April 13, 1954. His March, 1955, scoop on the 200,000-word Yalta Papers, more widely publicized than his prize-winning Oppenheimer stories, actually served to encourage Republican partisanship, as Reston has privately lamented. However, when a controversial but factually accurate story is published in the *Times*, there's not

EDGAR KEMLER covers the Washington scene for *The Nation*.

very much that can be done about it. Since the Roosevelt Administration made an unsuccessful F. B. I. check of Reston's sources in 1944, he has been immune to pressures of this kind. In only one case recently has he been subject to widespread criticism—when he printed a death-bed statement by Joseph Stalin which was merely a reiteration of a familiar peace theme.

However, because of the Eisenhower censorship, particularly "at the pick-and-shovel level" of middle-echelon aides, his scoop rate has declined from an average of two a week during the first quarter of 1950 to less than one a week in 1955. This disheartens him, partly for a public reason: i.e., he believes that without constant exposure the Administration is likely "to act as unwisely as they speak." His private reason is that he can't function properly on official buncombe, either as a reporter, commentator or administrator. Since September, 1953, when he took over the twenty-two-man Washington bureau from Arthur Krock, he has revised one procedure which, he believed, impeded staff efficiency. This is not to imply that the highly conservative Krock ever undervalued the skeptically liberal Reston's "immensely valuable services." To the contrary, on his first arrival in Washington, Krock gave him his "big break" by assigning him to Embassy Row, a rich beat which the *Times* had never properly exploited. In Reston's hands, however, it proved too rich insofar as the tips he got there led him inevitably into his colleagues' territories. Finally, to avoid such misunderstanding, Reston now has opened the beat to the whole staff. Also Reston has hired about half a dozen new staff men from other papers, including the Pulitzer Prize-winning Anthony Lewis from the Washington *Daily News*, Edwin L. Dale, Jr., from the *Herald-Tribune* and Russell Baker from the *Baltimore Sun*, to take advantage of the new freedom.

BETWEEN quarterbacking this highly competitive staff and his own ball-carrying, Reston works from ten to fifteen hours a day. Insofar as this regime interferes with his "making with the white tie" at embassy dinners, which is a traditional function of the *Times* bureau chief, he doesn't object to it. Yet insofar as it

invades the privacy of his modest suburban home at 3124 Woodley Road, he pays the piper. Occasionally, he would like to take his charming wife, the former Sally Fulton, to a movie, or to knock about with his three boys, aged nine, fourteen and eighteen. However, from 7 A. M. to 9:30 A. M., right through breakfast, he skims through six newspapers including the *Wall Street Journal*—all the while calculating where the day's official snafus will occur and planning his agenda accordingly. From 8 P. M., when he returns home for dinner (if he returns home that early) until about midnight he waits



James "Scotty" Reston

for some possible high-level call-back that might require his killing some of the early-edition stories and writing revised stories for the next. To salvage his private life, at least during his one-day week-end, he maintains a cabin in the Virginia wilderness near Warrenton.

Reston enjoys getting himself out of tight corners, for, as he candidly says, he was born in one. His elderly father, who lives with the Restons in the summer and whose Scottish brogue was a feature of a recent fashionable Gridiron tea, was then a Clydeside worker. Prior to the family's move to Dayton, Ohio, when "Scotty" was ten, he attended the Vale and Leven Academy near Glasgow, which subsequently set him back a year in the Dayton public schools. That didn't worry this self-confident "immigrant boy," for he was already aware, apparently, that his own extraordinary talents would carry him further in journalism than any formal schooling. That he would go very far, indeed, seemed

indicated by the success of that other debunking specialist, H. L. Mencken, who was, and still is, his chief idol. It was Mencken who helped turn his scorn from schoolmarms to government officials generally, but it was not until Reston was almost thirty that he could exploit his gifts. Reston, today, is a great believer in what he calls his "ignorance," and in reorganizing his Washington bureau he says he favors self-educated journalists over Ivy League experts, although most of his new recruits are Ivy League.

RESTON'S own career began not in a classroom but on Dayton's golf courses. This was because he knew more about golf, Scotland's national sport, than anything else: twice during his teens he won the state public-link championship. Here, also, he caddied for former Governor James M. Cox, the 1920 Democratic Presidential nominee, who gave him odd jobs on his paper, the *Dayton Daily News*. He moved up to a full-time job at seventeen as editor of the *Delco-Remy Doings*, a house organ, where he earned his tuition for the full course in a school of journalism. After graduating at twenty-two without honors, he seemed destined in those depression years to low-salaried jobs on small Ohio newspapers. That fate he escaped in 1934 by becoming press agent for a major-league ball club, the Cincinnati Reds. He got into New York, where, thanks to the cartoonist Milton Caniff, a fellow Daytonian, he was picked up by the Associated Press as sports writer and, occasionally, theatre critic.

Twice during his two years with the A. P. bureau, he tried unsuccessfully to get a *Times* job. In the spring of 1937, the wire service sent him to London on what he calls an "unusual" two-part assignment, covering the Derby and Wimbledon tennis in summer and the British Foreign Office in winter. The Foreign Office was then building up to its famous Munich capitulation to Hitler, but Reston now concedes that at the time "I was so ignorant that I didn't know where Germany was." He made good because of his rugged wire-service training and his immunity to British brushoffs ("I am British myself," he used to tell high-handed officials.) Soon Ferdinand Kuhn, then chief of the *Times* Lon-

don bureau, rated him good enough for transfer to the *Times*. This was in 1939, on the eve of World War II. Yet it was not until the 1940 Battle of the Blitz, when the German *Luftwaffe* nightly "rang that big London doorbell," that he fully realized the possibilities of his role.

From his window in Fleet Street, in the Reuters building, where he noted that death could be met either by a direct hit, a falling church steeple across the street, or a defective stove downstairs, Reston watched the British nation rise to greatness. In his own words, he saw the war "sweep all pretense from the souls of men and bring them back to the simple realities of life." Returning to the U. S. before Pearl Harbor—the occasion was the birth of his second boy—he felt that "business as usual" and "let George do it" attitudes prevented the United States from achieving any comparable stature after Pearl Harbor. So his indignant book, *Prelude to Victory*, in the summer of 1945, was sweeping in its attack on complacency and social injustice. Declaring that "no country in the past twenty years has had the government it deserved," he casually dismissed the New Deal and the Rooseveltian contribution to our war-making potential. Yet, because it combined a Presbyterian moral passion with a Menckonian irony and clarity of style, and represented Reston's coming of age as a full-fledged philosopher-journalist, his book outshone and outsold other wartime Jeremiaads.

SINCE *Prelude to Victory* Reston has had several "tempting offers" to become a full-time pundit, either as author or editorial writer. Indeed, it was the offer of the editorship of the *Washington Post* to Reston in the spring of 1953 which prompted Arthur Krock to turn over the *Times* Washington bureau to him—a move which Krock said he "had planned for a much later date." Yet even as the *Times* correspondent (the traditional title of the bureau chief, and a more potent title than the *Post* editorship), Reston regards himself as a scoop reporter first and a pundit second. "Nobody reads books any more," he says bluntly. The kind of ingratiating skepticism that he has dished out since the 1953 atomic deadlock is admittedly considerably

less sensational than the vision of atomic horrors dished out by other writers. Last January, for example, he predicted for *Look* magazine that there would be no war and no peace in 1955, with "everybody coexisting unhappily with everybody else." *Look* buried this prophecy in its "On the Light Side" department, while playing up the less accurate but more horrific prophecies of his competitors. "It's only in moments of crisis," he says, "that you can talk sense to people."

Meanwhile, the assignment that he wanted most was the one that he got very quickly—as a Washington scoop reporter inside the high-policy levels of government. Prior to *Prelude to Victory*, Reston ranked so low on the *Times* that he just barely missed being sidetracked to Boston. While he did get to Washington, it was on a "displaced persons" basis. After writing the book he became a special assistant to Arthur Sulzberger, the *Times* publisher. Elmer Davis had borrowed Reston from the *Times* to reorganize the London bureau of the Office of War Information.

When word of his excellent performance got back to Sulzberger (via Ambassador John G. Winant), Sulzberger asked him, "Why can't you do for me what you are doing for Winant and Davis?" After one-year's close association with Sulzberger as his administrative "s. o. b. man," Reston got his special Wash-

ington mandate in 1944. In that first Washington year, a personal complaint from Undersecretary of State Edward Stettinius almost wrecked Reston's Pulitzer Prize-winning scoop on the Dumbarton Oaks plan for the United Nations. "If you continue to print this series of documents," Stettinius told Sulzberger, "the Russians will accuse us of bad faith, and the wartime coalition will be ended." "If unity is so weak among the great powers as to be shaken by a few factual stories," Sulzberger replied prophetically, "then it won't stand up anyway." The series was printed in full.

DURING the years between the heartening Dumbarton Oaks conference and the depressing Oppenheimer case, Reston has been caught up in a strange dilemma which he shares with most other ardent internationalists. When the Democratic internationalists, catering to the Taft-led Republican isolationists, took the "tough" anti-Communist line as in the controversial Truman Doctrine, they started a game which they were bound to lose in the end. Under the compromising Secretary Dulles, internationalism has become so adulterated that its Democratic sponsors can hardly recognize it. Absorbed in the daily battle, Reston was perhaps not as aware of this possibility as he might have been. As late as 1951, in an open letter to General MacArthur, he noted proudly that "the isolationists are everywhere on the defensive," that in fact they had abdicated everywhere save on the Red China issue, which was "essentially synthetic."

Meanwhile, Secretary of State Dean Acheson had run into some very heavy weather on this so-called "synthetic" issue. The storm had been touched off by his reference to a proposal for guaranteeing Chiang's Formosa as a "silly adventure," and Reston had tried to help him.

This was not quite as easy as it looked. Socially, Reston and Acheson have long been amiable, but professionally they are incompatible. To the witty but highly proper Acheson, Reston's interest in the inside story of our China policy was inexcusable. At Reston's suggestion Acheson did, for a time, include general discourses on the Asiatic revolution at his regular press conferences. However, since the report-



What kind of a game?

ers seemed much more concerned about the Secretary's link with Alger Hiss and with his slow-moving maneuvers to free the A. P.'s Bill Oatis from Red Czechoslovakia, he quickly clammed up again. During the last year or so of his regime, what little briefing Acheson did was confined to an intimate circle of front-rank reporters. Contrary to the popular view, Reston was not among them. By this time the Secretary was avoiding Reston for fear that "Scotty" would make an inconveniently shrewd deduction from some casual remark. On the other hand, Reston avoided Acheson for fear the Secretary would give him some item in confidence that he had already gotten from a subordinate. That Acheson would have been a success if he had candidly opened up the department's China files to the *Times* may be doubted. But certainly his reticence didn't help him.

IN THE summer of 1953, just before Reston succeeded Arthur Krock, he took his wife on a leisurely 26,000-mile tour of Asia, roughing it in jeeps and cargo ships. Despite a rising tide of neutralism "which is not necessarily a bad thing," as he wrote later in the *Times*, the less-heralded aspects of the old internationalism—U. S. libraries in Japan, land reform in Formosa, medical missions in Indo-China—were bearing fruit. On this positive note he began what has been so largely a negative job, reassigning old *Times* men, some of whom "taught me the news game," and trying vainly to explain the "intellectual" Point 4 program to the non-intellectual corporation executives of the Eisenhower team. At first, his friends say, he was rather appalled by his new dignity. But gradually he has achieved an inoffensive self-confidence that enables him to be himself whether in the press galleries or among Bureau chiefs and Cabinet officials at the Metropolitan Club. An increased load of lecture engagements and TV appearances has not interfered with his output, which averages about 5,000 words a week in news stories, Sunday think-pieces, interpretative columns, book reviews and unsigned Monday-morning gossip.

How long can Reston keep it up? One can imagine his slowing up from overwork, or his bureau becoming so talented as to be unman-

ageable. But one report about him is certainly false: that he would give all-out support to Vice President Nixon in 1956 in return for a White House pipeline now. This libel was touched off by an October column in which he suggested that Nixon might quietly have outgrown his "Tricky Dick" character. There are several other explanations for this cryptic column; for example, that Reston was simply carried away by a possible parallel between Nixon and the late Senator Vandenberg, whose conversion into a statesman

in 1944 was prompted in part by Reston. In the same column he also suggested that Adlai Stevenson might no longer be a Hamlet. In any case, Reston has now reaffirmed his long-standing belief that no man should be President unless, like President Eisenhower and also Chief Justice Earl Warren, he has shown that he has "the courage to be timid" in great crises.

That so much speculation should have been set off by such a small slip is the highest tribute that could be paid to his general performance.

American In Moscow

This informal account by an American businessman of a recent visit to Moscow appeared, in lengthier form, in the December 10 issue of Publishers Weekly. The author, head of W. S. Hall and Company, European sales representatives for American publishers, included it in his annual report to his clients.

By W. T. Hall

FOR SOME time we have been doing business, steadily increasing, with Mezhdunarodnaja Kniga (M. K. from this point on) of Moscow, the all-embracing book-publishing, book-import and -export bureau for all the Russias. The book orders, nearly all for single copies of scholarly titles, are dispatched regularly to our New York office for delivery direct to Soviet libraries, universities and institutes, and equally regularly a monthly check arrives drawn on a New York bank. No problems of any kind presented themselves in connection with this business but I felt it was about time to get personally acquainted with the account. Getting my Russian visa took a bit of doing, but I managed it finally at the Russian Embassy in The Hague, aided by a letter from Russian authorities saying that M. K. would be pleased to have me visit them in Moscow.

I took off from Amsterdam Sunday, October 23, by KLM for Copenhagen, and changed there to an SAS plane for Helsinki where I spent the night. The next afternoon I was the only American, except two lads with diplomatic pouches, on the Russian Aeroflot plane for Moscow. At Leningrad we handed in our passports

for examination and I filled out a paper on which I attested, among other things, that I had no opium, opium pipes, antiques or animals with me.

We arrived in Moscow at 9:30 P. M. No customs examination, surprisingly enough; we simply sat in the Intourist waiting room listening to a program of radio music from Stockholm, browsing through the array of picture magazines, or gazing at the superb oil portrait of Stalin, standing alone in a green field, which dominated the room. Then, one by one we were called, not by name but by being nodded at, and escorted with our baggage to a waiting automobile for a solo ride to a designated hotel in Moscow.

EARLY next morning I started the Intourist office off in business for the day by buying a block of coupons to cover four days. These coupon books are labeled "all-inclusive" and they are really that. Coupons for one day include cost of room at hotel, three square meals (two of which include caviar), afternoon tea, two sightseeing tours with or without interpreter-guide and, in addition, use of private car with driver for four hours. Cost per day, \$21.25 with payment in dollars.

By telephone I made an appointment with M. K. for 11 o'clock next morning. I arrived fifteen minutes too soon at their premises in the enormous Administration Building on Smolensky Square. The gal driver of my taxi indicated she would wait for me by flopping over in the front seat for a quiet nap. But already waiting for me in the lobby was Mr.

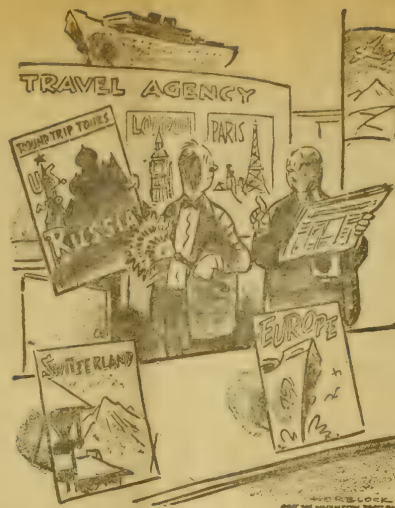
Leonov of M. K. to escort me to the proper office. In the M. K. conference room he introduced me to Mr. Zmuel, president, Mr. Sorogozhski, head of the import department, and Mr. Utenkov, export department, adding that he, Leonov, was also "export." With tea served and Utenkov and Leonov acting as interpreters, we talked for two hours when we adjourned with an appointment for the next day. That was a much longer session and only ended when both the Russians and I had to confess we could think of no more questions to ask.

I presented my entire kit of samples, including the books, and Mr. Zmuel was particularly pleased with *The Moscow Kremlin* [*The Moscow Kremlin*, by Arthur Joyce; University of California Press] which none of them had seen. They presented me with a file copy of their Russian edition of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* which, as a member of the Baker Street Irregulars, I was much pleased to have. This book was published a few months ago in an edition of 525,000 copies and, knowing it was out of print, I asked how long it had taken to sell the edition. The answer, "two hours" means, I presume, that it had taken that long to pack and ship the whole kaboodle—and quick work at that.

What M. K. wants of us, expressed in one word, is catalogs, particularly from publishers of text, technical and medical books.

MOSCOW is probably the cleanest city in the world and no parking is permitted on any street where traffic is heavy. Over the wide expanse of Red Square with hordes of people milling along the north or retail store side, not a scrap of paper is to be seen on the street, let alone a parked automobile. This, of course, is a sort of show place, but the same is true of other and remote parts of the city. The women street cleaners with their faggot sweeps collect only a few unrewarding cigarette butts and match sticks. I have no idea how a condition of this kind is kept up.

My room at the National Hotel was on the third-floor front facing the immense plaza which adjoins the still more spacious Red Square, at the far end of which, past the giant red stars topping the towers guarding the Kremlin, I could see the wild



It may come in useful later!

riot of form and color which is the Church of St. Basil the Blessed. Close examination of this church, which must be like nothing else in the world, was hindered by scaffolding for workmen who were not doing anything about the form but were laying on more color—as if this were needed!

I do not know if the week I spent in Moscow was a typical one with regard to visiting foreigners but there were plenty of them there. On my arrival at the hotel there was lots of elbow room in the spacious restaurant but presently we—a few Americans and British—were huddled into a corner by the arrival of nearly a hundred Frenchmen and, close on their heels, a contingent of nine hundred Germans, two hundred of them booked, or at least having their meals, at the National. At this point we were shunted off to a private dining room. This little room had its compensations for its acoustics permitted a clear hearing of what went on at other tables and it seemed always to be something comic, like the struggle of a Frenchman who was trying desperately, with gestures, to explain in English to the waiter that what he wanted was fried eggs turned upside down. Or the Englishman raising hell about the cost of the beer on his bill and getting nowhere fast with his protest. Never again would he stop at this hotel and we wondered where, next time, he would go.

There was something else I saw which did not call for a sightseeing

coupon or an interpreter. This was the nightly rehearsal for the big all-day parade on November 7, the anniversary of the triumphant end of the 1917 Revolution. On two successive nights I watched from my hotel window an apparently endless stream of tanks, of guns of every conceivable caliber on wheels, of trucks bearing twelve fully equipped infantrymen each, rumble noisily toward the Red Square. Most impressive—and a bit frightening.

There are a few thorns in this rosy Russian picture and they must be mentioned to finish this little story. For you do have to eat and you do have to spend money which means rubles. The menu at the hotel was always the same, day after day, and the food, always excepting the twice-a-day caviar, was not appetizing. But that didn't bother me as much as the terrific cost of everything, because of the fixed exchange rate of four rubles to the dollar. I think the ruble is worth five cents, otherwise how account for a pair of women's shoes at 430 rubles, and a mink coat at 36,400 rubles—and no prize piece at that? Or at the hotel, a double vodka 14.80, a bottle of beer 9.80? Actually, the \$21.25 all-inclusive Intourist daily rate is a bargain, but if you stray away from that regimen and start trying to buy things, you're licked.

THE TRAVEL people tell me that thousands of Americans are planning to visit Russia next year and I'm all for it. They will be met, entertained and waited upon by a friendly and hospitable lot of people and I cannot imagine anyone really regretting having made the trip. The average American tourist is well liked wherever he goes, makes for friendly relations and is a credit to his country. I only wish our government would carefully screen the Congressmen who want to go abroad and keep at home those temperamentally unfitted to travel such as the Representative from California, the "pistol at my head" man, who made an ass of himself recently in Moscow. Further, and this is judging only by my own brief experience, none of the Russians one meets will talk politics or preach doctrines or tell you what a wonderful country his is. This was surprising to me but that's how it was and I hope that I haven't overtated the place.

Writers Between Cultures

By Eleanor G. Knight

APOLOGISTS for empire like to talk of roads, dams, ports and the like as proof of their good works. Rarely if ever do they cite books which are native but in large part also the product of western education and culture. In the last few years, a torrent of literature has poured forth from North Africa, like the rivers of that region in flood. These are indisputable tributes to French enlightenment which no North African begrudges. Moroccans, Algerians and Tunisians are writing in French and winning literary prizes in Paris. For an understanding of conditions in what is called an underdeveloped area there is no surer source than these stories. To this reviewer, at least, they are as illuminating as tables of hectares and quintals, demographic statistics and elaborate projects for modernization and equipment.

So great is the output of the North African writers at present, in the midst of wars and alarums, that a list of even the outstanding books would be fairly long. Going from west to east, we may start in Morocco with Driss Chraïbi, whose first book, *Le Passe Simple*, was published in 1954. Dedicated to Francois Mauriac, it expresses a Moroccan nationalism directly descended from French nationalism. It is the story of the *lycee* period of the author, son of a well-to-do tea merchant, his rebellion against a tyrannical father,

ELEANOR G. KNIGHT lived in North Africa in 1934-35 and again in 1950-51. She is the translator of Pierre Parent's *The Truth About Morocco*.

Mrs. Knight's essay discusses the work of the following writers:
Driss Chraïbi

Le Passe Simple

Les Boucs

Mouloud Feraoun

La Colline Oubliee

Le Sommeil du Juste

Mohammed Dib

La Grande Maison

L'Incendie

Le Cafe

Mouloud Feraoun

Le Fils du Pauvre

Albert Memmi

La Statue de Sel

Agar

Malek Bennabi

Vocation de l'Islam

In Paris, Editions du Seuil publishes Dib, Feraoun and Bennabi; Chraïbi is published by Denoel, Mammeri by Plon and Memmi by Correa.

his escape into French science and literature and his disillusion with both societies which he knows, French and Moroccan, each based on power and corruption. In the end, he goes to Paris. Out of that experience, apparently, comes his second book, *Les Boucs* (The Goats). "Goat" is the French term for North Africans which corresponds to our "nigger."

Chraïbi's style has been described as delirious. In *Les Boucs* are scenes of Algerians in Paris—jobless, starving, freezing, jailed, or crowded in hovels or sordid lodging houses—which must seem like hallucinations to anyone who has not seen them. The account of the city of Fez, in *Le Passe Simple*, on a night at the end of Ramadan is wild and beauti-

ful poetry, evoking the ecstasy of multiple religious experience and a thousand years of history. And Chraïbi has a sense of humor, sardonic and earthy. His dialogue is as natural as a bird's song or a dog's bark. The driver of a Casablanca-Fez bus told him that his name was Julius Caesar. "When I expressed surprise, he replied, 'So what? Because I'm an Arab, do I have to have a prefabricated name like Ali ben Couscous?' I smiled. He pulled out his identity card. 'Here! Take a look,' and there, in fact, it was. Name: Caesar. Given name: Julius. Son of Mohammed ben Mohammed and of Yamna bent X. Born circa 1912, in the village of Aglagal, Tribal Fraction of Demsira, Tribe of Tashkent, Bureau of Control of Imi-N-tanoute, Region of Marrakech. Profession: chauffeur. Nationality: U. S. citizen." The driver went on to explain how simply he had obtained American citizenship. A French officer in control of the region was enamored of Moroccan women. Julius Caesar had given the Frenchman his sister in return for the identity card of his choice.

Eastward, in Algeria, there is Mouloud Feraoun, whose *Le Fils du Pauvre* is set in a Kabyle village. The drama concerns the business of getting a common school education. In Algeria this is drama. Mohammed Dib has written a trilogy: it begins with *La Grande Maison*, which deals with poverty in a city tenement, then *L'Incendie*, which is about the poverty of the Arab countryside, and last *Le Cafe* (which has not yet reached the reviewer). *L'Incendie* is the fire which destroys the huts of Arab laborers living around a French center of colonization. These men had gone on strike. The French army was called in, the law arrested the ringleaders and anyone else who



happened to be at hand. All this was of no avail, for the people stuck together. Finally their mud and thatch houses were fired to prove who was boss. Who had set the fire? "We know where the innocent are," said an old man. "They are bound together by prison, by beatings and by blood. Our blood has been spilled and will continue to be spilled, surely. Thus we will become cemented. In a time like ours, it is terrible to be innocent." Anyone interested in how Arab peasants—men, women and children—live, till the soil and dream, will learn much from reading *L'Incendie*. These people are hardworking, thoughtful and neighborly, with the exception of the inevitable traitor or Beni-oui-oui among them. They are no more fanatical than any other people; they are merely downtrodden.

Mouloud Mammeri, whose short story, "Ameur of the Arcades," appeared in *The Nation* (September 3, 1955), has written two novels: *The Forgotten Hill* and *The Sleep of the Just*. The Hill is again a village in Kabylia, and the book is an account mainly of the mobilization of its young men in 1939, which caused the once-close village unit to crumble as in an earthquake. Mammeri is a poet, too, but a disciplined lyrical one. His description of the countryside is a reminder that his native land has some of the world's most imposing scenery. His accounts of village rites and festivals make a treasury of Berber myths and customs.

ACROSS the border in Tunisia, Albert Memmi, a Tunisian Jew, has written *La Statue de Sel* and *Agar*. The former has been published here (by Criterion Books) as *The Pillar of Salt*. The novel, which must be largely autobiographical, follows a poor young Jew of the Tunis ghetto through a Tunis *lycee*. (Chraïbi's and Mammeri's first books have also been called autobiographical, but it seems more likely that they are eclectic biographies). The war brings this book to a close with a period in a German concentration camp in southern Tunisia and final disillusionment with Europeanization. The young Jew has been twice betrayed, first by Vichy, and then by the Free French who refused to recruit Jews in the Allied army.

Memmi's description of Tunis is

perhaps the best piece of writing in the book. Tunis is like New York in a way, with the difference that New York's history is short and that after the first conquest the waves of aliens did not come as conquerors. "Oh whore of a city," writes Memmi, "who has not had you for a slave? When I learned a little history, I had a vertigo. Phoenicians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Berbers, Arabs, Spaniards, Turks, Italians, Frenchmen. I forget some and confuse others. Five hundred steps here and one changes civilizations."

Of his second novel, Memmi explains: "*Agar* is not a study of mixed marriage, or a chapter in North African sociology. . . . It is concerned with the terrible problem of communication, so acute because all of us today are projected out of our local history and confronted with the history of all peoples. . . ." This is not, he says, the story of the hero of *The Pillar of Salt*—merely of a Tunisian Jew who marries a French girl. "I wanted this to apply equally to my fellow-citizens, both Moslem and Jew . . . and from the first reactions of European readers, I find that *Agar* applies to them also. Can it be that communication is doomed to failure, between individuals as well as between peoples? . . . For me, it is clear that in a move toward universality, independent of the accidents and the inevitable meanderings of history and beyond all the particularisms, lies the highest ideal of all humanity."

The conflict of cultures is the theme of all these North African books. Young Chraïbi, torn between the strict traditions of Moslem family life and the liberty of French thought; the young men of the Lost Hill equally at odds between the *lycee* or the French army and the roots of tradition and ancient custom. How to make good cloth of this warp and woof?

MEMMI has come a long way from the Jewish youth (if he was indeed this youth) who in 1943 gave up in despair, belonging neither to his own people nor to the alien European culture. Today he is simply a Tunisian citizen. In an article on his *Agar* in *L'Action*, a Tunisian weekly, he has this to say, and it could be used as a preface to any of our expositions on underdevelopment: "If the people of Europe and

of America really want to salvage communication with colonized or ex-colonized peoples, they must stop thinking that there are no ideas, no sensibilities, except their own; they must abandon the notion that they are masters of another's destiny." The other side of the medal is this: "Freedom must include internal freedom—that is to say a separation of church and state, the suppression of the 'picturesque' in medina and ghetto, the end of female bondage. . . . The political struggle is always the most urgent, and probably generates social progress, sooner or later. . . . I have tried to show that the two freedoms are complementary, indispensable to each other."

North Africa being what it is, its novels are inevitably tragedies. But Memmi ends his article—perhaps buoyed up by his country's new freedom—in a mood of joyful optimism. Understanding between two people and between peoples is possible.



Malek Bennabi is an Algerian. He has written at least one novel, but *Vocation de l'Islam* is a composition of history, sociology and politics. It is one of the more informed and lucid attempts to explain Islam from inside. An early paragraph on the general continuity of human history in spite of displacements is more suggestive than many treatises on the subject. Bennabi sees the main weakness of Islam as a shattering tendency. Individuals and small groups are unable to rise above and change the data presented by eras of large and bold ventures, when people could be original within substantial, intricate collectivities. Islam as a whole became largely isolated from the main stream of progressive change.

Bennabi's book is chiefly about struggles for internal reforms and attempts to rejoin the procession on terms which would not compromise the values cherished by all Moslems. Like the other books of those who have drunk deep of European culture, it is firm on the question of give and take or surrender. On the frontispiece there is a quotation from the Koran which illustrates the au-

thor's dual vocation—Islamic scholar and engineer. "The earth is the heritage of those of My creatures who accomplish useful works on it."

The striking difference between these books and those of most outsiders about North Africa is that the difference is so striking.

The Words of the Poet

WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS. Edited by Gay Wilson Allen and Charles T. Davis. New York University Press. \$3.75.

WALT WHITMAN'S SECRET. By Ben Aronin. Argus Books. \$4.50.

WALT WHITMAN'S CONCEPT OF THE AMERICAN COMMON MAN. By Leadie M. Clark. Philosophical Library. \$3.75.

By John R. Willingham

BEFORE the turn of the century, William Dean Howells was complaining about the curious and lamentable tendency of English critics to emphasize the quality of a writer rather than the quality of his work. In the case of Walt Whitman, one cannot see that the advent of "new" critics and techniques since Howells's simpler day has succeeded in turning attention markedly to the literary achievement of America's central literary figure.

The edition of representative poems from successive editions of *Leaves of Grass* by Professors Allen and Davis is a splendid exception. Though some occasional biographical and bibliographical information is furnished, the emphasis is entirely on the poems as poems. An introductory essay provides as good an introduction to Whitman's work and the esthetic theory behind the *Leaves* as I know. But the validity of that theory is attested by the inescapable fact that Whitman "expressed in his poems not the character and personality actually his in everyday life so much as the vision of physical and spiritual power he shared with the nation." And the various typical techniques by which Whitman ordered his poems are shown to be those of a great conscious artist: "and in his finest moments his technique gives structure to poems that in the perspective of the whole American experience are unsurpassed in beauty and evocative power." Apparently,

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January 7, 1956

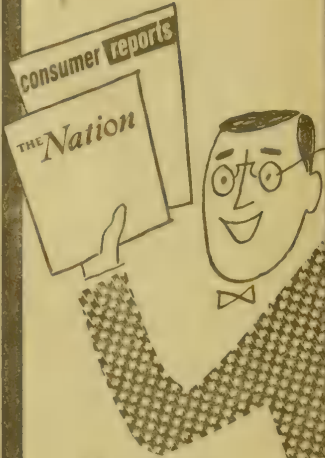
the editors of this excellent edition had in mind primarily the needs of college students of American poetry; but the book deserves to attract a much wider circle of readers.

BEN ARONIN invites an impressive number of problems involved in the writing of a biographical novel and solves none of them. The hero of his novel is just about everything silly and pretentious from the collective portrait of certain writers on Whitman during the 1920's and 1930's—everything improbable which Professor Allen's recent and excellent biography, *The Solitary Singer*, has corrected. *Walt Whitman's Secret* seems almost a deliberate attempt to delight Whitman's detractors and to confound his friends. Through numerous, always strained episodes, generously peopled by the author with a kind of Who's Who from 1848 to 1873, the Whitman of this novel moves histrionically, pausing all too often to spout sententious, pompous, absurdly stilted utterance. He lectures anyone and everyone on the slightest provocation; the calm, carefully calculating composer of the great lyrics never appears—only the insufferable stuffed shirt.

The fable involves a liaison between Walt and Anne Sedley, a tragic and beautiful quadron in New Orleans. In due time, after Walt's return North from a second—and hitherto unrecorded—expedition to New Orleans, Anne bears him a son. These relationships, then, are presumably the "secret" referred to in the title; and it is scarcely worth the effort of a serious reader to plod through 374 pages to hear Whitman's defense (as conjured up by Mr. Aronin) for his refusal to acknowledge Anne and the child.

MR. CLARK'S book belongs to the scholarly class. Its thesis involves a triad of suppositions about the case of Whitman: (1) Whitman the man was very different from Whitman the poet; (2) this difference is particularly obvious in their contrasting

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feelings for the common man; and (3) the feelings of the man about the common man are expressed most clearly in his prose, particularly in the editorials he wrote during his newspaper days. Most of Mr. Clark's own feelings about these matters appear to have come from a few anti-Irish and anti-Catholic comments in the editorial writings of the 1840's, although he reads in Whitman's letter to the anniversary committee of Santa Fe in 1883 echoes of the old man's anti-Catholic feelings and "limited acceptance of the Spanish" element of America's Southwest. It is never clear that Whitman really

was consciously or unconsciously anti-Catholic; in any event, there can be no certainty that the few editorial excerpts can claim to be more valid expressions of Whitman the man than the poetry can. When, however, Mr. Clark encounters in the prose a statement or an idea that is counter to his thesis, he dismisses it as the utterance of "Whitman the prophet or Whitman the poet"—a creature who is not as honest as Whitman the man. When he is not riding his thesis too hard, Mr. Clark provides insights into the relation of Whitman's thought to the wider backgrounds of his age.

preceding narrative in which it is accurately pointed out that while pre-war prediction held that land-based air power could drive ships to a considerable distance from the coasts, exactly the reverse proved the case: seaborne air power proved capable of action against targets far inland.

But it overlooks the fact that navy planning is also offensive. Indeed, the whole emphasis of the narrative portion of the book is on the offensive, on taking aggressive action. Whether it is de Grasse off the Chesapeake, where the offensive was strategic, or Nelson at Trafalgar, where it was tactical, or Farragut at New Orleans, where it was both, the story is that winning something by naval means is achieved through attack. Even Midway is accurately presented not as a defense but as a surprise counterattack launched against an attacking force. The major factor in eliminating the German submarines was the hunter-killer groups that deliberately sought them out.

The main idea in the whole big book is that American naval thinking is primarily in terms of aggressive warfare. This does not mean aggressive diplomatic action, as the combined authors are careful to point out. What diplomatic action is taken, what policy decisions are made, are outside the field of military men. The criticism of the Pearl Harbor attack is that the American officials did not let the military people know what the decisions were, and the criticism of MacArthur is that he adopted a policy at variance with such high-level decisions. But it says here that when the decision has been taken for engaging in war, the American navy has no means of executing it but by attack.

What Use Is A Navy?

THE UNITED STATES AND WORLD SEA POWER. Edited by Commander E. B. Potter. Prentice-Hall. \$11.75.

By Fletcher Pratt

THIS BOOK carries the usual disclaimer against being regarded as an official history, but since it is written by no less than twelve staff members of the U. S. Naval Academy, it is reasonable to regard it as a distillation of the ideas being implanted in our future naval officers and to examine it on that basis. About the basic ideas there is nothing especially novel; this enormous volume is important for its extrapolations. As history it differs from Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History* chiefly in dropping out the citations from classic Rome (which were dubious anyway) and carrying the story forward from the close of the American Revolution to the latest doings in Korea. The process of extension involves a range of ideas that never fell under Mahan's observation, of which the most obvious are the addition of air power to naval operations and the rise of amphibious warfare.

It would not be unfair to say that in the latter the collective authors see the justification of the specifically American type of sea power. The old British sea power, the kind Mahan dealt with, was fundamentally concerned with world empire

and the world commerce that supported it; the use of the sea for all purposes. American sea power is less a necessity for the preservation of national existence than a military arm for the prevention of attack by strangling it in its cradle. In a book which discusses the whole history of sea power from the beginning of the oceanic age the great campaign of Suffren off the coast of India gets one paragraph; the Dardanelles expedition receives ten pages and there are eleven more on the development of amphibious doctrine between the two world wars.

THIS IS not a false emphasis; no other nation has ever employed marines in units much above battalion strength, while the United States had six divisions of them in action in the Pacific. That is, modern thinking in the U. S. Navy is heavily oriented in the direction of the extrusion of sea power into the area formerly sacred to land power, of its employment as a decisive element in a team conducting combined operations.

The obvious unifying factor is air power, which can operate either from shipboard or land bases and some of the critical ideological portions of the book are those that discuss the struggle over unification. The position of the proponents of victory through air power is stated with reasonable fairness: "They prepared to assume the Navy's traditional role of First Line of Defense, even though almost all their planning was offensive or at least retaliatory in nature." This is backed by

FLETCHER PRATT is the author of *The Empire and the Glory, War for the World*, E. M. Stanton and other books.

NEXT WEEK

A New Department:
Letter from Italy
by William Weaver

Jonathan Swift
by John Middleton Murry
Reviewed by
Joseph Wood Krutch

Three Loves of Dostoevsky
by Marc Slonim
Reviewed by Harold Clurman

Farms for the Landless Huks

THE PHILIPPINE ANSWER TO COMMUNISM. By Alvin H. Scaff. Stanford University Press. \$4.

By James Storer

IN THAT PART of the world where democratic forces are very much on the defensive, the Philippines, as a young democracy, has shown that it can not only put up a good military fight (one in this case that unfortunately involves fighting fellow Filipinos) but that it can also put into action a more positive plan of providing farms for the landless and thereby striking at one of the roots of Asiatic communism.

This resettlement program, called EDCOR (Economic Development Corps) was set up in 1951 by the then Secretary of National Defense, Ramon Magsaysay, who felt that an effective answer to Communist propaganda would be to offer the dissidents, called Huks in the Philippines, a chance to obtain their own farms in a peaceful settlement on the relatively unpopulated island of Mindanao. Three such establishments have been put into operation by the Philippine army. Captured and surrendered Huks and others suspected of disloyalty may volunteer for relocation to these communities, which are leavened by a sprinkling of other volunteer citizens who are also eager to cast their lot in the frontier-like EDCOR villages.

The Philippine army, in providing the land, also promised to help clear this land, to provide a house and to sell on credit the necessary food, seed, tools and the carabao. Such advances to the farmer would then be worked off on a non-interest bearing basis as cash crops were realized. In addition the settlers were to have free transportation facilities, protection, elementary schooling, water and lights and medical care.

Such a scheme was not without its problems: confusion over land titles, struggles with Moros as prior settlers and other squatters, a general shortage of equipment and a lack of agricultural and other training on the part of army officers who were responsible for the program. The set-

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January 7, 1956

tlers themselves added difficulties that were in part due to their youth, a preponderance of single men and a lack of experience with, or awareness of the problems that confront settlers in a jungle environment. It is in fact somewhat miraculous that the program has succeeded at all in the face of these obstacles.

In discussing this program as *The Philippine Answer to Communism*, Mr. Scaff is liable to give readers a somewhat false perspective. Valid and constructive as this effort is, it is but a partial answer. Only a few of the ex-Huks are being settled in Mindanao, while a still smaller percentage of the landless in Luzon and elsewhere are being accommodated in either EDCOR communities or any of the other areas of Mindanao. Nor are the conditions that breed communism in the Philippines limited to rural land and agricultural problems. Under-employment and unemployment are pressing urban problems as well. Preoccupation with the more dramatic aspects of resettlement must not blind Filipinos, or others, to the fact that the basic solution will have to be applied in the areas where the problem arises. It will not be eradicated by simply moving away from it.



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Films

Robert Hatch

THE BEST that can be said for United Artists's peculiar version of *The Man With the Golden Arm* is that it forced the company into defying the Production Code Authority. As in the case of *I Am a Camera* earlier this year, Hollywood's self-imposed board of censors has been made to look foolish. I doubt that United Artists had this in mind; I'm reasonably sure that it re-cooked the story in the hope of getting it quietly by and decided to show fight only when the alternative was to junk a very expensive film. Nevertheless, the arbitrary dictation of the Authority has again been challenged and each time this happens the industry can afford to be a little less timid.

The danger now is that the gesture may prove unsuccessful because it was made on behalf of a poor picture. Forgetting for a moment the contempt Otto Preminger has shown for the spirit of Algren's novel, he has committed the commercial sin of producing and directing a dull movie. The novel is obviously difficult for screen transcription. It describes fondly and with respect a community of derelicts—dope addicts and petty thieves, gamblers, drunks, crooked cops and prostitutes—which could be brought to the screen only by those who shared the author's compassion, understanding and taste. Even then it might not work: Algren, loving his monstrous bums, can say in the novel why they seem to

him lovable, but there can be no spokesman for them in the film and almost by definition they cannot speak for themselves.

But Preminger seems to make no attempt. If he understood Algren's regard for the humanity of those who have nothing left but their humanity, he gives no sign of it. He records the surface of their sad antics on a slumming trip to the dens of vice. The film is just such a cliché. I cannot take the space to explain in detail how the plot has been cheapened and the characters flattened, except to note that Preminger has tacked a happy ending onto a chronicle that could never have ended happily. To cheat a tragedy of its foregone conclusion is an insult to the characters playing it and the audience watching it. It is saying that the game of life is only child's play and not for keeps. But you have to respect people to understand this.

Frank Sinatra, who portrays Frankie Machine, shows every outward sign of being able to play the inner character. It is not his fault that his work is limited almost entirely to the physical rigors of dope addiction.

REMEMBERING them, Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* seem a marvelous chance for the piquant-sentimental style of Marcel Pagnol. But it has not worked out that way. Perhaps the charm of those little tales was too much in the telling, the light, side-glancing, miraculously economical prose that spun their insubstantial subject matter. At any rate, the three that Pagnol has brought to the screen in the film called *Letters from My Windmill* are leaden-paced and a little silly. They are creditably acted, they handle Daudet's small narratives with affection and taste, but they become over-extended after-dinner anecdotes. The best of them is the first—"The Three Low Masses"—in which the devil tempts beyond resistance a kind and devout but gluttonous priest. Credit for that goes largely to Daxely, who plays the devil masquerading in the body of the sacristan. He is a fine comic craftsman in the manner of Fennell, but perhaps with more force and body and less burlesque. It would be a pleasure to see him in a longer context.

THE PRISONER is a British "think piece" on the subject of the total church vs. the total state. Alec Guinness is a cardinal charged with treason in a Communist Ruritania; Jack Hawkins is the inquisitor bound to destroy the priest's will by reverse psychoanalysis. For all its attempt at totalitarian ruthlessness, the film's good manners are utterly British. Guinness looks like a roguish Latin master and Hawkins like a hard-pressing inspector from Scotland Yard. Fanaticism is a coat strange to both of them; they seem rational gentlemen playing an unlikely and distasteful charade.

The plot is oddly bland. The cardinal collapses from a sense of unworthiness and the inquisitor from having brought so good a man so low. Extremists should be made of sterner stuff. Plot and performance together, the picture is charming proof that the British have no talent for totalitarian behavior.

ANNA MAGNANI is the most impressive female who has ever ap-

peared on the screen. She is entirely female—mother, mistress, wife and fishwife. That is her greatness and her limitation. Every picture she appears in is another chapter in Magnani's career of being a magnificent woman.

I understand that Tennessee Williams wrote *The Rose Tattoo* originally with Anna Magnani in mind; it might be a better balanced work without her. The sub-plot of the daughter and her sailor boy, for one thing, is now almost shouted out of the picture and Burt Lancaster, as the heroine's obliging suitor; is a clown to the point of losing the point. He plays well in part, but he is forever being pole-axed by his beloved's Sicilian passion. Magnani needs strong direction and there are few directors who dare trade blows with her; Daniel Mann has taken the prudent course of letting her knock herself out. It is a rousing spectacle and she is the best possible antidote to the antiseptic, nylon-packaged blandishments that symbolize sex on the billboards.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE "PAS DE DIX" that Balanchine contributed to the New York City Ballet's recent season not only uses some of Glazunov's engaging music for the divertissements in the last act of the ballet *Raymonda*, but includes at least two of the dances Balanchine devised for this act when he staged *Raymonda* for the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe ten years ago. One is the Orientale danced then by Danilova, which is now Tallchief's solo; the other is the dance of the four boys. To these Balanchine has added solos for the four girls and for Eglevsky, and a brilliant conclusion; but most impressive is the opening dance in which the four couples provide a context for the entrance of Tallchief and Eglevsky and a supported adagio filled with fascinatingly intricate invention, which Tallchief executes with her beautiful clarity and elegance.

In another new ballet, *Jeux d'enfants*, most of the toys come to life—to the charming music of Bizet, and in the ingenious costumes of Esteban Frances—in dances devised

by Barbara Milberg and Francisco Moncion which are, with one exception, pleasantly inconsequential. The exception is Moncion's "Music Box," an arresting interlude with three figures in magnificent Spanish costumes whose jerky, repetitive movements, amusing at first, are seen to be enacting a love triangle which ends with the husband stabbing the lover. And later on Balanchine imparts astonishingly fresh life and humor to the operations of the toy soldier and the doll, danced brilliantly by Tobias and Hayden.

For the rest Balanchine concerned himself this season with changes in two of his older works. Last year he replaced the "Hallowe'en" episode in *Ivesiana* with "Arguments"; this year he replaced "Arguments" with "Barn Dance," in which American-style steps and formations and striding about are involved in characteristic Balanchine intricacies. And he continued to enrich the first act of *The Nutcracker* not only with charming new details for the children, but with a new dance for

Harlequin and Columbine (whose gestures he has the seated children imitate delightedly), and a new scene which provides a clarifying transition from the party to the dream. The music for this additional scene is a passage written originally for, but not used in, *The Sleeping Beauty*. Balanchine first used it ten years ago in a beautiful pas de deux for Danilova and Franklin that one wishes he would revive.

The other new work presented by the company was Todd Bolender's *Souvenirs*, in which he employs very effectively the gift for comedy that he has exhibited on occasion in his dancing—for example in Balanchine's *A la française*. *Souvenirs* is concerned with the goings-on in a resort hotel in 1914, and with characters whose appearance, clothes and movements are caricatures of what Bolender and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, who designed the scenery and costumes, have seen in photographs and films of the period. Bolender himself dances a man about town in a hallway episode which develops into a Mack Sennett chase in and out of a series of bedroom doors; Irene Larsson and John Mandia burlesque an impassioned scene in a vampire-type film; and on the other hand Jillana carries off marvelously what I consider the most brilliant thing in the piece—the acutely observed pantomime of a young woman in a quarrel with her escort, which is of all time. Samuel Barber's music, whose dissonances caricature musical styles evocative of the period, is an effective soundtrack.

After the softness, amounting almost to flabbiness, of the general dancing style of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, it was exciting to see again the sharp clarity of the New York City Ballet. And it was exciting also to see the company dancing better than ever—with LeClercq exhibiting in even more astonishing degree her ease and clarity in classic ballet movement, her personal radiance and powers of presence and projection, her extraordinary range of dramatic expressiveness; with Adams's movements exhibiting greater strength and clarity of definition, Wilde's a continuing gain in delicacy, Carolyn George's an increased brilliance. The male dancing also was much stronger, with a newcomer, Vasquez, proving to be a fine-

looking partner for LeClercq in *Concerto Barocco* and a brilliant one for Mounsey in *Western Symphony*; and with Barnett able to put his dazzling speed and sharpness and elevation to effective use not only in *The Nutcracker* again but in the solo parts he was given in *Western Symphony* and *Symphony in C*. The most spectacular leaps and spins

were executed by Jacques D'Amboise; but it was Moncion again who, among the male dancers, exhibited extraordinary powers of presence and projection—this even as a mere partner in a supported Adagio, but more impressively in *Orpheus* and *Afternoon of a Faun*, and unforgettably in his great performance in *The Prodigal Son*.

Art

A. L. Chanin

THERE ARE galleries to which the public goes, but artists do not; for their exhibitions have only a superficial resemblance to art. And there are a handful of galleries where artists almost outnumber the public. For the art shown, good or bad, is almost always courageous, adventurous and explorative, and so the artists come to see and appraise, scorn or admire what their comrades are doing. One such place is the Betty Parsons Gallery. This week, after a decade of her gallery, Miss Parsons presents (to January 14) a group of painters and sculptors who are, or were, members of her "stable."

The emphasis is on abstraction—the most vigorous post-war movement in America. A 1944 Jackson Pollock, *Night Dancer*, thickly encrusted with shimmering paint, seems almost tame at this date. But there are extremists like Clyfford Still and Barnett Newman to arouse ire or interest.

Among the finest canvases is the late Bradley Tomlin's *No. 5* (1952), a subtly-toned harmony moving in fluid, zig-zag rhythms across the canvas. A fine early Mark Rothko, a delicate collage by Anne Ryan, with slow-paced movement and subtly arranged forms, and Ad Reinhardt's high-keyed color movements are other notables among the abstractions.

One realistic painting snuggles cozily among the others, Walter Murch's dark-toned, evocative *Geometrics*, invested with the drama of space enclosing machine forms. Another non-abstract inclusion is a grim surrealist painting, Alfonso Ossorio's (1949) *The Dancers*. Hedda Sterne is represented by a whimsical maze of machine forms and her hus-

band, the cartoonist Saul Steinberg, contributes a hilarious pen and ink, *Diploma*. A decorative charm which is almost glib, appears in William Congdon's *Rome, Number 7*, glittering with gold textures and sweeping lines.

Some striking sculptures enliven the show: Seymour Lipton's dramatic metal image, *The Cloak*, and Day Schnabel's beguiling *Insects*.

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knows of the climactic Armory Show
of 1913, held in the Armory at 25th
and Lexington Avenue—a building
which might well be called the Inde-
pendence Hall of our modern art.
Even before that, die-hards were be-
ing prodded by the so-called Ashcan
School exhibition of "the Eight" in
1908; the Independents of 1910; a
series of daring shows in Alfred
Stieglitz's "291"; the Forum exhibi-
tion of 1916; and finally, the Society
of Independent's first exhibition,
which opened a few days after the
United States entered the war in
Europe.

While the Armory survey is known
far and wide for opening—or closing
—eyes to Cezanne, van Gogh, Picasso,
Brancusi and other masters of Eu-
rope, it also included a large section
of Americans. The American Acad-
emy of Arts and Letters, in Decem-
ber, commemorated both the Armory
and the Independents by assembling
work by Academy members who had
participated in these landmark exhi-
bitions. To add interest to the
theme, early and recent examples,
in the case of living artists, were
shown side by side.

Precious little seems daring and
unorthodox today. Who now would
quarrel with George Bellows swag-
gering *Polo Crowd* (1910); J. Alden
Weir's gentle, impressionist *Factory
Village*, (1897); William Hopper's
prim, cool, precise *Sailing* (1913), or
John Twachtmen's serene *Hemlock
Pool*, John Sloan's bravura *Sunday*,
Women Drying Their Hair? Yet
these rubbed shoulders at the
Armory with Marcel Duchamp's
cubist *Nude Descending a Staircase*,
now enshrined in the Philadelphia
Museum of Art.

On the other hand, Max Weber's
1915 abstraction, *Interior with Music*
and Georgia O'Keeffe's 1917 drawing,
are still impressive and fresh.

In the assemblage is some rarely
seen, rewarding work: Glacken's
brilliant, light-infused shore theme;
Ryder's richly painted *Hunter's
Rest*, with its massive forms; E. Law-
son's *Spring Night*, *Harlem River*;
and Eugene Higgin's 1912 forerun-
ner to the social comment work of
the 30's, *Hunger Under a Bridge*.
Also George Grey Barnard's deeply-
felt, strongly-carved marble portrait
of Lincoln, from the Metropolitan.

Oddly, much of the work which
seemed new then, was even at the
time steeped in the placid, almost

dainty, attitudes of a vanished, out-
worn conservatism. There are other
cases, like the sculptor Cecil Howard,
whose 1918 *Mother and Child* is far
more powerful and expressive than
his bland 1955 *St. Francis*.

The exhibition was shown too
briefly and seen by too few. It would
be absorbing, and of extraordinary
importance, if some institution with
large resources would reassemble a
truly representative number of the
artists of Europe and America who
participated in the Armory Exhi-
bition.

LAST WEEK the Metropolitan Mu-
seum opened a delightful exhibition
of paintings far removed in time,
place and viewpoint from Western
Art: Islamic, Persian and Indian
miniatures from the eleventh to the
eighteenth century (on view to Feb-
ruary 19). Of the 200-odd miniatures
shown, some 100 are recent Metroli-
tan acquisitions; the rest are on loan
from other museums and private
collections.

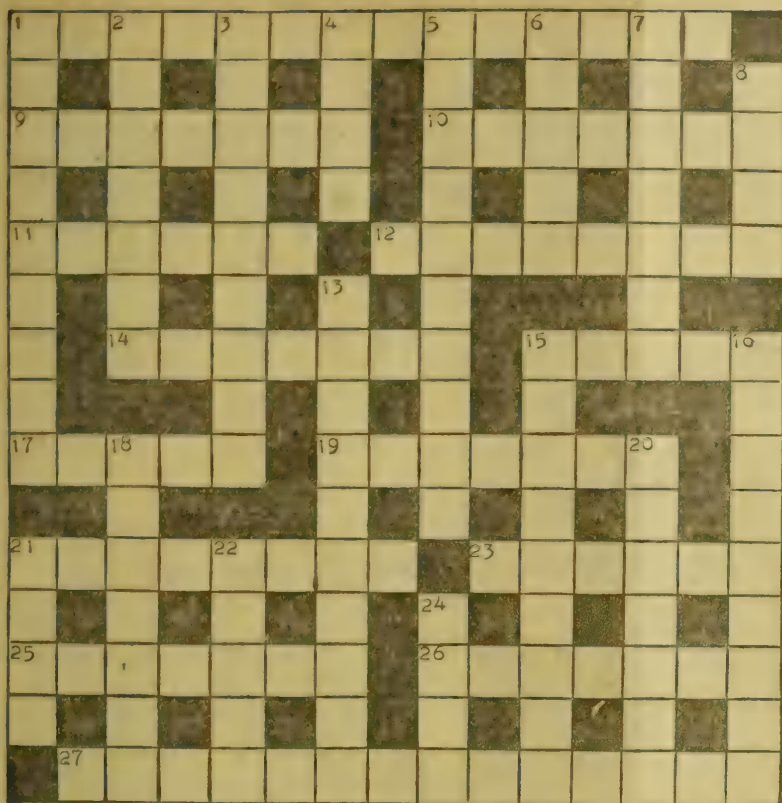
The miniatures (illustrations for
magnificent manuscripts) are painted
with breathtaking delicacy and pre-
cision, and with expressive and deco-
rative line. Colors glow, clear and
intense, painted flatly, without
depth. When they shifted scale and
perspective, these artists were con-
cerned not merely to duplicate the
factual appearance of a scene, but to
organize line, form, color and pat-
tern to convey the poetic image
within the theme.

When one looks at the telling
economy of line and form in the
shrewdly perceptive portraits from
an album which belonged to Shah
Jahan—of Taj Mahal and Peacock
Throne fame—or at the precise and
delicate spotted forktail by Nadir
Az-Zamon, or the rich, luxurious
compositions by an Indian artist of
the seventeenth century, one realizes
anew that there are many ways of
seeing and painting, and that the
Renaissance tradition is not the only
way to artistic salvation. And in
fact, these little gems of color and
creative design invigorated modern
art. Matisse looked at them with
new eyes, and blended their fresh-
ness and flatness and exotic pattern
with Western dash and vigor.

Perfect in themselves, these min-
iatures are notable examples of one
of the great epochs of world-wide
art.

Crossword Puzzle No. 653

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Not the campfires watched by Rebel pickets. (8,5)
- 9 Monkeys decorations, by the sound of it. (7)
- 10 Dress for the audience. (4-3)
- 11 and 5 down Probably lighter than "I was a Fugitive From a Chain Gang." (6,10)
- 12 A chap commonly can stand a drink all around, with enough silver. (8)
- 14 Perhaps not legs with the furthest reach! (7)
- 15 Type secured in a chase for printing or for manuscript. (5)
- 17 See 13 down.
- 19 Marks the sailor secures. (7)
- 21 Fail to exclude the apostle? (5,3)
- 23 and 18 down How things appear when you're down? (3,3,2,2,3)
- 25 Staying gloomy, no doubt. (7)
- 26 A few songs on the side? (One hopes the take-off is successful.) (7)
- 27 25 perhaps, completely gone! (3,2,4,5)

DOWN

- 1 Taking the census in Meninburg? (9)
- 2 Not a very conventional root. (7)
- 3 Two to make the d of England. (4-5)
- 4 Got up like 6 when it loses its head, in a way. (4)

5 See 11 across.

6 Furze. (5)

7 Pig's foot, sometimes in harness. (7)

8 and 20 Moat, as a type of accelerator? (4-7)

13 and 17 across Cow, perhaps, but certainly not a purple one. (4,3,3,5)

15 Foul play might lead to it in court. (4,5)

16 Cut off in the middle, pared on the outside, and completely edged. (9)

18 See 23 across.

20 See 8 down.

21 Poetically 4, for example. (4)

22 In this well-known factor in zero? (Or is the animal associated with cash on the nose?) (5)

24 This artist doesn't have his face lifted exactly—just made up differently! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 652

ACROSS: 1 and 17 down STANDING ROOM ONLY; 5 SORREL; 11 SANCTIONS; 12 NOTHING; 13 COUNSEL; 14 HOMELY; 15 and 7 SITTING ROOMS; 18 OBSCURE; 21 and 8 ON ONE'S LAST LEGS; 24 MACHINE; 28 THIN AIR; 27, 28, and 10 NO SMOKING IN THE LOBBY; 29 YEARS; 30 ANAGLYPH. DOWN: 1 SO LONG; 2 AMBITIOUS; 3 DAYTIME; 4 NOSEGAY; 6 ON TRUST; 9 KNOCKS; 16 INEXACTLY; 19 UNICORN; 20 EMETIC; 21 OCTAGON; 22 OPINING; 23 BREECH; 25 CASCA.

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Right Time: Right Place

The Probe of the Press

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Letters

Apologies to Mr. Stover

(Note: In an article in our November 26, 1955, issue, Charles F. Ransom stated that "The Iowa Farmers Union, long stymied by a president who denounced United States germ warfare in Korea, was deprived of its national charter in 1954 for lacking the 3500 members necessary to qualify, and will lose the right to the name if the national office has its way in the federal courts." It was pointed out to us that this statement was untrue, and we have received the following communication from Mr. Ransom.)

Dear Sirs: I want to apologize to Mr. Stover and to the readers of The Nation for my mistake in writing that Stover denounced the United States for germ warfare in Korea. Here is how it happened. I know Mr. Stover personally. He and I used to be members of the same small discussion group on foreign affairs. Since then, his views on foreign policy have been the basis of a prolonged public controversy in Iowa. I was trying to give the flavor of that controversy in the fewest possible words, as part of the background for a story about another Iowa farm organization, the new National Farmers Organization. I made a quick check of my memory and a few clippings—and thought I "knew."

Rechecking carefully since the statement was challenged, I find only a resolution by the 1954 state convention of Stover's Iowa Farmers Union condemning war as un-Christian, deploring the "use of atomic and bacteriological weapons" by anybody, and suggesting world disarmament with international inspection and control through the United Nations. Stover, I. F. U. president, had not written the resolution nor been consulted about it by the resolutions committee.

Yet Stover's active participation in the leadership of the Progressive Party, continuing after Henry A. Wallace and others had left it, and Stover's vigorous opposition to United States participation in a cold war and the Korean War led in 1950 to a split in the I. F. U. James Patton and the National Farmers Union favored the anti-Stover faction. In 1951 an Iowa district court ruled the Stover faction was the legal one. The fight went on. In March 1954, the national board voted to revoke the I. F. U.'s charter, technically for not having the required minimum of members. Stover was present as a national board member, and voted "negatively." He claimed

the real reason was political, and that not all units with deficient membership were expelled: he contests the validity of the revocation.

Neither The Nation nor I had any intention of reflecting on Mr. Stover.

CHARLES FOSTER RANSOM
Des Moines, Iowa

Strike-Breaking Discouraged

Dear Sirs: In reporting the use of college students as strike breakers in the recent Bell Telephone strike (October 15 issue), I think Mr. Youngdahl should have noted the fact that the officials of Loyola University in New Orleans warned their students against acting as strike breakers, and actively discouraged such activity on the part of the student body.

ED MARCINIAK
Chicago, Ill.

Pro and Con

Dear Sirs: I appreciated the article in the October 29 issue by Kenneth Rexroth on "a magazine without advertising." Mr. Rexroth said he had read every word of all the issues of American Heritage up to date. That's better than I have been able to do. A year's subscription to American Heritage was given to me, and as far as I can see it has been worth just about what it cost me. I agree with Mr. Rexroth: it is not interesting.

ALBERT WALEN
Colby, Kans.

Dear Sirs: My long-standing faith in The Nation suffered a sharp blow when I read Kenneth Rexroth's unfair and unnecessary attack on American Heritage. It is a little early to pass final judgment on a publication which has ventured a new departure in historical literature and has had so far only one year in which to do it. Rexroth's basic thesis, that American Heritage is a bold and clumsy attempt to whitewash the Robber Barons and sell monopolistic capitalism in the form of folksy fables, has not been satisfactorily documented. It is a little discouraging to see The Nation indulge in unjustified attacks on men like Allan Nevins who have spent many years studying, researching, writing, and teaching American history, and thereby increased immeasurably our understanding of the American heritage.

EUGENE C. MURDOCK
Rio Grande, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Mr. Rexroth contends that the South was never better governed than under the days of Reconstruc-

tion, that there is no truth in the myths about the "bleeding South," and that this part of the country "never had it so good" as in the days of the "carpetbaggers." One could wish that his version is correct, but it is to be regretted that he did not document his contention by a quotation from one of the reputable historians to whom he refers. It was Sainte Beuve who said, "History is fable agreed upon," but it seems that the story of Reconstruction days is still in dispute.

BENNETT LARSON
Sister Bay, Wis.

Guatemalan Headache

Dear Sirs: Mr. David L. Graham's review of Toriello's book in the October 15 issue is excellent in every respect, as was his previous report on Guatemala. Guatemala is important because it reflects in miniature most of the headaches of Latin American countries; that is, the ill-informed and largely illiterate populations, the badly unbalanced economies with resulting economic dependence on more advanced nations, the political role of the military, and the clumsy government machinery bequeathed by Spain. That little Guatemala's attempt at democracy got so far before it was crushed by the political and economic aggression of a big power is one of the marvels of the century.

On the Guatemalan problem and a host of vital subjects The Nations has filled a real gap in reportage and analysis.

GRAY BEMIS
Mexico, D. F.

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Right Time, Right Place: Probe of the Press

THE INQUIRY by the Senate Internal Security subcommittee into "possible Communist infiltration of newspapers" which opened in Washington on January 4 has raised a great public issue just as Congress reconvenes and the Presidential election year of 1956 gets under way. The outcome may well determine whether the domestic cold war which began to abate with the temporary eclipse of Senator McCarthy is to be resumed.

The issue involves, of course, the meaning, purpose and scope of the First Amendment's guarantee of a free press. As the issue arises at these hearings comment turns not on the question of the power of Congress to conduct inquiries affecting the press but on the right of newspapers to function quite free of the oblique regulation which can be imposed by pressure of public inquiry. The hazard to a free press which inquiries such as this present is not that a great journal like the New York *Times* might be intimidated; the real hazard is that publications less powerfully placed might easily be influenced by the mere fact that *this* inquiry had taken place. An oblique encroachment of this type on the guarantee of a free press embodied in the First Amendment is perhaps all the more dangerous because it does not take the form of a direct attack, as by an attempt to subject the press to congressional regulation or control. Much the same issue was raised in 1947 when the motion-picture industry was given the same "treatment" now being applied to the *Times*. In the end the motion-picture industry capitulated, largely because neither its leaders nor the public grasped the real meaning of the inquiry in time to take appropriate action. No such misunderstanding can exist today: this is 1956, not 1947. Today it is clear enough that self-intimidation imposed by taking hostages or staging public inquisitions can undermine the guarantees embodied in the First Amendment almost as effectively as direct infringements. This time there can be no mistaking the threat to the First Amendment implicit in the nature of inquiries ostensibly aimed at investigating "possible Communist infiltration" of a medium of communication.

This time too the issue has been sharply drawn. By insisting that it is the real target of the inquiry, the *Times* has brought the issue into the open. That the *Times* is in fact the real target only Senator Eastland will deny. Right-wing columnists who have long enjoyed reliable pipelines to the committee and its staff

have frankly stated that the inquiry is aimed at the *Times*.

Most of the witnesses subpoenaed are now, or once were, employees of the *Times*. One witness was called for no reason more apparent than that he is the brother of Benjamin Fine, education editor of the *Times*. The committee's report on the Matusow case, which refers to Matusow's original charge that there were "120" or "126" card-carrying Communists on the staff of the *Times* was released by Senator Eastland on December 31, on the eve of the current hearings, although it is dated April 6, 1955. Under the circumstances, Senator Eastland protests too much and too often; the *Times* is clearly his major target.

Nor can there be much dispute as to why the *Times* has been singled out for attack. Not only is it a symbol of the free press but it has offended Senators Eastland and Jenner for reasons which it sets forth in a militant editorial denouncing the hearings, namely, that it has "condemned segregation in the Southern schools . . . challenged the high-handed and abusive methods employed by various congressional committees . . . denounced McCarthyism and all its works . . . attacked the narrow and bigoted restrictions of the McCarran Immigration Act . . . criticized a 'security system' which conceals the accuser from his victim . . . insisted that the true spirit of American democracy demands a scrupulous respect for the rights of even the lowliest individual and a high standard of fair play."

OF ALL these high crimes and misdemeanors, the *Times* is guilty as charged. Two unrelated minor factors have also contributed to the *Times*' bad luck in being singled out for attack: as one of the nation's great newspapers, any attack upon it constitutes "news" in the sense that demagogues can always win headlines by spitting in the eye of the high and mighty (although one demagogue learned to his sorrow that provocation of this type can occasionally yield bitter dividends); it also is less widely read, perhaps, in Mississippi—Senator Eastland's homeland—than in any other state, and by this fact invites his spleen as a Northern Damned-Yankee Jewish-owned newspaper that opposes mob violence and favors integrated public schools. But the underlying reason for the Senator's partiality for the *Times* as a target is that it is the country's leading newspaper; to attack it is to demonstrate in unmistakable

terms that any paper or combination of papers can be haled before the committee and given the "infiltration" routine. The fact that even Senator Eastland now concedes that no case has been made against the *Times* or, for that matter, against the press as such is beside the point. The House committee failed to prove in 1947 that Communist propaganda had been injected into motion pictures but the industry has remained a captive of its own fears from that day to this. That a proof-reader, a clerk and a reporter, out of some 4,000 employees, might cleverly manipulate the *Times* news and editorial policies is even more quaint a notion than that motion-picture writers, drawing large salaries, enjoying the charming social life of Beverly Hills, Brantwood and Bel Air ever risked these sweets by writing Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist scripts.

As a test of whether we are to witness a resumption of the cold war, there can be no doubt that the right issue has been raised at the right time, by an institution with the resources to defend the great principle at stake.

After much painful hesitation and several inept moves the *Times* has, somewhat belatedly to be sure, met the initial test; its institutional reflexes may be slow but they are not decrepit. But how good are the reflexes of the nation's other newspapers? Will the press, with one voice, denounce this investigation before it spreads any further? For months now publishers have been conducting a campaign to secure recognition at all levels of government of their "right to information." This campaign becomes rather pointless if newspapers are to be subjected to the type of harassment exhibited in the current investigation. The right to information is no broader than the right to publish, free of prior restraint or subsequent punishment. Newspapers that support the "freedom of information" campaign—and most newspapers do—cannot afford to waste any time in denouncing Eastland's inquiry. But will our one-party press, which so eloquently proclaims its freedom, now defend that freedom? At this writing, it seems clear that only a handful of newspapers—admittedly the country's best—have unequivocally supported the *Times* position; the others have remained silent or have dissented. And the prompt action of the New York *Daily News* in discharging William A. Price, who did *not* invoke the Fifth Amendment, is a significant and discouraging reaction.

THE OUTCOME of the inquiry depends also on the behavior of the responsible leaders of both major parties in Congress, more specifically the Democrats. Senator Eastland is a Democrat; so is Representative Francis Walter, who heads the House Committee on Un-American Activities. After the November, 1954, congressional election, Mr. Walter announced that he favored abolition of the House committee and the establishment of a joint Senate-House unit. Had this recommendation been followed the present inquiry might never have been launched. It is no secret that

the Democratic leadership in Congress quietly scotched the proposal. Mr. Rayburn not only favored retention of the present committee setup; he induced his close personal friend, Mr. Walter, to head the House committee. In other words the decision to retain the committees and by inference the staffs of both—including in this instance a staff hand-picked and personally trained by the late Senator Pat McCarran—was a top-level Democratic Party decision. It is therefore quite unfair to apply the tag "McCarthyism" to the present inquiry; Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson are more responsible for it than Senator McCarthy and his G. O. P. friends.

The immediate question is: how will the Democratic leadership react to the great issue which has been raised in such a bold and timely fashion? Messrs. Rayburn and Johnson could bring Eastland to book easily enough if they were determined to act. If other means failed, requests for appropriations might be studied with special care. At this session Senator Eastland and Representative Walter will be requesting additional funds for their committees; and it should not be forgotten that Senator Hennings, another Democrat, will be requesting funds for his committee on the Bill of Rights. What then will be the position of the Democratic Party on civil liberties? Will it sanction two quite contradictory positions—the Eastland-Walter and the Hennings positions?

MOREOVER, the Democrats might give some attention to Senator Lehman's proposal for civil-rights legislation and, more specifically, to his proposal that a federal electoral commission be appointed to investigate complaints of citizens who have been denied the right to vote. If these issues were vigorously pressed, Senator Eastland might have little time for witch-hunting. In much the same fashion, the responsible leaders of the Republican Party could discipline Senator Jenner if they had the will and the courage to act. But how responsible is the leadership? The test is more acute for the Democrats than for the Republicans, since the major responsibility is theirs. Nor is this responsibility limited to the congressional leadership. Will Mr. Stevenson, as the party's titular head, remind its congressional chieftains of his and their commitment to civil liberties and civil rights?

This is not only a time for greatness; it is an opportunity and a test as well. No finer issue was ever presented to aspiring Presidential candidates in both parties than this chance to defend, with the aid of an influential section of the press, the First Amendment—and at the same time to assert that Negro citizens in Mississippi have the same rights as other citizens, Senator Eastland's attempt to resurrect Calhoun's doctrine of nullification to the contrary notwithstanding. In this "time for greatness" have responsible political leaders of both parties the courage and vision to act greatly? Have we, the rest of us, the wit and will to demand that they meet the test of greatness?

The Stubborn French Warn the West

The international implications of the French elections bode no good for the Western coalition. The gain registered in the Assembly by the Communists signifies increased pressure to get France out of the alliance altogether. The victory for the Poujadists is a victory for a party that doesn't even want to pay taxes for schools and roads, much less armaments. The gains won by the Socialists and, to some extent, by the Radicals are another reflection of the French electorate's will to a negotiated peace, particularly in North Africa. And within the Left and Left-Center groupings are sizeable elements which never favored German rearmament and

which, in general, look sympathetically upon the concept of neutralism.

It would be foolhardy for Western policy-makers outside of France to dismiss these results as simply another display of "Gallic temperament" and "instability." As Mr. Werth shows elsewhere in this issue, the French electorate is far from unstable; its five or six major political divisions have shown remarkable cohesion through the years. Logically, the vote calls for a reappraisal of Western policies if France is to be saved for the "free world." One thing is certain: Washington can no longer count on a Paris regime which, in the long run, can be depended upon to do its bidding.

The French are notoriously stubborn. Ultimately it may prove easier to change Western policy than the minds of the French electorate.

FRANCE AT THE POLLS

The Main Issue: Algeria . . . by *Alexander Werth*

Paris

THE OUTCOME of the French vote reflects the stability of the French electorate quite as clearly as it reaffirms the instability of Parliament. Other than the Poujadists, inheritors of the lunatic-fringe of the Gaullist vote, only the Rally of the Republican Left showed a shift of more than 2 per cent in popular support since the last general election of 1951. The Communists' extraordinary gain of fifty-two seats reveals more about the electoral laws here than about the electorate; in terms of percentage of popular vote, they actually lost 0.9 per cent. In the same context the Republican Left grouping, which includes both the Mendes-France and the Faure Radicals, climbed 2.7 per cent and the Socialists 0.6 per cent [see table on page 24].

Thus Guy Mollet, leader of the Socialists, and Mendes-France, who claims a majority of the Radicals, are not altogether unreasonable in arguing that the election was a victory for them, even though they command less than a third of the seats in the new Assembly. While the Communists, as in 1951, polled

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January 14, 1956



Vicky in *New Statesman and Nation*
Pierre Mendes-France

the largest number of votes—5,426,803—of any single party, the Radicals, Socialists and smaller non-Communist Left factions together polled in excess of 6,000,000.

It is on this basis that Mollet and Mendes-France, two days after the results were in, announced that their "Republican Front" was entitled to form a new government. Of special

significance is their refusal to compromise with Pinay, Bidault and other right-wingers who, they insist, were responsible for the blunders in Indo-China and for the deterioration of the North African situation. Mendes-France is sticking to his basic principle that the government must have a program which others are free to support or to reject, but that it must not allow itself to "trade" for support among the various Parliamentary groups. The same principle has led both Mendes-France and Mollet to reject flatly the suggestion advanced by the British press that a "reconciliation" with the defeated Faure-Pinay-Bidault coalition is the only solution left for France.

While for international reasons the creation of a genuine Popular Front, in which the Communists would be included, is impossible, Mendes-France considers it permissible to rely on Communist support in any attempt to reach an Algerian settlement. After all, the former Premier was supported by both the Socialists and Communists when he undertook to resolve the Tunisian crisis. Intellectual groups comprising of men like Claude Bourdet and Francois Mauriac believe that a left-wing coalition dependent upon Com-

munist support is the only means of stopping an Algerian blow-up, which Mendes-France considers inevitable in March or April unless something is done to head it off. An attempt to govern with "alternating" majorities, as Mendes-France did in 1954, would in the long run prove unsatisfactory, but it might serve long enough to ward off catastrophe in Algeria.

This week the Socialists and Radicals are planning to hold their party conferences at which Mendes-France's plans will be discussed. One thing is certain: as distinct from the last Parliament, no government in France is possible today without the Socialists and the *Mendesists*, and for purposes of an Algerian settlement a half-baked compromise with the Center and Right would be useless. The big question is whether the 150 Communists in the new Assembly will be willing to accept the Mendes-France Algerian program in accordance with their 1954 principle of supporting anything "relatively progressive."

Although nobody except the Communists and the Poujadists can claim a major election victory, the *Mendesists* and Socialists have gained, the Right and Center blocs have lost severely, while the Gaullists have been obliterated through the emergence of the Poujadists. Will the anti-Parliamentary, thug-minded Poujadists keep their promise to their leader to allow themselves to be disciplined into Parliamentary behavior, or will they prove outright obstructionists?

IN RETROSPECT, the stirring weeks of campaigning which preceded the election were characterized by two factors: the seriousness of the electorate and the emergence of Algeria as France's Number One problem. The two are not unrelated. For what is threatening France today is a large-scale war in Algeria more costly, murderous and hopeless even than the eight-year war in Indo-China which ended in French defeat. Millions of French voters, especially those who are themselves of military age or who have husbands or children of military age, went to the polls on January 2 with the feeling that they held their fates in their hands.

There are 8,000,000 Arabs in Algeria and 1,000,000 Frenchmen. The



Pierre Poujade

French live on the fat of the land, the Arabs exist near or below the starvation level. Most of the best agricultural land—and there isn't much of it apart from a 50 to 100-mile coastal strip—is owned by the French, who waste much of it by growing wine which the Arabs don't drink and of which there is a glut in France anyway. But they persist because low labor costs—a third or a fourth those of French labor—enable them to earn huge profits. The country produces less food per capita than it did fifty years ago. There is terrible overpopulation and unemployment. The "lucky" Algerian earns \$150 a year on which to feed a large family; or he brings his family to France, where he lives in

the worst slum conditions and can find work only half the time. The "unlucky" Algerian, with nothing to lose, joins the guerrilla war against the French.

It was Mendes-France who stressed Algeria as the country's foremost problem and there is no doubt that the "peace-minded" Communists profited indirectly from his electioneering. The former Premier made it clear to his audiences that all other issues were secondary—the "drink" problem, housing, wages, production, national finances. For, he argued, there was no use discussing wages and housing, despite their obvious importance, if financial difficulties created by a major war in Algeria were to wreck any plans, however admirable.

Yet if Mendes-France's analysis of the Algerian problem was acceptable to most of his audiences, his solutions apparently were not. He offered a three-point program: (1) the new Premier must go to Algeria, if necessary, to break down the sabotage of the French settlers, police, military and "vested" interests who are opposing a peaceful settlement; (2) the present bogus Algerian Assembly, composed mostly of French stooges, must be dissolved and there must be a free and genuine election in Algeria within six months; (3) economic measures, such as land reform, must be instituted at once to find work for the 1,000,000 native unemployed. But this program does not provide for the two things that are at the core of the Algerian prob-

How French Parliament Changed in Election

The following table summarizes the results of the 1956 elections as compared with 1951, the last time France held a general election. Only the major political groupings are represented. Both the Faure and Mendes-France groupings are represented in the Republican Left; the relative strength of these competing leaders is still uncertain. In the "Change" column, all figures are plus except where marked minus (-).

	% of Total Vote			Seats		
	1951	1956	Change	Old	New	Change
Communists	26.5	25.6	-0.9	93	150	57
Socialists	14.4	15.0	0.6	94	88	-6
Rep. Left (Radicals and allies)	10.9	13.6	2.7	82	71	-11
Popular Republican	12.2	10.0	-1.6	85	70	-15
Ind. Rep., dissident						
Gaullists, Peasants	12.3	14.1	1.8	125	94	-31
Gaullists	21.1	4.2	-76.9	57	16	-41
Poujadists		11.4			51	51

lem: the admission that Algeria is a separate nation, and a readiness to negotiate with truly representative Algerians, such as the two more-or-less outlawed nationalist parties.

The Communists, needless to say, made the most of these weaknesses in the Mendes-France argument. In addition they urged that the Left-

Center coalition which the former Premier represents would remain prisoners of the Right so long as they refused to make a common front with the extreme Left. As the Parliamentary situation stands today, all majorities are purely theoretical. There could be—theoretically—a Left-Center-Socialist coalition

with Communist support, ■ Right-Center alliance with Poujadist support, or a “third force” majority extending from the Socialists on the Left to Pinay on the Right but excluding the Communists and Poujadists. And while the politicians weigh the possibilities, the situation in Algeria goes from bad to worse.

FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT

A Dictator Disports . . by Carleton Beals

THE DOMINICAN Fair of Peace and Fraternity of the Free World, which opened just before Christmas, is a magnificent enterprise which has cost a third of the Dominican Republic's national budget. Seventy-nine buildings have been erected on a 125-acre tract near Ciudad Trujillo, the capital renamed after the present dictator, Generalissimo Leonidas Trujillo; what is more, the fair actually has a small Temple of Peace tucked away in one corner. It is a pygmy compared to the 200-foot Trujillo Peace Monument overlooking Santiago which the dictator dedicated to himself and the country earlier this year.

Besides the usual trade and industrial displays, an atomic-energy exhibit by the United States and a Vatican exhibit, a vast Coney Island has been transported from the U. S. While the beautiful handicrafts and dances of the Dominican Republic are not emphasized the peasants will doubtless continue making music and dancing barefoot (they have no shoes) in their lovely costumes even if they cannot afford to attend the fair.

The exposition will provide Trujillo City with a \$1,500,000 zoo of imported giraffes, elephants and bears, and a new stadium costing \$3,500,000, but there is also a million-dollar art museum. Unfortunately that notable poet and artist, Virgilio Martinez, will not be among the visitors. He and his wife were murdered by the dictatorship long ago.

The impressive buildings are illuminated by a million-dollar Foun-

tain of Music and Light while the candles still shine out in the thatched huts of the countryside. The fountain can be seen from the new 310-room air-conditioned Hotel Embajador, put up at a cost of \$5,000,000. The swarms of dignitaries from the thirty nations participating will be accommodated also by the new Paz Hotel, with 154 rooms, costing two million dollars, and by a 100-room addition to the Jaragua, the city's luxury hotel. The fourteen super-modern hotels in the Republic, most of them put up for the fair—but not included in its cost—are owned or operated for the government by the dictator or members of his family. For the average Dominican cane-cutter to put up at the Embajador Hotel for a week would cost him almost his entire year's wages. The fair has a motor-vehicles pavilion covering an entire block: for the majority of Dominicans, it would take all their earnings for ten years to buy the cheapest American-made car.

Order will certainly prevail at the fair. “Chapita,” the one-time outlaw and cattle-rustler, who rose to be dictator in 1930 by overthrowing the enlightened Vasquez government, has nothing to fear as he waves his silk hat from his military car rolling through the grounds, while his brother, President Hector Trujillo, stands meekly beside him in a white waistcoat. Trujillo now has one of the most efficient police forces in Latin America. His secret strong-arm gang, “La 42,” is little heard of these relatively sedate days, though not so long ago it dealt out beatings, kidnapped supposed enemies of the

regime or murdered suspects. Nor do the torture chambers of *La Nigua* exist any longer; its director has been liquidated (with due credit to “The Benefactor”) and the place has been converted into a charitable institution.

Today there is only one party and one press in the Republic, both sustained by the money of the dictatorship, and those who don't like such a system, if not dead, have been in exile for the thousands for many years. About the middle of 1954 an amnesty was declared; Trujillo of-

The Sensitive Dictator

El Caribe, the Dominican Republic's largest newspaper, published on October 27, 1954, a photograph of school children placing a wreath on a bust of dictator Trujillo. But the caption writer mistakenly used the word “tomb” instead of “bust.” The error, according to Dr. German Ornes Coiscu, publisher of *El Caribe*, was “enough to loose the furies of hell.” The offended dictator took the newspaper away from Dr. Coiscu, who has sought asylum in the United States; the two proofreaders who passed the caption, as well as the linotypist who set it up, are in jail. As for the reporter who made the mistake in the first place, Dr. Ornes said he did not know whether he was “dead or alive or in jail.”

ferred to pay the transportation back to the country of any who desired it. There is no public record of acceptance, and on August 8, 1954, there were still enough Dominican exiles at large in Washington to stage a demonstration of protest before Blair House when President Eisenhower gave the dictator a state dinner.

THE AMERICAN business men who attended the fair to drum up business will have to negotiate almost exclusively with Trujillo family enterprises. The Trujillos and a small circle of favorites monopolize tobacco, meat, salt and most foodstuffs. They own or control leading hotels, shipping, radio and television, newspapers, sugar mills, cement works, auto agencies, banks, breweries and other ventures. A favorite pastime is buying from the government cheap and selling to the government at fantastic prices. Trujillo recently sold to the government a sugar refinery for \$50,000,000.

When the President started the new University City (housing the oldest university in the New World) some years back, he was given a doctorate for his generosity in relinquishing the site for \$100,000. He had just bought it from Senator Jaime Mota, Jr., for \$10,000.

Trujillo is always a showy figure. He has a vast assortment of generals' and admirals' uniforms, but not quite as many medals as the former Porfirio Diaz of Mexico. He greeted Vice-President Nixon in a fairly sober uniform, but when he visited Dictator Franco in Spain he was decked out in amazing epaulettes, braid covering his whole chest, and hat-plumes fore and aft. A touching scene was enacted when the Generalissimo of Spain and the Generalissimo of the Caribbean parted. Trujillo broke down into tears.

Perhaps higher than the Fountain of Light and Music, not so many years ago, flared the gasoline-drenched funeral pyres of slaughtered Haitians, a massacre directed by the dictator himself (some 5,000 were murdered, according to the *Herald-Tribune*, which broke the story nearly a month after it happened). The official Haitian count of the dead is 12,618. All that dreadful night, according to Bishop J. M. Jan, truck after truck, dripping blood and filled with mangled



President Trujillo

bodies, passed in the direction of the shark-infested seas.

The first thirteen years of Trujillo's quarter-century of rule (under the slogan of "Trujillo and God") were years of economic doldrums that came on the heels of a hurricane that wiped out the capital and caused 3,000 deaths. Trade was far below that of the previous thirteen years. The upswing came with the war and the postwar periods. Not until 1943 did production and trade begin to edge up. By 1954 it totaled \$202,553,933.

How much of this improvement is due to Trujillo or to the general continental trend, it is impossible to say. Whether progress would have been greater or less under more democratic governments cannot be known. In any case the Trujillo balance-sheet cannot be tallied until the possible disorder and bloodshed that may succeed his iron rule are deducted from the glorious showing. His grandiose building projects, this glittering fair, so out of proportion with the living standards and the incomes of the people, is very similar to the death-knell period of the Diaz and similar dictatorships, such as that of Vincente Gomez of Venezuela. Percentage-wise the Republic has not done as well under Trujillo as a large number of Latin American countries in the same period. But it has done better than some, particularly those of Central America, especially Nicaragua and Honduras, which are also plagued with dictatorships.

The increased revenues from the war period brought many new industries, most of them personally promoted by Trujillo. During the last ten years of his rule, he can show an outstanding record of public improvements—hospitals, schools, roads, tourist facilities, water and sewage systems, harbor development and irrigation projects. He has provided asylum for Jews and Spanish refugees, chiefly Trotskyites. In spite of his many new schools, however, illiteracy had remained at about 60 per cent until recently. In 1954 a thousand new schools were promised to take care of the 350,000 elementary-school children who still have no classrooms. Illiteracy is to be wiped out in two years. At present all illiterates between 14 and 60 must attend special night courses in reading and writing or be fined or go to jail. There is no doubt, also, that the war and postwar prosperity of the island, by providing employment, has reduced much discontent, so that the dictator has had no need to resort to the brutal tactics of his earlier years.

But the deep scar-tissue nevertheless is still there and, underneath, the flesh is still infected with the germs of hate and bitterness, of nepotism and family monopoly, and the lack of any genuine political freedoms.

There have been many paid eulogizers of Trujillo, and even before his seizure of power he was the special protegee of the U. S. Marine occupation, later of the State Department. More than one American Senator besides Hamilton Fish has enjoyed the financial beneficence of the dictator and has sung his praises. So have a number of powerful public-relations concerns. Some of our great metropolitan dailies have run eulogistic articles about Trujillo—along with paid full-page portrait ads of the dictator. Nor have individual writers escaped the lure. Stanley Walker has put out a bemused booklet for the Dominican Republic Center of New York, in which he labels the one-party system as "the True Democratic Spirit"—a party "which functions throughout the country with its own office buildings, well organized, and having libraries, schools and other social services. It can be affirmed that there does not exist, nor has there existed before in any country as a political party, an institution such as this."

The NATION

The dictator has promoted considerable worthwhile public housing. His personal housing is not to be sneezed at. He has many mansions across the land, but his chief resi-

dence is adjacent to the American Embassy. Besides reception rooms, it has a dentist's office, motion-picture theatre, lounges, beauty parlor, barber shop, sewing rooms, swim-

ming pool, gymnasium, and an ice-skating rink built especially for his younger son, Leonidas Rhadames, who is not yet a general of the Dominican Army.

3 CAMPUS REPORTS

[In an article entitled "Religion on the Campus" which appeared in last week's Nation, Stanley Rowland, Jr., religious-news reporter for the New York Times, discussed the "search" for religion manifested on many campuses throughout the

country. In the following articles three students from as many campuses—the Universities of Washington, Minnesota and California—discuss the same question from the viewpoint of their own immediate surroundings.]

The "Hidden Generation"

By D. Kosobud Doe

Seattle

THE STATE of Washington and its public-supported university have always tended toward secularism. A few years ago when church membership in the nation rose to 50 per cent, Washington claimed a bare 25 per cent. In the past few years, however, this impulse to ignore the national trend has somewhat abated. Religious interest—along with conservative political inclinations—claims increasing importance in our collective conscience. Increasing, also, is the concern of a number of ministers and educators over the nature of this reversion to orthodoxy as it is reflected by University of Washington students.

The university itself has no chapel on the campus, and no departments issuing degrees in theology. The philosophy department has one course dealing with the problems of free will, immortality, etc., and the English department conducts one in the Bible as literature. Since the university operates on the quarter system, this is brief coverage for so vast a field. However, snuggled closely around campus are approximately fifteen sects of the Christian religion where students interested in spiritual guidance, or social activities, may go.

At the time of registration, students are asked to indicate their religious preference, but in the last two years this question has been marked "optional," thus consider-

ably shrinking the file where these answers are kept (Roman Catholics excluded). A few years ago the largest religious organization gleaned from this file a list of 100 members who responded to mailed brochures; of these some twenty-five became active members. Today, it has a list of over 500 members, of whom fifty to seventy-five can be counted on to participate in group activities. The ratio of "active" is smaller, but not those who affiliate.

The religious leaders I spoke with who work with the student groups feel that the resurgence of interest in Christianity on this campus, as in the nation, is the result of an almost existential anxiety the people possess; a feeling of insecurity, of isolation, of a terrible desire for reassurance about the value of life itself. These men do not take an optimistic view about the increasing numbers in their folds. They are worried whether this "boom" of interest will lead to a "bust" for the faith, for they are not sure what the student expects from, or what he will give to his religion.

The problem, as stated by one reverend, is: "The students have withdrawn into an almost impenetrable shell and are unwilling to open themselves up by discussing conditions or questions over which they feel they have no control. The students I've talked to show very little concern toward the issues of politics; in fact, they seem indifferent to the body politic in gen-

eral." Their attitude seems to be the direct result of their knowledge of the regulations of industry. He went on to say that the majority of students he met had come to the university to get degrees in order to obtain better jobs. Yet they already sense the lack of personal satisfaction they will find in their fields. In rejecting an impossible world, the students have found themselves uneasily in the same situation, so they turn to religion for the *personal experience* denied them in other fields. But they carry to religion the same attitudes with which they meet the daily demands of life: an acceptance of activity (busyness), but an inability to commune, to form strong attachments, to release the vital emotions frozen within them. They live in a trough, rather than a triumph of history. Restive, unsettled without knowing quite why, they "are not so much lost as hiding," he said.

A history professor was slated to speak that weekend on the cultural climate of Jesus's time. "Students seem to feel they must accept the Bible literally," the pastor continued. "They have little sense of the past. If they understood more about the history of Christianity they would accept it as a conceptual framework within which to work out their lives." They prefer to question theological points rather than fundamental relationships and the significance of religious experience. Most of his students, he felt, had compartmentalized their religious beliefs and their daily activities so that the two never came into contact with each other. Finding themselves unable to make their beliefs integral to experience, they seek identity through the reflections of outward behavior rather than inner responses. Burdened with the weight of unsatisfied expectation, they have lost that particular *elan* youth once possessed in self-discovery.



One of the largest and wealthiest organizations by the campus is the local Presbyterian church, ultra-conservative in outlook and fundamentalist in appeal. Last year it sent four students (expenses paid) to Alaska and six to South America in a missionary endeavor—an unprecedented action here. Its expanding student membership is the result of an earnest campaign to enlist the younger generation, to offer it sanctuary in a hostile or indifferent world. This group seeks the basketball and football players, and the campus politicians. It feels it is gaining results, for these students in turn enlist others; their influence is strong on campus.

THE ministers agree that clerical attention is now being directed toward the students because the churches have more money to spend on activities today, and because the students themselves are more approachable than they were a few years ago. The wealth of popular songs dealing with Biblical personalities, the use of Christian slogans in commercial and political campaigns, the general acceptance of orthodox views on the part of students who are at a general loss as to what other values to affirm, have all helped to render the subject intellectually acceptable.

The fundamentalist sects have an unanswerable point: they are bringing a type of religious experience into the lives of the students. They are sweeping them, rather than reasoning them into the fold. These youths are buttoned up warmly in the immediacy of fundamentalism, and if they are not confronted with—or required, or even requested to probe—the problems and relation-

ships of the complex life which is theirs, they are at least occupied with an electric religious zeal.

At the other end of the range of attitudes toward religion is the YM-WCA, whose director, in an attempt to ascertain what discussion topics would interest the students in relation to "Religious Week" on campus last year, sent a questionnaire to seventeen student groups, fourteen of them Greek-letter societies. Results tabulated from responses by 515 students showed:

- 1) The conflict between science and religion is still the major question which students acknowledged as being most important for them to think about.
- 2) The students showed a high degree of interest in examining or comparing the various faiths and getting some suggestions as to how to choose among them.
- 3) Inapplicable moral standards within religions, and the contributions religions might offer the student and the world, were of very little concern to them.

In his twenty-one years of working with students the director of the "Y" has not felt more at a loss as how to approach students than he does today. "Five years ago we needed only to post a brief note announcing a good speaker or a good topic and the hall would be crowded," he said. "What brings students in today?" "Nothing."

What they wanted now was a "show" at which they could be passive spectators. The director had gone to the men's living groups in an endeavor to discover what general topics would interest the average student, but found them adamant in their resistance to forums, or discussions of any type. For the most part they were indifferent to religious appeal, and "tired of being tired" by the burden of their numerous activities. "They show no sense of accomplishment, no zest, for all their occupations," he said. He revealed, also, that every foreign student he spoke with was disconcerted by the social attitudes displayed by students in this country. "It is as if young people now were afraid to reveal themselves," the director commented. "They attend dances, classes, panel discussions, picnics, etc., as if their personalities were on trial and they would be graded plus or minus according to their behavior."

He said there were a few who

read David Riesman or Arthur Miller, for example, in an attempt to understand the fragmented world they live in, but discussions of these occur rarely among the students themselves, or in the religious groups. Professors, directors and ministers are the confidants. An inquiring mind on campus today seeks the authority of a specialist. Among friends, discussions range over the topics of sports (mainly), front-page sensations, classwork, the "screwball" personality, and an increasing amount of personal anecdote of a special type: the crazy adventures of the past. Everyone seems to thrill vicariously through the "nonconformist" adventures of others. Typical . . . but these same students are choosing their future jobs with an eye on the retirement benefits. They talk adventure, but live for security. Is this "wisdom" in a twenty-year-old? The director commented on the situation with Albert Schweitzer's remark: "My knowledge is pessimistic but my willing and hoping are optimistic."

Considering politics and religion, students are not, on the whole, *anti* anything, but rather *for*. They are *for* whatever will offer them the least line of resistance, *for* outside reassurance of inner worth. They are *for* getting ahead in moderation; suburbia is their Beulah land. And they are overwhelmingly *for* "How to . . ."—a phrase more and more confused with "enlightenment" in America.

IN religion, as in politics, they seek direction but are unable to feel a sense of mission. They look for approval, obey the rules, but are unwilling, or unable to enter wholeheartedly into their activities. At bottom, they are unable to believe in anything because they do not believe in themselves. One minister said they seek only personal salvation. Another, that it was a "patchwork religion" students sought, a utilitarian God. The revival of interest is more pagan than Christian in nature.

These students, wrapped in the cloak of their own nonentity, wait for something to change, some god to reveal himself. Denied by family, education and society the right to make mistakes, they put no foot forward without first testing the acceptability of the ground. Mean-

while, partially due to an almost inbred feeling that atheism will not brighten man's outlook, and partially due to the respect these students show to anyone who possesses conviction, "the church" is included among their growing list of extra-

curricular activities. On the surface they know where they are going and how to get there. At the deeper level which probes into what they expect out of life and what they will give to it, they seem indeed the "hidden generation."

Report from Minneapolis

By Ann Oriel and
Jeanne Fortier

Minneapolis

AT THE University of Minnesota the theme of the annual mid-November Religion in Life week explored a big question: Is religion necessary to the school's 23,000 students? Or is it just something "nice" to have?

For the faithful members of the thirty-four religious groups on the campus it was a period of appraisal aimed at finding out whether religious activities were anything more to them than comfortable social gatherings. In the process they also learned how others looked at their beliefs. One student, who attended a panel on religion's place in the social sciences, carried away a vivid memory of three professors who shot question after question at the panel members "until they made me so nervous I couldn't stand it any longer." Another student expressed amazement at seeing his fraternity friends, usually indifferent to religion, crowding their house discussion group to ask questions and criticize.

A major problem facing those with previous church affiliations is that of finding out whether a religion which may have satisfied past needs will fit new ones. One girl, who has not gone to her Lutheran student group for two years, commented that she felt need of it at first "before I could stand on my own feet." She said her friends' affiliations with religious groups are "a link with home and the things they've grown up with."

Every foundation has a different program to meet these and other needs—needs which, as a university survey shows, vary from a desire for religious guidance to a demand for a place to play ping-pong. Groups often become close-knit and satisfied with what they have to offer. Yet, as several members of the Roger Williams fellowship pointed out during

the religious-week discussions, such groups may be keeping their religion off in a corner by excluding the unorthodox thinker and eschewing debate.

Dr. Henry E. Allen, university religious coordinator, set off a lively controversy with his statement that at the university there is an "attitude prevailing in certain influential academic quarters that religion is to be ruled out as a respectable curricular topic." He said that in the past, faculty committees "have side-tracked legitimate requests . . . to provide informative, non-propagandistic courses about religion."

An assistant professor of English disputed this. "Classroom discussion of such an issue [religion] . . . would in any case be as profitless as discussion of the merits of vanilla and tutti-frutti," he said in a letter in the student newspaper, the *Minnesota Daily*. "Such courses [as theology] are indoctrination rather than

education; they are, in the ordinary sense of the word, propagandistic. What sort of living we take to be 'purposeful and idealistic' depends upon our religious and ethical persuasions, and to plump for one religion or ethical system is no business of the university."

A professor of educational psychology sided with Allen, asking whether the university was being religiously honest in excluding theology from its curriculum. "It was almost as though we were afraid to have religion as a component of life considered along with other areas of life significance. . . . Are we so righteously different from Yale, Chicago, Princeton, Brown and Columbia? Are the private universities to be the only place where students can examine religious thinking?"

Implicit in Allen's view is the assumption that Minnesota students are being denied something they want—a chance to learn more about theology. But the students make known what they want. Right now there is talk and letters in the *Daily* about whether the arts college should have a language requirement, whether a public-health course should be necessary for graduation, whether students should have a "study break" before final examinations. But not about theology courses.

Report from Berkeley

By Al Goldenberg

Berkeley, California

STUDENTS of the University of California's Berkeley campus have generally become more concerned with religion and religious activities in the past few years. This, at least, is the opinion of most campus church groups.

Trinity Methodist Church reports that over the past year there has been a marked increase in service attendance and in participation in its Wesley Foundation youth group. St. Mark's Episcopal Church and its Canterbury Club make similar observations. The Catholic Newman Club states that, although the number of students participating in its activities has always been a good percentage of the Catholics on campus, there has been a large increase in the number of converts.

The First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley comments that while the number of students on campus having any religious affiliations is a comparatively small group, there is a new interest being aroused in the university community and a new effort being exerted by religious groups. This effort is largely evangelical in nature.

An example of the new enthusiasm is the First Presbyterian's Tuesday night meetings, to which each member of the church must bring one curious atheist, deist or agnostic. Another example is Focus, an organization founded in the West some five years ago. The function of Focus (Fellowship of Overseas College and University Students) is to meet foreign students arriving in the United States and escort them to a front-row view of Christian family life.

THE BIG GUNS

1. Pentagon Power . . by Matthew Josephson

[This is the first of three articles based on a work now in progress dealing with our huge new military establishment, its impact on the economy, its relation with big business and its influence on our political institutions. Mr. Josephson is the author of *The Robber Barons* and *Sidney Hillman, Statesman of American Labor*, among other books. The second article of this series will appear in next week's issue of *The Nation*.]

FOR A WHOLE decade we have, somehow, lived through cold war. Indeed, it was as long ago as 1940 that, in response to President Roosevelt's call to arms, we turned ourselves into the Arsenal of Democracy. We have been that ever since. But are we to become always more "arsenal" and less "democracy"?

Today the most prominent feature of our economy and national policy is our military program. Yet America was formerly regarded as the most unmilitary of the great powers. It used to be said that "the business of America is business." Now our biggest business is national defense—"the largest business the world has ever seen" it was called by General Lucius D. Clay, American quarter-master-general of World War II. The hundreds of billions we have been spending on war and on armaments or internal machines for defense since the war would make Calvin Coolidge, frugal President of a generation ago, turn in his grave.

After World War II ended we turned not to peace but, quite promptly, to a long-drawn-out arms race with our wartime ally, Soviet Russia. We counted at first upon our air supremacy and A-bomb "monopoly"; then upon making hydrogen

bombs; and more lately upon intercontinental ballistic missiles. It has been a sort of atomic rat race. Thus we have lived from crisis to crisis, ever fearing the "impossible" thermonuclear war and ever preparing for it.

At length there came the veritable promise of armistice, or at least of *detente*, following the Geneva conference of last July. The hope of some standstill agreement for arms, difficult of achievement though it may be, has arisen to thrill the cold-war-weary people of all lands. (The source of President Eisenhower's great popularity can hardly be treated as a military secret much longer.) It has been like news of a reprieve from the sentence of universal destruction that overhung us and our progeny after us.

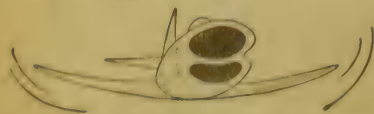
This interval of reduced tension and renewed diplomatic activity seems different from others that have, occasionally, interrupted the cold war in that more serious mention is now heard in informed circles of a sort of "technological stalemate" having been reached. Not only Dr. Vannevar Bush, but Admiral Arthur W. Radford and Sir Winston Churchill have suggested that the bi-polar competition for "supers" and hydrogen bombs may be approaching the phase of "saturation."

In this time of renewed hope—that may prove to be transitory, or may conceivably mark one of the turning points in modern history—it would be well for us to look back over the road we have traveled these ten years, the years of the cold war. With immediate danger averted, at least for a brief period, we may draw breath and measure the peril that has passed close by. We must struggle to gain some perspective, hard though it is to do so with regard to recent events. For too long we have lived in a mood of existentialist dread. Civilization has been sleeping badly with its weekend case packed, ready to take off at any moment to the caves or the ruins.

Perhaps only in times to come (if humanity survives) will men know how much we have been obsessed by our fears and our terrible military designs alike; and how near we have come to turning our democratic community in America into the sort of military-police state we only thought we were trying to get away from.

WHAT KIND of "Americanism" do you prefer? Each epoch seems to have its own taste. Today's is military. But one of the oldest traditions of the real "Americanism" as we always knew it was our national dislike and suspicion of a large, standing military force. It was certainly one of the contributing causes of the Revolution in which this Republic was born. Thereafter subordination of our small army to civilian authority was written into the Constitution. In times of crisis we depended on militia and mass levies of citizen-soldiers rather than upon professionals. In peacetime we reduced such forces of regulars to skeleton form.

The idea of a military or "garri-



son state" arising in America—so detestable to the founding fathers—has been very much present in men's minds since the late 1930s and widely discussed in conservative as well as liberal circles. In 1941 the eminent sociologist, Dr. Harold D. Lasswell, prepared a "construct" of recent politico-military developments abroad and at home, entitled *The Garrison State*, in which there was forecast some system resembling Mussolinian fascism as a possibility for America. Both in his 1941 paper and the revised version of it done in 1950 (for the Committee on Economic Development) Lasswell, while expressing concern for the possible loss of many of our ancient liberties by all men, seemed to direct his warnings primarily to the "business elite" whose interests appeared to him most seriously threatened by military rule. His underlying thought then may have been that the powerful Roosevelt, as warlord, might turn our "business state" into a "military state." It has not come about quite as simply as all that; but we have certainly changed. The question is one of degree: how much?

The military or garrison state is actually one of the oldest and most widely prevalent forms of human society, engaged in unending wars with neighbor-states, with its existence and sometimes its exchequer also dependent on its men of arms. In more recent centuries, in Europe, Prussia under Frederick the Great was largely a military camp; while Russia under the old Czars, also without natural defense barriers and with warlike neighbors, similarly depended on its land army. On the other hand England was favored by being an island, developing its commerce and democratic institutions more rapidly. The United States is an island continent, sheltered by broad expanses of ocean. (These, of course, have shrunk to the narrow time-space of a few hours by supersonic plane.)

The military-police dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini seem to us retrograde in form. Under the soldier-leader, Hitler, all activities of the society, as in ancient Sparta, were subordinated to its military purpose; civil rights, court-processes, freedom of thought and press, parliamentary discussions were all done away with. On the economic front consumer goods such as "butter"

were restricted in favor of "guns." The great armament build-up of 1934-1938, however, brought full production, full employment, scarcity of many materials—in short, a kind of boom, although with all materials, credits and currency, as well as prices and wages, under centralized state controls.

IN contrast, America has had both guns and butter, in fact guns and Buicks. We have held our military organization subordinate, under the law, to civilian authority, the President in command, Congress keeping the all-important power of purse. We have maintained our representative institutions and courts intact. However, thanks to measures promulgated in wartime and renewed under the very prolonged crisis of cold war, we have formed the habit of abusing our own excellent laws safeguarding the rights and privileges of the individual citizen. Democratic process, in other words, has become coarsened. Fearing for the safety of the Republic, as Chief Justice Warren has written lately, we have been tempted at times to "imitate totalitarian methods." In extending security and loyalty controls to more than eight million Ameri-

cans, he warns us, "we have reduced our ancient liberties." Certainly we have made steady progress in adapting—though under varying legal safeguards, allowing sometimes more, sometimes less privilege of due process, or appeal—the methods of surveillance and thought-control used by the military-police states we condemn.

The attrition of some of our liberties is often attributed to the fact that the world war ended without bringing peace, since the two most powerful members of the victorious coalition could reach no agreement on peace terms. Thus, in the official view, the world has become hopelessly divided into "two great garrisons," one Russian-centered, the other American-centered. Our people have come to accept the notion that our national policy is based on military force primarily, and that this has been brought about through the power drive of the "Kremlin clique" and the fatal incompatibility of their system and ours which impells us to fight for "world leadership." While Russia makes vassals of its neighbors and abolishes free institutions and free capitalism in their territories, we establish a girdle of forward air bases around the Rus-



sian-centered power, foster free capitalism in the regions under our own military influence and also (where possible) a few free elections.

At home ever greater efforts are put forth by our government to increase the country's military-technical striking power, to turn America more and more into a "fighting society." The more military state we become the more we *require* an unswerving patriotism or loyalty in the populace, as Thorstein Veblen observed.

Other recognizable features of the garrison state emerge here, gradually altering the appearance of our society. The national defense program calls for enormous federal expenditures and these in turn give scope to new interest groups. The professional men of arms, the military experts, seize the initiative to launch more and bigger military projects and lay hands on all the facilities they can possibly use. The National Military Establishment centralizes power within itself, becomes a bureaucratic institution of monstrous size.

In this age of technological warfare the government, besides deploying large forces on land, sea and air, also carries on extremely important research and experimental projects through government bureaus and by contract with private corporations, universities and technical schools. These are necessarily managed, as was the A-bomb project during the war, under regimes of strict military security. Many thousands of scientific and technical men now labor in silence and secrecy, with their experimental findings unpublished, while their letters are opened, their conversation is recorded and their telephones are tapped by the security police. Secrecy is the watchword and affects ever wider areas of scientific and educational activities, as universities and schools are brought into the government's military-technical program and increasingly subsidized. "Our job is not to advance knowledge, but to advance the military," was the rueful remark made recently by one of America's leading weapons research men, Dr. A. G. Hill, head of the government-sponsored Lincoln Laboratory at M.I.T.

During this "bi-polar" struggle for the world the drive for internal security and discipline spreads from the area of government personnel to

defense industries, to trade unions, and even into libraries. From the repression of the partisans of communism in America we move on to that of other dissenting groups of Socialists, religious pacifists or liberals—and sometimes simply of persons whose opinions are considered "unsound" (e.g. "disloyal") by men vested with new and unaccustomed powers of surveillance. The hearings before the A. E. C. Security Board, last year, of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the man who contributed most to the production of America's A-bomb weapons during the last war, have been described as a species



of "purge trial" followed by his excommunication from all service under the federal government, which previously awarded him the Medal of Merit. As Senator Ralph Flanders warned in a speech before the Senate:

It is not only that we are sacrificing to defense our standard of living and the free independence of our economic life. We are sacrificing our freedom itself. We are being forced to shift the American way of life into the pattern of the garrison state. . . .

ONE WAY of measuring the degree of change toward the military state suggested by the economist-historian, Josef Schumpeter (in his book, *Imperialism*), is to try to judge whether and how far the business class of a country is being drawn into alliance with the military. When a nation such as Japan (in former years) maintains an out-sized military establishment, when its officer corps is linked to a definite ruling class, when high military circles assume an ever-larger political influence and "responsible statesmen can act only with their consent," then, Schumpeter holds, we have come to the predominantly military state.

We in the United States are not yet under the full domination of the

military and the security police; but their influence has certainly grown to be enormous and ubiquitous. A half generation of war and cold war has seen "professional military men moved up to positions of great responsibility and trust," as the *Combat Forces Journal* has observed (December, 1952). In consequence "politicians have sought to enroll this or that general or admiral for their party and put him up for high office." We elected our most famous army general as President in 1952. Even before that President Truman surrounded himself with aides, envoys and ambassadors who were professional military men; he appointed one of them Secretary of State.

The very size of our peacetime armed services and their demand for extremely costly and complicated weapons, aerodynamic or nuclear, has brought about an important change in the relations between the military services and Congress. The need has grown for contracts calling for long-term testing and production schedules that carry over from year to year. Thus Congress has practically lost control of its annual military budgets, according to the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* (September 15, 1951), since only a minor portion, about one-third of the outlay, is subject to change or reduction. Moreover, members of congressional committees who have long supervised military expenditures nowadays frankly confess that they find it impossible to understand the very detailed and technical "justifications" for drafts on the Treasury that are presented to them by General Staff officers and examined, very largely, in secret session. Typical expressions of congressional bewilderment are: "It is impossible for this committee to go thoroughly into every operation of the air force"; or "I am willing to take the word of the General Staff, the people who are running this show." Would not anything less, in these hours of danger, appear, perhaps, *disloyal*?

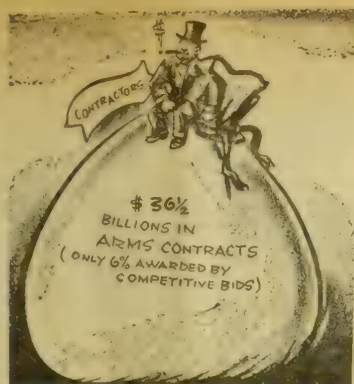
With the growth of military business to colossal proportions many business firms shift from the civilian market to the handling of defense contracts, upon which they come to depend in increasing measure. The center of power itself seems to shift toward the top of a pyramid where central decisions are made for the

allocation of vital materials, tools, plants and even of subsidies for them. It is not quite correct to say, as does Lasswell, that "Business men . . . tend in fact, if not in form, to become the hired administrators of government programs." The representatives of business also move up toward the center of power, to staff many government commissions and supervise the administrative work of the giant Military Establishment. An extremely close and confidential relationship is formed (as in pre-World War II Japan, or in Germany before 1914) between the directors of manufacturing concerns specializing in defense production and military officers charged with procurement.

In recent years we have seen a significant backward and forward flow of top-ranking generals and admirals to executive positions in industrial corporations and of big business executives into the many administrative and semi-military bureaus of our Defense Department. Modern war has become "the war of factories." In World War I America's "vast and relentless munitions industry," as Ludendorff wrote in his memoirs, turned the scales against Germany. In World War II our forces were again victorious, many military commentators have said, not so much because of the warlike genius of our commanders as because of the overwhelming weight of armor that poured from our factories. Since World War II there has been a long marriage festival between the men of the sword and the men of the factories.

WE HAVE lived through so many nerve-shattering events in these past ten years that we have become punch-drunk; our minds no longer register the fact that this "peacetime" Military Establishment in our midst is approximately ten times the size of our prewar military force and costs about twenty times as much (reckoned in prewar dollars). We have scarcely begun to measure the impact of such an extraordinary investment of our labor and productive wealth upon our economy and our body politic.

When President Eisenhower was commissioned a lieutenant in the Regular Army in 1915 it had a little over 100,000 men. Supplies consisted mainly of breech-loading rifles,



Partymiller in York Gazette and Daily
What a system!

some mules and fodder. Today, in peacetime, Eisenhower commands armed forces of over 3,100,000; in addition to this the Defense Department employs an additional 1,200,000 civilians to do its paper work, the total of 4,300,000 personnel being about seven per cent of America's active labor force. Of the three armed services, the air force alone has become "the world's biggest business," as former Secretary for Air, Thomas K. Finletter pointed out. It has larger assets than General Motors, A. T. & T., Standard Oil, General Electric and U. S. Steel all put together. The total property of the Defense Department in equipment, military structure, depots and air bases at home and all over the world has been valued at \$140 billion, according to an estimate prepared by Charles R. Hook, former President of the N. A. M. It is, as Mr. Hook concludes, "a colossal operation." The cost of defense during the last five years, from fiscal 1951 through 1955, has averaged about \$40 billion annually, to which should be added some five to six billion dollars more for atomic energy and foreign aid, now chiefly military in form.

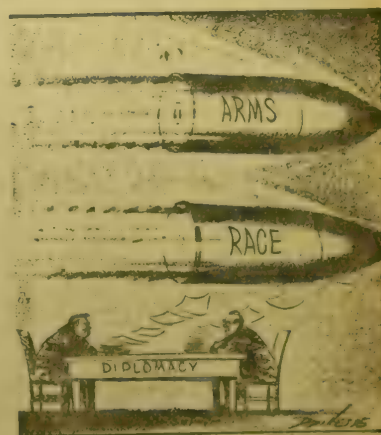
Formerly it was our custom to dismantle our armed forces after war. But following World War II, our military for the first time in history refused to beat their swords into plowshares. We acquired at last what the founding fathers, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, most feared: a standing army, and one of huge size. The professional military men who command its operation now dispose of a wealth and spending power beyond their wildest dreams. The impact of this vast spending power on the national

economy surpasses that of any previous government operation in peacetime.

During the 1930s President Roosevelt, under the inspiration of Keynes's theory of "compensatory spending," carried out a large federal relief and public-works program aimed at stimulating business recovery and employment. But Roosevelt and Keynes were "pikers" compared to those who now draw up our modern military budgets.

World War II brought maximum production and full employment, while also storing up inflationary forces which, after the war, burst forth in a rising wage and price spiral. Wars, though cruel and wasteful, have almost always in the past stimulated mechanical progress and trade and offered great fortune to those quick to grasp their opportunities for profit. Moreover, loans, bounties and rapid tax write-offs allowed by government subsidized the major part of our increased wartime capacity, so that when the shooting was over we were half again bigger and richer industrially than five years before. After the war military expenditures were stabilized at what was actually a very high level. As J. K. Galbraith has said: "Even at their postwar low in fiscal 1948, military outlays were greater than all federal spending in the pump-priming days of the New Deal." In justification of such outlays members of Congress pointed out that Russia had the world's largest army, that communism was "making war on the United States," and "nobody was going back to the prewar basis."

Then came the "police action" in Korea.



Toronto Daily Star
Whoosh!

The Most Difficult Man

JONATHAN SWIFT. By John Middleton Murry. The Noonday Press. \$6.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

BECAUSE Jonathan Swift is the most controversial figure in all English literature it is not likely that a definitive biographical-critical study will ever be written—or generally accepted if it should be. That he was one of the most powerful writers of prose who ever lived is recognized by everybody capable of recognizing powerful prose. But agreement stops there. We do not always know what he did at crucial moments and his motives are often disputable. What is even more important, his moral character has been so differently judged that he has been described by some as little short of virtue personified and by others as little better than one of his own Yahoos.

In this closely-printed book of more than five hundred pages Middleton Murry plunges in where angels tread softly. After a brief, general acknowledgement to predecessors he brushes aside the vast accumulations of recent scholarship and seems (there are no bibliography or footnotes) to base his exposition largely upon his own reading of Swift's work and the testimony of contemporaries. The method has its obvious advantages and equally obvious drawbacks. One gets in this biography an intelligible running comment on the works and a credible middle-of-the-road estimate of Swift's character.

But the reader who knows only what he is here told should perhaps be warned that what Murry has to say can and probably will be questioned at many points. For instance: though much is based upon Swift's resentment of Dryden's criticism, it is not demonstrable that the latter ever did say "Cousin Swift you will never be a poet," at least in those words; and though Murry takes it

for granted that the horse-people in *Gulliver's Travels* represent Swift's ideal and therefore furnish the key to his moral attitudes, an equally persuasive case has been made that he regarded them as no more than promising primitives. None of this is intended to suggest that Murry is wrong; merely that his book is an interpretation, not a complete presentation of what is currently said about Swift.

BY carefully selecting from among Swift's known acts and recorded expressions it would be possible to support either of the most extreme judgments upon him. He made inhuman demands upon three women and, though at least two of them submitted completely, he ruined the lives of them all. Yet they all adored him. As an Irish dean of the established church he gladly humiliated the conquered Irish by forcing himself upon them; yet he risked his own safety to defend them against economic oppression. Upon the meanness of the human race he emptied the vials of the most corrosive scorn that has ever been poured upon it, but he was capable of a terrible rancor and of taking revenges which it is hard to describe as anything except mean. The most unforgettable of his phrases range from such nobilities as "I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed," to meanly boastful accounts of the rudeness with which he treated someone temporarily in his power and to that terrible passage in a letter to Stella (not quoted here) in which he jubilantly records his success in getting a vagabond (charged with raping a low prostitute) hanged for no reason except that he was a vagabond.

It is still possible, as it was in Swift's own day, to question whether he was a sincere Christian or an atheist and his modern defenders will not be pleased by Murry's acceptance of the proposition that Swift, like many of his contemporaries, believed simply that an established church was a socially and

politically indispensable institution. He will also offend the all-out champions by admitting that the physical nastiness of the later verses, which is sometimes explained away, was pathological and represents what Samuel Johnson called "an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure."

This nastiness, as well as the celibacy which persisted despite the fact that Swift was obviously attractive to and attracted by women, has been accounted for on grounds as diverse as "purity" on the one hand and, on the other, either venereal disease or the supposed knowledge that Stella, the only woman he ever really loved, was a blood relative on the left. Murry's explanation that he was so thoroughly disillusioned by the failure of Varina, his first love, to measure up to his idealist's demands that he ruled out marriage forever is unsensational but adequate.

On the other hand, few doubt that the explanation (whether or not it is also an adequate excuse) of Swift's bitterness was, as Murry makes it, his justifiable sense that his talents had got neither adequate recognition nor adequate occasions for their employment. He began life as a dependent and until he retired to Ireland where he brooded himself into madness his ambition compelled him to solicit favors from and often to be snubbed by people obviously his inferiors in every respect. And certainly resentment reinforced whatever more reasonable grounds he may have had for holding the human race in low esteem. Perhaps his remark that he wrote *Gulliver* "not to please mankind but to vex it" is not the whole truth but it suggests part of the truth about many of his acts. And there is at least as much truth in the famous statement to Pope: "All my endeavors from a boy to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a Lord by those who have an opinion of my parts . . . and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses." In the end it didn't. And whether or not that is what a man who uses talents for such a purpose deserves is a question. In any event

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it helps explain why Swift's austerity could often become harshness and why his scorn of men's vices was not always unmingled with personal resentment. He could be humane to those who had never offended him but few in positions of power or privilege escaped offending him. He did not want the Irish to be cheated or starved but he wanted state and church to keep all men in their place—partly, perhaps, because people not kept down so usually became offensive both to God and to him.

Use, Form and Art

AN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By Frank Lloyd Wright. Edited by Edgar Kaufmann. Horizon Press. \$10.

By Elizabeth Pokorny

IN A TIME when the prophets and our own consciences warn us that we are endangered as whole men by narrow specialization, a compulsion to conform, the run-away machine and a rusting materialism, it is strange that one of the most non-conforming champions of the human spirit is receiving a popular acclaim bordering, as it snowballs, on adulation. This man is Frank Lloyd Wright, the greatest living architect.

The tribute now being paid him has been earned through more than sixty years of creative effort. He has given form to an architecture which borrows its inspiration, not from European precedents, but from the nature of the local, twentieth-century materials at hand, and from the locality and site itself. A searching man, he looked for principles underlying architecture and, discarding, choosing, discovering, gave verbal expression to the philosophy by which he worked, the principles, as he calls them, of an Organic Architecture.

An American Architecture is published to make these principles "more generally available and understandable." It is composed of selections of Wright's writing and speeches, stunningly illustrated with

As is nearly always the case, no explanation of the motives and character of a great writer really explains why he was a great writer. Does anything one can say about Swift help us to understand how it happens that no man could better demonstrate the truth and meaning of his own description of good prose: "proper words in proper places"? That the proper words are usually very plain ones and that the proper places usually seem the obvious ones only deepens the mystery.

photographs and drawings of his work, which speaks more eloquently than his words.

The task of getting and arranging this material required a thorough understanding of Wright's aims, for which an apprenticeship to Wright as well as a wide experience of writing and lecturing about architecture have prepared Edgar Kaufmann. There was a very large body of material to survey, some of it commonly available and some of it in private files and rare periodicals. Out of this verdant jungle of material, out of the poetic propoundings, the unsifted, exuberant outpourings of a towering ego which constitute most of the *Autobiography* and many of the lectures and short magazine articles, out of the "questionings, arriving each with its own train of thought, by the way, as the architect sits at his work"—out of all this the editor has chosen clear or forceful passages to convey Wright's significant thoughts about architecture.

Selections are arranged together as they are related by idea, sometimes with so much conscious or unconscious ingenuity that the reader, overlooking the inconspicuously placed reference note which marks the end of a selection, may race on to be disconcerted by the warped or incomplete connection. It is rewarding to observe the breaks and read each passage thoughtfully for itself.

Wright conceives of architecture not as the mere aggregation of building deposited by man on the earth's surface, but building animated by spirit. "To seize this essence brooding everywhere in everything, just behind aspect, is what it means to be an artist."

Wright, who is an artist with an engineer's training, looked behind the aspect of nature which he has known intimately from childhood. Studying the meanings of nature's shapes and patterns of growth he found that "All form is a matter of structure. . . ." The nature of a tree suggested the "tap-root" foundation, the central shaft and the spreading floors of the towering research center of S. C. Johnson and Sons as well as the abstracted sheltering shape of the columns of the administration building—abstracted because an architect cannot use nature as it appears without achieving mere rusticity or picturesqueness. But deeply understood, nature offers a seemingly endless inspiration to which Wright's fecundity is witness.

THE poetic sense impressions interspersed with thoughts which make up the section in *The Nature of Materials* penetrate to the quality which Wright means when he uses the word "Nature"—the "prismatic opportunity in glass" . . . brick "fire touched to tawny gold or ruddy tan" . . . "gently spreading . . . to a substantial base." It follows that different qualities make appropriate different applications, and that "the materials modify the design of the building."

From this appreciation of things for their own sake, also, stems Wright's attitude toward site. He is a master at sensing harmonious possibilities in which site and building gain from each other. It is preposterous to try to imagine Falling Water out of its woody setting by a rushing stream. In subtler or equally dramatic ways all his buildings are reminders that the individuality of site is an inspiration to variety while the consistency of a regional landscape suggests the harmony of that variety.

An architecture with "all forms integral, natural to site, material, process of construction and purpose" is what Wright means by Organic Architecture. "I still hope to see these basic principles more comprehended, therefore the effects imitated less. No man's work need resemble mine. If he understands the working of the principles behind the effects he sees here, with similar integrity he will have his own way of building."

It is a tribute to Mr. Kaufmann's

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editing that this book yields to a thoughtful reading not only a grasp of Wright's philosophy and the principles which have guided his design, but a deepened appreciation of the buildings themselves and the flavor of the great man—assertive, searching, illumined by far-reaching intuitions which bear the tests of reason. The intrusive ego which has invited so much opposition has been pruned somewhat by the concentration on content, to the happy end that content stands on its own brilliance. Perhaps the ideas could be expressed more lucidly by someone writing for Wright, but no one else could communicate them with the poetic insight or the iridescent flashes of illumination which are so provocative.

Hymn to Hearst

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

A New Appraisal. By John K. Winkler. Hastings House. \$5.

By M. R. Werner

READING this book without any other acquaintance with William Randolph Hearst's activities and publications would give one the impression that Hearst combined the creative mind of an Einstein with the inventive one of an Edison, that he had the sagacity of an Aristotle combined with the Midas touch of a Morgan. At one point, John K. Winkler, who was once a Hearst employee, comes close to putting his hero on a par with the Deity. He writes: "As though that anguished petition [the demand of New York's masses in the early nineteen hundreds for better living conditions] reached a higher power, there suddenly stepped forward a spokesman and champion. This was William Randolph Hearst."

Mr. Winkler has reservations about Hearst's pro-German efforts before the entry of the United States into the first World War; he questions the tactfulness of Hearst's contacts with Hitler in 1934, and admits that Hearst had few intimates. He does not find Hearst's desire to start the Spanish-American War, partly for circulation purposes, to his discredit, nor does he think the foul

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"Architecture expresses human life, machines do not, nor does any appliance whatsoever. Appliances only serve life." The architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright addresses the whole man, heart and mind. He has neither raised science and the machine to the position of false gods nor sought escape from their ever presence in the rustic or the hand hewn. He has taken them for the tools they are and exploited them. Whether the flowering of Wright's genius on the widening drill ground of human mechanization will prove to have been an irony or a promise of human wholeness will depend on whether others also work toward an ideal of integration, an integration for which he has pioneered.

means Hearst used in his attacks on McKinley, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and others worth critical attention.

The only child of rich and indulgent parents, Hearst was their spoiled darling from the time of his birth to that of their death. He always had the courage of his whims, for his conviction consisted largely in the determination to get whatever his money could buy that appealed to him at the moment. In politics wealth proved less effective than Hearst had expected. He spent money lavishly in an effort to become President via the mayoralty and governorship of New York, but the people who read his newspapers

did not give him their votes in numbers sufficient to get him anything but a sure election to Congress which Tammany Hall threw to him in return for his support of its current purposes.

Mr. Winkler finds Hearst's continuous debauching of the public an indication of his understanding of it, which is about equivalent to making a lover out of a rake. As a publisher and a candidate Hearst called attention loudly and widely to the inequities of unregulated and unregenerate capitalism, but when Franklin D. Roosevelt advocated corrective measures Hearst branded many of them as communism, especially those which would have made him pay higher taxes. When he did own a mayor of New York, John F. Hylan, Hearst did not move a finger to improve living or working conditions.

In 1928 when Hearst was sixty-five, Mr. Winkler published his first Hearst biography, which he called *W. R. Hearst, American Phenomenon*. He repeats much of the material of that book in this second one, but has had access to more documents and to the memories of more men since Hearst died, and he has brought his excursion into hagiography up to date. This second book is subtitled "A New Appraisal," but the appraisal remains essentially the same and the treatment is, if anything, more fulsome. Mr. Winkler employs most of the clichés in the language to develop his more considered thesis that Hearst was a paragon rather than a phenomenon.

Rousseau in Our Time

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By F. C. Green. Cambridge University Press. \$5.

By Leon Edel

PROFESSOR GREEN'S book is a happy reminder that there is no such thing as a "definitive" biography. Each generation must rewrite the previous generation's biographies: sometimes in the interest of historical truth, for new documents keep coming to light; and sometimes in a process which we must not minimize—the perpetual readjustment that takes place between present and past.

The figure of Jean-Jacques is pres-

ently in eclipse. The ideas which he blazoned forth seem rather elementary to our century and often naive. But if there is any writer who merits re-evaluation, it is this petulant, quarrelsome, yet inspired individual who saw his way through to certain fundamental truths of feeling which made him, as has been said, the first modern man. We cannot say today that he was able to see all of the truths he believed he had discovered; for we find that in the fulness of

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The NATION

time Rousseau stands at precisely the opposite pole to Freud. It was Rousseau who concluded, in a great moment of imaginative synthesis, that man was born innocent and was perverted by the social order; and it has been Freud who has described a man born with destructive instinctual drives which the social order is forced to curb. Yet when we read Professor Green's account of Rousseau's writings, which he has woven with great skill into his biography, we cannot fail to be struck by important parallels between the findings of modern psychology and Rousseau's constant searching of his feelings and promptings in an effort to arrive at self-understanding.

So many biographers today are weighed down by great masses of material, pinned under their own filing cabinets, that it is a pleasure to read a work in which the biographer is in complete command at every point. Professor Green marshals his facts with a freshness of narrative and a continual lucidity that makes him a delight to read.

Part of this biography's fascination lies in the way in which Green reads the *Confessions* and pulls together the many threads of that remarkable autobiography—doing this with full awareness that the biographer must attach importance not only to establishing what really happened, but to the way in which Rousseau's memory colored and reconstructed his own past. This is the very essence of the psychological approach, and here lies the difference between the biographer who is prepared to look for the truth and the one who turns his back upon it. The latter would merely content himself with correcting Rousseau's memory from the hindsight furnished by his document. In reality it is what Rousseau remembered—however false his memory may have been—that is important. This modest and compact study can be said to give us the "mind" of Rousseau very much as Professor Green gave us a few years ago *The Mind of Proust*.

NEXT WEEK

Keep the Aspidistra Flying
by George Orwell

Reviewed by William Meredith

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Selected New Books

Fiction

JONATHAN EAGLE. By Alexander Laing. Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little, Brown. \$4.95. Sailing ships, pirates and New England adventures in a fine historical novel by the author of *The Sea Witch*. Mr. Laing's erudition is impressive and his enthusiasm is contagious; his new romance should delight even sophisticated readers.

THE LOVED AND THE UNLOVED. By Thomas Hal Phillips. Harper. \$3. A lean novel of childhood hate and adult murder that generates considerable impact with few flourishes. Although violence is the core of Mr. Phillips's book, the discipline of his prose creates emotional and structural tension.

AN APPLE A DAY. By Leonard Kaufman. Holt. \$3.50. Using rather than examining an urgent problem—the mercenary physician—Leonard Kaufman produces machine-tooled realism. His characters are manipulated too obviously as foils, and little is added to a situation which has been probed rather deeply by many other novelists.

THE FARTHER SHORE. By Robert M. Coates. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50. A familiar hero of modern fiction—the silent, self-contained man who erupts into violence when faced with complexity—is examined once again in this novel. Some neat scenes of lower-middle-class city life, and moments of sensitivity in a disappointing book.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN. By Riccardo Bacchelli. Translated from the Italian by Stuart Hood. Pantheon Books. \$4.50. Riccardo Bacchelli has produced a modern epic in his story of millers and farmers, landowners and politicians in a small Italian village. The present volume, which concludes *The Mill on the Po*, has wit as well as weight; Bacchelli combines his own opinions with painstaking detail. The result is a massive volume that rings with life through every page.

THE BUBBLE MAKERS. By George J. W. Goodman. Viking. \$3. An amusing and pointed first novel by a writer of considerable talent. Mr. Goodman does not attempt obscure symbolic overtones or narrative delicacy. While his narrative is straightforward, however, his heroes—a young college boy in search of mountains and a retired judge who

shoots at airplanes—are delightfully eccentric. A treat for readers who enjoy barbed laughter.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. By Jean Bloch-Michel. Translated from the French by Frances Frenaye. Scribner's. \$3. Nightmarish flight from war, as a family suddenly becomes homeless under enemy attack. A heavily philosophical novel analyzing the problems of human isolation and responsibility.

STANLEY COOPERMAN.

Sociology

STANDING ROOM ONLY. By Karl Sax. Beacon Press. \$3. A neo-Malthusian version of world overpopulation. It takes to task the Kremlin and Vatican for encouragement of high birth rates. The claim is that population pressures resulting in "the conflict between creeds and needs" can be solved by methods other than war.

THE TROUBLE WITH COPS. By Albert Deutsch. Crown. \$3. A follow-up on Lincoln Steffens's *Shame of the Cities*. The author's data show that the police problem stems from a broader political and social corruption. Every community gets the police force it deserves, wants and pays for.

MILTON L. BARRON.

Art

AFRICAN ART. By Werner Schmalenbach. Macmillan. \$12.50. An excellent survey of its field (primarily sculpture) interpreted in terms of social function, and illustrated by some 150 plates of finest quality, sixteen of them in color.

THE ART OF INDIAN ASIA. Its Mythology and Transformations. By Heinrich Zinmer. Completed and edited by Joseph Campbell. Two volumes Pantheon Books. \$22.50. An imposing work containing a corpus of over 600 full-size plates and a massive text by one of the profoundest scholars of Indian art.

THE LIFE AND ART OF ALBRECHT DURER. By Erwin Panofsky. Princeton. \$10. A portable edition of the famous two-volume publication, with revision and corrections. Contains the full text and all illustrations, and omits only the hand list and concordance.

S. LANE FAISON, JR

LETTER FROM ITALY

William Weaver

[This column is the first in a new department that will appear in The Nation approximately every six weeks. Others on a similar schedule are being planned in Paris, London and Berlin.]

Paris

THE WEEKS before Christmas are always an exciting time in Rome: not because people are worried about the dwindling shopping days (most presents are given on Epiphany anyhow), but because it is finally the beginning of the season. While they wait for the opera to open on December 26, the Romans have plenty of things to talk about: a new salon recently launched by the ex-mistress of a prominent writer, now turned writer herself; a new political party just founded by Liberals for whom the Liberal Party was too conservative; and, in the realm of art, the *Quadriennale*, the mammoth art show held, as its name indicates, every four years to give a vast and cluttered panorama of Italy's painting and sculpture at the present moment.

The show is held in the Palazzo delle Esposizioni, a barn of a place in *stile Umbertino* resembling Washington's Union Station; the tacky grandeur of the building dwarfs most of the shows held there; but the 2,200 pictures in the *Quadriennale* could draw attention away from Versailles. Nothing could be more overwhelming than this seemingly endless maze of rooms where, even with the bulky catalogue in hand, the visitor easily gets lost. Your first reaction is despair: it seems impossible to look at pictures under such circumstances.

And in fact, the first visit serves only to teach you the ground-plan. It's the second visit, or the third, when things begin to sort themselves out a bit: you learn that many of the rooms upstairs can be discarded;

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you begin to acquire likes and dislikes, to group the artists. In the main hall, there has been set up a retrospective show of Italian painting and sculpture between 1910 and 1930, an "anthology" the organizers call it; like all anthologies it is occasionally irritating for its omissions (the late Roman painter Scipione is not there, for example) and for its sometimes capricious selections: except for the *Nostalgia dell'Infinito* lent by the Museum of Modern Art of New York, the De Chirico's are not the best of his metaphysical period. And the four Modigliani's, lent by Italian private collections, are familiar from reproductions and are somehow a little disappointing on real acquaintance. The Morandi's, too, though they include a charming early landscape and a more recent and more typical still-life, are not a good selection. The Campigli's, on the other hand, are more striking and severe than his later, trickier ones shown in another room of the exhibition (several painters figure both in the retrospective and, as living artist, in the *Quadriennale* proper).

The Futurists are all here, and they remain interesting; almost all their things shown are familiar in New York as in Rome. But there are some revelations here for the American visitor. I don't believe, for example, that Armando Spadini (who died in 1925) is known outside of Italy; and yet his rosy, lovingly-painted, maternal nudes are immediately winning, like Mary Cassatt's. Arturo Martini (1889-1947), too, is famous only here; his solid, powerful sculptures deserve a wider fame; his *Omaggio a Manet* is a heavy, yet moving bronze head.

WHEN you move away from these older painters and enter the labyrinth of the *Quadriennale* itself, then the ground seems to grow unsteady under your feet. Here, in dizzying succession, you see everything from Burri's agonized compositions of torn burlap and bloody streaks of red paint to Mafai's serene, dusky Roman scenes or still-lives where red peppers glow against a night-time, dark blue background.

Burri, already seen and appreciated in New York, is still a storm center of arguments here; while Mafai, who is accepted in Rome as one of its leading painters, is almost unheard-of elsewhere.

Burri is one of the artists exhibited here by the Obelisco, the smartest gallery in Rome, run cleverly by Gaspare del Corso and his wife Irene Brin, *Harper's Bazaar's* Roman correspondent. Another Obelisco discovery is Ivan Mosca, whose stylish black canvases lighted by glittering moth-like shapes stand out in the vast confusion of the show. Vespignani and Muccini, also shown by the Obelisco, are both young and gifted draughtsmen; Vespignani's landscapes in oils have a polished, Ingres character; Muccini's interiors also have an impressionistic nineteenth-century restfulness.

Whoever follows Italian painting is aware of the painters' restlessness: styles change radically from year to year (De Chirico is probably the most famous, but not the most typical example). With some painters—with Corrado Cagli, for example—each change represents a new and successful conquest: here he shows two dreaming heads (one is a leafy-haired *Dafne*) and, from another phase, some wittily-patterned abstractions. In the same room, his brother-in-law, the sculptor Mirko, has two complex and magical *Totems*, and two impressive and intricate cut-outs of brass.

Afro, the other member of this family, is nearby, among the abstract-concrete painters: his elegant, somber canvases, where black lines make formal boundaries among the muted colors, are obviously the product of enormous thought. In the next room, Toti Scialoja's paintings are similarly muted in color, but the forms are wilder, more swirling. And Santomaso, one of Italy's most esteemed painters, has filled his canvases with brighter—one might say, more Venetian—colors.

In a brief summary, it's impossible to mention all the good painters. This, in itself, is a sign of the liveliness of art here (though sophisticated Roman visitors have sneered at the whole show). There is the trio Leonor Fini-Fabrizio Clerici-Stanislaw Lepri, all of them gifted with fantasy and taste; there are Fontana's canvases punctured by

nail-holes and decorated by glued-on bits of glass until they look like deserts seen from the air.

Every visit brings new discoveries: the cool, beige, tactful canvases of Romiti; Morlotti's pictures of what seem clusters of dried leaves, dark and intense. Sometimes a single canvas detaches itself from the others and demands to be looked at: the Colosseum seen in a greenish nocturnal light by Stradone; a Mediterranean landscape that might also be a parade of banners by the

American-born Mitty Risi; a luminous abstraction by Brunori (the leader of the younger abstract group) who lays on patches of color to create a kind of neon quilt.

Walking fast, you spend at least two hours getting through the show. And afterwards, you are exhausted; but it is the exhaustion of having had many sensations, many shocks. Most of all, I think, the *Quadriennale* means that the art galleries of Rome will have plenty of interesting shows to come.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

RED ROSES FOR ME (Booth Theatre) seems to me one of the more successful of O'Casey's later plays. Better balanced than most of the other plays in his "second manner," it combines the earthy folk realism of his first work and the later attempt to invest that quality with a more conscious, stylized and exalted lyricism.

Perhaps the reason for the comparative success of the fusion lies in the play's dreamlike quality. The early plays were almost immediate responses to and records of painfully recent occurrences. *Red Roses for Me*, written in the forties, is a poet's reminiscence of the old days of struggle, turmoil, aspiration and bitter hope centered in the Dublin transport strike of 1913-1914.

It is not actually a strike play, though its slight action deals with that memorable one. The strike merely helps to release the emotion which O'Casey experiences in recalling the past. The play is a summing up of his early travail; it epitomizes his feeling about life in general and the Irish in particular.

There is hardly a proper story structure to the play—it is extremely primitive in this respect. There is barely a central character; in fact all the characters are rough sketches. Unity is given it by the melancholy sweet and sour mood in which everything is enveloped. Therefore we are not shocked—as we so often are in some of O'Casey's other work—when a scene of acrid folk farce alternates with a formal approach verging on grandiloquence. The truth and style here are not that of objective fact

but of an atmosphere, at once misty and penetrating, in which sentiment and image mingle as in a kind of awful but cherished nightmare.

Poverty, improvidence, hare-brained philosophizing, kindness, idealistic ardor, parochial superstition, ignorance, bigotry of Catholic, Protestant and atheist alike, pride and self-contempt, and an eagerness for everything that is singing and lovely in the world are thrown together in a way that is at once exasperatingly benighted and fiercely lovable. There is in it all a kind of crazy laughter, a passionate clinging to anarchy, above all a sense of heartbroken regret. What does O'Casey finally want? The red roses or blood of human kinship, the bloom of life's energy, the stirring melody of man's march to a more spacious world. For man's stupidity (including one's own) there is the gnashing of teeth, the grinding irony of derision, a mighty, profane impatience, comic rage.

THE PLAY is beautiful, turbulent, distressing, yet remarkably enough, modest and "small." It all seems to be happening in a forgotten nook of the world—in a half-lit kitchen, or in the backroom of a pub! That is the O'Casey (and perhaps the Irish) of it, for in his temperament there is a drive toward cosmic grandeur and a persistent village homeliness.

No wonder then that O'Casey is so difficult to produce. I would like my readers to see *Red Roses for Me* so I shall not dwell in detail on what seem to me the inadequacies of the production or the blemishes of

certain individual contributions to it. (E. G. Marshall in a rich role is the best of the cast.) The main fault is that, while an effort has been made to give the play a poetic production, the wrong kind of poetry is achieved—a sort of academic Anglo-American theatrical rhetoric.

O'Casey's poetry at best is, for all its musical clangor and reaching for the moon, a helter-skelter, tatterdemalion, bubbling poetry in which the characters are usually unaware of poetic intent. They speak in alliteration and in chaotic effusiveness with the natural vigor and pleasure of a street boy's slang. Great phrases come pouring out of O'Casey's people as if an overturned garbage pail revealed gems as well as refuse—and little distinction were made between one and the other.

The rhythm of Irish speech—at least in O'Casey—is restless, uneven, desultory, with sudden surges of



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feeling, not portentous, solemnly measured, or lugubriously dignified like a Low Church hymn. The play is sad enough, heaven knows, but it is ebullient and full of a heedless, erratic freedom in its sadness. This is what the production most misses. The result is that what must at all times be loose-limbed, fluid and al-

most "cheerful"—and sadder for all that—often seems heavy and morose.

I wish the play were done in an off-Broadway theatre, away from the pressure of the competitive market, where, for all its shortcomings, this production might have a long run—for there is a significant audience for it in New York.

that are monotonous in their close following of the sense of the words, or whether the performances make them seem so.

On the other hand Columbia ML-5051, *An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Its Music*, has Auden speaking the poems of Jonson, Spenser, Raleigh, Donne and others, after which the lovely settings of these texts by Wilbye, Morley, Dowland, Gibbons and other composers of the period are sung very beautifully by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua under Greenberg.

I hear nothing in Paul Bowles's *A Picnic Cantata* to justify its being recorded on Columbia ML-5068 by the excellent two-piano team of Gold and Fizdale, with Martha Flowers, Gloria Davy, Mareda Gaither and Gloria Wynder singing the vocal parts and Al Howard playing drums. Poulenc's Sonata for Two Pianos (1953) also is on the record.

One of Bach's finest instrumental works, the Concerto in D minor for harpsichord, is played by Helma Elsner with the Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra under Reinhardt on Vox PL-9510. The playing of the harpsichord part is good, but even with microphones to help achieve proper balance it isn't heard with the prominence that a solo part in a concerto should have, and much of the time it can barely be heard at all. Szigeti's performance of a violin version of the work with the New Friends of Music Orchestra under Stiedry on Columbia ML-4286 (not his later Casals Festival performance on ML-4352) remains the one to acquire.

Mozart's Piano Concerto K.453, though seldom played, is one of the greatest in the series. Its first movement is a supreme example of Mozartian instrumental high comedy; there's an extraordinarily organized and deeply affecting Andante; and a concluding variation movement ends with the rush, the surprises and jokes of a Mozart operatic-comedy finale. Ingrid Haebler's playing on Vox PL-9390 is made unpleasantly percussive by too close recording of the piano; Hollreiser, conducting the Bamberg Symphony, sets a too fast tempo for the Andante, which doesn't have the effect it has when played more slowly; and on the other hand the end of the work, as Hollreiser plays it, is without any rush, surprises or jokes.

Music

B. H. Haggin

INTERESTED in how the Budapest Quartet sounded with Alexander Schneider back as second violin, I went to a couple of concerts at the YMHA to hear the performances of Mozart string quintets with Carlton Cooley as second viola. I was surprised to see Schneider seat himself opposite Roisman, the first violin, instead of next to him; and I was told later that this seating arrangement sounded better to the players themselves. But since the sound from Schneider's violin was directed toward the back of the stage while the sound from Roisman's was directed toward the auditorium, the listener heard a first-violin part that was out of proper proportion to the second. And to make the matter worse, what stood out too prominently was a first-violin part disturbingly coarse in tone and less sensitive than the others in phrasing. But

since the tone of the rest of the group was dry, I decided to hear what it sounded like in the new Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This hall turned out to be larger and more resonant than the one in the YMHA; and in Mozart's Quartet K.421 Roisman's tone, though not beautiful, was agreeable, and there was better sound from the entire group in the excellently phrased and integrated performance. Roisman doesn't play as well as he used to; but the unresonant YMHA auditorium makes his playing, and consequently the playing of the entire group, sound poorer than they are.

THE ONLY available recorded performance of Mozart's Mass in C minor has been the Haydn Society's, which is poorly sung, played, conducted and reproduced. Hence it is good to have the powerful and beautiful performance on Epic SC-6009, in which Moralt conducts the Vienna Symphony and Kammerchor and excellent soloists: Stich-Randall, Roessl-Majdan, Kmentt and Raninger.

Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* is a work of standard repertory that I somehow haven't heard until now; and listening to the performance on Vanguard-Bach Guild 549 I have found it to be agreeable-sounding music with little of the expressive force called for by the words. Rossi conducts a good performance with Stich-Randall, tremulous-voiced Hoengen, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and the Akademickammerchor.

Haydn Society HSL-O offers Monteverdi's Fourth Book of Madrigals sung by the Marcel Couraud Vocal Ensemble. I don't know whether it is the pieces themselves

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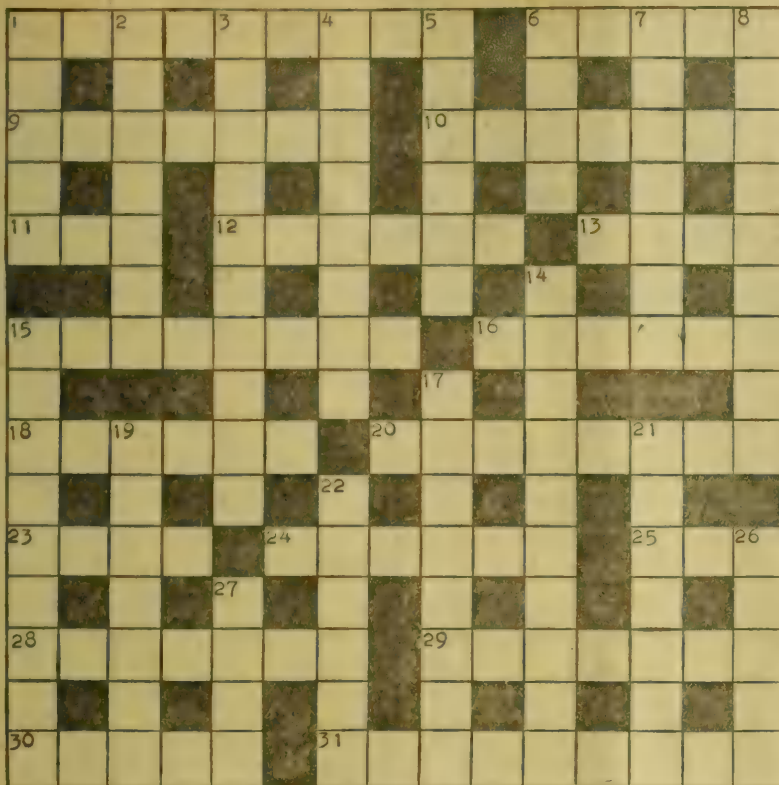
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Crossword Puzzle No. 654

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 A scientist wraps a knife around one, with a final main point. (9)
- 9 and 6 across It's not a rebusi! (Just time to get away from the net!) (7,5)
- 10 Marie Jeanne Becu, familiarly. (2,5)
- 11 and 16 across 8, when multiplied in support, perhaps. (3 2-4)
- 12 Having a definite inclination to give notice, by the sound of it. (6)
- 13 Silver's calling seems to go to naught in this state. (14)
- 15 Involved in a Byronic down-coming. (8)
- 16 See 11 across.
- 18 Hail the bird flying about on high! (6)
- 20 European variety of cape, lost in the confusion. (8)
- 23 13's without one in the district. (4)
- 24 He has to supervise a bunch of squares! (6)
- 25 Prompt, and to the point. (3)
- 28 Not thrown, as arms might be? (7)
- 29 More humorous, with the sound of a poet. (7)
- 30 So it has come back in the form of that, only more so! (5)
- 31 Where East meets West? (4,5)

DOWN

- 1 If you don't fulfill the contract you should! (5)
- 2 They might sway from the stand. (7)

- 3 People aren't likely to see their own! (10)
- 4 Usually accommodated at tables. (5,3)
- 5 See 7 down.
- 6 Bunyan's was the closest thing to a purple cow. (4)
- 7, 26 down, 19 down, 15 down and 5 down Lonefellow's indirect qualifications were of the soul. (5,2,5-5,2,5,4,2,4)
- 8 Where the lockers hang? (The banks of 14 make one of them.) (9)
- 14 This makes the wire pretty obvious with one of 8. (9)
- 15 See 7 down.
- 17 Old Wolfe pursued this. (8)
- 19 See 7 down.
- 21 Not everyone plays it with caution! (7)
- 22 Some become it by being this. (6)
- 26 See 7 down.
- 27 Is it attractive, as a rule? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 653

ACROSS: 1 NORTHERN LIGHTS; 9 MEDDLES; 10 TURN-OUT; 11 and 5 ESCAPE LITERATURE; 12 ARGENTUM; 14 LONGEST; 15 FORMS; 19 TARGETS; 21 PETER OUT; 23 and 18 IT'S ALL UP TO YOU; 25 STYGIAN; 26 AIRSHIP; 27 OUT OF THIS WORLD DOWN; NUMBERING: 2 RADICAL; 3 HALF-PENNY; 4 ROSE; 6 GORSE; 7 TROTTER; 8 and 20 ATOM-SMASHER; 13 and 17 NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY; 15 FREE THROW; 16 SCALLOPED; 21 POSY; 22 RHINO; 24 BALI.

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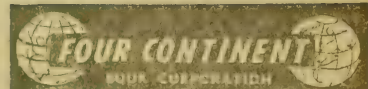
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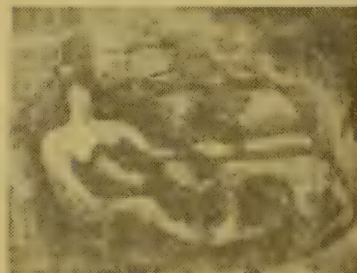
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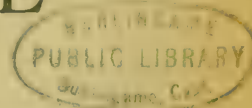
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Virginia Defies the Court

by Una F. Carter



THE BRASS-AND-GOLD ERA

Part II. of The Big Guns

by Matthew Josephson

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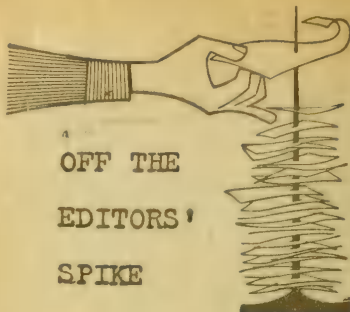
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opposite

- 41 ■ OFF THE EDITOR'S SPIKE
by CAREY McWILLIAMS



OFF THE EDITORS' SPIKE

● AS LONG ago as July, 1953, Lester Pearson pointed out that "nobody can shut his eyes to the fact that the Communist government of China rules 400,000,000 people"; recognition, he then said, does not mean approval: "It means allowing your diplomats to be there and see what is going on." The following year Prime Minister St. Laurent, on a world trip, echoed much the same sentiment in statements issued in Manila, Seoul and Tokyo. Last August, in Vancouver, Mr. Pearson said that the time was soon coming when Canada would have to take "another searching look" at the question of China; more recently, in an article for *Look*, he implied that the U. S. should take the hint and recognize China so that Canada might follow suit. Now the *Toronto Star* logically argues that the Canadian government should take its own advice and "go ahead and recognize Peking." After all, Britain has recognized the Chinese Communists for six years now without upsetting the free-world alliance, and with some incidental advantage. The editorial is another indication that Canadian opinion has begun to push the Ottawa government in a direction in which it would very much liked to be pushed. It is an indication, too, that time is running out for Mr. Dulles on the question of China.

● ONCE AGAIN we are approaching the season of tests. Last year's tests involved explosions of super H-bombs comparable in force to fifteen to thirty million tons of TNT. Each year the potential explosive force of the H-bombs increases; each year the hazard becomes greater; and each series of tests, by the Russians or by us, creates pressure for the testing of still mightier ones. Meanwhile the calculations of the civilian-defense officials must be reconsidered. For example, the super H-bomb, so we are

told, has rendered obsolete President Eisenhower's elaborate reinforced-concrete underground bomb shelter. It seems rather silly to design a new one until the lethal curiosity of the testers has been satisfied or the good sense of mankind has succeeded in forcing a suspension of further tests.

● SOMEHOW ONE comes to associate disaster, in these troubled times, with certain personages; wherever they go, there trouble soon appears. In this connection, General Sir Gerald Templer is a man to watch. Currently he is being criticized for having been a bit too blunt and "clumsy" (*New York Times*, January 9, 1955) in urging the Jordanian government to join the Bagdad Pact. It was his recent visit to Jordan that triggered the recent riots. Not so long ago Victor Purcell sent us two articles which dealt with General Templer's performance in Malaya (*The Nation*, June 12, June 19, 1954). Wrote Mr. Purcell of the General: "... His achievements on the political front are even less impressive than on the military one. ... As a first step toward uniting Malaya, General Templer had riven it into nine splinter nationalities, surrounding each with a fence of legal barbed wire; in pursuance of the aim of a common citizenship he had side-stepped equality and sown the seeds of nine warring loyalties; in implementing the aim of self-government he had conceded to a section of the people a restricted share in cranking their own parish pump. ... The Templer experiment was like trying to mend a watch with a blunt hatchet." Of the various roving military statesmen and proconsuls of the Western Alliance, the General apparently belongs to the group of those least likely to succeed—with delicate assignments.

● SEVERAL TIMES in the last year we have had occasion to call attention to the interesting comments on the Great Boom which have been appearing in the *Illinois Business Review* over the signature of economist V. Lewis Bassie. (The *Nation*, September 3, 1955.) In his most recent comment, Mr. Bassie points out that our economic optimists have, by their chorus-like enthusiasm, erected "one-way" signs along the economic road which read "ever upward." This extreme optimism becomes, in turn, a factor in the economic situation. "The exhilaration of a joy-ride typically leads to some disregard of possible danger. The nature of the economic danger we have pointed out in previous issues. ... We are riding the combined crest of long and short cycles—a long postwar cycle and a short cycle

that has been carried to an extreme. It is not a situation that can be much longer maintained."

The financial pages have not featured the sharp comments of Mr. Bassie. Nor did they feature the recent remarks of William McChesney Martin, Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who said on January 13: "We have developed no techniques for turning the business faucet on and off, although there appears to be widespread belief that we have. I have seen a number of disquieting signs recently that people think we are lot smarter than the last time, but I am not convinced that the Federal Reserve Board, the Treasury, or business leadership is any more equal to the situation than before."

● SOME TIME back The *Nation* ran an editorial about the celebrated "jury-tapping" episode which so deeply aroused the ire of Mr. Brownell and Senator Eastland. The point of the comment was that these critics of the project were inconsistent in that they condemned the concealment of microphones in jury rooms but found wiretapping, as such, an unobjectionable practice. We did not intend to imply that we thought the planting of concealed microphones in jury rooms was a laudable idea. The recent action of Messrs. Brownell and Eastland—a nice bipartisan combination, this—in urging legislation which would make it illegal to conceal microphones in the rooms of either trial or grand juries meets with our unqualified approval. Critics please note.

C. McW.

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NEXT WEEK
Crisis in Turkey
by Geoffrey Lewis

Secretary Dulles Must Go—Now

IN A RECENT press conference, Mr. Dulles told the country to "wake up" to the new Soviet challenge in the economic field. "Defeat in this contest," he said, "could be as disastrous as defeat in an armaments race."

No better evidence could be offered of the fact that it is Mr. Dulles himself who needs to "wake up" than his unimaginative and inept presentation at this press conference of the statement of the United States delegation at the United Nations on the necessity for greater emphasis on foreign economic aid. Now as on numerous other occasions, Mr. Dulles conveyed the impression that he was merely reacting to the latest Soviet maneuver. Because the Soviets have launched a "bitterly competitive" contest in the field of economic aid to underdeveloped countries, we must outbid them or face defeat; in other words, to win the cold war we must now engage in a cash war, too. Have we no better reason for assisting these countries? The promise of substantial economic aid might win friends for us in Asia, the Middle East and Africa; but is this the way to present such a program? Won't underdeveloped countries in these areas, and in South America, think it rather odd that the U. S. delegation, which has consistently failed to support the SUNFED program at the United Nations, should be urging American opinion to "wake up" to the needs of undeveloped areas? Was Mr. Dulles well advised to argue the necessity for increased foreign economic aid at the same press conference in which he boasted of his authorship of the "northern tier" military alliance and announced that we did not intend to suspend further H-bomb tests? The same day's news brought a story from New Delhi that the Soviet Union had offered to help India build a new aluminum industry and hydro-electric plant; the Soviets did not think it necessary to say that the offer was made because they were determined to win the cold-cash war.

In his New Year's message for 1956, Dr. Martin Niemöller voiced a sentiment which underscores the inadequacy and vulgarity of Mr. Dulles' presentation:

We are facing the last chance of our generation. All people have to work for peace today. The situation is even much worse than we realize. The East-West struggle is not the worst problem we face. Half of the world's population is living in a state of hunger—below the minimum for existence. There are underdeveloped countries, starving countries. In Asia they have awakened, in Africa they are awakening. And it will not be

long before they awaken in South America also. This hunger is a greater problem than the East-West struggle. This is the future—not Russia or America. In thirty years nobody will think of that problem. War, mass hunger and other social evils have developed as a final result of 300 years of continued domination of what we call the Christian world. It is not enough for Christians . . . to declare that war is contrary to the will of God. Something has to be done about the evils which lie at the roots of war, and something effective.

We should be pleased at the prospect that the military phase of the cold war may be transformed into a competition in economic and social leadership. We should move to assist the underdeveloped countries not out of fear or a sense of guilt but in our own self-interest. We should offer to help them—preferably through the United Nations—because with power and the opportunity for leadership which power creates go certain responsibilities.

• • •

WITHIN the next few months the State Department must cope with a long list of extremely serious problems: what to do about the "northern tier" (Baghdad) pact, with Turkey in the throes of domestic economic disorders, Jordan declining to participate, Marshall Tito expressing disapproval and the Chinese sending a trade mission to Saudi Arabia; the likelihood of an upset in Greece, with elections scheduled for February 19; anti-Greek riots in Turkey; the British sending more troops to Cyprus; how to bolster SEATO now that the formerly obliging Thais have begun to enlarge their estimates of needed economic aid; the acute situation in Algiers and Morocco with special reference to Spanish Morocco; how to improve British-American relations; how to handle the British charge that a Chinese has admitted having been promised a reward of 600,000 Hong Kong dollars (\$105,000) by the Chinese Nationalists to place a bomb on the Indian airliner Kashmir Princess; the election scheduled for Indo-China this summer; ways and means of keeping Syngman Rhee on leash; how to keep the NATO alliance from coming unhinged; means of minimizing possible adverse world reaction to the H-bomb tests scheduled for the Pacific this spring; what to do about the Vatican's *demarche* aimed at achieving a nuclear accord (promptly recognized as an overture by the Kremlin in a statement saying it "commands attention," and the subject of two meetings between Dulles and the Presi-

dent on successive days); how to keep the Burmese calm about American rice, the Canadians about American wheat; how to handle the situation that is certain to arise when various governments, disregarding stern warnings from Bonn, start to recognize the East German regime; how to remove the Soviet "foot-in-the-door" in Africa; the best means of keeping Canada from recognizing Red China too soon; the problem of Quemoy and Matsu and of Chinese-American relations generally; projecting a long-range foreign economic-aid program; reviewing the new balance-of-power in the United Nations as it relates to this country's role there.

This list is incomplete but suggestive. For reasons which we have pointed out before, currently reenforced by the "foot-in-mouth" diplomacy of a *Life* article and the furore it has aroused, Mr. Dulles is obviously not the man to be trusted with the formidable task of coping with these issues. As *The Nation* pointed out some weeks back (December 17) Mr. Dulles should go, now.

Formosa's Future

IT IS budget time in Washington. The Administration has proposed a more than 80 per cent increase in new foreign-aid money. Coincidentally, there are again timely communiques from Formosa reporting Communist shelling of the offshore islands; and Chiang Kai-shek, to make more certain that he will not be forgotten when foreign-aid booty is passed out, pledged again on Christmas Day that H-hour of the long-heralded invasion of the mainland is approaching. The situation is thus outwardly of past pattern, but great changes have taken place in the relative position of Chiang Kai-shek since the time last spring when he seemed at last to be on his way back to China on the wings of American A-bombs.

The admission of sixteen new members to the United Nations, bringing about new alignments of strong neutralist blocs and groups not subservient to the United States, coupled with Chiang's veto of the admission of Outer Mongolia, seems to be hastening the day of Communist China's own entry into the United Nations—and the unseating of Chiang's China from the Security Council. There is hardly a man alive who would not concede to the little child that the lofty emperor has no clothes on. Our maintaining of Nationalist armed forces as a sort of honor guard for the defeated Chinese warlord, who is never to return from his Elba, has served merely as a facade to justify before American taxpayers the need to shovel vast quantities of arms to the so-called arc of free nations in the Pacific-Asia area. But the Chinese on Formosa itself know that they have been snared by Chiang's paranoiac delusion that he is someday to return to the mainland's open arms.

What is the future of Formosa? The island cannot reconquer the continent. The Free Formosa Movement seems fated never to emerge from the womb. In cau-

tious conversation in careful rendezvous, there are Chinese on Formosa who came from the mainland with Chiang in 1949, and earlier, who think perhaps the United States or the United Nations may someday break the island's boredom and deliver them from their exile, from the police state that Chiang has set up to protect his fragile hallucinations. Their attitude is, "A pox on both their houses; but give us the larger one, the more lived-in one at home." There are 2,000,000 of them, 400,000 of them fairly young men without wives, and all but an insignificant few still of a piece with an ancient culture bedded in the soil of the mainland.

In the first few years after 1949 they were confident. At every feast the toast was, "Back to the mainland!" But now there are fewer toasts, almost none; and more and more people are just waiting for Chiang to die. But there are small stirring signs that there may yet be a quicker way out—unless the Seventh Fleet is also to stand guard against the self-determination of Chiang's fragment of a people.

On January 2 the British Labor Party newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, reported that secret negotiations have been going on for weeks between Chiang Kai-shek and Peking. The next day Dr. Wu Nan-ju, Nationalist director of information, described the report as "too ridiculous to be dignified with a formal statement." It was most improbable, agreed; but it made for interesting speculation—for there was just a chance that the *Daily Herald* report may have identified the negotiators as Peking and another Chiang: Lieutenant General Chiang Ching-kuo, the Generalissimo's eldest son, commissar of political commissars in his father's armed forces and chief of the Formosa gestapo.

So long ago as last spring, as reported in *The Nation* of March 19, there were rumors in Hong Kong that Chiang Ching-kuo was planning a coup. K. C. Wu, the banished former governor of Formosa, now living in the United States, long ago put his finger on Chiang Ching-kuo as a man of "overweening ambition," the real ruler of Formosa, who would someday probably take the island back to mainland rule under the Communists. Consider the man: In 1926 Chiang Ching-kuo was bundled off to Moscow to study. He became a factory worker, took a Russian wife, and in 1936, when he had been there ten years, he addressed an open letter to his mother, the Generalissimo's divorced wife, in reply to an appeal from her that he return home. The letter, published in the Leningrad *Pravda*, said:

Your son has found the road to a new life and will never go home to drag out there the miserable existence of a timid weapon in the hands of a mountebank father.

Don't you remember, Mother, how he dragged you by the hair from the second floor? Whom did you implore on your knees not to throw you out of the house? Was it not he?

Who drove grandmother to the grave by beatings and insults? Was it not he? That was all done by a man who now babbles of filial affection and family morals.

Chiang Ching-kuo returned suddenly in 1957, a year

after he had written the damning letter. There was a reconciliation with his father, young Chiang became a major general, later the land-reform governor of southern Kiangsi; and in 1948, in Shanghai, it was he who rounded up the city's hidden gold to swell the escape coffers of the Kuomintang.

Heber Blankenhorn

IN THE death New Year's Day of Heber Blankenhorn the nation has lost a brilliant public servant and the labor movement a devoted strategist. Because he shunned personal publicity to the end, few knew of his signal contributions to the nation. A reporter on the *New York Sun* in the 1910s, Blankenhorn shocked his editor by insisting that the Paterson silk workers strike should be reported as a labor and not a police story. From his experiences in that strike, in which John Reed and Gurley Flynn rose to national prominence, arose his lifelong interest in the labor movement. During World War I he pioneered military propaganda behind the German lines and was credited in large measure for helping to establish liaison with the German revolutionary movement. Back in this country in 1919, he worked with Bishop McConnell on the celebrated Interchurch World report on the 12-hour day in the steel industry. In the 1920s he covered Europe and particularly the League of Nations for *Labor*, the national railwaymen's newspaper. With the New Deal, he returned to this country and became labor adviser to Senator Wagner, serving in 1934-35 as secretary of the NRA labor board. From his experiences there (the main penalty against employers who refused to deal with unions was withdrawal of their Blue Eagle) he drafted the Wagner-Connery labor-relations act and helped steer its passage on the Hill. After that he handled public relations for the National Labor Relations Board and worked closely with Senator LaFollette on the civil-liberties investigations into the tear-gas and machine-gun era of labor relations.

In World War II Blankenhorn was called back into military propaganda work with OSS. In North Africa and Italy he used techniques he had developed in World War I to cooperate with labor and revolutionary leaders behind the lines to achieve the overthrow of the fascist regime. After the war he spent two years at the Pentagon on a handbook of propaganda techniques. Although honored with citations and medals for his brilliant work in both world wars, Blankenhorn never used his title of colonel and insisted on regarding himself as a civilian specialist attached temporarily to the military.

In bad health, he retired in 1947 to live in Alexandria, Virginia. But when neither the Detroit police nor the United Auto Workers could make any headway in solving the mysterious shootings of the Reuther brothers, "Blank" was called in by the union to peer into the murky depths of Detroit anti-labor gangsterism.

He initiated the search which led to the criminals; that they were not punished is another story. A by-product of his Detroit efforts was the inquiry conducted there by Senator Kefauver.

One of the most brilliant public-relations strategists this country has produced, Blankenhorn resolutely shunned the limelight. Fortunately in the final pain-wracked months of his life, a university team armed with a tape-recorder was able to get him to talk. In those recordings is the fascinating behind-scenes story of vital events, from the ending of the twelve-hour day in steel, through the establishment of law in the jungle of labor relations, the elaboration of revolutionary techniques for the overthrow of reactionary and fascist regimes, down to his final probing into the dark and bloody recesses of the Detroit underworld.

The Nation's sympathy goes to his widow, well-known to readers under pen name of Ann Craton.

HARVEY O'CONNOR

Revolt of the Motorists

Since 1934 the Automobile Club of New York, a non-profit membership corporation, has been run with an autocratic efficiency that might well incite the admiration of Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo y Molina. Control has been tightly vested in an insurance agency which holds bonds of the club valued at \$22,500 that the officers prefer not to redeem although the club, as such, owns assets valued at \$6,189,462. As long as the bonds remain unpaid, the agency is entitled to vote ballots roughly equal to a third of the total membership—an arrangement designed to discourage rank-and-file participation in policy-making.

To its 328,000 members, the club offers many excellent services: a discount on gasoline purchases, convenient wrecking and towing services and similar facilities. As long as it remained a service organization, the members were quite indifferent to the lack of democratic control. But last year the management, without authorization by the membership, vigorously opposed adoption of a highway-construction proposal which, incidentally, failed to win approval. As a result, members are now demanding democratization of the club's management. As usually happens in rank-and-file revolts, the insurgents are asking questions: Why hasn't the \$22,500 debt been paid? Why does the club discriminate against Negroes in its personnel policies? Why does it continue to retain its affiliation with the national A. A. A., which sometimes recommends hotels that bar Jews? The club's venture from service into politics may well trigger a chain reaction across the country. For the club's president is quoted as saying: "There isn't an automobile club in the United States in which this manner of control is not used." Can this be true? If so, it might explain the discriminatory policies of many automobile clubs. *Nation* readers might be interested in finding out if their local club is managed as autocratically as the New York one.

NEW DEALS AND OLD

Outlook in Congress . . by *Edgar Kemler*

Washington

FOR THE most informed observers the big news in the President's State of the Union message concerned the President rather than the Union. Not only was the "good Ike" in Key West during its presentation to Congress; more important, his personal imprint was totally absent from the message itself, most shockingly so in its foreign policy opening. Instead of mounting a new peace offensive to revive the now moribund "Geneva spirit," he affirmed that "our [military] security posture commands respect," though in neutral quarters, at least, it is held to be a key factor in the Geneva spirit collapse. This personal retreat suggests that a deal with the Knowland wing of the Republican Party is in the making comparable to Ike's famous Morningside Heights deal with the old Taft-McCarthy group in 1952.

Whether Ike runs or doesn't run, his leading cold-war aides, Secretary Dulles, Vice President Nixon and Admiral Strauss were freed from restraints apparently at the same time that Nelson Rockefeller, his peace aide, was allowed to retire. To be sure, neutral criticism via the Pope's unexpected Christmas message almost cancelled Strauss' super-super bomb tests now scheduled for next spring. However, meetings were held in the White House at which the President was advised (1) that the Russians had just tested a super-bomb more potent than we had tested, and (2) that, on second reading, the Pope's call for a Soviet-American agreement to stop atomic tests was also the U. S. position insofar as the proposed agreement was predicated on a prior one on international controls. As to Nixon: the President's trouble-shooter, when asked recently by reporters what the Administration would do if Red China reopened its campaign in the Formosa Straits, he replied, in ef-

fect, "Threaten massive retaliation as we did so successfully last year." It is the great strength of this Administration as compared with its predecessor, he continued in this startling off-the-record session, that we are not bound by our Allies to a purely defensive posture.

That "massive retaliation" (a term, incidentally, that was not in the President's message) is no permanent solution to our Red China relations must be obvious even to the Vice President. However, for campaign purposes, it survives despite Democratic candidate Stevenson's increasingly bold attacks on it. That these criticisms have not been more effective is because they have come so often after the event rather than before it, and also, to borrow a Stevenson phrase, because they are "schizophrenic." That is to say, while Stevenson attacks the Eisenhower Administration for its blustering diplomacy, he is himself provoking criticism for his equally blustering sabre-rattling and for his excessive emphasis on the international arms race.

STEVENSON'S allies in Congress, including Senators Mansfield of Montana and Monroney of Oklahoma, will attempt to soften U. S. foreign policy this year by demilitarizing the foreign-aid program. But just how this worthy objective can be accomplished without damaging our margin of arms superiority (without, for example, destroying our B-47 striking force, necessarily foreign-based), they have never indicated. To be sure, there are many mysteries in the foreign-aid program. Hitherto, Administration officials have refrained from publishing a country-by-country breakdown of aid totals. This is ostensibly to prevent one country from discovering how much or how little a rival country is getting. It is also, however, to conceal our clandestine meddling in foreign governments and foreign politics, designed to keep reluctant Al-

lies in our security system. According to available information, about 75 per cent of the annual three billion dollars involved now has military significance, while the non-military Point Four program, which the Russians have lately borrowed with such telling effect, represents only about a 5 per cent slice. The economy-minded conservative Democrats will undoubtedly reduce foreign spending this year, while rejecting the Administration's proposed \$4.9 billion long-range program altogether. But that the liberal Democrats can reverse the present priority of military over non-military aid seems very doubtful.

WHILE in foreign policy the Eisenhower play is now to the Republican right wing, in his domestic policy the President has given liberal Democrats a big boost against their Southern conservative leaders—particularly on the explosive civil-rights issue. The President, to be sure, raised the question only to recommend that it be buried again in a bipartisan commission, as was done last year with the equally explosive loyalty-security issue. In cloak-room negotiations, however, in which Attorney General Brownell is a key figure, the Republican leadership is now allying itself with New Dealers to promote what Congressman Adam Clayton Powell has called "the first civil-rights bloc since the Reconstruction Era." What Republicans want, patently, is a disastrous Democratic split in a highly race-conscious election year. To what extent the Democratic liberals will run this risk by pushing for the long-stymied anti-lynching and anti-poll tax bills is still unknown. However, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson has gauchely aided the Republicans by giving top priority to the natural-gas bill opposed by liberal Democrats.

Upon the outcome of this growing intra-party split depend not only civil-rights legislation, but also the highly important school-aid bills to

EDGAR KEMLER covers the Washington scene for *The Nation*.

which civil-rights amendments will be tagged; the Lehman amendment to the Walter-McCarran Act which the Administration once again mildly supports, and the controversial Hell's Canyon bill, which is an exclusively Democratic measure. As to farm legislation, the congressional battle line is still fluid, with the President's soil-bank proposal being embraced more as a pretext for Republican Senators to vote against the Democratic 90 per cent-of-parity bill than as a remedy for the farm depression. It is, indeed, an odd commentary on the Administration that it should be so stubbornly doctrinaire on farm policy while so New Dealish in its welfare program. As Democratic sources eagerly point out, the downward trend in farm prices, which began in 1951 under

the Truman Administration, has been accelerated by Secretary Benson's lifting of price supports which the Democrats are now trying to restore. Yet it was not until the past few months that Benson began consulting with farm leaders on alternatives to the Democratic solution.

With this glaring exception the Republican position in 1956, as summed up in the President's message, is a strong one. That we are at peace rather than at war, considering our Indo-China war gambit and our Formosa Straits posturing, is due, in large part, to the good offices of the Churchill government. That we are now approaching a \$400 billion gross product "with only a few pockets of unemployment here and there to mar the nation's industrial prosperity," and without a runaway

inflation is, perhaps, due more to the blessings of providence than to fiscal wisdom. Thus, with assistance from outside sources, and with the very real, but very fitful flights of statesmanship by the President himself the Administration's policy of "giving the people the kind of government they want" rather than what they ought to have, has been enormously successful. Whether the Republicans can win again without Ike is, of course, the big conundrum. But even without Ike—in a contest, for example, between Dewey and Stevenson, which is the current speculation—the key figures will be ex-Presidents Eisenhower and Truman. Nor is there any assurance, at this time, that such a battle would be very much more illuminating on basic issues than in 1952.

SECESSION, 1956 STYLE

Virginia Defies the Court . . . by *Una F. Carter*

Alexandria, Virginia
VIRGINIA voters last week took a long step backward when they approved, two to one, a plan to amend their state constitution in an effort to thwart the Supreme Court's verdict outlawing school segregation. State Senator Garland Gray, chairman of the commission proposing the plan, said jubilantly, "Well, I guess we won the Civil War."

The decision in Virginia has implications, social and legal, that may affect public-school education everywhere for years to come. The vote was on a proposal to write into the state constitution a provision authorizing payment of tuition grants out of tax funds for children enrolled in segregated, non-sectarian private schools. By making the payments to parents, the proponents of the Gray plan believe the private schools ultimately receiving the funds would not be guilty of violating the intent of the high court's decision.

Debate preceding the referendum

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rent the state as has no issue in Old Dominion history. Families, churches, P. T. A.'s, school faculties, political groups were split. There will be more skirmishing, to be sure, but the results can already be seen: a call by the legislature, which met a week ago, for a constitutional convention in the next sixty days to make the tuition grants legal; and, despite Senator Harry F. Byrd's caution against haste, speedy legislative action to enact other provisions of the Gray report, on some of which—though as iniquitous as the tuition plan—the voters had no say. Included are recommendations that no child be required to attend an integrated school; that changes be made in the law relating to the assignment of teachers; that school boards be authorized to assign pupils to particular schools (with appeals provided in certain instances); that no county school board be required to furnish transportation to school children; that localities be authorized to levy property taxes to provide money for the tuition grants, among other school costs; and that the retirement laws be amended to

provide for "certain teachers" in private schools.

Whatever the legislature decides or these particular issues will be the law of the state. Only on the question of tuition grants will the voters be heard from again, and then only to elect delegates to the convention under rules provided by the legislature.

It was not until November 11 that the Gray commission made its report public. Less than two months later the issue was decided. The opposition, largely spontaneous, centered on the disruptive effect of the plan on the state's public-school system. The opponents saw little hope in the fact that, in all probability, the Supreme Court will eventually strike down the tuition-payment plan—that, in fact, it will never be put into practice, irrespective of the constitutional amendment. For the damage will already have been done.

Those in opposition, many of them segregationists themselves, soft-pedaled the race issue to the maximum extent, arguing that the pupil-assignment system should be given a trial first. Little was said on either

side about the inequities and race discrimination that might arise out of questions of teacher assignment, payment of pensions to "certain private-school teachers" and discretionary transportation of school children.

Largely overlooked, too, was the quality of education, both in the private and in the remaining public schools, under the Gray plan. In one-fifth of Virginia's counties the authorities have already stated they will close public schools rather than enforce segregation. When the legislature approves the recommendation that no child shall be required to attend a segregated school, the situation in these counties with heavy Negro populations will be immediately critical. It is taken for granted that the bulk of the school budget in these areas would be required for the tuition grants, leaving little, if anything at all, for public schools for Negroes. To meet this contin-

gency the Gray plan opened the door for a shorter school year: "Local school boards shall be authorized, but not required, to maintain public schools for a period of at least nine months. A locality may be confronted with an emergency situation."

The formula for the tuition grants, hazy as yet, makes it clear that parents choosing to send their children to private schools—of which there are few in Virginia now, but they are expected to mushroom fast—would be required to assume some of the cost. This is one of the patent reasons the proposal has been branded "class legislation," a "rich man's program." For it is obvious that thousands of the poorer white families, regardless of their own race views, will be forced to continue their children in such public schools as remain after the cream of school funds has gone elsewhere—or send them to none at all. No school at all

will be the answer in many instances.

Dr. George W. Reamy, editor of the *Virginia Methodist Advocate*, stated one widely-held view when he said that "wholesale use of public money for private elementary and high school tuition grants" would mean that "we would have inferior, integrated schools for the poor, and state assistance for better, segregated schools for those who might well afford them from their own funds."

Virginians claim Thomas Jefferson as the father of public-school education. Yet the fact remains that only within the past twenty years has the state's public-school system, still poor by national standards, been appreciably improved. Improvement is due to many factors, not least of which was the spurt given to school construction in the thirties through federal programs. Some of Virginia's newer schools are among the best equipped and most

Madison and "Nullification" . . . by Irving Brant

VIRGINIANS promoting the state amendment to evade school integration by using public money in private schools are well aware that the Supreme Court is likely to strike the move down as a subterfuge. To salvage their plan in that event, they are resurrecting the 1830 doctrine of "nullification" under the less aromatic name of "interposition." A set of resolutions modeled on the famous Virginia Resolutions of 1798 against the Alien and Sedition laws is being promoted in the Virginia General Assembly, which opened its session on January 11. The resolutions call on other states to exercise a supposed right to "interpose" against the Supreme Court's integration decrees. South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi are giving it considerable support, although incoming Governor Coleman of the last-named state terms it "legal poppycock."

The idea is that the states shall severally ask Congress to submit a constitutional amendment legalizing racial integration. Until the amendment is adopted (thirteen states could block it) the "interposing" states are to be governed by a

declaration of their legislatures that "the decisions and orders of the Supreme Court relating to separation of the races in its public institutions are, as a matter of right, null, void and of no effect; and the General Assembly declares to all men that as a matter of right, this state is not bound to abide thereby."

This scheme, thought up by the Richmond News-Leader, is presented with a great allegation of support from Madison and Jefferson. Supposedly paraphrasing Madison's Virginia Resolutions of 1798, it is in fact a garbled hodgepodge; its actual counterpart, in the great "nullification" battle of the 1830's, was denounced by Madison and unanimously condemned by the Virginia General Assembly of 1833-34. The crucial words "null, void and of no effect" were added to Madison's 1798 draft by W. C. Nicholas at Jefferson's suggestion, and were unanimously stricken out by the House of Delegates, as Madison explained later, because they might give "pretext for some disorganizing misconstruction." That is, they might be thought to convert the resolutions from a call for united constitutional action into an act of resistance to law.

Concerning Jefferson, who died in 1826, Madison wrote five years afterwards: "It is remarkable how

closely the nullifiers who make the name of Mr. Jefferson the pedestal for their colossal heresy, shut their eyes and lips, whenever his authority is ever so clearly and emphatically against them." Pointing out that "nullification" (like the "interposition" now proposed in Virginia) put it in the power of a small minority of states to give the law to the great majority, Madison wrote in December, 1831: "For this preposterous and anarchical pretension there is not a shadow of countenance in the Constitution, and well that there is not; for it is certain that with such a deadly poison in it, no Constitution could be sure of lasting a year."

In the same letter, to President Jackson's private secretary and his own close friend Nicholas Trist, Madison said of the fundamental issue—the denial of national supremacy:

"A supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the Union, without a supremacy in the exposition and execution of them, would be as much a mockery as a scabbard put into the hands of a soldier without a sword in it."

The man who wrote those words is being cited in Richmond today as the legal and historical authority for the asserted right of Virginia to nullify the Constitution.

IRVING BRANT is the author of a four-volume biography of James Madison.

modern anywhere, but these are under the threat today of being sold by municipalities and the state to private corporations for use as private institutions. Thus tax funds spent in the past, as well as the future, would accrue to the benefit of private groups.

WHILE supporters of the Gray plan tagged all opponents as integrationists, they are not so easily classified. Clergymen and educators alike were split, but for the most part the churches oppose, while the top echelon of educators, including Dr. Colgate Darden, former governor and now president of the state university, support the plan. The dean of the university law school, however, looks upon the proposal as unconstitutional.

Most of the opposition was centered in northern Virginia. Armistead Boothe, state senator-elect from Alexandria, one of the six cities and towns which defeated the proposal, organized the State Society for Preservation of the Public Schools, which in the last days of the campaign distributed half-a-million leaflets outlining the case against the tuition plan.

Demagoguery, albeit on a more urbane level than that which usually characterizes the segregation debate



Yardley ■ Baltimore Sun

"Ah sho' hopes he approves my dress"

in Southern states, was common to both sides. But the sophistication of the arguments pro and con does not lessen the danger, many Virginians feel, now facing the public-school system in the state. "Interposition" is the sophisticated name of the next weapon to be used by opponents of integration. This device has been tried before, as far back as Jefferson's time, in the battle of States' Rights versus Federal Rights [see Irving

Brant's comment on p.46]. While the idea has not taken hold through all of Virginia, and is even less likely to succeed than it did in earlier years of the Republic, its proponents are waiting impatiently for favorable action on the Gray report in the hope their resolution will be next on the legislative agenda.

Virginia's action may set off a struggle in Congress that could have a crippling effect on public schools throughout the nation. In this campaign year, there will be a vigorous congressional drive to push through large appropriations for federal aid to education. A clause to prohibit the use of such funds for segregated schools would be a signal for rebellion on the part of many Southern congressmen—a rebellion powerful enough, perhaps, to destroy any strong federal-aid program.

There was a stillness in Virginia last week. The victors are silent as they prepare their strategy to jam all provisions of the Gray report through the Legislature. The defeated third of the voters are quietly regrouping their forces for the impending convention battle. But this stillness did not mean that proponents of a free public-school system in Virginia have been defeated—or that they believe they have permanently lost the Civil War of 1956.

THE LIPSTICK WAR

All's Fair—Even Wiretaps . . . by *Walter Goodman*

SOME of the paint that lies so thick over America's cosmetics industry was scraped off at a meeting last November of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Study Illegal Interception of Communications. The most efficient scrapers were a pair of cosmetics-industry executives: Raymond Spector, chairman of the board of Hazel Bishop, the biggest lipstick seller in the country, and William D. Heller, secretary-treasurer of Revlon, the biggest cosmetics seller (excluding a

house-to-house outfit named Avon Products, Inc.).

It may be that each of the four dozen brands of lipstick now obtainable on the American market has something distinctive about it. If so, the distinguishing characteristics are not exactly striking and lipstick manufacturers, sensitive to the devilish similarity of all little greasy red sticks, are constantly seeking out means of impressing the uniqueness of their particular brand on the female mind. Some adopt Gallic trade names for their products, raise their prices by twenty-five cents and associate themselves with

the soignee ladies who populate the high-tone women's magazines. Or, on the other hand, they may drop their prices, advertise in the movie mags and woo the Woolworth crowd.

They can do things with their products, too. They can make their cases sparkle, or plate them with 24-carat gold, or give them novel shape. (In 1954 Hazel Bishop charged the Toni people with copying Bishop's original dome-shaped golden metal lipstick case, among other priceless trade secrets.) They can devise shades of lipstick that perform extraordinary feats. ("Now

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TABU introduce ■ starting new lipstick shade that captures the romance and adventure of the desert!") Furthermore, they can explain why today's shade should not be confused with yesterday's. ("Redheads revel in it! Blondes bloom in it! Brunettes were born for it! This is the pink that proves forever . . . pink is for girls! LOVE THAT PINK! Revlon's new pulsating pink. . . . Not a shy pink . . . a showoff pink! Not a whisper pink . . . a whistle pink! It's light, yet it's bright. What a beautiful paradox!") Revlon, by the way, also puts out a line of non-pulsating pinks, such as Snow Pink, Paint the Town Pink, Powder Pink and Kiss- ing Pink.

A specially valued gambit in the quest for individualization is the recurring discovery—at decent intervals—of a formula that positively revolutionizes the lipstick age. Revlon did it last March when it announced its new "Lanolite" lipstick, the "only non-smear type lipstick" which would last overnight and permit the user to "wake up beautiful." A few weeks later, Coty Inc. filed charges in New York Federal District Court, alleging that the only thing new about Lanolite was the advertising copy. The truly new formula, said Coty, was to be found in Coty's own "24" which had inspired the Revlon people's far-fetched claims. (Hazel Bishop boosters privately describe the Coty formula as an old French concoction which Bishop discarded four years ago.)

What really troubled the plaintiff in the above case, it should be noted, was not that his formula had been purloined but that Revlon had "appropriated and used for its own purposes much of the advertising material used by Coty." In an industry where differences of product are somewhat obscure, the public claims made for the products are of momentous importance. As Raymond Spector himself has put it, in a burst of imagery: "I might say that advertising is the very life blood of our business." (He did not specify the shade.)

How many millions the advertising gimmick can mean has been forcibly demonstrated by the rise of Hazel Bishop lipstick, "the new amazing lipstick that stays on—and on—and on!" This amazing product was first put together after the war by a forty-year-old lady chemist from

Hoboken named, appropriately, Hazel Bishop. Hazel concocted a product that wouldn't smear off, eat off or kiss off. And not only that: by using a lanolin base instead of the malodorous oil and grease bases common to most other lipsticks, she eliminated the need for perfuming. After perfecting her formula, Hazel turned to a lawyer-friend who raised the necessary cash, spent two years packaging the product and finally placed it in several department stores. Three months later Hazel Bishop Inc. declared bankruptcy.

AMAZING as Miss Bishop's discovery was, it remained for advertising man Spector, who had already established himself as a leader in his profession by popularizing the Lone Ranger and Serutan ("Nature's spelled backwards"), to rescue it from the abyss of amazing discoveries that don't amaze anybody. Spector improved the formula, did some repackaging and started the biggest national campaign ever lavished on a lipstick—\$1,500,000 worth. He stressed a single quality—long-lastingness. The concentration worked; the year 1951 found Hazel Bishop doing a \$4,000,000 gross and moving steadily up on Revlon. When Spector came on the scene, Hazel Bishop Inc. had a net worth of about \$34,000; by 1954 its securities were valued at more than \$12,000,000, and it was supplying one-third of the lipstick-wearing segment of our population. Each year since 1950 the Spector organization has devoted more and more of its energies, and its cash, to advertising. In 1954 Hazel Bishop spent \$4,500,000 on promoting its products, \$4,000,000 on TV alone—notably "This Is Your Life."

If Spector did well by the lipstick, the lipstick reciprocated magnificently. Early in 1954 Hazel Bishop—the lady, not the company—sued him for mismanagement and fraud. The dispute was settled out of court; Hazel, who had provided little more than her name to the firm anyway since the time of Spector's arrival, sold her shares. Spector could now add 55 per cent of the company's stock to the neat \$10,000,000 he had cleared in five years to become "the richest man in the advertising business."

But such lavish success has a way of nourishing envy in competitors' souls, and so it was with certain un-

named lipstick manufacturers. In November, 1954, Spector's agency—now given over wholly to the welfare of Hazel Bishop, Inc.—ran into "a series of very strange coincidences" relative to matters that had been discussed by the firm only over the telephone. These increased as the months passed; proposed gambits for selling Hazel Bishop lipstick were being discovered and put to use selling somebody else's lipstick. Queer things kept happening right into February when a newsletter printed details of an intimate loan project, word of which had presumably never left the Spector office.

On April 19, Spector, on the advice of firm counsel Emil K. Ellis, called in a prominent private detective and wiretap expert, Charles B. Gris. Gris appeared, to quote Spector, "with another gentleman, and I started to put my hand out to say, 'How are you? I am Mr. Spector.' He didn't answer. He put his hand over his mouth as if to say 'Take me to your private office.'" Once in the office, however, Gris seems to have become positively garrulous: "This is Carl Ruh," he burst forth. "This is the fellow you've been reading about in the papers, that is mixed up in this Broady stuff and is working for me now. He owes his life to me. This is a terrific guy. He is the greatest electronics expert." What Gris apparently meant was that Ruh had made the newspapers two months earlier by being indicted in New York for illegal wiretapping after a spectacular but unproductive police raid on



a tapping establishment at 360 East 55th Street.

Spector revealed the intricacies of his office switchboard to the great expert; Gris said, "Carl, go to work"; and Ruh took his tools and wandered over the premises for the next hour. He returned to say that the phones of Hazel Bishop's executives were indeed being tapped and there was even a hidden microphone in Spector's office. "I began perspiring," Spector told the New York State legislators seven months later. "I was livid with rage that anything like this could happen."

In an effort to soothe him, Gris, who had received \$300 for his and Ruh's brief services, suggested that he was available for any small jobs that Spector himself might have in mind: "Wiretapping is a big thing these days, and the biggest companies are doing it." Gris even offered a reference Hazel Bishop's chief competitor, Revlon, whose phones he had been tapping at the request of the company itself. "While we are here," Gris is quoted by Spector as having suggested while they were searching the basement of his Lexington Avenue office building, "we might as well look and see if we could put a recording device in your stockroom, just as with Revlon we have a recording device at 745 Fifth Avenue, because, after all, if you are going to have a recording device, you don't want it where your employees can see it." But the man who had promoted Serutan was not to be won over by this cynical kind of inducement; he spurned it, he recalls, with these severe words: "I said I wouldn't do a thing like that. I said it may be legal, but it is a dirty business and I wouldn't get down into the gutter."

The wiretapping on the Spector agency went on, however. And finally Spector decided to go with his story to District Attorney Frank S. Hogan.

The name of the important competitor who had been listening in on Spector and his associates for a year and a half was not spelled out at the committee's hearing in November. But Mr. Heller, of Revlon, was on hand to inform the legislators that the telephone company is now monitoring Revlon's phones. Bell has been obliging the cosmetics firm in this manner for six years, he explained: "... This procedure has proven to be extremely beneficial in

every respect. . . . It has tremendously improved the performance of employees," making for greater "efficiency, service and courtesy." In addition, the popular Gris and Ruh were once hired to tap and record the conversation of a certain employee "for security purposes." Having one's phone tapped, Mr. Heller assured the committee, definitely results in "higher morale." Nevertheless, Revlon fervently joined Hazel Bishop in condemning "commercial" wiretapping as "an outrageous and unlawful thing."

ONE Bernard Spindel, a man whose trade is the making of equipment for "the specific field of eavesdropping," and who collects odds and ends of information relevant to his profession from surprisingly well-informed secret sources, took the stand immediately after the Messrs. Heller and Spector and was responsible for the following provocative exchange:

Q. To clarify the record, Mr. Spindel, do you know of any other instance of tapping insofar as Revlon is concerned, other than the tapping by themselves within their own company?

A. Are you referring to . . . ?

Q. In other words, a yes or no answer. Can you answer it yes or no?

A. I can't answer that yes or no for this reason. If you are referring to what might be termed as hearsay evidence, or competent legal evidence—whichever you want, I will be glad to answer that question.

Q. Let's not go into speculation. Let's have it at competent evidence as you call it.

A. Unfortunately, I am at a point right now that so far as legal competent evidence is concerned, I will say I have no further information.

Who is the nameless competitor who has been tapping Hazel Bishop's phones? Why was Revlon eavesdropping on its own employees? These are the multi-million-dollar questions of the cosmetics industry, where lots of people claim to know the answers. The district attorney's office is now looking into the possibilities of prosecuting somebody or other.

But no matter what the precise answers are, it has been clear from the beginning that the spur has been the Almighty Advertisement. Spector, asked at the hearing whether he felt that "keeping secret your advertising ideas is very important," replied: "I would say it is not merely



important. I would say it is absolutely essential because whoever gets the jump on a unique promotional or advertising idea has a tremendous advantage, just as in warfare an army that gets a jump has a tremendous military advantage."

MEANWHILE, the war for the lipstick market goes on. Revlon spent what the *Wall Street Journal* called a "whopping \$6.1 million" on advertising and promotion in 1954. The 1955 expenditure by the sponsor of "The \$64,000 Question" reached \$7,000,000, and its earnings likewise rose to an all-time high. But the percentage earned by its lipsticks dropped. So Heller is likely to keep an even more diligent eye—and ear—on the doings of his morale-filled employees, and Spector will certainly articulate his inspirations more guardedly hereafter. But in an industry where the gimmick is king, attempts at abduction are likely to continue.

What is the moral to this small story of how a luxury industry operates? David M. Potter, chairman of American Studies at Yale University, may have indicated it in a talk he gave in November before the American Association of Advertising Agencies. "As we shift from a society in which production is the focus of economic attention to one which is oriented to consumption," he said, "as we see a new pattern of personality emerging in American life, it seems to me that advertising as an institution moves into a position of influence comparable at least in degree to such other major institutions for the formation of values as the school and the church."

And what value will you try today, girls—Cherries in the Snow?

BRASS-AND-GOLD ERA

Part II. of the Big Guns . . by Matthew Josephson

[This is the second of three articles on the significance of our new huge military establishment; the concluding article will appear next week. Mr. Josephson is the author of *The Robber Barons and other books*].

BY 1948, two years before the Korean War broke out, plans for an increase in our armed forces, especially atomic-air, were already under way. Our "police action" in Korea was expected to cost the government only about \$5 billion in addition to what was being spent, for we had masses of war material left over in mothballs. But as Thomas K. Finletter has written in his book, *Power and Policy* (1954), the event was deliberately seized upon as a pretext for "a very large build-up of defense appropriations that went far beyond the war. They were intended only in small part for Korea and the East and mainly to counter and nullify the rising Russian threat" (italics added). Even without Korea, Finletter relates, some such increase in arms was in the cards.

Prior to June, 1950, our deliveries of military hardware had been proceeding at the rate of \$500,000,000 a month. By mid-1951 we were delivering military goods at the rate of \$1.5 billion a month and moving toward an annual rate of \$48 billion a year, though the warfare in Korea had bogged down. Federal spending for global cold war had risen almost to World War II proportions.

The Korean War, unlike World War II, arrived at a time of prosperity, when employment was relatively full. Its tremendous economic impact is recorded in the Federal Reserve System's annual report for 1951: "Value of total output continued to rise under the stimulus of increasing defense expenditures." By the fourth quarter of 1951, gross national product is shown to have reached an annual rate of \$337 billion against a rate of \$280 billion at the beginning of 1950, a spectacular jump of 20 per cent in a little more

than a year. A part of this increase was due to the rise in prices, for a buyers' panic and inventory hoarding accompanied the war boom.

Fortune magazine commented editorially in September, 1952, that the federal government had become the employer and purchaser of "nearly one-quarter of the goods and services produced by the U. S. economy," and old style depressions now seemed politically "impossible." What was more, the government, seeking to encourage a rise in existing productive facilities, again granted accelerated tax write-offs to companies that expanded their plants for defense purposes. In the five years since the Korean War such privileges were granted to 19,961 firms in the amount of approximately \$30.5 billion, according to *Business Week* (July 16, 1955). On the average these firms were allowed to write off 60 per cent of their investment in five years.

THE government, in short, was both buying us "standby protection" and spreading a vast amount of business "over the whole range of industrial production," wrote Eliot Janeway, economic consultant to *Newsweek*. Mr. Janeway, who styles himself an "expert on defense mobilization," has defined the current armament program as a "permanent defense cycle" which provides a sort of "built-in stabilizer" for our economy by its high rate of expenditure and new capital formation. We pile up mountainous stockpiles of arms, supersonic planes, scarce materials, automatic missiles and nuclear fission bombs. Thus, as Janeway and other enthusiasts for bigger planes and stronger missiles contend, "we have bought ourselves a boom at a bargain." "Defense now looms up as a major and permanent new business for American industry."

World War II had witnessed a resumption of the trend toward industrial monopoly in this country. Procurement officers at the Pentagon, it

was reported, used to admit frankly that they preferred to do business with the "big fellows" of industry "because they get things done faster." Whether this is true or not, the corporate giants flourished wonderfully and have continued to do so. A report of the Defense Department for January, 1954, on the distribution of contracts from June 30, 1950, to June 30, 1954, shows that the 100 corporations that were largest in point of assets were awarded nearly two-thirds of all military business. General Motors received 7.2 per cent of the contracts; Boeing Airplane, 4.4 per cent; General Electric, 3.6 per cent. A more recent report revealed that during the four years up to 1955 General Motors alone was awarded about \$6.6 billion in defense business. What is more, some of our "oligopolist" corporations, such as U. S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel, have been endowed with a large part of their new and more efficient plant facilities at low cost to themselves through the privilege of five-year depreciation charges offsetting taxes. It has been estimated that about 60 per cent of the U. S. Steel's recently built Fairless Works, valued at \$460 million, was provided by this kind of indirect government subsidy. The *New York Times* commented (January 22, 1954) that the Defense Department report on its procurement operations showed "a clear trend toward concentration of war contracts . . . in the hands of big business, and a diminishing share for small business."

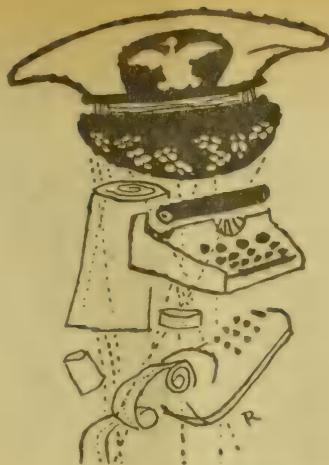
The department's budget for technical research alone calls for an annual expenditure of \$2 billion through the channels of government bureaus, universities and private corporations. But according to a recent statement by Chairman Wright Patman of the House Committee on Small Business, about half of this vast sum is being allocated "to a few big firms." Such "outright gifts," Patman has declared, amount to sub-

sidization of industry and could lead to "a collectivization of the country's economic life."

The procurement of military weapons has always been largely a hush-hush affair, especially in war. But even in the peacetime period from January, 1953, to July, 1955, according to Chairman Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee, 94 per cent of the \$36.4 billion expended upon defense orders to industry was awarded not by open, competitive bid but by *secret, negotiated* bid. This practice has been continuing for nearly six years solely under the authority of Truman's (Korean) emergency proclamation of 1950. Here, then, is a measure of the gigantic economic power of the "world's biggest business," the Pentagon, functioning almost entirely in secret. To paraphrase Lord Acton, secret power (like absolute power) corrupts—secretly.

The Pentagon, then, is industry's One Big Customer. In the fiscal year 1953 its major procurements of material and stockpiles (aside from personnel and maintenance costs) amounted to over 20 per cent of the output of all our manufacturing, mining, transport and communications industries combined. Hence the proponents of the permanent defense cycle are filled with fear bordering on panic at the thought of any diminution in that immense volume of military spending. The dread of economic collapse in important sections of American industry is always in back of their minds. For example our aircraft business, now among the country's ten largest in value of output and employment, does 90 per cent of its work for the Defense Department, and is hardly a "private enterprise." Indeed, all industry watches the level of military spending. Will it rise? Will it come down? Will it stay put on a "plateau"?

EVER SINCE 1917 the representatives of business, in time of war, have come flocking to the national capital to volunteer their services for the supervision of the country's war-industries programs. In World War II we had Charles Edmund Wilson, president of General Electric, directing much of our war production. Now we have Charles Erwin Wilson, former president of General Motors, heading the Defense Department. As the French say, "the more things



change, the more they remain the same." There are still some 2,000 dollar-a-year men at work in Washington today as administrators and consultants for the many government planning, administrative, purchasing and semi-military agencies. In the first year of the Korean War the Defense Department appointed fifty of them to key mobilization posts, including those of the all-important Munitions Board and National Resources Board.

The business-statesmen in Washington found that the military caste had taken on a great deal of beef in recent years. In the long period between the wars the generals and admirals had functioned as petty bureaucrats spending their lives mostly in dreary barracks or distant naval stations, earning at most \$10,000 a year and keep. Now they were men of consequence who had directed armed forces of 12,000,000 men during the world war and disposed of billions of dollars for military hardware. Men like General Clay or Admiral S. A. Robinson did business every morning with the country's giant industrialists in World War II.

At war's end many of the professional military men had got themselves well-heeled in various ways. The first of Truman's peacetime budgets called for a reduction of commissioned army officers to 115,000, and of enlisted men to about 800,000. The ratio of officers to enlisted men had formerly been about 1 to 10; now the Pentagon insisted on a roster of 147,000 commissioned and warrant officers, a ratio of nearly 1 to 6, on the ground that modern war conditions needed far more com-

missioned personnel and specialists than before. Most of these demands were granted in the end, leading Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas to remark that the postwar army seemed to consist of "all chiefs and no Indians."

The promotion of numerous regular army officers to higher rank was rushed through by the Pentagon just before many of them were to retire on pensions—which were thus fixed at higher rates. So many seemingly healthy officers were granted disability pensions—which are exempt from income tax—that in November, 1947, President Truman and a year later some members of Congress threatened to make public the list, which included officers who seemed to be healthy enough to earn up to \$100,000 a year in business or as lobbyists for arms manufacturers.

A novel development since World War II has been the great trek of high military brass, even four- and five-star generals, into the ranks of private industry, where executive posts at high salaries have been provided for them. As Representative Robert Mollohan of West Virginia stated recently before Congress, it might be inferred in many cases that the companies engaging the services of retired generals and admirals who had directed so much of the nation's military spending did so with some thought of "hiring" their influence in military circles. These officers headed companies best known for manufacturing tin cans or typewriters, but which also sell large quantities of military hardware to the Defense Department.

According to Mollohan a large percentage of the retired officers, enjoying pensions from \$6,000 to \$19,531 a year (the latter is the figure for five-star generals), found employment with the 100 companies that contracted for most of the Defense Department's supplies of weapons. As one military commentator, Col. W. H. Neblett (retired), has explained (*Pentagon Politics*, 1954), a company producing munitions "may send its president, General A., to the Pentagon to see General B., who succeeded him, and talk General B. into continuing the manufacturers' contract. . . ." A great number of the retired generals and admirals, Neblett believes, "exercise overpowering influence over the high-rankers left behind" who could

not have reached their present grades but for the resignation of their predecessors.

The sensational trial of Major General Bennett Meyers, former deputy-chief of materiel for the air force, in 1947, revealed more than the sorry record of his fraudulent deals with aircraft contractors; it showed that war contractors make approaches to military procurement officers ~~over~~ long months and years, holding out to them the bait of future lucrative employment. General Meyers was sentenced to the penitentiary for his small plunderings. But some of his superior officers in the air force—whose conduct was legally correct—also maintained long and friendly relations with big war contractors with whom they found employment, at high salaries, after the war. Thus you may have the case of an air-force General Staff officer strongly recommending the purchase of the product of a certain air-frame manufacturer—though the quality of the airplane may have aroused much controversy among experts. Then a year or so later you find the same four-star general, having retired, becoming the high-salaried president of the corporation which manufactured the planes. Often a high procurement officer must pass judgment upon the purchase of materiel from the very concern which he knows will be his future employer.

AN instance was reported in October, 1955, of a navy air-corps contract with the McDonnell Aircraft and Westinghouse companies for F3H jet fighter planes. Though eleven of the planes crashed, causing the death of several test pilots, the contract was continued for some time at an eventual loss to the government of most of the \$302 million expended. Official investigation showed that the former deputy chief of the navy Bureau of Aeronautics, Rear-Admiral Lloyd Harrison (retired), opposed termination of the contracts, despite the plane crashes, because the record of these contractors had formerly been good. But one day after he resigned from the navy in September, 1955, he took the job of vice-president of the McDonnell Aircraft Company. To a congressional committee he admitted that the job had been offered to him as long ago as March, 1955, some five

months before his retirement. There is no proof of misconduct or of anything beyond an "honest mistake," as was claimed; but as in the case of former Secretary for Air Talbott, there is the clear inference of conflict of interests, or in fact of conflict of loyalties—a new and immense field for America's ubiquitous investigators.

Generals Don't Fade Away

A list of outstanding military officers who have retired since World War II—with full pensions—to high places in private industry was recently inserted in the *Congressional Record* by Representative Mollohan. Following is a partial list of these officers and the jobs which they now hold:

GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY, chairman of Bulova Research and Development Corporation.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LEVIN H. CAMPBELL (former Chief of Ordnance), executive vice-president of International Harvester Company and director of Curtiss Wright Company, American Steel Foundries, General Precision Equipment Company.

GENERAL LUCIUS D. CLAY, chairman of Continental Can at a salary of "over \$100,000 a year" and director of General Motors.

GENERAL LESLIE GROVES (former head of the atomic-bomb project), consultant on the executive staff of Remington-Rand (now Sperry-Rand).

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, chairman of Sperry-Rand at \$100,000 a year.

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, consultant to Pan-American Airways.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOSEPH T. McNARNEY, president of Consolidated Vultee (now a division of General Dynamics Corporation).

GENERAL IRA C. EAKER, vice-president of Hughes Aircraft.

GENERAL JACOB L. DEVERS, technical adviser to Fairchild Engine and Airplane.

ADMIRAL BEN MOREELL, president of Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ELWOOD A. QUESADA, vice-president and di-

rector of Lockheed Aircraft.

MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD M. POWER, vice-president of Curtiss Wright.

GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH, vice-president of American Machine and Foundry Company and head of its atomics division.

GENERAL B. W. CHIDLAW, consultant to Thompson Products, producers of aircraft and automotive engines.

GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGEWAY, Mellon Research Company.

ADMIRAL MALCOLM B. SCHOFFEL, director of General Precision Equipment Corporation weapons-planning division.

ADMIRAL LAWRENCE B. RICHARDSON, executive and director of General Dynamics Corporation, makers of atomic submarines.

ADMIRAL ROBERT CARNEY (former Chief of Naval Operations), executive of Westinghouse Electric.

ADMIRAL JOHN H. TOWERS, Pan-American World Airways.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY, president of International Standard Electric Company and director of Federal Telecommunications Company and American Cable and Radio.

GENERAL HARRY C. INGLES (chief signal officer of the army during World War II), director of Radio Corporation of America and president of an affiliate producing signal equipment.

GENERAL F. C. HOPKINS, vice-president of Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Company, makers of aircraft landing gears.

ADMIRAL JONAS INGRAM, vice-president of Reynolds Sales Company (aluminum).

GENERAL A. C. WEDEMAYER, vice-president of Rheem Manufacturing Company.

Moral Insight into Power

THE PATTERN OF WORLD CONFLICT. By G. L. Arnold. Dial Press. \$4.

By Frederick L. Schuman

PLATO long ago persuaded himself (and many others since) that man's hope of order and justice depended upon philosophers becoming kings or kings becoming philosophers. The question has ever since been clamant as to how "egg-heads" can best discharge their civic responsibilities—if not by control, which evokes anti-intellectual resistance, then at least by diagnosis, prediction and guidance to power-holders and policy-makers. Plato never solved the problem, nor has today's generation done any better. Yet it remains forever contemporary and often crucial for human fortunes. If no salvation is to be had through moral insight into human needs and through logical dissection of the problems posed by human efforts to assure the greatest possible cooperation and the least possible conflict in the affairs of mankind, then what hope remains for any ultimate escape from an endless cycle of illusion and frustration, followed by breakdown and reversion to bestiality—and, in the atomic era, the possible co-annihilation of the human race?

This question is sharply put, although he does not so put it, by G. L. Arnold's perceptive and provocative essay on the dilemma of our time. This British writer is an editor of *The Twentieth Century*, successor to *The Nineteenth Century and After*, and a contributor to English and American journals. By profession or major interest, he is obviously an economist. He is humble in his contribution, which calls for widespread and thoughtful attention. He is concerned with the implications of

"planning and state intervention" for the present meaning and future prospects of the now muted but still real "cold war." His standpoint, he tells us, is "'Atlantic,' sans phrase."

In six stimulating chapters of reflection and advice, he considers contemporary problems of global politics and economics. He begins by noting regretfully that the decisions in 1945 of those who believed themselves, under the hypnosis of "total war," shapers of things to come, led to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, to the liquidation or deportation of millions of Germans (he grants that Germans began the process), and to Britain's decline to a second-rate power in view of Soviet aggrandizement, American determination to effect an *entente* between Washington and Moscow, and British acquiescence in the result in the interest of Anglo-American solidarity. But

the past is irreversible and only the future matters. A decade later, Mr. Arnold is clear as to the imperatives of survival in our time:

What is implied by the term co-existence is solely the desire to spare the world the catastrophe of all-out atomic war; more pointedly, the belief that in the last resort the world can and will stay divided for a very long time to come. To say that coexistence is possible and necessary is to say that the Communist powers will fail to conquer or overthrow the West, and that the West cannot hope to undo the Chinese Revolution or to overthrow the present regime in Russia. And the "cold war" for the allegiance of the intermediate areas is the corollary of this state of affairs, for while both sides will naturally try to win over as many doubtful elements as possible, neither is compelled to use military means to this end. It is sufficient that they should recognize the limits of their power.

In his later pages, all of which are factually accurate, intellectually exciting and enormously relevant to

Fall in Corrales

Winter will be feasts and fires in the shut houses,
Lovers with hot mouths in their blanched bed,
Prayers and poems made, and all recourses
Against the world huge and dead:

Charms, all charms, as in stillness of plumb summer
The shut head lies down in bottomless grasses,
Willing that its thought be all heat and hum,
That it not dream the time passes.

Now as these light buildings of summer begin
To crumble, the air husky with blown tile,
It was ourselves who melted in the mountains,
Unhoused the spirit for a while:

Then there was no need by tales or drowsing
To make the thing that we were mothered by.
It was ourselves who melted in the mountains,
And the sun dove into every eye.

Our desires dwelt in the weather as fine as bomb-dust:
It was our sex that made the fountains yield;
Our flesh fought in the roots, and at last rested
Whole among cows in the risen field.

Now in its empty bed the truant river
Leaves but the perfect rumples of its flow;
The cottonwoods are spending gold like water;
Weeds in their light detachments go;

In a dry world more huge than rhyme or dreaming
We hear the sentences of straws and stones,
Stand in the wind and, bowing to this time,
Practise the honor of our bones.

RICHARD WILBUR

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College, is the author of *Germany Since 1918*, *The Nazi Dictatorship*, *Europe On The Eve*, and *Night Over Europe* and is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

current issues, Mr. Arnold disposes of the dangerous delusion, unfortunately shared by East and West alike, that Germany can again play a Great Power role. He argues persuasively for Atlantic Union, with impressive statistics on the "dollar gap" and the chronic dependence of Western Europe on American subsidies. But his major concern, again buttressed with economic data and lucid insights, is with the inescapable fact that in the West, as in the East, the production and distribution of national income is now determined less by the competition of private entrepreneurs in the market than it is by public control and planning.

His argument, embellished with shrewd asides on the problems of economic development of backward areas and on the dynamics of Soviet society, is the most convincing case to date of the factual reality of "One World," despite semantic obsessions to the contrary amid a continuing furor of controversy between "conservatives" and "liberals" and be-

tween "Communists" and "capitalists."

Arnold does not press his logic to its logical conclusion—and indeed concludes his essay inconclusively. But I have long suspected that the end result of Soviet communism would be an approximation to the ideal social order as defined by the spokesmen of American capitalism, and that the America of days to come would somewhat resemble, to the objective observer, the Marxist-Leninist vision of the "classless society" and the "cooperative commonwealth." This paradoxical anticipation, to be sure, may prove fatuous. Yet Arnold's suggestive book lends powerful support to such a prognosis. Should the forecast prove correct, the ideological frenzies of our time may seem absurdly irrelevant to our successors, who will be primarily concerned with exchanging data on how the Good Society can best be planned and administered, rather than with rivalry for global hegemony or with quarrels over obsolete presuppositions.

weather and sky, of drunken dreams and southern fevers. Shadow and image revolve and change places within the minds of the two bound friends. Their identities, which they are exchanging and confusing, are imprinted upon each other by the daemonic error of a tattoo woman who, like a figure of destiny, stamps the initials of Ira upon the chest of Blacky and the stigmata of Blacky, son of a prostitute, upon the body of Ira in the shape of a woman clinging round his neck. Within the ship and upon the shores it touches, these two young men pursue their images. The pursuit is an adventure, a tracking down of shadow, a search for otherself, a denial of self and a betrayal of friendship.

WHEN Blacky, imprisoned unjustly in the ship, escapes ashore Ira follows him, not only out of spiritual responsibility for him but because the captain has ordered him to bring Blacky back. The Alchemist sails on, leaving the shadows in search of each other. Blacky is destroyed by the hands of depravity into which he has fallen in pursuit of his own redemption; while Ira, with the image of Blacky's curse tattooed upon him and hanging round his neck "like an albatross," searches for him through a nightmare of brothels and dangerous alleys. In the end Ira is the one who survives and returns to the boat.

The Alchemist's Voyage is a vivid tone poem whose imagery is that of the burnt and tattooed marks of identity and obsession and destiny, and the images of sewing and stenciling and burning and adumbrating carry this symbolism of the hidden aspects and quests of self to an hallucinatory climax and a matter-of-fact ending. Kentfield's descriptions of sea and coast and sky are magical; and his feeling for weather and his perceptions into the mysteries and enigmas that surround men afloat and lost to earthbound realities are impassioned and strange. He has touched it all with his own alchemy, and he has made an impressive and haunting statement about the various dooms of lust and the sensual hunt for spiritual grace. It is the mysterious overtone of this novel, melancholy and of a sinister enchantment, that marks its authenticity—and Kentfield's as a writer of gifts and promise.

Again the Albatross

THE ALCHEMIST'S VOYAGE.

An Adventure. By Calvin Kentfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.95.

By William Goyen

CALVIN Kentfield's first novel, *The Alchemist's Voyage*, which has been long in the making, chooses as its tradition that of Melville and Conrad. But the voyage and the shaping of it are Kentfield's own. His wisdom in choosing this tradition—though he will no doubt write many different kinds of books as he goes on—contributes to the success of his book. For he has begun with a tradition which he can enter and touch with his own voice and experience, and so make it real for himself, rather than imitate another's reality.

Few current first novels indicate to us any wealth of inner material, of secret, potential power within the writer. Rather they seem to be hard little blinking *apercus* which blur and water toward the end of the

vision, well-fashioned and competent but short-sighted, of limited eye. *The Alchemist's Voyage* is, I believe, a large perception, capable of distances and depths.

"Why are we here?" ask Ira Garrett and Bobby Blacky, two friends who are at once disparate personalities and aspects of each other. They are seamen aboard the Alchemist, a freighter going south. "What is there beyond the touch, the sight, the sound?" they ask each other. There is the quest for the saving magic, the redeeming revelation, they tell themselves, which drives them in search, binds them in trance and dream, though the quest materializes as the body of woman in Ira and as a treasure of diamonds in Blacky. The vessel carries them toward sensual adventure, bound together by a spiritual quest for recognitions and identities. It moves as if under a spell, with its purser paralyzed under the sadistic mesmerism of its captain, its bosun tattooed with a snake coiled round his arm and biting an apple in the palm of his hand. It voyages over surreal seas and up bewitched rivers under the narcotic of

WILLIAM GOYEN is the author of *In a Farther Country*, *Ghost and Flesh* and *The House of Breath*.

Pilgrim and the Money-God

KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

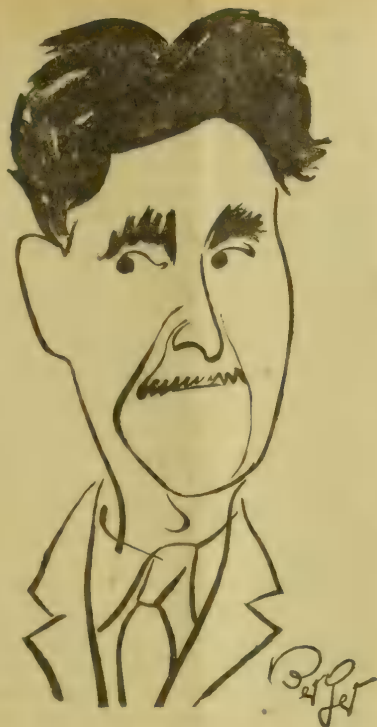
By William Meredith

KEEP the Aspidistra Flying was written about and during the depression by a man for whom poverty seems to have been as real and imminent as death was for John Donne. It is an excessive novel, like Remarque's *Spark of Life* and perhaps with the same excuse: great catastrophes are, for good human reasons, hard to remember. Most people can pass near and even through them with a minimum of imaginative participation. But an artist for whom they are once imaginatively real is bound to feel that they must be remembered. If he overstates, as Remarque does about the concentration camp and Orwell does about the depression, it is purely a literary overstatement, for there seems to be no danger of factual excess in any account of these events.

Although it is not one of Orwell's best books, this twenty-year-old novel, now first published in this country, is still well worth reading. It provides an insight into the author's individualism, that warm and particular philosophy which gives his work a dimension that most political novels lack. The hero, a minor poet with the doctrinaire liberal attitudes of the thirties, has declared a private war on money. He gives up a well-paid advertising job and for two years lives a marginal existence as a clerk in a bookshop. As time goes by, his concern with money becomes obsessive; he scarcely writes poetry, the ostensible object of his renunciation; his personal relations deteriorate through his touchiness at his poverty; and the woman he loves is almost lost to him. "It is not easy to make love in a cold climate when you have no money. The 'never the time and place' motif is not made enough of in novels."

The physical details of Comstock's poverty are surely over-insisted upon from an artistic point of view, and yet they embody some of Orwell's

WILLIAM MEREDITH, lecturer in English at Connecticut College, is the author of a book of poems, *Ships and Other Figures*.



George Orwell

clearest insights to character. The very heaviness of the satire is often its strength. This is the landlady of a shabby rooming-house:

It was always some minutes before Mrs. Wisbeach brought the letters upstairs. She liked to paw them about, feel them to see how thick they were, read their postmarks, hold them up to the light and speculate on their contents, before yielding them to their rightful owners. She exercised a sort of *droit du seigneur* over letters. Coming to her house, they were, she felt, at least partially hers. If you had gone to the front door and collected your own she would have resented it bitterly. On the other hand, she also resented the labour of carrying them upstairs. You could hear her footsteps very slowly ascending, and then, if there was a letter for you, there would be loud aggrieved breathing on the landing—this to let you know you had put Mrs. Wisbeach out of breath by dragging her up all those stairs. Finally, with a little impatient grunt, the letters would be shoved under your door.

In the end, the aspidistra, symbol of the money-god, is victorious. Comstock's young woman, who has consented, almost out of pity, to sleep with him once, becomes pregnant.

Moved by this manifestation of vitality the hero returns to the world of aspidistras and money. "It is when [the Money-god] gets at you through your sense of decency that he finds you helpless," Comstock concludes. What he affirms is partial and qualified, and yet he affirms.

Orwell must be called a political novelist. In this country we still know him chiefly for *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-four*, which are unrepresentative only in being exclusively satirical. But even the gentler side of Orwell, which emerges in the conclusion of *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, is political, a kind of propaganda. An individualist like Hemingway, Orwell lacked the egotism and the fatalism which enable Hemingway to seal off his best novels from a larger human context—that is, to make them non-political. In an essay called "Inside the Whale" Orwell once lamented Henry Miller's political irresponsibility. He quite specifically rejected the fatalism and the egotism which, apparently, are often the price of good art:

As a rule, writers who do not wish to identify themselves with the historical process of the moment either ignore it or fight against it. If they can ignore it, they are probably fools. If they understand it well enough to want to fight against it, they probably have enough vision to realize that they cannot win. Look, for instance, at a poem like "The Scholar Gypsy," with its railing against the "strange disease of modern life" and its magnificent defeatist simile in the final stanza. It expresses one of the normal literary attitudes, perhaps actually the prevailing attitude during the last hundred years. And on the other hand there are the "progressives," the yea-sayers, the Shaw-Wells type, always leaping forward to embrace the ego-projections which they mistake for the future.

Lionel Trilling, in a fine introduction to Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*, put his finger on the quality that allows us to accept politics in his art which we would reject in another man's: the politics are an expression of Orwell's real character, and "he was a virtuous man." Trilling reminds us how rarely we are moved to say that about a man today. The excellence of *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* seems to be largely the projection of Orwell's own excellence as a responsible twentieth-century man. On this basis it transcends the limitations of a political novel.

New Books in Brief

Canterbury Fiction

MY LIFE FOR MY SHEEP. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann. \$5.

The five-year duel between Thomas Becket and Henry the Second involved a titanic struggle between church and state, but it was primarily a conflict between the wills of two men who had many qualities in common and who had been intimate friends and mutual admirers. In this fictionalized biography of Becket the author gives full value to the human aspects of one of the great dramas of history. Mr. Duggan knows feudal society down to the smallest detail of its customs, dress and everyday living. But his people speak a present-day colloquial, occasionally slangy, English. This incongruity, together with the recreating of dialogue, gestures and thoughts, even at the moment of death, detracts from the verisimilitude of an otherwise factual biography.

The Teeming Desert

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Sloane. \$3.75.

To Mr. Krutch the proper study of mankind is man only as one manifestation of all natural life, neither superior nor more remarkable as a biological unit. "We must be part not only of the human community but of the whole community. . . . Unless we share this terrestrial globe with creatures other than ourselves we shall not be able to live on it for long."

His desert home has meant much more to Mr. Krutch than an observation post for examining some unique forms of natural life. It has been a retreat for contemplation with "mystical overtones," telling him more compellingly than any other place that life is not a dream while there are such realities as courage and the will for endurance, realities so vividly demonstrated in the plants and animals of the desert around Tucson where he has been living for more than five years.

The flora and fauna of the desert are unique because they have had to develop devices for survival in an environment usually thought of as

completely unfavorable for maintaining life. Eleven forms of cactus, including the giant saguaro, are to be found nowhere else in the world but in southwestern Arizona or, sparsely, in immediately adjacent sections. Each has selected its own method of catching and storing the scanty rain that comes only twice a year. Some protect their storage places by doing away with leaves, which would allow water to evaporate, and coating their stems with a hard wax. A flowering plant called "queen of the night" has solved its water-supply problem by storing what little it can collect during the brief rains in a tuber underground weighing many times as much as the visible parts. An animal like the kangaroo rat operates its own chemical plant to manufacture water from its starchy foods. Descriptions of equally ingenious methods developed by other species as well as fascinating information about the mating and living habits of many of the desert's other creatures are packed into this book of little more than two hundred pages.

Active Elders

EARNING OPPORTUNITIES FOR OLDER WORKERS. Edited by Wilma Donahue. Michigan. \$4.50.

There are two general attitudes toward the employment of older people today. One is that a person who has worked until he is sixty-five has earned a rest and should have the privilege of living his last ten or twenty years in comfortable leisure. The opposite attitude is that work becomes practically a necessity for the happiness of adults in our society, and they should be allowed and encouraged to work as long as they are able and willing.

This book is written by people who believe that older people should be permitted and encouraged to work, rather than encouraged to retire and live on a pension. It is a report of the fifth annual University of Michigan Conference on Aging. Director of the conference and editor of the book is Dr. Wilma Donahue, who points out that men and women as young as fifty or even forty are confronted with prejudice and reluctance on the part of employers

when they seek to change jobs. Thus the book deals with the employment problems of workers in middle as well as old age.

The final chapter was written by Dr. Martin Gumpert, one of the last things he did before his death. He says, "The idea that old people want or deserve leisure is one of the most stupid stipulations of the human mind." Dr. Gumpert believed that the evolution of modern industry favors the use of the older worker, and that the foreseeable future will produce the rediscovery of work as a value in itself, disconnected from earning, and the rediscovery of "slowness," or skillful, creative performance. Both of these attitudes will work toward keeping employment open for older people.

Farm Crusade

POLITICAL PRAIRIE FIRE. The Nonpartisan League, 1915-1922. By Robert L. Morlan. Minnesota. \$5.75.

A detailed history of the response of North Dakota farmers to the colorful leadership of Arthur Townley, by a professor of government at the University of Redlands in California. Economic conditions and exploitation by banks, railroads and grain elevators provided farmers with the incentive to organize, but it was Townley who enabled the league to capture political power and bring significant benefits to the farmers. The author is inclined to believe that this was the last of the great farmers' crusades, for any future political reform movement will have to combine a variety of interest groups. When some scholars seem to have accepted the criteria of public-relations practitioners to guide their re-writing of American history, it is refreshing to read a documented account of the tactics and standards of those who resisted reform.

Down from Siberia

CRADLE OF CONQUERORS: SIBERIA. By Erwin Lessner. Doubleday. \$7.50.

It is a huge book, but then Mr. Lessner might retort that Siberia is a huge country. However, the geographical limits are stretched considerably by including Mongolia, Manchuria and even Sinkiang in the story, which begins at the dawn of history and ends shortly after the

1917 Revolution. It is puzzling that the interesting and significant Soviet developments in Siberia are omitted. Much space is devoted to the Asiatic hordes, pushing out from Siberia or neighboring territory, under such celebrated warriors as Atilla, Djenghis Khan, Batu and Timur. In the course of several centuries they conquered most of the then-known world. The successful efforts of Russia to throw off these invaders, and in turn Russia's conquest and colonization of Siberia, are recalled in detail. Lessner includes an excessive number of historical events which might properly be considered peripheral to the story of Siberia and his emphasis on the more sensational aspects of conquests becomes tiresome. One takes from this account of world conquerors who have emerged from Siberia the implication that in this area history might well repeat itself.

News and Policy

FACTS TO A CANDID WORLD. America's Overseas Information Program. By Oren Stephens. Stanford. \$3.50.

Oren Stephens, deputy policy chief of the United States Information Agency, has made an honest and thorough attempt to analyze the history and problems of American propaganda abroad. Tracing the program back to the Creel committee of World War I, he gives credit to the Truman Administration for recognizing that a propaganda-weary world cannot be convinced with empty phrases, vituperation or exhortation. Hence, the "Campaign of Truth," relying heavily on straight news reporting to achieve the limited objectives that can be expected from propaganda.

Mr. Stephens finds that one of the major weaknesses of the information program is the scarcity of adequate personnel. He further regrets that top U. S. officials and government departments are unwilling to ask the advice of, or to coordinate their plans with, the information agency. Consequently, the world often receives contradictory reports of American policy which the agency must then attempt to resolve.

The author, a government employee, cautiously skirts the question of the program's effectiveness. And he is equally cautious when he hints

—and it is only a faint hint—at what is by now obvious: that America's propaganda effort cannot be better than America's foreign policy.

From Reform to Reaction

THE AGE OF REFORM. From Bryan to F. D. R. By Richard Hofstadter. Knopf. \$4.50.

In this reconsideration of Populism and Progressivism Professor Hofstadter writes critically of their ambiguous character without denying the contributions they made. These essays demonstrate that the change from reform to contemporary reaction is "only a development of certain tendencies that had existed all along, particularly in the Middle West and the South." Hostility to Europe and to the Eastern seaboard, racial and religious bigotry, anti-intellectualism and nativist phobias were not unknown to the agrarian reformers. Hofstadter concludes that "it is not too much to say that the Greenback-Populist tradition activated most of what we have of modern popular anti-Semitism in the United States." He presents the Progressive movement as essentially a revolt against the organization which inevitably accompanied modern technology. The Progressives were not proposing a return to a simpler society. They sought instead to retain individualistic values which this organizational revolution was destroying. They developed governmental regulation as a counter-balance to business power, but did not solve the problem of preserving political democracy. We are left, therefore, with "a central problem of the modern democrat: whether it is possible in modern society to find satisfactory ways of realizing the ideal of popular government without becoming dependent to an unhealthy degree upon those who have the means to influence the popular mind."

English Letters

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. A Short Critical History. By Walter Allen. Dutton. \$4.75.

THE MODERN WRITER AND HIS WORLD. By G. S. Fraser. Criterion Books. \$3.95.

Placing these books side by side and beginning with Mr. Allen's history, an alien reader could easily pick up a good general introduction

GOOD READING

Here are some books recently reviewed in *The Nation*, or scheduled for review, which you might enjoy. You can order these, or any book of your choice, from our Reader's Service Department. (See below).

Henry Adams: A Biography
by Elizabeth Stevenson
The Macmillan Company, \$6.00

The Whispering Gallery
by John Lehmann
Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$5.00

Keep The Aspidistra Flying
by George Orwell
Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$3.75.

The New Dimensions of Peace
by Chester Bowles
Harper & Brothers, \$4.50

The Sane Society
by Erich Fromm
Rinehart & Company, \$5.00

How Far The Promised Land
by Walter White
Viking Press, \$3.50

The Stature of Theodore Dreiser
edited by Alfred Kazin &
C. Shapiro
Indiana University Press, \$5.00

The Exurbanites
by A. C. Spector
J. B. Lippincott Co., \$3.95

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333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N.Y.

to British fiction and, from Mr. Fraser, a series of fresh observations on modern deployments among British writers in the novel, the drama, poetry and criticism since the Edwardian age. Allen spreads out along the high road of the English novel from Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* to Joyce's *Vie de Dedalus*. Fraser concentrates on fifty years of busy cerebration in four separate literary genres.

Mr. Allen's is a useful handbook, sound, sane, sensible, and safe to recommend to tyros in the field. Fixed stars average six to twelve pages apiece; those of lesser magnitude are grouped in minor constellations. Always readable, the book is also continuously predictable except in those occasional instances where, for example, a Thackeray is accorded less and a Peacock more honor than is customary. In calling Joyce, Lawrence and Virginia

Woolf "still the advance guard" of modern British fiction, Mr. Allen closes his eyes to the work of many people about whom Mr. Fraser is extremely interesting and informative.

If Allen, as historian, is necessarily somewhat behind the times, Fraser, as evaluator, is well up in the van. His book is a revision and expansion of lectures given at the University of Tokyo in 1956. Sprightlier, fuller and more discriminating than Allen's, Fraser's opinions are likewise more open to debate. Which is all to the good. Whether he is speaking of the gross sentimentality with which Noel Coward's characters tackle serious dilemmas, or of the blindness of Orwell's attack on *Four Quartets*, or of the probability that Yeats's greatness lay rather in his temperament than in his ideas, Mr. Fraser manages to be both solid and lively.

tically challenging. The result is usually a glowing mediocrity.

I go into this matter now, because due to a more or less successful season—successful by the depressed standards established since 1945—we may accept the status quo as the happy norm. The truth is that the theatre with us—as far as acting goes, at any rate—is something like a party at which everyone becomes ecstatic over the improvised entertainment of one of the guests.

It may not be economically feasible at present for our country to maintain several true theatres (permanent companies with some continuous and coherent program) instead of relying on the emergence of desultory talent by the haphazard production of a series of single shows. It is nonetheless necessary to remind ourselves occasionally that in the past twenty-five years our acting profession has brought forth hardly a half-dozen stage talents that have revealed any steady development. There is no equivalent among us of a Laurence Olivier—whose *Richard III* in pictures and whose *Titus Andronicus* and *Macbeth* at Stratford-on-Avon last spring were greeted as peaks in his career; we know no one like Gerard Philipe in Paris, a screen star as well as the chief luminary of the Theatre Populaire National in which he appears (at admirably reduced prices) in roles in plays by Kleist, Corneille, Racine, Shakespeare.

IT IS not primarily the actor's fault that his career with us is measured in terms of prosperity rather than in those of maturity. Yet it is stupid and cowardly of actors to believe or to assert that they are, in this regard, simply "victims of the system." The artist creates a system for his own development. The artist—and it need not be a presumption for the publicly recognized actor to conduct himself as an artist—has his own pride because in a certain way he feels himself quite special. It is right and healthy that he should do so. But he is not special in any way when he equates the success of his career with a business man's success. To do so is to negate himself as an artist.

These are untimely thoughts: if we are to have a theatre worth discussing at all we had better return to them once in a while.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IN *The Great Sebastians* (ANTA Theatre) Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne play vaudevillians, and their show is like a vaudeville act. When it is over, one remembers almost nothing of it, except that one was rather amused. The Lunts are so expert that they make whatever they do seem like something to watch even when there is very little.

I used to scold the Lunts for having chosen such trivial plays during the last ten years. They had become brilliant comedy technicians, highly skilled performers instead of important actors. But apart from the fact that my criticism of them was frequently regarded in the nature of a subversive activity, I have come to think my carping was really beside the point. The Lunts want to be just what they are, either because they esteem their talent at exactly the level at which they employ it or because conditions peculiar to the American theatre make it more practical to conduct their career as they have.

What struck me with new force as I watched the Lunts was the fact that they are among the last of our remaining eminent elder actors. Almost all our stage stars today are

young people—thirty being the average age. Of these very few are authentic stars—actors sufficiently fascinating to attract and hold an audience in a so-so play. What is truly alarming is that one is not sure that these gifted young people will be stars or even be in the theatre at all when they reach fifty. Our theatre is fast becoming a theatre of beginners.

WHAT happens is this: a bright young person makes a strong impression in his first or second leading role. He or she is thereupon hailed as a "killer" (or a "genius") of one kind or another—photographed, interviewed, profiled and publicized in every possible way. If the next stage appearance proves a disappointment—even if only because the play is weak—the actor, usually advised by his agent, is apt to drift off to Hollywood, or to devote considerable time to television. The young actor then finds that these media are less risky and more remunerative than the stage and therefore ends by spending most of his (or her) time in their comparative safety. In films or in TV the actor is rarely required to undertake anything artis-

Records

B. H. Haggin

AMONG Russian recordings of Oistrakh's performances that revealed not only mastery of the violin but flawless musical taste was one of Mozart's Violin Concerto K.219 on Period 590, which I played again just before Oistrakh's broadcast with the New York Philharmonic. With the pure tone and simple sustained phrasing of the recorded performance fresh in my mind I wasn't prepared for the tone that was made over-rich by vibrato, the phrasing that was made over-expressive by swells on single notes and occasional portamento, in the performance of K.219 with the Philharmonic. Oistrakh's playing sounded better in the new Shostakovich Violin Concerto; as for the work itself, it brought to mind Shaw's remarks about a performance of Saint-Saens's *Samson et Dalila* in London. The French were obligated to listen to the opera of a French composer, just as the English had to endure their oratorios; but Shaw was "strongly of the opinion that each nation should bear its own burden in this department of life. We do not ask the Parisians to share the weight of [Parry's] *Job* with us; then let them not foist on to us the load of *Samson*." The Americans now in Russia are not performing Menotti or William Schuman there; let Oistrakh, in turn, give us Prokofiev but spare us Shostakovich.

CONCERNING Angel's recording of all of Mozart's piano music performed by Giesekeing, one thing to say is that it acquaints us with a number of pieces which most of us have never heard—the earliest interesting chiefly for what they reveal about Mozart's initial talent and its development; some later ones interesting only as exercises of his exquisite craftsmanship; and others achieving impressive effect as works of art. And another thing to say is that Giesekeing's playing is finely chiseled and sensitive but often without sufficient force; and that in slow tempo it often lacks sustained tension. Some of the unfamiliar pieces, however, are played with the force and tension that are lacking in the familiar sonatas.

Of the records I have listened to so far, 35068 offers several of the earliest pieces; the Six Variations K.180 on a theme of Salieri, in which one hears the operation of matured powers; and three late works: the fine Sonata K.570, and the unfamiliar Adagio K.356 for harmonica and Rondo K.616, both with remarkable modulations of key. Record 30569 has the best-known Sonata K.331, with its impressive minuet movement; the Sonata K.282, with its unusual Adagio opening movement; the Suite K.399, with interesting and attractive Mozartian transformations of Handelian styles in its Allemande and Courante; the Minuet K.355, a small but fine late piece; the Fantasy K.397 in D minor, whose Adagio is a miniature example of declamatory vocal style; and the Twelve Variations K.265 on *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman*, with two impressive slow variations.

No. 35070 offers the powerful Sonata K.310; the Sonata K.280, an excellent display piece; and several first-rate unfamiliar pieces: the Twelve Variations K.179 on a minuet of J. C. Fischer; the Adagio K.540; the Six Variations K.54, a late work with a wonderful variation in minor mode. No. 35071 has the powerful Fantasy K.475 and Sonata K.457; the Sonata K.333, with its fine opening movement; and the unfamiliar Twelve Variations K.353 on *La Belle Françoise*, a good work in which the slow variation is outstanding. No. 35072 offers the Sonatas K.279 and 311, of which the finales are good; and two unfamiliar pieces: the Fantasy and Fugue K.394, which I find uninteresting; and the Eight Variations K.513 on *Ein Weib ist ein herrliches Ding*, of which Variation 6 in minor mode, the slow No. 7 and the elaborate No. 8 are outstanding. And 35073 has the extraordinary Sonata K.533, remarkable in the large scale and contrapuntal elaboration of the Allegro, the startling harmonic progressions that achieve the utmost in expressive intensity in the Andante; in addition to which there are several less impressive pieces: the Rondo K.494, which Mozart published with K.533 as a concluding movement; the So-

nata K.284; the sonata movement K.312; and the Fugue K.401.

A feature of these Mozart recordings that calls for mention is the accompanying notes on the music by William Glock, the English critic who wrote the richly perceptive notes for the Webster Aftken performances of Schubert sonatas on EMS records. He exhibits the same perception now, with only one difference—that when he deals with the lesser or uninteresting pieces he claims more for the details he points out than they really deserve.

THERE is good playing by Yves Nat in Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31 No. 2 and the first and last movements of the Sonata Op. 53 (*Waldstein*) on Haydn Society 144; but the middle movement of Op. 53 is played Andante con moto, with a loss of the meaning and effect it has when played Adagio as Beethoven directs.

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The Sonatas Op. 49 Nos. 1 and 2 are also on the record.

Nat plays Schumann's *Papillons*, *Kinderszenen*, Romances Op. 28 and Arabesque very poetically, but hasn't the bravura technique required by the Toccata. The accompanying notes by Ralph Bates elaborate on the importance of the relation of the literary and musical images in Schumann's music, but never get around to listing the series of titles for the pieces in *Kinderszenen*.

ANDA's performance of Schumann's *Carnival* on Angel 35247 is eccentric in tempo and mannered in phrasing, and without continuity and grace in

its flow. *Kreisleriana* also is on the record.

Schumann's *Noveletten* Op. 21 I find uninteresting; and Blancard's playing of them on London LL-1266 I find ineffective.

In Lenore Engdahl's performances of Griffes's *Roman Sketches* Op. 7 for piano on MGM E-3225 one doesn't hear as clear articulation and shaping of the pieces and as beautiful playing of the piano as in Hambro's performances on the older Walden record. Miss Engdahl also plays the earlier Three Tone-Pictures Op. 5 and Fantasy Pieces Op. 6, which are in the same French-impressionist style and at times very lovely.

Letters

Disagreement on Brazil

Dear Sirs: Paulo Duarte's article, "Betrayal in Brazil," in *The Nation* for November 19 is replete with factual and interpretive errors and, more important, places your journal in the peculiar position of publishing a plea for the armed overthrow of an elected government. Typical is the author's statement that Getulio Vargas was elected President of Brazil in 1930 and his reference to an unsuccessful coup in 1932 as aiming to preserve "the constitutional principles of 1930 that were being betrayed by Vargas." The fact is that Julio Prestes defeated Vargas in 1930 and the latter then seized power. Thus, there were no "constitutional principles" to "preserve," unless Duarte means by those words the overthrow of an elected government.

Comment might also be made on his statement about the masses becoming "intoxicated by Communist propaganda" at a time when that party had been illegal and its leaders in jail for eight years.

Of greater importance, however, is Duarte's arrogation to himself and his group of "clear-sighted, democratic-minded Brazilians," twice defeated in national elections, the right to decide themselves who is to be Brazil's President. Orderly development of democracy in Brazil cannot come about through the seizure of government by self-proclaimed saviors of their country.

HERMAN STAROBIN
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Duarte takes the position of the most reactionary, anti-constitutional elements in Brazilian

life today—those who would use force to overturn the elections of October 3 at which Juscelino Kubitschek and Joao Goulart were chosen Brazil's next President and Vice President. By Latin American standards, Brazil's elections were democratic, and the outcome was clearly a victory for those who favored retaining the social gains won under the Vargas administration. (Vargas was certainly no angel, but demagogue though he was, he was forced to make certain concessions to the powerful Brazilian labor movement.) Perhaps even more, the election was a victory for nationalists who oppose United States control of Brazil's economy, especially its oil.

The counter-coup which took place on November 11 probably could have happened in no other country. To find the army acting on behalf of constitutional regularity is unfortunately all too rare in Latin America, but the Brazilian army has a tradition of opposition to foreign economic and political control.

BETTY MILLARD
Editor, Latin America Today
New York, N. Y.

Big-Money Farming

Dear Sirs: In your issue of December 3, Professor Gaffney scoffs at interpreting the trend of big-money farming "as a move toward greater efficiency," for the reason that "good land may be underused in achieving high output per man and per machine." Nevertheless, the last fact remains and explains the first. "Underuse" is an irrelevancy in terms of a private-profit economy and in the face of agricultural "surpluses." So also are

some of his explanations for buying up land ("as a provision for grandchildren" or "social position to facilitate advantageous alliances"). That small farms have proportionately higher investment in buildings and machinery is a well-known fact which only serves to emphasize the greater profitability (i.e. "efficiency" under capitalism) of the large farms "achieving high output per man and per machine." Concentration of land ownership is analogous to concentration of capital in general, and the "superior ability of large landholders to secure political favors" also seems a familiar pattern. Therefore it would appear that the problem of big-business agriculture is part of a general problem, though with specific aspects.

Professor Gaffney offers interesting reasoning for land redistribution by propounding "the basic economic principle of transferring resources from where they are abundant to where they are scarce." The undersigned would like to inquire if Professor Gaffney knows of a bank which is practicing the "basic economic principle" by transferring money from their richer depositors to the poorer.

HARRY GRUNDFEST
New York, N. Y.

Information Requested

Dear Sirs: I am working on a study of the political philosophy of Mr. Justice Hugo L. Black. I would be most grateful if any *Nation* readers in possession of relevant letters, documents, or other information would correspond with me.

DANIEL M. BERMAN
Herbaw Union College
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Message from India

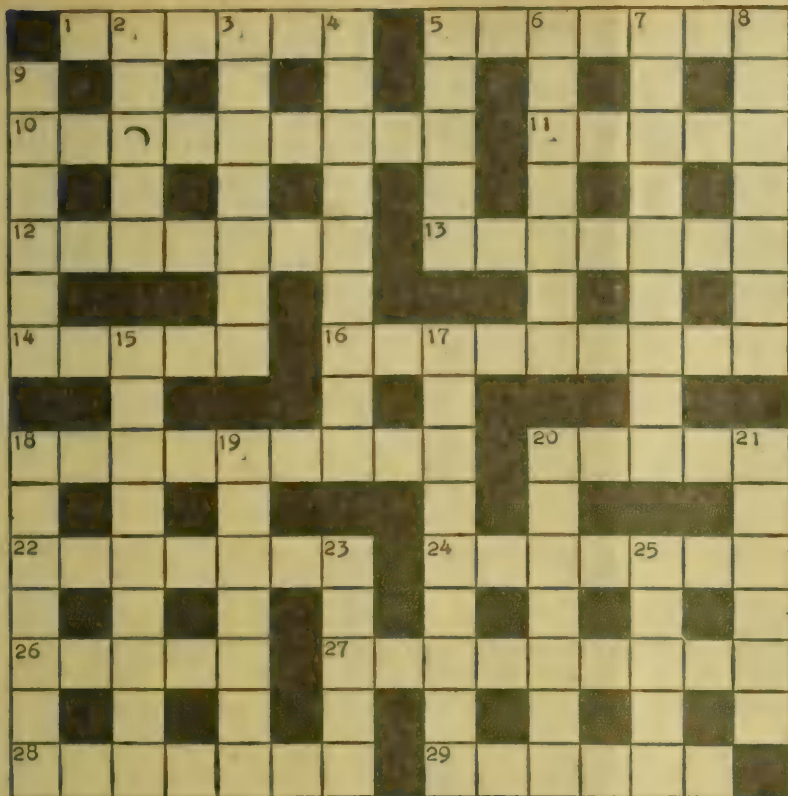
Dear Sirs: This letter is being written on behalf of the members of our study circle, of which I happen to be secretary. Though our acquaintance with *The Nation* has been quite recent, I have no hesitation in saying that we like it most of the several American magazines that we get. It is so refreshingly different. For us Indians it epitomizes the America of Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson. Against great odds you have been carrying on a magnificent fight for civil liberties which is probably unparalleled in the annals of American journalism. . . . We are not using the language of mere convention—we mean every word of it when we say that we wish you many, many happy returns on your ninetieth birthday.

C. S. PILLAI
Kulasekarapuram, S. India.

THE NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 655

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Gets over the plate. (6)
- 5 Look at this! It's a sort of counter-part! (7)
- 10 Drill the musicians like the early London militia. (9)
- 11 One way of getting capital N, also. (5)
- 12 Survive. (7)
- 13 Cut in, or make trouble. (7)
- 14 However, this kind of concern isn't for the departed! (5)
- 16 Is the wire ~~as~~ tangled contrarily? (9)
- 18 Record revolutionary, it ~~isn't~~ in doubt. (9)
- 20 Franklin said we should have picked a "turky" instead. (5)
- 22 and 5 down The purpose of choosing food (especially when raised at home?). (5,2,5)
- 24 Cicero's friend is just another story to us. (7)
- 26 First under poetic conditions, then a contraction. (5)
- 27 A minor tiff with me and my friend? (We'll probably have to learn to think so!) (9)
- 28 8 might be. (It's the wrong way down!) (7)
- 29 Lent in preparation for it, though it has nothing to do with 11. (6)

DOWN

- 2 See 3 down.
- 3 and 2 Fisherman's skill, or that of a pilot? (7,5)

- 4 A Hawaiian might have asked for it because of the bad heat, and stood around. (9)
- 5 See 22 across.
- 6 A Justice of the Peace isn't the film kind. (7)
- 7 Getting the idea of making a profit? (9)
- Prime character. (7)
- 9 This arm is beat up. (6)
- 15 Eating its product is to cause trouble. (9)
- 17 Current of air? (Strike an acceptable standard with drink!) (3,6)
- 18 A sort of ship and shepherd. (7)
- 19 The cart is upset with a click. (7)
- 20 Imposes least in the way of it. (7)
- 21 Tries a product of bacon and lamb, if both are proper. (6)
- 23 United, like many electrical appliances. (5)
- 25 Her calling was more or less popular song, but she loved 18 down. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1 BIOLOGIST; ■ and ■ across STATION BREAK; 10 DU BARRY; 11 and 16 TWO-BY-FOUR; 12 UPRISE; 13 OHIO; 15 ASSYRIAN; 18 HEAVEN; 20 POLECATS; 23 SOHO; 24 CALLER; 25 CUE; 28 UNSLUNG; 29 WITTIER; 30 THOSE; 31 DUDE RANCH; DOWN: 4 BESET; 2 ORATORS; 3 OBITUARIES; 4 INNER MAN; 6 BABE; 7, 26, 19, 15 down and 5 EARTH TO EARTH, ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST; 8 KEYBOARDS; 14 TYPEWRITER; 17 FOLLOWS; 21 AUCTION; ■ TAGGED; 27 LURE.

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THE *Nation*

JANUARY 28, 1956

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ADLAI'S BANDWAGON

Should Liberals Climb Aboard?

Billions for Insecurity

Concluding The Big Guns

by Matthew Josephson

Turkey: Nato's

Shaky Bastion

by Geoffrey Lewis

The Unfinished Civil War

by Harry Barnard

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OFF THE EDITORS' SPIKE

■ One of the least known but ugliest of present-day dictatorships is that maintained by President William V. S. Tubman in Liberia. Seven of Mr. Tubman's political opponents in the last election have been convicted of treason and sentenced to death by hanging; six of the defendants are scheduled to go to the gallows on January 27, the seventh having turned state's evidence. The trial took place during the recent festivities in Monrovia on the occasion of Tubman's inauguration for a third term. Leonard Ingalls in a dispatch to the New York Times (January 14) quotes a foreign observer as saying of a previous election: "the whole atmosphere was detrimental to anyone else but Tubman." Indeed it was, for the chairman of the opposition party on this occasion was arrested and dragged through the streets of Monrovia at the end of a chain fixed to a jeep. But this is recent history; back in 1951, Tubman caused the arrest, on charges of sedition, of eighty-three leaders of the opposition party who had dared to sign a petition nominating D. T. T. for the presidency, and the good Dr. T. was forced to go into hiding (see, *The Nation*, May 5, 1951; June 9, 1951; January 26, 1952).

■ The Journal of Commerce (January 13) has come up with some statistics which place the old story of pilferage on the New York waterfront in proper perspective. Export-and-import general cargo going through the port, exclusive of bulk items such as petroleum, had an estimated value for 1954 of \$6.5 billion. Thus the estimate of \$4 million for pilferage amounted to approximately \$1 for each \$1,600 in cargo handled. But the annual value of goods stolen in New York that year, apart from burglaries, was approximately \$100 million. The ten largest department stores report losses through shoplifting of \$10 million; more than \$100,000 disappears every year from the sub-way gum-and-candy machines. Considering the casual character of waterfront employment, the pilferage rate at the port is not as high as it is invari-

ably made to appear when cited, as it usually is, without reference to comparable situations.

■ Dr. Will Winton Alexander, who died last week, was one of the wisest, most persuasive Southerners of his generation. As deputy director of the Resettlement Administration and later as director of the Farm Security Administration, he put his expert knowledge of cotton sharecropping and tenancy to excellent use. As one of the trustees of the Julius Rosenwald Foundation, along with Edwin Embree and Dr. Charles S. Johnson, he induced a great many Americans to share his view that the so-called "Negro problem" was largely a labor problem. "As long as the Negro is loafing and singing in Beale Street, Memphis, or fishing his livelihood out of the Louisiana bayous," he once said, "he is not considered a problem. It is when he goes to work in competition with white men that resentment grows." A wise, shrewd, kindly person was "Doctor Will."

■ The State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Washington—Mrs. Pearl A. Wanamaker—has revoked the suspension of Mrs. Margaret Jean Schuddakopf's license as a teacher. Mrs. Schuddakopf, a Tacoma teacher, had invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned by the House Committee on Un-American Activities (see *The Nation*, January 22, 1955). In announcing her ruling, Mrs. Wanamaker said: "Our Constitution guarantees to all people certain rights, among which is the right exercised by Mrs. Schuddakopf. The exercise of that right cannot be denied, lest the denial itself be a violation of the Constitution."

■ Major General Byron E. Gates, former commander of Chanute Air Force Base, has been given a mild reprimand by the Air Training Command and fined \$500 for promoting business for a private insurance firm on the post, for which he received \$7,000 in commissions. As though to ease this gentle rebuke, the Air Training Command allowed the General \$2,940 by way of compensation for the six months during which the inquiry was under way (he had previously retired). What would have happened if a lesser officer pocketed \$7,000 for "wrongly using his rank, position and influence" in this fashion?

■ Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia are reported to have offered Jordan \$280,000,000 in economic aid over a ten-year period to balance its

books should the British withdraw an annual subvention of \$30,000,000. It seems fairly clear that the bulk of the proffered loan would have to come from Saudi Arabia or, to be more realistic, from Aramco, Anglo-American oil company that pays the King of Saudi Arabia royalties of approximately \$200,000,000 annually.

■ The President's message on the budget inspired some choice items, including the Wall Street Journal's reference to the fact that the army's bankroll is so fat it hasn't had to ask Congress for new appropriations to buy new weapons and major equipment since the 1954 fiscal year. "We got fat during the Korean War when money was easy to get," Pentagon officials explained. As of November, the army had \$4 billion in its kitty.

■ For the first time since 1913, the Philippines and this country will start applying tariffs to each other's goods under the terms of an agreement made in 1946 and revised in 1956. The key provisions became effective on January 1. Although the special advantage enjoyed by American exporters will not be entirely lost until 1974, the islands can no longer be regarded as one of our private trade preserves. One result may be to increase American investment in firms and industries located in the Philippines. The American share of the Philippine import bill—currently about 68 per cent of \$425 million annually—may now drop and the Japanese and European share increase. C. McW.

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STEVENSON'S BANDWAGON

Should Liberals Climb Aboard?

TO PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S rather rueful comment that it is easier to make decisions than to know which way one's duty lies, thoughtful citizens will say "amen." If the path of duty were always clear, the decisions would come easily enough. The President will run again only if he feels that it is his duty to run. He is not the kind of man who could decide an issue of this importance in terms of personal preference or party advantage. But what is his duty? And what is the American people's? Knowing of his physical condition, do we want him to run and, if he ran, what weight should we give to the factor of his health?

If the President's health were not an issue, there can be little doubt that most liberals would rather see him nominated than any "available" Republican mentioned to date. After all, liberal sentiment had much to do with bringing the President forward as a candidate; it had a great deal to do with his selection over Senator Taft at Chicago in 1952. But just as he feels that he does not know all the factors that might influence his decision, so American liberals will want to withhold any unalterable commitments to any candidate until all the facts are in. Traditionalists and opportunists find it easy to make commitments, even when they lack the facts necessary for an intelligent decision. They simply honor their instinctive preference, traditional loyalties, or compulsive ambitions. But this can never be the liberal's basis of decision.

By hypothesis, the liberal is a relatively disinterested, intelligent, forward-looking voter who does his own thinking, and tries to decide issues on the merits. Since he belongs to a permanent political minority, he must make the best possible use of what influence he possesses. Seldom consulted in advance, he must exercise his preference somewhat belatedly. He is not the kind of voter who is primarily concerned with finding a government job or acquiring influence in Washington. It is precisely for this reason that he has acquired an influence that is out of relation to his numbers. In brief, the liberal or independent vote is courted *because* it is uncommitted. Liberals are not organized effectively enough so that they can bargain directly; their power lies in their independence. The moment they are committed, their influence declines. Opportunists, on the other hand, function in an entirely different fashion.

For the way to acquire a payoff position in politics is to pick a winner and then commit yourself to him as far in advance of the election as possible. Everything else being equal, the earlier this commitment, the greater will be the obligation it creates. (Who has forgotten the consideration long shown those Democrats who were for Roosevelt "before 1932"?) But liberals don't behave in this fashion since what they seek is not favors but the best possible selections in both parties.

THIS YEAR liberals should be particularly wary of premature commitments. We face a novel situation. On many issues—foreign economic aid, civil liberties, civil rights, the size and nature of the military establishment, foreign policy—each party is itself sharply divided. On any number of major issues, the two parties either take basically the same position or the division within each is as sharp, or even sharper, than the inter-party differences. Unfortunately, too, the right wings of both parties have the upper hand over their respective left wings in Congress and the two right wings are in open alliance on some issues. Where significant differences exist, as on the "giveaways," public power, conservation and similar matters liberals must still make their selections on an individual basis since, like other citizens, they are primarily preoccupied with more urgent issues which bear directly on the question of war or peace. One well-placed H-bomb would put all the publicly-owned power dams in the Pacific Northwest out of operation for a long time. From a long-range point of view, one may reasonably believe that the Democratic Party offers much better possibilities as an instrument for liberal political action than the Republican, but considerations of this general nature cannot be very helpful in making today's decisions.

For liberals to turn opportunistic is not the way to realign American political parties; it is the way to one-party government. In England the tendency to one-party government goes by the name of Butskellism. Butskellism has its origin, as Paul Johnson pointed out in a recent issue of *The New Statesman*, in the circumstance that the rapid rise of defense expenditures has narrowed "the area of choice in economic policy and consequently the area of disagreement." In other words, the distance between Mr. Butler, the Tory, and Mr.

Gaitskell, the Laborite, has shrunk to the degree that it seems insignificant to many independent voters. Butskellism has been disastrous to the Labor Party and the factors that produced it—a big-arms economy coupled with welfare measures—and could be equally disastrous to the liberal potential of the Democratic Party. “An ultra-conservative” Republican, commenting on the President’s State of the Union message, is quoted by *Business Week* as saying: “Well, we’ve finally achieved a one-party government.” Of course we haven’t, yet, but a variation of Butskellism may be noted in Washington.

Thus the independent voter (read liberal voter) must be concerned this year not so much with platforms or party records or preferences for this candidate or that. The formula which should guide his thinking should be: which candidate can most effectively and skilfully mobilize the best elements in his party and the country behind a program that will forward the search for peace in the world and the continued well-being of this country? In one sense, this is like saying: which of the various “moderate” Democrats and Republicans—the only avowed radicals in either party are today of the right-wing variety—can best contain the right-wingers to the end that the terribly urgent international issues with which American policy-makers must cope can be handled with dispatch and maximum intelligence?

BUT THE question has even a broader reference. The next President, more perhaps than any of his predecessors, must be able not merely to keep American leadership from falling into the hands of obstructionists and chauvinists: he must also be able to win and enlist a direct measure of world cooperation in the interest of peace, world development and the strengthening of the United Nations. This consideration is of major importance since we are now at a turning point which could lead to real peace, but which, in any case, requires new policies to meet a new world situation. What is needed is intelligence and good will coupled with effective political leadership—the ability to wield political power. The balance of forces within the country is not so preponderantly on the side of the angels that we can tolerate much knight errantry; effective political leadership on the great issues must appeal to the best elements in both parties.

In this situation liberals must consider many factors. Even if they were agreed that Mr. Stevenson should be the Democratic nominee, they should not ignore the opportunity, which premature endorsement of his candidacy might foreclose, of influencing the Republican selection either for President or Vice President. At this time no one can even list the available Republicans in the event the President decides not to run. Nor, if he decides to run, do we know who his running mate will be. Many combinations have been suggested and none can be ruled out. There are no “front-runners,” moreover, for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination, although the woods from Maine to California are full of hopefuls. A more important consideration is this:

How can liberals persuade Mr. Stevenson to be less “moderate” on domestic issues and perhaps a bit more moderate on foreign-policy issues if he is uncritically and permanently endorsed? And why not encourage some of the other contenders for the Democratic nomination to compete with him for liberal support?

This is not an argument based on expediency. For liberals to commit themselves before they have knowledge of all the facts necessary to an intelligent decision is to betray the basic premise of liberal political action. Liberal voters, like the editors of liberal publications, could reach a decision about this year’s election easily enough if they had answers to key questions: Will the President run? If not, will Chief Justice Warren yield to a draft? Will the Republicans shelve Mr. Nixon? Will the “big-arms” proponents in the Democratic Party, Senator Symington and others, write the arms program for the party? Will the Dixiecrats force the Democrats to compromise the civil rights-civil liberties issue? These are only a few of the questions to which liberals need answers before they commit themselves in this election.

Eden in Washington

Washington

SIR ANTHONY EDEN’S talks with President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles next week will offer opportunity for some brisk Anglo-American bargaining, with the aim of showing a common American-British policy for the Middle East. That won’t be easy. But the sudden intrusion of Soviet power into the region is forcing the U. S. and Britain to submerge their differences. The threat of an Arab-Israel war further impels Washington and London toward a single course. There are reports that after their conversations, the President and Eden will invite the French to join in renewing the 1950 tri-power declaration in a strengthened form. This is the proclamation pledging the three Western Allies to help the victim of aggression if either Israel or the Arabs attack across existing borders.

Assuming that they produce a common platform, the President, Eden, Dulles and British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd face an even tougher task. They must discover ways to persuade the Arab nations and the Jewish state to accept Anglo-American terms for a peace settlement. It will have to be a negotiated rather than an imposed agreement, if any.

Israel has many powerful friends in America who see a major threat in the Arabs’ desire to exterminate Israel and in the British plan to amputate a slice of Israel’s territory and offer it to the Arabs. The Arab nations have even stronger means for resisting Anglo-American pressure. They are in full revolt against foreign, especially Western domination. Russia is standing in the wings and occasionally moving on stage to proffer arms and economic support. The Arab rulers know their vast oil resources are essential to the West.

The NATION

More recently the West's stake in the area has been increased by acquisition of strategic air bases.

As usual, the British are following a decidedly more pro-Arab line than the United States. In London earlier this month, Britain's Middle Eastern envoys urged Eden and Lloyd to be even more understanding of Arab emotions and aspirations. Opinions differ as to whether those views will prevail in the Eisenhower-Eden conference. U. S. diplomats say the President and Dulles will fully assert America's new leadership. However, it is also being said that the pro-Israel forces in America, particularly potent in an election year, are for the first time being offset by anti-communism. Too much show of friendship for Israel, runs the argument, will push the Arabs closer to the Soviet camp. Furthermore, the British are coming to Washington with a plan while the U. S. lacks a formula, and this could give Eden an advantage in the negotiations.

ONE version attributes to Eden a scheme whereby Israel would give Egypt a substantial piece of the Negev, thus enabling Egypt and Jordan to establish a common border; in return, Egypt would cede the Gaza strip to Israel, but with it some 200,000 Arab refugees whom Israel would be asked to absorb. The United States is opposed to seeking sizeable territorial concessions from Israel. It is rumored, though, that Dulles favors Israel's grant of a corridor through the Negev, linking Egypt and Jordan. Israel has made clear it would reject the milder American notion as well as the more ruthless British concept. Eden may argue that the Arab chiefs, especially Egyptian Premier Nasser, might be won over if they are granted a prestige success in the form of territorial contiguity between Egypt and Jordan.

Eden will definitely ask American support for restraining Saudi Arabia. That country is the headquarters of the U. S. Strategic Air Command in the area and the home of Aramco, the Arabian-American Oil Company, which pays Saudi Arabia fabulous royalties of some \$250 million yearly, a reported \$700 million of it in advance. Some of this money has been used to finance nationalist and anti-Western movements in Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. Egypt is supplying the political drive and Saudi Arabia the funds in the crusade against the Baghdad pact. Yet Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Anthony are likely to agree that a sturdy injection of economic aid into the Baghdad pact is needed to salvage that largely discredited paper structure.

In return for giving Britain some backing concerning Saudi Arabia and contributing the bulk of funds for Middle East development, the U. S. may expect Eden to shelve his suggestions for a shift in policy toward Communist China. Eden intends to press for an easing of trade restrictions against China. The British Prime Minister has realism on his side here. Enforcement of much more rigid limitations against the Chinese than against the Soviet and satellite markets has become nonsense. It may cost China little more and take a bit longer to import "embargoed" goods through its Com-

munist allies, but the goods reach China just the same.

President Eisenhower's farm message to Congress played into Eden's hands on this issue. In the message, the President proposed a reversal of U. S. policy against selling surplus stocks to Communist countries. The British explain that food and farm produce are of strategic value—especially in the case of vegetable oils. A behind-the-scenes hassle is going on in the Administration on this subject, with the Defense Department opposing all trade with mainland China and the State Department privately admitting that controls are ineffectual and not worth sustaining at the risk of alienating our allies. On the other hand, the Administration is extremely reluctant to relinquish this bargaining coin in the midst of the stalemated U. S.-Red China negotiations in Geneva. Some of the President's advisers are suggesting he urge Eden to put this request aside.

Eden is likely to appeal again to Mr. Eisenhower to try to persuade Chiang Kai-shek to remove his troops from the Quemoy and Matsu islands. The British argue that a Chinese Communist attack would gravely endanger the 170,000 Nationalist soldiers garrisoned there and that their withdrawal would dispel a source of major war peril. President Eisenhower is unlikely to invite another "No" from Formosa after the rebuff he suffered from Chiang last month on the U. N. membership issue.

Vindication for William Taylor

William Henry Taylor, an employee of the International Monetary Fund, has finally won unequivocal clearance on charges of possible disloyalty and espionage which stemmed originally from testimony given by Elizabeth Bentley, a highly-prized "testifier" for various congressional committees and the Department of Justice. On January 5 the International Organizations Employees Loyalty Board, reversing an earlier decision, ruled that on the basis of all the evidence submitted to it a reasonable doubt of Mr. Taylor's loyalty does not exist. Thus ends, one may hope, another cruel and terrifying loyalty ordeal.

The board's ruling completely discredits the testimony given by Miss Bentley in this and other proceedings. In sworn testimony before a congressional committee, she referred to Taylor as "another Communist Party member in the Treasury who paid his dues and was a member of the Silvermaster group"—testimony which Mr. Taylor has categorically denied not once but several times. If this testimony is true, then the loyalty board's ruling cannot be sustained; if it is false, then the government should apologize to Mr. Taylor, drop any pending charges or proceedings against other persons based on Miss Bentley's testimony, and cease using her as a witness for any purpose. In particular, Mr. Brownell and Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, both of whom have vouched for Miss Bentley's credibility as a witness, should publicly disavow the serious allegations which they have made in reliance on her testimony.

NEW CIVIL-RIGHTS BLOC

A Bipartisan Development . . . by Edgar Kemler

Washington
BY ANY fair test, civil-rights legislation should be at the top of both parties' "must lists" instead of near the bottom. This is not only because the Deep South's reaction to the Negro's challenge has got out of hand, causing at least five lynchings in seven months. It is also because here we have a major social revolution, the success of which is essential for our own domestic health as well as for our prestige abroad. Unfortunately, while both parties have acclaimed this revolution, neither wants to face up to its consequences. Since the Democrats are even less prepared for it than the Republicans—the Democratic Party faces a serious split on the issue—the Republicans can safely pass the buck to them. That is what the President is expected to do in his forthcoming civil-rights message, which will recommend some protective measures now rather than postponing all such legislation until after the elections, as was suggested in his State of the Union message.

That there is any hope at all in this anarchic area is due almost wholly to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which has been successfully fighting impossible battles for forty-six years. But for its self-styled "militant" policy, which contrasts so sharply with the current "moderation" of its Democratic friends, almost certainly school-desegregation petitions would never have been filed in the nine states of the Black Belt—certainly not in Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi. The N. A. A. C. P. could have survived on easier triumphs in the eight border states, where in fact desegregation has already begun. In the eighteen months since the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, many of the signers of the petitions to school boards have been forced by Citizens

Councils, acting through boycotts or violence, to withdraw their signatures and also their N. A. A. C. P. affiliation.

On December 28, 1955, the Citizens Councils of Mississippi were united with similar groups elsewhere in the South at a Memphis meeting dominated by Senator Eastland, but also featuring professional race-haters Merwin K. Hart and Dr. Edward A. Rumely. In view of this ominous development there is now a very real question as to how long the N. A. A. C. P. can hold its Deep South salient without more federal aid. Attorney General Brownell has sent F. B. I. agents to investigate two Mississippi murder cases involving Negroes voting in Democratic primaries. No prosecutions of murder suspects, much less convictions, are expected, however. This is because of a court ruling that the F. B. I. must prove not merely murder, but murder with the specific intent of depriving the victim of a constitutional right. To strengthen the Attorney General's hand in such cases, also to give him jurisdiction in cases like the Emmett Till lynching, the N. A. A. C. P. is now advocating old civil-rights bills that the Democrats have vainly debated for years. To sugar-coat the pill somewhat, the organization has quietly dropped the F. E. P. C. proposals, though at the same time it is demanding that Senator Eastland be expelled from the Senate because of what is described as his "improper" election.

The N. A. A. C. P.'s 1956 legislative program was unveiled last month at nationwide local meetings with many Congressmen present as auditors rather than as speakers. The key features are supported by a close-knit but burgeoning bipartisan bloc in the House led by Democratic Adam C. Powell of New York and Republican Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. In the Senate, two liberal Democrats have declared for it, Lehman of New York and Douglas of Illinois, but most of their col-

leagues, like Harley Kilgore of West Virginia, chairman of the crucial Senate Judiciary Committee, are restrained by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

Ironically, while the Republican Congressional leaders now pay heed to the N. A. A. C. P., Johnson is inclined to ignore it. The Democrats, he believes, can hold the Negro vote merely by supporting the proposed constitutional amendment against the poll tax, which the N. A. A. C. P. regards as evasive and irrelevant. By contrast, House Republican Leader Martin appears to be almost converted to the N. A. A. C. P. position—at least on proposed amendments that would deny federal aid for new school buildings in Jim Crow communities. To appreciate how far the Republican leadership has swung over, one has only to recall the ruckus last June when amendments that might have ended discrimination in Jim Crow National Guard units were branded by President Eisenhower as obstructive, if not dangerous to national security.

THUS, the success of civil-rights legislation in this critical year will depend largely on the ability of liberal Democrats to defy their Southern leaders and to join in a new bipartisan coalition. If this is done, and the bills passed, Southern hatred will not necessarily be slackened. But instead of being vented on isolated Negro preachers, it would be contained in intra-party squabbling. That this would hurt Democratic chances for 1956 does not necessarily follow, although almost certainly the nomination of the moderate Adlai Stevenson, the liberal's current favorite, would be jeopardized. In 1948, it will be recalled, President Truman was both nominated and elected on a forthright civil-rights platform, despite Southern incriminations. Now, the Eisenhower Administration has almost completed the Truman program for ending job discrimination in government.

EDGAR KEMLER covers Washington for The Nation.

NATO'S SHAKY BASTION

Which Way Turkey? . . by Geoffrey Lewis

TURKEY'S FINANCIAL and political troubles have formed the subject of several recent articles in the British and American press. Turkey is faced with a dangerous shortage of foreign currency, due in part to the over-importing of Western luxuries and to a happy-go-lucky program of grandiose industrial expansion at a time when its factories are short of spare parts and raw materials. The cost of living is mounting, and the state has been staving off creditors by one dubious financial expedient after another. These facts bear significantly upon Ankara's place in the Western alliance.

It may seem odd that the Democrat Party, currently ruling in Turkey, should have been guilty of overspending on new factories when one of its chief complaints against the opposition Republicans was the latter's obsession with industrialization, to the neglect of agriculture. But one of the party's principles, laid down in its 1946 program, is to encourage such industries as use home-produced raw materials. The mistake was to suppose that if one sugar or textile factory is a good thing, a dozen are twelve times as good. In 1954, Turkey used 1,600,000 tons of cement, about a quarter of which was home-produced. The government set up a corporation to build more cement factories. Three were due to go into production by the end of 1955, raising the total output to 1,000,000 tons. Another eighteen were planned to raise output to almost 3,000,000 tons, and to cost 263,000,000 lira. Similarly extravagant plans were made for sugar, textile factories and hydroelectric installations.

The crop failure of 1954 has been blamed for much of Turkey's troubles. The run of good harvests which occurred in 1951-53 was unprecedented in living memory. To con-

gratulate oneself on so rare a sign of divine approval is one thing; to bank on its continuance, as the Democrats did in preparing the 1954 budget, is quite another.

Nevertheless, what triggered off Turkey's recent Cabinet crisis was not so much the country's serious economic position as the government's insistence that the high cost of living was a sign of prosperity. Public criticism of this absurd view was hampered by the Press Law of 1954, under which some twenty journalists had been imprisoned and several newspapers suspended from publication. The law imposes a sentence of up to four-and-a-half years' imprisonment and a fine of up to 15,000 lira for printing an attack on the honor or reputation of the holder of an official position, for anything done in the exercise of his office. The right to prove the truth of one's allegations is denied.

For a while the courts applied the strict letter of the law, but a judgment given in November, 1955, showed that judges were beginning to concern themselves more with justice than with statutes. In this instance a government suit against *Akis*, a news weekly, was dismissed.

In the beginning of October, thirteen Democrat deputies signed a proposal for an amendment to the law that would give accused persons the "right of proof," that is, a chance to bring evidence justifying their allegations. The general administrative committee of the party decided to bring them, and six more deputies who had joined them, before the party's disciplinary tribunal, "for making the 'right of proof' a pretext for breaking party solidarity." The leader of the dissidents, Fevzi Lufti Karaosmanoglu, a former Minister of the Interior and an inveterate opponent of the dictatorial methods of the Prime Minister, Adnan Menderes, retorted with a letter to Menderes, accusing him of subordinating the interests of the country to personal ambition.

The party congress, which assembled October 15, expelled nine of the nineteen from the party, and the rest resigned in sympathy.

A wave of additional resignations began from local Democrat organizations all over the country. Municipal elections, held on November 13, dealt the party a further blow. Independent anti-government candidates gained all the seats in eight of the sixty-six *vilayets*, while two other *vilayets* went entirely to the liberal-led Peasants' Party, which has no representation in the Assembly. The rebels took courage from the election results and decided to form a new *Hurriyet Partisi*, Freedom Party, dedicated to the development of genuinely democratic institutions.

On November 29, 1955, after a stormy meeting of Democrat deputies, the Cabinet resigned. The first target of their wrath was Hasan Polatkan, Minister of Finance, not only for the evident failure of his policy but because his name had been linked with that of a relative of his, a merchant, in allegations of malpractice. What turned the feeling of the meeting against Premier Menderes was his own bland refusal to resign: he took shelter behind Article 46 of the Constitution, which makes each minister "individually responsible for executive matters within the scope of his authority and for . . . the general character of his policy." Since his constant interference not only in policy but even in the day-to-day running of the various ministries was common knowledge, he won little sympathy.

That same night President Bayar asked Menderes to form a new Cabinet. Not till December 9 was his list of ministers announced, half of the eighteen being new. On December 16 the Assembly gave him a vote of confidence by 398 to 58. The latter figure comprised the votes of all of the opposition parties. Some fifty Democrats abstained.

The new government's policy makes huge concessions to opposi-

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January 28, 1956

tion opinion: the Press Law is to be amended to give those accused of libel the "right of proof," there is to be a thorough-going campaign against official corruption (almost all of which seems to have been on the part not of civil servants but of ministers), and no new economic development projects are to be undertaken for the time being.

It remains to be seen how well Menderes has learned his lesson. Since he is as clever as he is ambitious, we may expect to see him remain in control for the lifetime of the present Assembly. For the sake of solidarity in the anti-Communist camp, it is probably best that Menderes continue in office for the next year or so: in consequence of his administration's stupid delay in quelling the September anti-Greek riots he will probably show great forbearance in handling his country's relations with Athens.

It is remarkable that criticism of Menderes was not more bitter in view of his failure in financial negotiations with the United States. Washington's refusal, last June, of his request for a \$300,000,000 loan unless there were adequate safeguards to ensure that the money was well spent, was greeted in the Turkish press with disappointment sometimes verging on defiance.

THE VALUE of the lira is falling every day. In mid-1953 the pound sterling, officially worth TL 7.8, sold for TL 12 on the black market. By the end of 1955, the price was TL 25. Even if the new economies which a chastened Menderes is making are effective, government circles in Turkey are convinced that the loan is vital. There seem to be no more than three possibilities. The first is to take the loan on America's terms; but in view of the Turks' chronic sensitivity about being dictated to by foreigners, this can probably be ruled out. The second is to persuade America to grant the loan without insisting on a say in the spending of it. With Franco in mind, some think that the State Department, when it has to choose, prefers politically stable allies to democratic allies. The possibility has been canvassed in the Turkish press that the U. S. has a special interest in ensuring Menderes' survival as premier and might grant the loan on Turkey's terms to bolster his damaged prestige. This

seems unlikely. Any suggestion that an unwanted government must be supported because a foreign power wished it to remain in office would bring about its immediate overthrow, loan or no loan. The same would result if America were to offer the loan on condition of Turkey's withdrawing opposition to the cession of Cyprus to Greece. This is a subject on which the Turkish people feel as keenly as the politicians: no government which was a party to such a deal would last five minutes.

And the third possibility?

America's rejection of Turkey's request proves the truth of either or both of the following propositions: (a) that Washington thinks the danger of war has moved so far into the future that there is plenty of time to conciliate Turkey if necessary; (b) that in spite of all the clichés about eastern bastions, the Turkish alliance is not regarded as indispensable to Western security.

The implication is that the purpose of the "northern tier" (Turkey-Iraq-Pakistan) is not military but political (*cf.* Jon Kimche in *The Nation*, November 19, 1955). The probable loss of Suez as a Western base does not greatly affect the situation. In view of the great ranges of modern aircraft, if Turkey is in the war the NATO bases there would be no more or less vulnerable than the Canal Zone. If Turkey is not, there is always Cyprus. So we may extrapolate thus: the refusal of the American loan indicates that Washington does not really care about Turkey's active military assistance and is prepared to back the Greek claim to Cyprus in order to ensure a safe base in the Eastern Mediterranean.

If such ideas as these gain further currency in Turkey, the effect will be momentous. The fierce national pride of the Turk is canalized into pride in his army. The suggestion that the Americans think they can manage without it would be a blow from which Turkey's friendship for the West would never recover.

Hence the third possibility is that Turkey gets the loan from Russia.

Hostility to Russia is a Turkish institution which is older than the United States. Nevertheless, the Turks have before them the example of Colonel Nasser, who has accepted arms from the Czechs. Russia has offered him \$200,000,000 for the Aswan Dam, and the West is conse-

quently falling over itself to press on him. Nasser has said that he will make no concessions to communism in Egypt. Why should not the Turks get a loan from Russia on a purely commercial basis?

To think that the Turkish people could not be persuaded of the necessity of such a course is to underestimate the power of the press. The Russians, for their part, would surely not be slow to make the offer, once the ground has been prepared. On December 29, 1955, in his report to the Supreme Soviet, Khrushchev mentioned the friendly relations that had formerly existed between the U. S. S. R. and Turkey, relations for whose deterioration Turkey was not solely to blame. "There were out-of-place statements on our side, too."

OF COURSE, if the Turks affected to be swayed by such blandishments and negotiated a Russian loan, they would not consider themselves bound to side with Russia and would doubtless repudiate any suggestion that they were abandoning the Western alliance. But it should be remembered that Turkey has suffered a great deal for its loyalty to the West: it has lost the respect of many of its Arab neighbours, who regard Ankara as a parish, a today of the imperialists. This was clearly demonstrated just before Christmas, 1955, when rioting took place in the cities of Jordan against the British attempts to get Jordan into the Baghdad Pact. The American and Turkish consulates in Arab Jerusalem were attacked; at the latter there was considerable damage, the Turkish flag was torn down and the Turkish consul was forced to take refuge across the Israel border.

A month previously, President Bayar had attempted to redeem Turkey in Arab eyes and to pave the way for Jordan's accession to the pact by an after-dinner speech to the Arab Legion, in which he said: "If the army of our Jordanian brethren should ever be faced with an unjust aggression, it will not be surprising if on that day the Turkish army is seen by its side." This seems to have deceived nobody; constitutionally the President has no power to make alliances or to declare war, and both Turkish policy and Turkish public opinion are against being drawn into the Arab-Israel dispute.

THE DELAYED U-BOMB

And The N. Y. Times . . by Gene Marine

THE NEW YORK *Times* occupies a unique place among American newspapers. Whatever their political convictions, perceptive readers rely upon it for balanced and honest reporting. Yet there are occasions when this august institution is not quite the rock of reliability it purports to be. A case in point is the manner in which the *Times* has covered the story of the development of nuclear weapons in this country, especially during the last year. What makes this not only an interesting case, but a bizarre one, is the unusual reputation enjoyed by the *Times's* famous science writer, William L. Laurence, the only reporter whom the government permitted to cover "from the inside" the whole of the Manhattan Project which culminated in the explosion of the Bikini bomb in March, 1954.

Mr. Laurence, and almost everyone else in the world within reach of a newspaper, radio or TV set, accepted the Bikini blast as that of an H-bomb. Our story properly begins with the fact that months after the blast, in the November, 1954, and February, 1955, issues of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* there appeared articles by Dr. Ralph Lapp which proved conclusively that what had been exploded at Bikini was not an H-bomb at all, but something infinitely more deadly—the so-called U-bomb. Put quite simply, the Bikini missile consisted of an H-bomb surrounded by a jacket of cheap, plentiful and *previously non-fissionable* uranium-238. The H-bomb merely served to trigger the fission of the uranium-238.

Now the difference between an H- and a U-bomb is not merely a difference in mathematical and engineering formulae; there is, or could be, a difference of a million casualties or more. It isn't only that the blast effect of the Bikini explosion

was bigger than any ever before achieved by man. Of even greater significance is the question of radioactive fallout, about which mankind has been hearing so much of late—and none of it good—from scientists. Few people know that the true H-bomb, in which the final result is the fusion of hydrogen atoms, creates very little radioactivity. *The dangerous fallout as we know it today, and the fallout that rained death on the Fukuryu-Maru eighty miles east of Bikini in 1954, is the result of the fission of uranium-238.*

DR. LAPP reached his conclusions concerning the nature of the Bikini explosion without recourse to any restricted information. His was an adventure in pure scientific research. In his February, 1955, article he presented charts and graphs which made it possible for any scientist to deduce the truth about the Bikini bomb. His work, and the unhappy fact that a boatload of Japanese fishermen presented living—and dead—evidence of what had occurred, forced the Atomic Energy Commission to admit that whatever kind of bomb it was that shook the air above Bikini, it *did* produce a fallout of lethal effect. (The fallout area for Bikini has been officially put at 7,000 square miles, but some sources estimate a possible 100,000 square miles for larger models of the same weapon.) But still the A. E. C. withheld more knowledge than it gave out.

Meanwhile Washington newsmen were getting curious—and nosy. In March, 1955, one of them asked the President outright whether the bomb exploded a year before had in fact been a U-bomb. The President refused to answer, referring the question to Admiral Strauss, chairman of the A. E. C., who also refused to answer. But by now the lid was off. Ed Diamond of International News Service wrote the story of the U-bomb after a thorough job of research on Japanese scientists' reports on the bomb's effects. The Washing-

ton *Post* broke the story. *Time* broke the story. The American Broadcasting Company broke the story. But the New York *Times*, known for printing "All the News That's Fit to Print," was completely silent. Among newsmen, there were a good many who wondered why. One possible explanation offered itself. The story should have been the property of the *Times's* William L. Laurence, widely regarded as the patriarch of American newsmen in the science field. But Laurence, according to reports, is on friendly terms with Admiral Strauss, and Strauss was seemingly determined, in the face of overwhelming scientific evidence, to go on insisting that no such thing as the U-bomb exists. As late as April, 1955, Mr. Strauss said of the U-bomb: "I have seen some pieces by columnists using that expression, but so far as I am aware, there is no such weapon."

That same April, Senator Mansfield of Montana published in the *Congressional Record* an independent study of his own summarizing the scientific evidence that proved that such a bomb did exist. Still no word from the *Times*. In the May issue of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*, British physicist J. Rotblat presented the evidence outright, in easy-to-understand terms. He described the "so-called hydrogen bomb [as] in reality a fission-fusion-fission bomb." And on June 3, Dr. Willard Libby, a member of the A. E. C., made a speech at Chicago in which he referred to a nuclear explosion that could release "ten megatons of fission energy."

Finally the *Times*, nine days after the Libby speech, ran a story about the U-bomb—a story not by science writer Laurence, but by Washington staff man Anthony Leviero, who had never before given any indication in print that he knew an atom from a peanut-butter sandwich. It was a comprehensive, clear story which gave an excellent description of the U-bomb structure. But why did Le-

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Dr Libby referred to a 10,000,000-ton weapon that released energy by fission rather than fusion. This indicated that ordinary, cheap Uranium 238 was the major explosive content and was responsible for fall-out over a vast area.

Super-Weapons Possible

The significance of this is held to be enormous. To physicists it means that Russia or any other country able to make ordinary atomic bombs can, with a little more effort, create super-weapons of the megaton class. The great complications and expense hitherto associated with the manufacture of the thermonuclear bomb thus become negligible.

Moreover, this cheaper weapon is tremendously more deadly than a pure hydrogen bomb. The

Authorities of the highest competence have assured this writer that no such uranium bomb exists or could exist, as a fundamental law of nature makes it impossible. This law is that Uranium 238 cannot sustain a chain reaction.

Recently there has also been concern over the mention made by Dr. Willard F. Libby, member of the Atomic Energy Commission, of a "ten-megaton fission bomb," which was taken to mean the Uranium-238 "fission-fusion-fission" bomb. In this case also the writer has been, authoritatively assured that no such fission bomb actually exists, and that Dr. Libby merely mentioned it as hypothetical weapon

This emphasis by Commissioner Murray on the enormous quantities of radioactive strontium released in the explosion of the thermonuclear weapon, as compared with the relatively small amounts released in the explosion of even a large fission bomb, makes it abundantly clear that the so-called "hydrogen bomb" derives most of its explosive force from the fission of uranium 238, used as a casing for the fission-fusion-fission weapon. For it is an established fact that no radioactive strontium can be produced by the fusion of the heavy hydrogen into helium.

While information about the radioactive fall-out from the ex-

N.Y. Times, June 13, 1955

N.Y. Times, July 10, 1955

N.Y. Times, Nov. 18, 1955

On June 13, 1955, Anthony Leviero of the New York Times reported a speech by Dr. Libby referring to the existence of a bomb of which "cheap" U-238 forms the main explosive content. A month later William L. Laurence, writing in the same paper, reported that such a bomb is "impossible." Four months later Mr. Laurence changed his mind.

viero write it? Where was Laurence?

It wasn't long before Laurence turned up. Strauss was still denying the U-bomb, but his position was getting more difficult. It was obvious by now that there was no longer justification for secrecy; what one American scientist could find out, working literally with only a pencil, a slide rule and incomplete public data, a whole battery of Russian experts must long since have deduced. From Strauss's point of view, a counterattack seemed to be called for; and, as it happened, a counter-attack came, in the *Times*.

On July 10, Laurence, in an article dealing with the manifesto issued by Bertrand Russell, Albert Einstein and other scientists, noted that "recently there has been reckless speculation about a so-called U-bomb . . . a contraption described as a fission-fusion-fission bomb." The U-bomb doesn't exist, he wrote, because "a fundamental law of nature makes it impossible . . . U-238 cannot sustain a chain reaction." That last statement is true, as it happens; but—as was carefully explained in Laurence's own *Times* less than a month before—there is no question of U-238's ever sustaining a chain reaction. The U-238 in the bomb is fissioned, not by a reaction inside

itself, but by neutrons given off in hydrogen fusion. It's as though you told a friend that you had chopped down a tree with a double-bitted axe, and he were to argue that it's impossible, because trees don't split by themselves. A few paragraphs later, Laurence dealt with the Libby speech by saying that he, Laurence, had been "authoritatively assured" that "no such fission bomb exists," and that Libby was only talking about "a hypothetical weapon to illustrate a point."

Thus, in the earlier passage, Laurence calls the weapon "impossible," blocked by a "fundamental law of nature"; but a few passages later a member of the A. E. C. and a world-renowned scientist himself, speaking to an audience of scientists, is using this fundamentally impossible weapon as a working hypothesis!

William Davidson, research associate in physics at the Institute of Nuclear Studies, University of Chicago, was disturbed enough to write the *Times*, which published his letter on July 31. It read in part:

Laurence calls "pure fantasy" the speculation that the uranium-237 found in some fallout analysis was produced from uranium-238 by very energetic neutrons. It is not clear what is pure fantasy. The (n, 2n)

reaction which produces U-237 is well known; the presence of U-237 in the fallout is known, and U-237 is not found in nature.

Still, it's doubtful whether Davidson's letter went far to counteract the effects of Laurence's piece, which was widely reprinted in other papers, and even inserted in the *Congressional Record*. The *Times* was now in the curious position of having published, during all these months of controversy, two U-bomb stories: one an excellent analysis of the facts about the U-bomb, written by a newsman with no scientific background at all, and the other a completely contradictory story filled with scientific error purporting to "disprove" the U-bomb, written by the widely-known science writer on the *Times* staff.

But the saga is not yet finished. Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, the A. E. C.'s only holdover from the days before the Great Crusade, has been agitating to let the Russians take a good look at one of our bombs—to invite them to our next test series as a "show of force." Despite the opposition to the plan by his A. E. C. colleagues, Murray has been making public speeches urging the adoption of his suggestion.

Admiral Strauss has been reported as seeking more power over his colleagues on the A. E. C. From his point of view, it might seem as though the time had come for the insistent Murray to get a spanking. The spanking came from Laurence in the *Times* of November 18. Laurence wrote that Murray "has revealed one of the major secrets in making the bomb." The nature of the major secret? The fact that the weapon is actually a fission-fusion-fission bomb! Murray, wrote Laurence, "made it clear that the so-called hydrogen fusion bomb is actu-

ally a very large fission bomb." Though this is almost a direct quote from Rotblat's May article, there was no denial this time from Strauss; nor did anyone mention that Laurence himself, a few months earlier, had written that "a fundamental law of nature" rendered such a weapon "impossible."

Laurence's article, basically an attack on Murray, referred to facts about the U-bomb that had been widely known for a year; yet it was reprinted widely under headlines like the one in the *San Francisco Chronicle*: "Times Says AEC Mem-

ber Revealed H-Bomb Secret!" Laurence went on in his article to explain what the bomb is and how it works—the same explanation that Leviero had given *Times* readers five months before, and which Laurence himself had branded as "impossible." And as an additional ironic note, it might be pointed out that the *San Francisco Chronicle*, so free in headlining Murray as a revealer of vital secrets, had itself revealed the same "secret" some months earlier. For the *Chronicle* had reprinted the Leviero story from the *Times* of June 13, 1955.

BILLIONS FOR INSECURITY

Part III of The Big Guns . . . by Matthew Josephson

[This is the concluding section of Mr. Josephson's three-part study of America's new huge military establishment and its impact on our political and economic institutions. The articles have already created so much interest that the editors have decided to reprint them in a single pamphlet. For details see page 77].

THE COUNTRY has been hearing again of the extravagances of our military-procurement bureaus. Last spring the reports of the bipartisan Hoover Commission investigating the executive branch of government were featured in the newspapers under headlines such as: "Billions Wasted in U. S. Surpluses," "Navy Stocks 60 Years Supply of Hamburger." From week to week the press also carried stories that have come out of committees of Congress under headings such as: "Navy Jet Gamble Cost 320 Millions," "Quarter Billion Spent to 'Modernize' 2-Year-Old Planes."

The commission, after much searching, discovered what many people have long suspected: that there are at least 16,000 duplicating jobs in the administrative branches of the Defense Department. As a result of this highly bureaucratic condition, and of the continuation of separate purchasing agencies for the three military services (suppos-

edly unified by law in 1947), there is a pile-up of excessive stocks of every kind, food, clothing and military supplies, at depots scattered throughout the world. In the case of some items in use by all three services, procurement officers have built up reserves sufficient for twenty or thirty years, and in one instance for 128 years! For example, the navy, in its crowded warehouses, possesses supplies of certain uniforms for so long a period ahead that they may be out of fashion before they are needed. In one depot the navy was discovered to have cornered 11,000,000 oyster forks—virtually a world monopoly—purchased during the dark days of World War II, and surely sufficient for the consumption of shellfish delicacies at officers' messes for a whole century to come!

A military-procurement officer confessed to one congressional committee that "there is a squirrel in every army and navy purchasing agent." The instinct to store is inevitable in one who fears that he may at some future date be blamed for not having quite enough of some articles—though never for having too much.

In his recently published memoirs, Truman wrote that in his days as a Senator charged with investigating the defense program, he learned that "army and navy professionals seldom had any idea of the value of money.

They did not seem to care what the cost was." General Somervell himself said, before a congressional committee, that in the emergency of war "the last thing I think about is the money cost."

TO BE SURE, all warlike enterprise involves waste, most of all of human life. In this matter of materiel the most serious waste occurs through the swift obsolescence of elaborate and costly war machines. Here, as Truman reported to the Senate during World War II, "money is thrown away with a scoop shovel." A contract may be awarded for several squadrons or wings of heavy bombing planes; within a year or two the whole lot, costing hundreds of millions, may be declared obsolete and thrown on the scrap heap. Former President Herbert Hoover and Secretary of Defense Wilson have expressed hope that—without weakening the military program—more efficient business methods could save us \$2 billion annually, or about 5 per cent of the military budget. Yet there are powerful influences at work that make for continued waste, since the very wastefulness of our military institution, America's biggest "consumer," is certainly bound up with the maintenance of our cycle of prosperity.

The good American consumer

breeds prosperity by the swiftness with which he discards his one- or two-year-old Cadillac, a mink coat, or even last year's blonde, and replaces them with new and improved models. Our Defense Department has done almost as well in the case of the great military-aircraft industry. After the peak period of World War II most aircraft companies lost about 90 per cent of their military business. It has been publicly admitted that the air force, in the immediate postwar period, made efforts to keep the plants of some companies going with orders for aircraft already considered obsolete by experts. Among them was the B-36 bomber, which Admiral Radford publicly denounced as "slow, vulnerable, expensive." Today, since the great build-up of our air force that began in 1950, the major companies are flourishing again, blessed with "cushy" contracts, a gross business volume of over \$7 billions, and profits after taxes twice as high as those of World War II.

Many persons often wonder what becomes of the billions of dollars worth of military airplanes which are declared obsolete. After World War II the tourist, driving across Arizona, could see off in the distance a remarkable desert mirage: hundreds of giant military planes left to molder at a dumping ground. Since then, according to reports, the air force has devised a great "guillotine" which is set up at airplane dumps and rapidly reduces the aircraft to scrap metal. The "guillotine" no doubt plays a very important part in our current economic boom.

The cost of military equipment has risen fantastically since World War II. At that time it cost \$19 million to outfit an infantry division; today \$80 million are needed to pay for added supplies of trucks, artillery, bazookas and a whole variety of new military "hardware." The cost of equipping an armored division has risen five-fold since 1944, and now amounts to \$200 million. Approximately two-thirds of the huge \$43.6 billion military appropriations for 1953 went mainly for "hardware" produced by American industry, and for major procurement contracts. Some skeptical commentators have referred to these appropriations as "a giant public-works program in military disguise." It has been estimated that such sums, if

expended annually, could perhaps raise the standard of living of the ill-nourished two-thirds of the human race—1.5 billion human beings—from a state of semi-starvation to a condition of relative good health within a relatively short time.

THE PAST decade of prosperity and economic growth has brought forth many published encomiums for the American system. We have been patting ourselves on our capitalistic backs with a spirit as self-congratulatory as that of the "eternal-prosperity" season of 1929. We have raised the real earnings of our workers (if not of our farmers); our wealth, our technology, our high standard of living are the wonder and envy of the world. On this theme many writers on political economy, such as J. K. Galbraith, Sumner Schlichter and A. A. Berle all sing in unison. Even former radicals now eulogize the "new capitalism" of America. According to an article in *Fortune* for September, 1952, it is the apostates of New Deal reformism or radicalism who now "hold in awe our business civilization . . . which has exhausted the dreams of its utopian critics." One of this sort wrote recently that he has seen the light at last because "many of the evils I saw [in the 1930's] have been corrected. Our nation is more prosperous than ever before in its history, and prosperity is more widely distributed. . . . How our high standard of living has been brought about and whether it can be maintained are questions to be looked into." But he does not look. Nor do the others in the numerous writings that have appeared lately in honor of our "new era." It is as if the authors are ashamed to mention our \$40 billion armament programs.

Yet there is nothing mysterious going on. If one chooses "the right father-in-law" and is endowed with a fine wife, a home, a sound business

with profits assured for many years ahead, prosperity is inevitable. It is a decade now since American capital has been wedded to Miss National Defense, whose genial papa, with his star-spangled hat and striped trousers, provides for everything out of a bottomless pocketbook. That the marriage of big business to our military establishment has made for prosperity should surprise no one. Up to 1940 our brilliant industrialists had spent a whole long decade, during the 1930's, in a state of almost complete funk. That American capital should have recovered and grown rich under the economy of the greatest of world wars and the long cold war should be, in itself, no occasion for lavishing praises upon our present-day entrepreneurs for "vim," "vision" and "venture." Indeed, the distinctive thing about the American system is the manner in which, year by year, its resemblance to "free enterprise" is disappearing. Today the system leans increasingly on government paternalism, direct and indirect subsidies and tax remissions so encouraging to capital investments; it is, in short, a state-aided economy dependent in great measure upon the continuance of large public expenditures for arms.

This form of government spending is now thoroughly acceptable and morally justified by the same conservative spokesmen for capital who used to protest so bitterly Roosevelt's extravagance in aiding the unemployed. But can it last? There have been moments of foreboding, as in 1952, when it was seen that the Korean War would soon be brought to an end. "Unfortunately, the possibility of a dramatic reduction in the arms budget cannot be dismissed as an idle bogey," wrote one authoritative commentator, J. K. Galbraith (in the *N. Y. Times Magazine*, June 22, 1952). He added, "Were peace to lead to a general cutback in private investment, while savings for the sake of personal security continued to increase, there could easily be trouble." But the arms budget continued to rise in 1953 and remained upon a high plateau thereafter.

Full production and full employment, stimulated by the military program, have created a great boom in consumers' goods as well as in durable manufactures and building construction. The boom has been



accompanied by an admittedly dangerous expansion of installment loans and mortgage debt, providing an inflationary pressure which our money and banking authorities struggle to control. Even the most optimistic now report *excess capacity* in some sections of industry. Our economic condition has been defined recently by a financial writer (in the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*) as that of a person "long accustomed to taking drugs." Proposals are heard more often nowadays of certain peaceful alternatives to our arms program, such as building roads and clearing slums at home, or furnishing far greater economic and technical aid to backward nations abroad. Yet such measures are considered more or less "immoral" by the great interest groups still dominating our body politic. Their abiding hope is still placed in the high plateau of arms expenditures, the "permanent defense cycle" interrupted only by brief intervals of "peace."

TEN YEARS have passed in cold war; more than \$300 billion have been spent in those years by the federal government for purposes of national defense and foreign military aid. But have we been made *safe*?

For about five years after the last world war our strategy for national defense depended on our possession of a monopoly of the A-bomb. In order to deliver such missiles our military centered attention upon the development of air power, and particularly of its long-range striking force, the Strategic Air Command (SAC). Indeed both our military strategy and our foreign policy depended almost entirely on preparations for an atomic air *offensive* against the country's one potential enemy whose identity everyone knows.

As the British in former times found the upkeep of a great navy less burdensome politically than that of a standing army, so in the United States it was assumed that our SAC could police the most distant trouble-spots in the world without bringing the heat and dust of battle to too many sons of people with votes. The chairman of the House Military Appropriations Committee said in 1948:

If there would be another war,
January 28, 1956

DAILY MIRROR, TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1956

A Warning on Excessive Spending

Tells Ike's Fear Of Dictatorship in U.S.

A warning by President Eisenhower that excessive defense spending might wreck the nation's economy and lead to dictatorship was revealed here Monday night by Defense Secretary Wilson.

which God forbid, we know who it would be with. The air force would decide it in three weeks. While the navy and army would never reach Moscow in three years. . . . If we must spend money, let us spend it for modern weapons to meet changing conditions.

Our air generals had sold the whole country on atomic air power as a "deterrent." We laid out our globe-girdling chain of air bases along the periphery of the Communist world from which even bombers of medium range could deliver atomic bombs to vital points of the potential enemy's territory. We equipped aircraft carriers as "mobile islands" for atomic planes; designed and built intercontinental bombers of 10,000-mile radius which could take off from the United States and return. Thus everything turned upon offensive action, while nothing of consequence was done to defend the air over our homeland. It was urged always that defense against air attack would be, on the one hand, ineffectual, and on the other probably unnecessary—thanks to our power to administer total destruction anywhere with the speed of sound. Field Marshall Montgomery's saying that defense against air attack was "like trying to stop a flood with a picket fence" was often cited by the exponents of strategic air offense.

When our atomic bomb became neither a secret nor a monopoly, we turned to the even more lethal H-bomb, and continued to count upon our supremacy in the air, our superior technology in aircraft.

To defend the skies over our own heads, all over broad America, we did little, at first, but allot a minor portion of our air power to the Continental Defense Command

which even today has only about twenty-five wings (some 2,000) of jet-powered interceptor planes, to which may be added several hundred reserve planes of National Guard air units. Informed members of Congress, in touch with military affairs, have repeatedly warned that such a force, even backed by a widespread radar warning net, is wholly inadequate to protect the country. In the last year or two we have extended radar early-warning stations to the sub-arctic zones of Canada and Alaska, set up "Texas islands" off our coasts, and have begun to strengthen ground-to-air defenses through building elaborate guided-missile emplacements—called "Nikes"—near big cities and military centers.

However, recent reports before a House subcommittee by some of our leading scientists in the field of weapons research, such as Dr. A. G. Hill, Dr. Vannevar Bush and President J. R. Killian of M. I. T., reveal that such automatic ground-to-air missiles may be counted upon as only 10 per cent effective. British military experts' opinion of "Nike" and similar guided missiles is even more discouraging and suggests that they are but short-ranged (some thirty to sixty miles) and could not follow attacking supersonic planes very far. There is also the difficulty that much time would elapse between discharges of these missiles—they are not designed for rapid fire. Our radar warning instruments, as of 1953-1954, have also been described by our leading technicians as disappointingly weak and inaccurate in signaling movements of very high-flying, supersonic planes. Extensive, time-consuming improvements are needed in radar instruments, ground-to-air missiles and air-to-air missiles.

(These are now said to be under way).

The alarming truth that came out of the June, 1945, hearings before the House subcommittee on Research and Development, transcripts of which were released only recently, was that our offense-minded air generals, the "big-bomber" men, had actually discouraged efforts to devote more attention, time and money to home defense. (Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, as one of the government's leading scientific advisers up to 1952, was among the strongest advocates of more research and expenditure for the defense of America—which the "big-bomber" generals feared would reduce appropriations for the battleships of the air.) Dr. Vannevar Bush testified in June, 1954, that our ground-to-air defenses of the home sky against possible atomic air attacks are "one or two years behind what they might have been." This is certainly not an overstatement. Both Dr. Bush and Dr. Killian asserted that we could have gone very much further in strengthening defense if more money and effort had been allocated to such studies by our military strategists. We could have raised ground-to-air defense five- or six-fold, with the ultimate hope of reaching 90 per cent of effectiveness, instead of the 10 per cent level we have so far achieved. In the event of some failure of our offensive schemes, should we not have a stoutly held defensive base to fall back on?

Our air force strategists, however, decried the "defense-minded" spirit, as the scientists testified, and stressed always the need for more universally devastating offensive power. General Curtis LeMay, chief of the SAC, has been a "marvellous salesman" for atomic air offense. Our bias in favor of strategic air bombing and for heavy bombers let the Russians get ahead of us, at least until recently. Scientists earnestly pleaded that Congress give more heed to air-defensive preparation—a large undertaking—which would need "several years" of hard work. Our military establishment, now concentrated mainly upon air offense, was like a fighter with a knock-out punch and a glass jaw, Dr. Oppenheimer has said.

In the spring of 1955 news came that the Russians had definitely turned to building a long-range air force, including trans-ocean bomb-



ers. On May Day in Moscow foreign military attaches witnessed a most impressive demonstration flight of "two whole squadrons" of jet-powered T-37's (heavy bombers) estimated as equal or possibly superior to our newest and most powerful bomber, the B-52. Such planes, it was calculated, possessed the range and altitude needed to reach any part of the United States, and at supersonic speed. What was more, our own new-model bombers were as yet in scant supply, only a handful or two of them having passed beyond the testing stage. A veritable panic spread in Washington at this news.

Only a few weeks earlier, in April, Secretary of Defense Wilson and the Secretary of the Air Force, Talbott, had assured Congress that we had the air situation with regard to Russia "well in hand." But in early June, after the news from Moscow, air force representatives rushed to Congress with urgent demands for an added \$358 million appropriation for speeding up the output of B-52 jet bombers. It was necessary, they then testified, "to reestablish the margin of our air supremacy over Russia." The Russian accomplishments in the last ten years in the field of air weapons, he remarked soberly, was "a phenomenon of military history." It would need three more years before our own B-52s were in full production.

"If we have to reestablish the margin of air supremacy over Russia, then we have lost it," declared Representative James Flood, of Pennsylvania, in a speech before the House on June 9, 1955. What had happened to America, the most powerful and most advanced industrial nation, with all our technology and "know-

how"—what had happened, Flood asked, that the children of Russia, that benighted and enslaved land, should surpass us in air power?

We had possessed a monopoly of the "secret" atomic bomb and lost that; we had had air supremacy and lost that. We were by no means powerless (especially in view of our ring of air bases adjacent to Russia and China), but we knew that we had no adequate defense as yet for our homeland, or possibly even for its air-power centers, against jet-bomber attack. The idea of a stalemate in technical arms gathered more force in May and June, 1955, than ever before.

THE GREAT turn toward a policy having as its goal some form of co-existence came in the month that followed, at the Geneva Conference of July, 1955. Overshadowing in importance all agreements to agree or disagree was the more or less private exchange of assurances between President Eisenhower and the Soviet rulers that neither country desired to initiate a thermonuclear war against the other.

However, the growing will-to-live of millions of cold-war-weary people seems to collide constantly with the immovable force which is our giant Military Establishment. And behind the establishment's impressive formations of warrior-bureaucrats and experts-in-destruction stand their hardly less powerful allies of America's \$40 billion weapons industry, who seem to live mainly for the "permanent defense boom." Are the leaders of our so-called New Capitalism—who make such claims to enlightenment and inventiveness—and our leaders of government, as well, really so blind that they can conceive of no peaceful alternatives with which to sustain the nation's growing capital investment? Yet it is their covert pressure for the prolongation of the cold war that has transformed the great diplomatic instrumentality of our State Department into a wholly military mechanical-computing-brain that knows only how to reason in terms of "massive deterrents" or "brink-of-war" schemes. Here surely is the core of the problem—the danger area—upon which must be focussed an aroused public opinion and all the thought of leaders of opinion who have courage equal to the tasks of peace.

The Unfinished Civil War

THADDEUS STEVENS. By Ralph Korngold. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$6.

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT. Last Full Measure. By J. G. Randall and Richard N. Current. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$7.50.

THREE YEARS WITH GRANT. As Recalled by War Correspondent Sylvanus Cadwallader. Edited by Benjamin P. Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.75.

By Harry Barnard

IN A seemingly endless and ever widening stream, books on the American Civil War keep coming, and now we have a Civil War Book Club devoted to this literature alone. This is not bad per se, for the Civil War was a great event, one charged with great meaning and lasting consequences for American life, having been in truth what the Beards called it, a "second American Revolution." But from an adult point of view, there are complaints to be registered, one being that too much of this literature narrowly concentrates on the war itself, as a war, or on the personality of Lincoln or his generals if not on Lee and his generals; whereas what is needed by now is more light on the problems the war did not solve and which still trouble the American conscience, in particular the problem of the Negro's status.

Why, we must ask in this connection, is there still a violent spirit of nullification, rebellion and even secessionism in the South over the Negro, in the wake of the Supreme Court anti-segregation decisions, and this disquietingly and disgustingly almost 100 years after the war? At bottom and despite all the other issues—the tariff question, the Pacific railroad, states' rights, etc.—the war was fought over Negro slavery and

HARRY BARNARD is the author of Rutherford B. Hayes and His America and Eagle Forgotten: The Life of John Peter Altgeld. He will publish a biography of the late Senator James Couzens of Michigan in the spring.

ought to have resulted by now in a working out of a settlement of the status of the Negro in accord with our professed national ideals. Obviously it hasn't. Certainly Governor Byrnes, Senator Eastland and the men who contrived and condoned the intentional breakdown of law enforcement in the murder of the Till boy in Mississippi do not recognize any such settlement, with precious few leaders of public opinion even in the North raising voices to instruct them otherwise.

If not many of the Civil War books throw light on this matter, being too much concerned with "the blue and the gray" and sentimentalism in general, this is not true of Ralph Korngold's study of the Pennsylvania congressman and intellectual leader of the reconstruction radicals, Thaddeus Stevens. Probably this book will not greatly please many of the Civil War enthusiasts, those "students" of the era whose chief purpose is to "go back to childhood and play with tin soldiers," in the candid admission of Ralph G. Newman, head of Chicago's Abraham Lincoln Book Shop and president of the Civil War Book Club. But Korngold's book is, nonetheless, one of the most important in this field that we have had. It is this precisely because it is not in the least escapist Civil War literature, but a book that deals competently and at times brilliantly with the big problem of why the war left the Negro problem a festering one.

A SOUND interpretation of Stevens, one putting him in his right perspective and correcting the ugly distortion that his forthrightness on the Negro question so passionately caused and still causes in many historians, has been needed. In the *Dictionary of American Biography* sketch of him, Allan Nevins concludes that Stevens was "a sinister figure," though the sketch itself does curiously little to support such a judgment. Claude G. Bowers knifes Stevens through and through and up and down in *The Tragic Era*, the slashing all the more devastating be-

cause Bowers' chapter on Stevens is the most brilliant of that truly brilliant piece of writing about reconstruction, so well written that one is made to forget, almost, that it is more polemic than history.

It is a wonder, in truth, that Stevens could be rescued from Bowers' attractively cruel portrait, but I am satisfied that Korngold has done it. He does not slight certain unpleasant aspects of Stevens' personal nature. Indeed, judging from his own evidence here, I think he has been in some instances too hard on Stevens personally, in an effort, no doubt, to forestall the charge of being partial. Nor does he do enough by way of explaining Stevens' personality or how he came to be what he was intellectually. But he does masterfully correct the unfair portrait of Stevens as "sinister" and as a misanthropic "vindictive," motivated in his "reconstruction" views by irrational hatred of the South, by base politics or by a personal life that caused him to be scorned as a "nigger lover." This was the line taken by the most artful and heated professional Southerners while Stevens lived, and historians have done their craft a disservice by keeping up the slander.

More important than setting the picture of Stevens right, is the uncommonly clear beam that Korngold throws on the reconstruction controversy. He shows that a big reason why "reconstruction" was so botched, or left a matter for drifting to this day, was the refusal of the nation to solve the problem of the freed Negro sensibly and affirmatively. Only a few leaders like Stevens wanted a serious solution; most simply wanted a return to the status quo, or as near it as possible, which attitude played into the hands of the former secessionists. This explains why the battle to get the South as a whole to recognize full rights for the Negro has to be fought all over again in this generation.

Usually, Stevens' role is told in relation to President Johnson, in whose impeachment he was a leading figure. But Korngold more wisely, with a resultant greater insight, tells it mainly in relation to Lincoln. The result is more clarity

about Lincoln's views on slavery and the freed Negro than will be found even in most books about Lincoln, mainly because, as Korngold correctly says, Lincoln's attitude "is generally misunderstood, owing to the fact that, with few exceptions, Lincoln's biographers appear to have been anxious to obscure it rather than clarify it." No truer and more damning criticism of much Lincoln literature could be put.

It is highly interesting, as Korngold develops the picture, that the solutions for the Negro problem that Lincoln and Stevens really felt keenly about were equally extremist. Lincoln, who had to be pushed into issuing the Emancipation Proclamation (Korngold presents some provocative analysis on his real motives for issuing it), did not believe that the Negroes could ever be assimilated into American life as equals. His favorite solution was to remove the Negroes from the scene altogether. He was for having them migrate in a body to some other land, preferably in Central or South America. On the other hand, Stevens' favorite plan, rather than being one of immediate enfranchisement and immediate political power for the blacks (as usually his attitude is put), called for giving the freedmen, along with emancipation, plots of land ("forty acres and a mule") so that they could be economically free and influential. He saw that political freedom lacking an economic base was pretty nearly meaningless. What angered the South, and also frightened many Northerners was Stevens' idea that land for the freed blacks should come from confiscation of the Southern plantations as a war measure.

Neither solution attracted much support, being equally too radical—just as the Morgenthau plan for handling Germany after World War II got little support, for the same reason. Compromise and moderation were the mood of the country after the Civil War (as has been the case with regard to Germany also) and one of the results is that our Negro citizens are still not free, in the large sense, in the South, though because of economics (Stevens' idea) they will surely become so, despite the Byrneses and Eastlands.

I FOUND IT especially profitable to read Korngold's analysis of Lin-

coln's true, unobscured attitude on the Negro problem just after going through the last of the four-volume biography that Professor Randall had planned, *Lincoln The President*. This volume, though highly praised as a "scholarly" study, in contrast to Carl Sandburg's more impressionistic work no doubt, is pale stuff in comparison with Korngold's penetration and illumination. Perhaps the fault lies in the sad death of Professor Randall, a fine and true scholar, before he himself could complete this volume. As it was, Dr. Randall finished only about half of the manuscript, and the book was finally put together by Richard N. Current. This is seldom satisfactory, and Professor Current undoubtedly labored under handicaps not all his own. Anyway, I think this volume does not add much to understanding either of the Civil War or of Lincoln, except to underscore what adults already should know, and what Richard Hofstadter, among the "scholarly" workers on Lincoln, has done better than any to emphasize in his *American Political Tradition And The Men Who Made It* (besides revealing that a "scholar" in this field need not be a dull writer)—this is that the conventional Lincoln story is largely political myth-

ology. Even so, work like the Randall-Current volume makes one almost prefer the mythology; certainly it will not upset the hold of Sandburg's great work, which in its content is really just as scholarly, with style and artistry added values.

THREE YEARS WITH GRANT is an example of the kind of Civil War literature referred to at the beginning of this review. The Civil War enthusiasts who want to play soldier may eat this up, but it is trivial and often boring. It consists of the recollections of an egocentric newspaper writer set down many years afterward and even less reliable—crotchettiness shows through it all—than his reports at the time. The best parts, mainly relating to Grant's drinking sprees (and so what?), already have been well used by Louis M. Starr in the really important book on the Civil War newspapermen, *Bohemian Brigade*, only recently also published by Knopf. The rest are so unimportant and uninteresting as to explain why Cadwallader's manuscript was left to gather dust for years in the archives of the Illinois State Historical Society. The hullabaloo that has been caused over it by the Civil War brethren merely confirms the main point of this essay.

Paying the Doctor

MEDICAL CARE FOR TOMORROW. By Michael M. Davis. Harper and Brothers. \$6.50.

By Winslow Carlton

THE SCIENCE of medicine in the United States has been changing at an accelerating rate, and no one can foresee the end. Coincidentally, the economic and social aspects of medical care have also been changing, although here the effects are less dramatically evident than in medicine itself.

These conditions make the task of the medical economist-sociologist difficult in the extreme, and it is a brave man who undertakes to forecast the character of America's medical care in the future. Michael Davis is well known for his courage. In this

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long and, for the most part, closely written book, he describes many of the changes that have taken place during the past quarter century, and in the closing hundred pages he projects what he believes are the major trends into the future.

Not all his readers will agree with Dr. Davis' interpretations of the facts, nor, for that matter, with his section of the most significant trends. His position on health insurance has long been a matter of public record; his office is widely recognized as the G. H. Q. of the forces for national compulsory health insurance. In this book, he seeks to explain and justify his position. It is altogether the most reasonable and best documented exposition of that point of view to appear.

Necessarily, the picture Dr. Davis presents is refracted by his convictions. It seems to this reader (who must admit to having refractive errors of his own) that he unduly

depreciates the mass job that has been done over a short space of time, scarcely two decades, by Blue Cross, Blue Shield and the standard insurance companies, and that his account of the part played in the development of health insurance by organized medicine is too blankly negative. His corresponding enthusiasm for the group-practice prepayment plans is flagrantly uncritical, and he tends to sanctify the organized consumer, who is a pretty good fellow, right enough, but on the record not free from all error.

Nevertheless, much of Dr. Davis' analysis of the fundamentals of medical care is impartial and illuminating. Especially enlightening is his description of the normal attitude toward health services:

A few persons like to be doctored, but most people seek medical care because they want its results, not because they enjoy the process. . . . Medical care is a necessity, but it is an undesired necessity.

This simple statement cuts through yards of cant about the way American families spend their money. The "undesired necessity" is under a grave handicap when competing

with desired nonessentials for cash in the average family's pockets. Today, in this country, the gap between all that contemporary medicine can do to improve and maintain health, and the effective demand for health services, is less the product of inability to pay than it is the result of substitute spending. To alter that pattern is one of the principal reasons for health insurance.

For all that he takes a generally dim view of the way things are going, Dr. Davis does not advocate revolution in medical care.

"What we want," he writes toward the close of the book, "is expedited gradualism, expedited and directed by those who view medicine not merely as a healing, or even a preventive agent, but as one of the chief creative and reconstructive forces which physical, chemical, biological, psychological and social sciences are now marshalling for mankind."

Allowing for his bias, Dr. Davis gives informative accounts of the development of American health insurance, the growth of government medicine and the course of legislation, proposed or enacted, that bears on medical care.

Once Over Crossly

JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW.

By J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

By William Goyen

"WHY choose America, then?" J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes ask the reader in the preface to their exchange of memoranda on the American Southwest.

"The answer is," they respond to themselves, not waiting for any other, "that if you wish, as we did, to compare some of the earliest men with some of the latest, to make a contrast between two very different ways of life, the American Southwest offers you an opportunity not to be found elsewhere. For there, neighboring states, are New Mexico and Texas. In New Mexico some of the earliest inhabitants of America made their homes; and their successors the prehistoric Basket Maker and Pueblo

Indians have left in their mesa-top villages and cliff-dwellings some of the most remarkable remains of any primitive people in the world. . . . Just across the state line from New Mexico, warmed by the same hours of sunshine, may be found the latest men, living in what are for their size the richest and most rapidly expanding cities in our Western world. If our newest urban civilization cannot be found here, then where can it be found?"

To us they come, then, Mr. Priestley and Mrs. Hawkes, to apply to the Southwest their pre-fabricated philosophy of mass *Gestalten*: "Admass" (Advertising enslavement), "Hashadmass" (fake foods), "Nomadmass" (drive-in culture). From hotel and motel they write their sybilline and pharisaic memos to each other.

Mrs. Hawkes does manage to write poetically and sometimes perceptively about Indian life, the Santo Domingo Corn Dance, the basalt caps and the porphyry cliffs under and round which the old ladies who

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WILLIAM GOYEN is the author of *In a Farther Country*, *Ghost and Flesh* and *The House of Breath*.

January 28, 1956

are her hostesses whizz her at seventy miles an hour. On her own she takes her assignment seriously, if sometimes cholerically, and brings to it her knowledge of primitive cultures without theory or gimmick to pound a point. But she has teamed up with a collaborator who wants to make show business and gag out of a subject which he is pretending to examine seriously, as though he did not trust it to carry as subject-matter on its own terms, without hoke. He is constantly in bad humor. The food is dreary and insulting, hash and mash, nothing authentic; there is no wine at lunch in the basement at Southern Methodist University where some professors try to feed him; and how can a man lecture afterwards on *The Theatre* to "untidy lads and wide-eyed girls" when he has had no wine with a lunch of "wet tuna fish looking like little globs of wet cement, half-drowned salad, and some sort of ice-cream stuff—disgusting?"

The local guides to our two rain-bow-travellers try hard to do the right thing by their visitors, but they talk too much, their official cars are too big and too much of a traffic problem, their hotel rooms are too noisy; the parties, professors, interviewers, friendly citizen-hosts too stupid, uncivilized, tiresome, shallow. Mr. Priestley, particularly, appears to have had one of the most miserable visits on record. "Remember," he writes to "J. H.," "that I too, as I hope I have proved more than once, love the Southwest, am nearly as deeply devoted to it as I am to my own Britain. These are great regions; they deserve the good life."

Mr. Priestley and Mrs. Hawkes are distempered by the excrescences of what is, nevertheless, an extraordinary social culture. An evaluation of such a curious revelation of folk behavior as they experienced in Texas and New Mexico must take into compass those roots which certainly lie, among other places, at the source of folk needs, in realms of folk lore, and have historical coordinates in the progress of man. It is true our highways are ugly and our automo-

biles outsized. Still, the authors have wilfully indulged in exaggerating effect, while purporting philosophically to consider cause and to relate it to the peculiar divagations of the human being. Lacking philosophic wit and a sense of life, their observations become harangue and fustian, there is no organic tension to hold them together, no sinew that provides shape and balance. Though Mrs. Hawkes, on the New Mexico

side, struggles to balance impulsive bias with informed meditation, and facile jokes with thoughtful rumination, Mr. Priestley, strangling on his side as he flails and thrashes in shallow water, is so noisy that we cannot clearly hear her fainter cries from the deeper currents where she is trawling up some significant catches, nor much care to, under the prevailing exhibitionistic circumstances.

Art

A. L. Chanin

"CUBISM 1910-1912," at the Sidney Janis Gallery (to February 4) will rank as one of the two or three finest gallery presentations of the entire season. About thirty carefully chosen canvases, borrowed from European as well as American sources, pinpoint the moment of greatest advance—analytical cubism—of the most revolutionary art style in twentieth-century painting.

In less than fifteen feverish years, from 1907 to 1921, cubism broke drastically with representational art. It injected new concepts of form so decisive that they also affected sculpture, architecture and even applied design. Both in its after-effects, such as geometric abstraction, and in its counter-effect (for example, realism has been forced to search for new vitality of form and composition), cubism's chain reaction is still unwearyed.

Apollinaire, the poet laureate of modern art, in 1913 saluted the style as "the most audacious that has ever appeared. It has posed the question of what is beautiful in itself. . . ." Kahnweiler, a tyro dealer who sponsored cubist painting as early as 1908, wrote in 1915 that "every talented young artist will have to come to an understanding with cubism. He will have little chance of getting along without it, just as a contemporary of Titian in Italy could never have reverted to the style of Giotto."

History has borne out Kahnweiler rather than Kenyon Cox, an academy painter who complained in 1913 that "the real meaning of this cubist movement is nothing else than the total destruction of the art of painting. . ."; or the bogeyman theory of

art history propounded in the best-selling book on modern art in the thirties, that cubism represents "trifles sold to gullible louts by peddlers like [Gertrude] Stein." Some louts; some peddlers!

The early stage of cubism transformed the outer surface of an object; the so-called analytic phase probed far more deeply. In it, outer surface changes gave way to an X-ray-like depth and transparency. Background, middleground and foreground fused simultaneously into one organic unit; forms were taken apart, analyzed and then reassembled into a complex network of lines, planes and space; an increased counter-play of darks and lights added a mysterious drama of depth. At this point the paintings reached the farthest they were to go toward abstraction, while still retaining a reference to objects.

PICASSO and Braque, the initiators of the movement, created its most profound pictures. Picasso's portrait of Kahnweiler is a tightly controlled maze of planes and angles, reinforced by the power of radiant lights receding and advancing and contrasting with deep, shimmering dark notes. Braque, as in his masterly still life, *Homage to J. S. Bach*, is at once fluid and rigid, free and ordered and sparkling with grace and luminosity, as he composes variations on the form of a violin.

Juan Gris is more poised, precise and calculating, offering a detached, compact cubism. Leger exploits larger forms, and, as a prelude to his later clanging color, already manipulates brusque yellows, reds and

Coming in February

Heinrich Heine: 1856-1956

by Mina Curtiss

blues. Jean Metzinger and Albert Gleizes (who collaborated on the first book on cubism), Jacques Villon and Louis Marcoussis, while all authors of striking canvases, are less original than the key inventors. Their work suggests that cubism, like all fertile art movements, inspired and revitalized lesser painters.

Two paintings in the show, although dating within the period, nevertheless look ahead to steps beyond cubism itself. Robert Delaunay's famous window theme rejects the general color austerity of Picasso and Braque, to flood the canvas with vibrant, lilting colors, and to merge the planes of window and buildings into an almost pure abstraction. Mondrian's grey-toned *The Sea* is remarkable for its rhythm of undulating, horizontal wave forms, which foretell a logical next step from analytical cubism to geometric abstraction.

A spectacular inclusion is Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*, which was target for most of the bricks hurled at the Armory Show. A precocious achievement by a painter then under twenty-five (who later abandoned painting for chess, dada anti-art gestures and compositions in glass) it still holds up as one of the most memorable compositions of the entire movement. As a demonstration of the almost incredible rise of prices for modern art, it may be mentioned that Duchamp sold it in 1913 for \$250 and that it is now insured for \$50,000.

LIKE most art films, Luciano Emmer's *Picasso* confuses art and general film technique and fails to solve the subtle problem of presenting painting on the screen. The camera hops about the pictures like a grasshopper, across, up and down, perhaps in fear that the art, unassisted by animation, might bore the viewers. Rarely does the director pause to show a composition in its intended entirety. This anxiety for liveliness falsifies the art shown. A painting is an organic ensemble; it is not meant to move, or to compete with a film, or be "jazzed" up like an animated cartoon. Surely, sensitive direction can present a full painting, give a composition the chance to speak for itself and still avoid a stilted or static screen image.

A still greater sin, in the present instance, is committed by the narra-

January 28, 1956

DAILY MIRROR, TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1956

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A warning by President Eisenhower that excessive defense spending might wreck the nation's economy and lead to dictatorship was revealed here Monday night by Defense Secretary Wilson.

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tion. This follows a sectarian party line on modern art. When Picasso approaches naturalism, his work is lauded as humanistically expressive, and truly art. When cubism is presented, or later departures from naturalism, the scenario hurries by as if discovering a skeleton in the artist's closet; for here, says the true word, art is in danger, it approaches chaos. Then, behold, the artist takes a step toward realism once more, thus bringing modern art back from (Picasso's) fumbling to (Picasso's) true greatness!

Inevitably, this attitude presents a dilemma when *Guernica*, the great mural dealing with the Spanish Civil

War, is shown jumpily. Its theme is heart-warming to all who hate war and destruction, and so the mural is highly and deservedly praised. Yet *Guernica's* force and power is achieved precisely through the kind of distortion—or, rather, the artist's emphasis, selectivity, inventiveness and economy—condemned earlier by the narration.

The film becomes truly exciting in the second half, when Picasso is seen at work. Stocky, lively, spurred on by his creative force, he moulds a ceramic or a flowing, dancing figure on a wall. The magic of watching a great artist and dynamic personality at work is irresistible.

Films

Robert Hatch

AS PERHAPS everyone knows by now, Lillian Roth is a popular singer who suffered for several years from acute alcoholism, recovered with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous and is now enjoying wide applause as a brave woman and an excellent entertainer. She wrote a book about her experiences, which is what reformed drunks commonly do, and this has now been turned by M.G.M. into a movie of uncommon good taste and understanding.

Credit for the decent tone of *I'll Cry Tomorrow* must go to Helen Deutsch and Jay Richard Kennedy, who adapted the book for the screen; and even more to Daniel Mann, who directed it, and Susan Hayward, who plays the lead. They have admitted the pathos of the story, but excluded the sentimentality; and somehow they have managed a saving reticence in a situation that demands gross violation of privacy. Honest respect and honest affection for Miss Roth are what keep the picture on its admirable level.

As a document, the picture has its merit and its defect. It may enlighten people who still do not know that alcoholism is a disease, with definable causes like any other disease. But Miss Roth's case is hardly typical (at least as here described). She reacted to alcohol like a flame in a room full of oxygen: she was a drunkard after the first drink and a flophouse derelict within months.

Of course, she was the perfect victim (her mother destroyed her self-confidence in a morbid drive for success, and her sweetheart died on the eve of the marriage that was to be her justification and haven), but I hope that *I'll Cry Tomorrow* will not be used to revive the old prohibitionist myth that alcohol is a deadly poison. On the other hand, I wonder how many alcoholics are going to take comfort from the fact that their journey to skid row is slower and more decorous than Miss Roth's. In a sense she was lucky—she didn't waste much time.

Good as it is, the picture seems to me a curious form of entertainment. Whatever you may read in the comic strips, drunks are not amusing; they are terrible bores, and Miss Roth was no exception. The picture has no suspense and little conflict, for the cards are hopelessly stacked and the heroine goes down like a felled heifer. It is a morbid appetite that will get much recreation here.

The picture has a couple of specific lapses. One of these is the character of Miss Roth's second husband, played by Richard Conte. I think he was insane—he appears to entertain a pathological hatred of drunks—but he is allowed to drift out of the picture after several quite horrible scenes with no real explanation of his behavior.

The other lapse is the manner of introducing Alcoholics Anonymous.

Miss Roth, driven by remorse and weakness to suicide, cries out at the last moment to God for help. A second later she is seen climbing a brownstone stoop toward a small placard lettered "A. A." How much religion the directors of this valuable agency introduce into their therapy is their business, but I am made uncomfortable by this assumption of divine sponsorship. Eddie Albert, as the A. A. leader, gives a brilliant portrayal of a revivalist-psychiatrist.

THE ENGLISH are a body of Anglo-Saxons almost completely surrounded by Celts. This fey encirclement could account for the fact that, along with their celebrated gifts for government and trade, they enjoy the faculty of crediting the incredible. Psychical disturbances and telepathic communications are always assured of respectful attention in England, not only from the populace, but at the universities and in the astuter journals. A year or so ago, a husband-and-wife mind-reading act was "investigated," somewhat to its own astonishment, by a learned group headed by the late C. E. M. Joad; at present, some of the nation's best minds are attempting to reach conclusions about a series of virgin births claimed by some enterprising English ladies.

In this atmosphere, a picture like Ealing Studios' *The Night My Number Came Up* may cause the hair of an audience to start like quills upon the fretful porpoentine. A military type has dreamed a fearful dream in which a plane-load of assorted passengers, specifically inventoried, crashes after a series of weather mishaps at a remote point on the Japanese coast. Lo and behold, a plane carrying just such a company soon finds itself flying through just such storms and comes to grief in the exact paddy field so remarkably foreseen. Since most of the passengers know of the dream, there is naturally a good deal of anxiety en route, and since the astral communique included no list of casualties, the picture builds a good deal of alleged suspense. However, if you don't subscribe to kismet or the infallibility of dreams, the laborious and humorless dovetailing of fact with fancy may put a sad damper on the melodramatic tingle. Michael Redgrave plays the ranking officer aboard with indescribable restraint.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE INTEREST at the concerts of the Symphony of the Air under Leonard Bernstein is not only in the music and performances but in what is happening to the orchestra and to Bernstein. What is happening to the orchestra is the inevitable: changes in players, and therefore changes in the playing. A year ago the Symphony of the Air was still the NBC Symphony in personnel, and played still like the NBC Symphony—with the discipline, the unity, and consequently the precision, finish and tonal beauty, that had been achieved by the years of rehearsing and playing under Toscanini. This year, with a number of new players and with no Toscanini to drill them and fuse them into the ensemble, the Symphony of the Air is no longer the NBC Symphony, and therefore no longer sounds like it. That is to say, the orchestra which Bernstein conducted at the recent Mozart concert was an aggregation of players of virtuoso calibre, responsive and fine-sounding; but it was not the one he conducted a year ago, and did not produce the fabulous refinement of execution and sonority one heard then.

As for Bernstein himself, during much of the evening he operated within the limits he seems to accept when he conducts Mozart. And the results were admirable: a tremendously powerful performance of the slow introduction of the Overture to *Don Giovanni*, followed by a brilliant performance of the Allegro; a graceful, warm and exquisitely modeled performance of the lovely Symphony K.201; and sensitively adjusted orchestral contexts for the singing of Jennie Tourel in three arias. In these Bernstein revealed the specific gift for conducting opera, most impressively in his dealing with the preliminary recitative of the aria *Ch'io mi scordi di te* K.505. And in this aria he also played the obbligato piano part very effectively, giving the elaborately ornamented melodic writing superb rhythmic continuity and dramatic force.

This brings me to the concluding work of the concert, the Piano Concerto K.453, in which Bernstein played the solo part, conducting the

orchestra from the piano. The concerto, as I observed a couple of weeks ago, is one of the greatest in the series; and its first movement, a supreme example of Mozartian instrumental high comedy, calls for playing that points up its sharp-witted animation. It got such playing from the orchestra that prepared the listener for the entrance of the solo piano; but from Bernstein, when the piano entered, it got a lingering and melting over the melodies, a softening of their sharp contours, a finicky inflection, that sentimentalized them and reduced them to miniature. In the Andante, one of Mozart's most extraordinarily organized and affecting slow movements, a poignant opening statement recurs several times, played now by the orchestra, now by the piano, and pausing each time before an extended sequence of thought takes off from it. This opening statement not only was lingered over excessively by the orchestra but was sentimentalized beyond endurance by Bernstein on the piano. And in the finale the suddenly hushed and ominous variation in minor, with syncopations that create powerful tensions, was played by Bernstein in the finicky miniature style of the first movement. The fussy playing, moreover, was done with much rolling of the wrists and much hunching over them by an intensely swaying body. What it all adds up to is that in the concerto the seemingly irrepressible exhibitionist in Bernstein had himself a time after all.

The two other arias that Tourel sang besides *Ch'io mi scordi di te* were the beautiful *Zeffiretti lusinghieri* from *Idomeneo* and one I had never heard before, *Al desio di chi t'adora*, which Mozart wrote for a later production of *The Marriage of Figaro* in Vienna, and which seemed to me to fall below the level of the earlier incandescent writing in *Figaro*. As for Tourel's singing, it was small in volume and projective force but flawless in tone and phrasing.

EVEN LESS frequently played than Mozart's Piano Concerto K.453 is K.503, which Gieseking plays with the London Philharmonic under

Rosboud on Angel 35215. Here the infrequency is more understandable; for the first movement of K.503 doesn't begin with a theme as delightful and exquisite as the opening statement of K.453, and doesn't continue with invention as immediately appealing as one hears in K.453. What sets the first movement of K.503 apart from the others is the grandeur and majesty of its opening section—"a majestic assertion of . . . C major by the whole orchestra," in the words of Tovey, "with mysterious soft shadows that give a solemn depth to the tone." And these mysterious shadows of delicate woodwind textures after the initial radiance of the entire orchestra—the second time with a wonderful shift to C minor—are subtleties contrived for the eighteenth-century ear that may escape some listeners today. Another such subtlety is created with a reiterated rhythmic figure, which in the opening ritornello is carried to a point where it is trumpeted forth on the note G and leads to C minor: when the orchestra trumpets forth those G's again at the beginning of



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the development, they are answered in breathtaking fashion by the piano's reiteration of the figure on the note B, in a sudden shift to E minor that is the first of a series of such bold modulations.

The grandeur and majesty are heard in the orchestral part; but Gieseking makes of the piano part another of his finely chiseled miniatures. The dramatically powerful first movement of the Concerto K.466 on the reverse side impels him to achieve more force, but a force that is not sustained—sometimes not

even as far as the end of a phrase.

WHEREAS Urania, a year ago, gave us the suite and the symphony that Prokofiev made out of the substance of his score for the ballet *The Prodigal Son*, Vox PL-9310 now gives us the original ballet score in its entirety. It includes some of Prokofiev's finest writing—notably the music for the scene of the prodigal alone after he has been despoiled. The excellent performance by the New York City Ballet Orchestra under Barzin was recorded in an overly live studio.

can come only when a feeling of confidence and good will can take the place of distrust, fear and hatred. Senator McMahon's Five-Year Plan offers the prospect that the next generation of our young men will not be trained in the art of destruction. Under such a plan the primary function of the United Nations will be, not the prevention of aggression, but the promotion of understanding, cooperation and well-being among all mankind.

FRANK F. POTTER.

Pullman, Wash.

Correction on Kenya

Dear Sirs: There is one important fact in the editorial of Mr. Edgar Snow in your issue of October 29 which I feel should not go uncorrected. The statement is made that in Kenya 4,000 Europeans own 16,000 square miles, while a million Kikuyus hold only 2,000 acres of land once exclusively theirs. The actual size of the Kikuyu land unit is 1,964 square miles, not 2,000 acres. Of the 16,000 square miles which comprise the "White Highlands" in Kenya, about 4,000 square miles is forest reserve which exists for the benefit of all races in Kenya.

However, it is the figure given in regard to the Kikuyus which is more important. Very little, in fact, of the "White Highlands" was ever exclusively Kikuyu land. Not less than 9,000 square miles was land which until the coming of the European was unoccupied except for intermittent grazing by the Masai. Most of this was acquired from the Masai by treaty. Of the 3,000 remaining square miles, most also was genuinely uninhabited, but it was found that an area of about thirty square miles which was Kikuyu land had been alienated in circumstances in which compensation was due to the tribe, and this was paid.

There is, of course, no doubt that the growth of the Kikuyu tribe, due in large measure to the cessation of tribal wars, improved health services and greater economic opportunity has caused them to press very heavily on the land available to them. It is the over-grazing and over-population of this land which has reduced its fertility, rather than the fact that it was poor in the first place. The policy of the Kenya government has been to encourage the culling of poor stock, to open up new areas for African settlement by irrigation and the destruction of tsetse flies and to improve their agriculture by teaching them new crops and new methods.

A. CAMPBELL,
Colonial Attaché,
British Embassy.

Washington, D. C.

Letters

The McMahon Five-Year Plan

Dear Sirs: In an address before the Senate February 2, 1950, the late Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut, chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, made the following proposal: "We now spend about fifteen billion dollars for armaments. Why not offer to take two-thirds of this sum, or ten billion dollars, and instead of amassing sterile weapons use it to foster peace throughout the world for a five-year period? Why not offer to spread the annual ten billion dollars over three programs: President Truman's Point Four proposal, development of atomic energy everywhere for peace, and general economic aid and help to all countries, including Russia? Such a global Marshall Plan might combine with the marvelous power of peacetime atomic energy to generate universal material progress and a universal cooperative spirit.

"In exchange for our own contribution of ten billion dollars annually, we would ask: (1) general acceptance of an effective program for international control of atomic energy, and (2) an agreement by all countries, enforced through inspection, that two-thirds of their present spending upon armaments be devoted toward constructive ends. Administration of the annual ten billion dollars which we offered to make available would be carried out through the United Nations.

"Such a proposal, if advanced by our government, might vividly bring home to all the world's population—in a manner far more successful than we have so far used—the profundity of our desire for peace. It would accomplish this result even if it accomplished nothing else. If the proposal were actually accepted, we would have concluded the cheapest monetary bar-

gain in our history; we would have probably saved mankind from destruction by fire; and we would have paved the way toward a new era of unimaginable abundance for all men, based upon atomic energy constructively harnessed."

At the close of his speech Senator McMahon received the congratulations of his colleagues, but his proposal never came to a vote. Five years have passed. The policies of "containment" and "massive retaliation" have failed. NATO still has only a documentary existence. A policy of "liberation" is quixotic, to say the least.

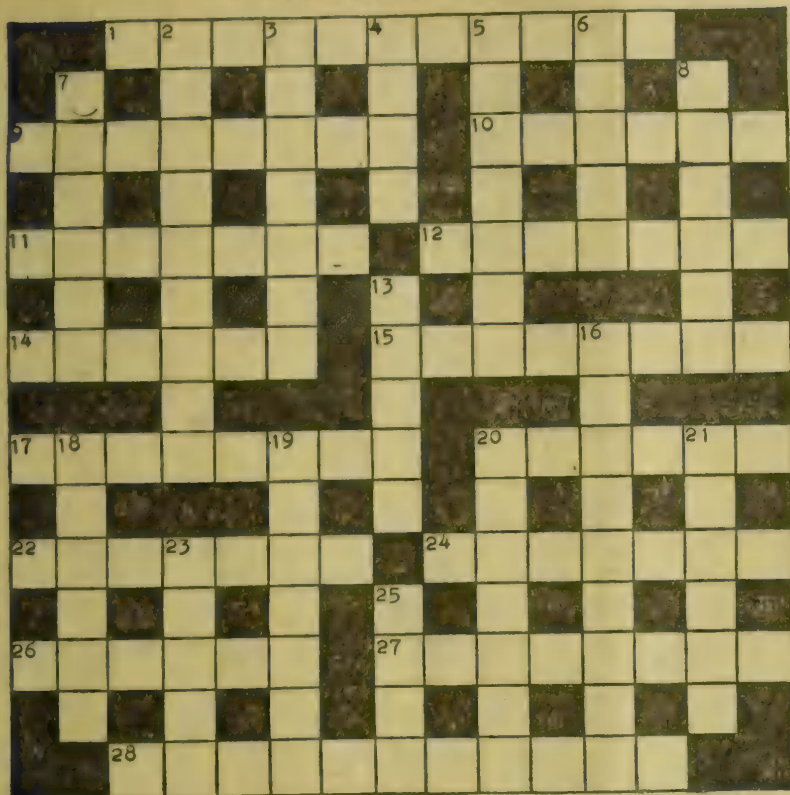
Is it possible, now that the international climate is changing, for the makers of our foreign policy to give serious consideration to Senator McMahon's Five-Year Plan? May not such a plan be incorporated in the platforms of our two political parties in the coming election? I assume that the men of the Kremlin and the Pentagon are sane and that they realize that the destruction of Hiroshima marks a crisis in the history of civilization. They would subscribe, I am sure, to the words of William James that "when whole nations are the armies, and the science of destruction vies in intellectual refinement with the science of production, I see that war becomes absurd and impossible from its own absurdity."

The recognition of this fact is the very core of any future international ethics. The Machiavellian policy of exclusive self-interest must be radically modified in the light of modern conditions where, as Senator McMahon observed, "only one-third of the world's 2,200,000,000 people receive enough food to sustain life on a decent basis. The other two-thirds live continuously at the margins of starvation."

Disarmament and the resulting peace

Crossword Puzzle No. 656

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 An untimed, if unusual, way of getting on (and on!) (2,9)
- 4 A birdie is the main sort in a round of golf. (8)
- 10 See 3 down.
- 11 Only the oldsters will remember it as a drag and vary its makeup. (7)
- 12 Ran amok behind bars, and caused slaughter? (7)
- 14, 13 down, and 20 across Evidently not aware of the sudden change. (One shouldn't be, particularly if the line is busy!) (6,2,3,6)
- 15 Standing round giving first aid? (8)
- 17 Always found in seafood when hot, perhaps. (8)
- 20 See 14 across.
- 22 They hang on the rocks—let's put the little devil inside! (7)
- 24 Tells how they attend class at some schools. (7)
- 26 See 7 down.
- 27 Minds, when this, could make it be done differently. (8)
- 28 Not exactly a shop steward, but he might be expected to supply a certain amount of counterintelligence. (11)

DOWN

- 2 Just the sort of steelwork to hold back the play, in part? (9)
- 3 and 10 across Stairs that go up 1 across? (7,6)

- 4 and 25 down Pressing business, perhaps. (8)
- 5 Left in a swell mess! (7)
- 6 Combination that sometimes covers the whole field. (5)
- 7 and 26 Gets better and worse at the same time, but the going should be good. (5,7)
- 8 Go up, but stay away from the outside of the office. (6)
- 13 See 14 across.
- 16 In a way, loiter about a bit, with one of the old marines. (9)
- 18 Draw out, or tie up several numbers inside. (6)
- 19 The result of treeing one or two, for example? (7)
- 20 Genuine, since really it doesn't have any support. (7)
- 21 Make a firm 6 with men and so forth shuffled around. (6)
- 23 Your option might be to take nothing more than a sort of this. (5)
- 25 See 4 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 655

ACROSS: 1 SCALES; 5 OBSERVE; 10 TRAINBAND; 11 LOANS; 12 OUTLIVE; 13 RUCTION; 14 GOING; 16 OTHERWISE; 18 DISCREDIT; 20 EAGLE; 22 and 5 POINT OF ORDER; 24 ATTICUS; 26 NEATH; 27 SPATIALLY; 28 SCENTED; 29 EASTER. DOWN: 3 and 2 LANDING CRAFT; 4 STATEHOOD; 6 SPLICER; 7 REALIZING; 8 ESSENCE; 9 STRONG; 15 INSURGATE; 17 HIT PARADE; 18 DAPHNIS; 19 RATCHET; 20 ENTAILS; 21 ESSAYS; 23 FUSED; 25 CHLOE.

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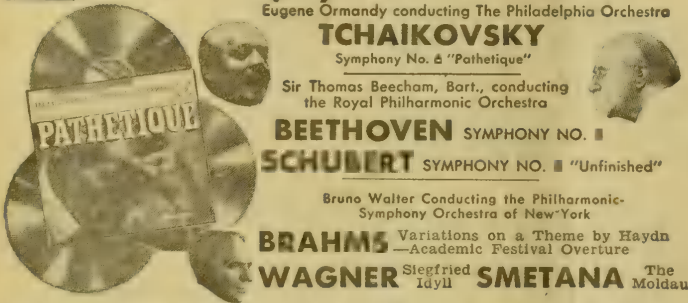
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
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

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
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
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
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THE *Nation*

FEBRUARY 4, 1956

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Russia's Role in the U. S.-China Deadlock

by Harold Greer

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OFF THE EDITORS' SPIKE

■ From Life's much-talked about article, "How Dulles Averted War," which we now know was "shortened and edited and approved" by its editor-in-chief Mr. Henry R. Luce, one learns that Mr. Dulles' grandfather, John W. Dulles, was once Secretary of State. Without benefit of Life's nearly infallible research staff—"three errors and you're out" is the rule up there—we can state categorically that it was Mr. Dulles' grandfather, John W. Foster, who succeeded Blaine as Secretary of State (1892-1893).

■ On only two occasions since the Spanish Civil War has Pablo Casals played outside of Prades, the French-Spanish border town in which he has settled as a voluntary exile. Earlier this month he played in Puerto Rico, the birthplace of his mother. Last week he played with the Vera Cruz Symphony Orchestra in Mexico. Many of his devoted admirers here are pointing out to him that Carnegie Hall is much closer, as the crow flies, to Vera Cruz than it is to Prades. But in other ways the distance is much greater: Mexico still recognizes the Spanish Republic; the United States, on the other hand, has never been closer to Franco than it is today. Undoubtedly this fact is uppermost in Casal's mind as he listens to the entreaties of his American friends. And another factor which he must weigh is this: if he wanted to come to the U. S., would he be permitted entry? Musicians who once carried low-number Nazi membership cards may be persona grata here, but premature anti-Fascists are in a different category.

■ Recently Carson-Newman College of Jefferson City, Tennessee, a small Baptist institution, applied for and received a grant of \$202,900 from the Ford Foundation to be used in payment of faculty salaries. Checking back, we discovered that Congressman B. Carroll Reece, who has been baiting the foundations in general and the Ford Foundation in particular, is an alumnus of Carson-

Newman, class of 1914, and for the last six years has served as one of its trustees. Dr. D. Harley Fite, president of Carson-Newman, assures us that the trustees approve the application and that Mr. Reece was "elated" when it was granted. Really, now, Mr. Reece, isn't the money tainted if half the things you have said about this particular foundation are true?

■ The Salute to Eisenhower dinners may well mark a revolution in campaign techniques. One-minute TV pickups were brought in from dinners at Los Angeles, Boston, Portland, Atlanta, Cleveland, Houston, Detroit, Des Moines, New York and Chicago. Then Mr. Eisenhower's familiar face appeared on the TV screens and banqueters at sixty-three rallies in fifty-two cities were able to watch him as he delivered his address. This remarkable feat was made possible, of course, by closed-circuit TV. Widely used nowadays for all sorts of industrial purposes—it permits the boss to spy on the performance of employees at distant points and utility engineers to make remote readings of water gauges at steam power-generating stations—closed-circuit TV differs from the broadcast variety in that the latter sends images over the air waves while the former generally uses electric cables. Closed-circuit or industrial-type TV cameras and monitor receivers are smaller than similar broadcast equipment and can be handled with much greater ease. Closed-circuit TV, with the back-and-forth exchanges and switches which it makes possible, is likely to revolutionize campaign techniques.

■ On the score of electronic miracles, the Supreme Court must now decide whether listening in on a two-way radio channel falls in the same legal category as tapping a telephone wire. The court has agreed to review an Arizona case involving the use of two-way radio communication by a cotton grower to alert his Mexican fieldhands to the approach of Immigration Service inspectors. A radio monitor for the F. C. C. picked up the warning message and it was introduced in evidence against the cotton grower. To William Whyte's question of some years back, "Is Anybody Listening?" the answer must now be, yes, indeed, everybody's listening.

■ The new set of officers who were recently elected to head the New York local of AFTRA (see The Nation, September 3, 1955, and December 31, 1955) have asked Representative Francis Walter of the House Committee on Un-American Activities to prove his charge that "a militant Com-

munist faction" is at work in the union. The constitution of the union bars Communists from membership. The new president of the local, Charles Collingwood, also challenges Walter's assertion that reports of blacklisting in radio and television were phoney charges manufactured by the Reds. "If the committee really thinks that the only people in the entertainment industry who are disturbed by the excesses of the blacklisting system are Communists or their dupes," Mr. Collingwood said, "then it is laboring under a misapprehension. Concern over the manifest inequities of the blacklist is shared by the overwhelming majority of the performers and by, one suspects, a large proportion of the employers as well. The blacklist is dying and the present officers and majority of the New York local board of AFTRA intend to do everything they can to assist the process."

■ That vigorous conservationist, Senator Richard Neuberger, may turn out to be Madison Avenue's "man-of-the-year." From Tide (January 28) one learns that the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company has placed an eight-page, \$240,000 ad in Reader's Digest for February. Tide notes that the ad is "particularly well-timed not only in view of unfavorable publicity the timber industry is receiving from the current Senatorial investigations [into possible exploitation of government land] but in view of the upcoming House investigation into conservation."

C. McW.

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The Shape of Things

Propaganda Gambit

The Soviet proposal for a twenty-year friendship treaty with this country was offered, one may be sure, with no anticipation of acceptance. But dismissing the proposal as "propaganda" does not deprive the Soviets of the advantage which accrues to them from making it. Good propaganda is based on an appraisal of the wishes, hopes and aspirations of those to whom it is addressed. The propaganda effects of a statement cannot be countered, therefore, simply by pointing to its inconsistencies and ambiguities. Mr. Molotov's statement in Prague that he found it hard to understand "how anyone can refuse a treaty of friendship" may well make a more profound impression on the sections of world opinion to which the Soviet proposal was addressed than the President's temperate and dignified reply. The President wisely left the door open to further direct exchanges but even so one may doubt that his reply countered the effect of the Soviet proposal. It was not enough, for example, for the President to point out that the proposed treaty simply restated obligations which already exist under the United Nations charter. To many people the execution of a bilateral accord between the two great powers at this time would be interpreted as a development of enormous importance. Hence the President's reply should have gone a step further and suggested the conditions on which we would be willing to conclude a treaty of friendship or it might have included the draft of a more far-reaching and meaningful proposal.

The President might also have used the opportunity to reject a form of reply repeated so often that it has become a cliché of American diplomatic correspondence: the notion, that is, that we are justified in demanding "deeds not words" before we will negotiate with the Russians. The purpose of most negotiation is to get the parties to agree to do certain things; the performance of deeds is the result and not the precondition of negotiation. We put ourselves in an untenable position, therefore, when we continue to insist that the Soviets, as an evidence of good faith, abandon their position on the German question in favor of ours before we will negotiate the question with them. By taking this position, we not only permit them to use us as the "straight men" for their propaganda: we appear to be saying that we want not a settlement through peaceful negotiation but unconditional surrender on the key issues. It is time we abandoned a form of reac-

tion to their propaganda gambits so stereotyped that it might be described as a conditioned reflex.

Neo-Nazism in Colombia

The U. N. Commission for Human Rights was recently presented with a lengthy dossier on Colombia which deserves greater public attention than it has so far received. President Rojas Pinillas has declared vast regions of the country to be "zones of military operations"; in these zones, contrary to the Colombian penal law, military tribunals have been established to deal with charges of subversion not only against military personnel, but against civilians. Defendants have no right to counsel, and the burden of proof rests upon them rather than upon the prosecution. The denunciation of a single individual has in some instances led to the arrest of several hundred persons charged with "conspiracy against the government." Any sign of unrest among the peasants—as, for instance, a show of resistance against the widespread extortion practices of corrupt local officials—may result in the forced transport of whole communities to other areas. Estimates are that at least 50,000 men, women and children have been so transported and are now living in "exile" in the regions of Sumapaz, Oriente and Sur de Tolima.

The democratic trend in Brazil, marked by the election of President Juscelino Kubitschek, has apparently frightened the Rojas Pinillas regime into tightening its repressive measures. Few independent newspapers have been able to survive the press censorship. *El Tiempo* is the Colombian equivalent of *La Prensa*; its publisher, Dr. Eduardo Santos, former president of Colombia, is now in France and his newspaper, a stalwart opponent of the excesses of the Pinillas regime, has been suppressed. The French press recently gave Dr. Santos a demonstration of warm sympathy, but so far the world has proved blind to the great suffering of tens of thousands of his countrymen.

Monopoly: a New Concept

The Federal Communications Commission has adopted a new theory of monopoly. The commission has denied the application of the company which owns the Madison *Capital-Times* for a TV license in Madison on the ground that this same company also owns the city's other newspaper and a local radio station. An application by the company that owns the McClatchy newspapers in California (*Sacramento Bee*, *Fresno Bee* and *Modesto Bee*) for a license to operate a TV station

in the area served by these papers has been denied for the same reason. The *Capital-Times* and the McClatchy newspapers are among the few independent dailies of significant influence published in Wisconsin and California today. They would also have to be included in any list of the dozen or so best independent dailies in the country.

In denying these applications the F. C. C. may have followed the letter of the law; if so, the law is a strange one and is being inconsistently applied. For the one VHF channel allotted to Madison has been granted to the Murphy interests, which enjoy monopolies in six cities of which Madison is not one. Acquisition by them of the valuable TV outlet in Madison strengthens their monopoly position in the communications field; it will also strengthen the Republican influence in this field. Elsewhere in Wisconsin, six Republican newspapers, each enjoying a local monopoly, have been jointly granted a license for the only TV outlet in the area. The Ridder interests have a newspaper monopoly in Duluth, but also managed to acquire a TV license. The Cowles group, with a newspaper monopoly in Minneapolis, and the Ridder interests, with a newspaper monopoly in St. Paul, jointly own a TV outlet servicing the Twin Cities. Is the F. C. C., as presently constituted, only sensitive to independent monopolies? And why does it adhere to such a narrow concept of "community" in an age of television and radio? In view of the advantage which one of the two major parties already enjoys in the field of mass communications, common sense if not the Federal Communications Act would seem to dictate the wisdom of encouraging a few independently-owned, or "countervailing," monopolies. If monopoly is necessary to survival; then we should encourage a diversity in them if only to offset, in some small degree, the overwhelming dominance of interests friendly to the Republican Party in the mass-communications field.

What Makes Prosperity

In a recent published monograph on "The Economics of Employment and Unemployment," Paul H. Casselman of the University of Ottawa remarks: "Only twice in history has capitalism achieved full employment and in each case a war or the threat of war was responsible. The supreme test will take place when the economies of the world depend on normal effective demand to maintain themselves, and when artificial stimulant of economic activity by war, the threat of war and the preparation for war has ceased." This, of course, was one of the lessons about the American economy which Matthew Josephson sought to drive home in his series in this magazine on *The Big Guns*. It is also one of the lessons which the American electorate ought to keep in mind this election year.

Economist Casselman also has some things to say which are relevant to Richard S. Leghorn's article on page 89 of this issue. One of Mr. Leghorn's theses is

that the "mass mobilization base" concept to which this country is geared has a stultifying effect on our foreign trade, which in turn affects adversely our own long-range economy as well as that of nations wanting to trade with us. Mr. Casselman warns that no country is exempt from the consequences of tariffs, trade barriers, surpluses or other catastrophes overseas—and he reminds his readers that not all American business slumps have been of indigenous origin; some resulted from depression in Britain and Germany. The argument for free trade is based on enlightened self-interest, and it holds good on every level—political, economic and military.

France's Republican Front

The election of the veteran Socialist, Andre Le Troquer, as President of the French National Assembly indicates clearly enough what the election returns had already shown—the Left today dominates France. It was, however, the votes of the Communists which enabled the strongly anti-Communist Le Troquer to win his victory, and the durability of the next French government is likely to depend on two factors: the willingness of the Mendes-France Radicals and the Socialists to accept Communist support, and the willingness of the Communists, on their side, to yield it. The Communists have already made their decision on this point. At a meeting which preceded the official session of their National Committee two weeks ago, they established that their new tactic would be to support a Republican Front government even if they do not form part of it.

The attitude of the Mendes-France Radicals and of the Socialists is another question. Guy Mollet, Socialist Premier designate at the time this was written, has so far shown no indication of retreating from his traditional position of opposition to any deals with the extreme Left. Mendes-France, more cautious, has never committed himself so thoroughly; after all, he relied upon the Communists on more than one important issue when he was himself Premier. These men, if they want to form a Republican Front government, have only two choices before them: they must accept Communist support—at least in the sense of not rejecting it—with all that this implies, or they must move sufficiently to the Right to win a majority on the other side of the chamber. And on this latter point Mendes-France, at least, is most thoroughly committed. Before the elections and since, he has said that he will not forsake principle to win office. In his stand he has the ardent support of Francois Mauriac, Catholic leftist and Nobel prize winner, who in *L'Express*—Mendes-France's own paper—has expressed himself bitterly against yielding to what he termed "reaction's blackmail."

This is the situation at a moment when France faces a most grave crisis in Algeria. The first session of the new Assembly underscored the urgency of the problem: thirty empty seats awaited deputies from Algeria, where no election could be held because large areas are in an active state of revolt. Most of the French press—both

the Right and the Left—give the new government two months at the outside in which to do something to avert catastrophe. In France today all other problems pale alongside the North African one.

Elections in Greece

A foreign-aid program designed to stop communism by alleviating poverty is one thing; the kind of foreign aid we have given to Greece, by and large, is quite another. Despite the hundreds of millions of dollars the U. S. has poured into that country, most objective observers agree that the Communist Party is showing surprising strength as the day approaches (February 19) for the Greek national elections. Communist propaganda is particularly intense in the heavily populated regions of Epirus and Thessally, where widespread hunger has created just the right atmosphere for a heavy "protest vote." According to official Greek figures, 35 per cent of the country's population is underfed, underclothed and without proper housing. What the statistics do not show is that this one-third of the people has become extremely skeptical of government promises to "improve" conditions.

The Communist-oriented E. D. A., as a political party, has an additional advantage as the elections approach: the government parties are themselves split between the supporters of Constantin Karamanlis, head of the present caretaker Cabinet, and the late Marshall Papagos, whom Karamanlis succeeded. There is talk of a "People's Front" in Athens, and even Venizelos, head of the Democratic Liberal Union, seems not averse to some agreement with the E. D. A. The result of the Greek elections may turn out to be as surprising as those recently held in France. If they do, the American taxpayer will surely be entitled to ask: "What's happened to my millions?"

A Man Called Peters

In an early and unsavory chapter of this country's history, one Abigale Peters, the presiding judge of the Salem assize, wrote a letter protesting the witchcraft trials. Three hundred years later, Dr. John Peters, a descendant of the judge, was protesting the witchcraft trials of the Washington assize. It appears that the Peters family is as stubbornly addicted to dissent as America is to witchcraft (of one kind or another). Dr. Peters was dismissed as consultant to the Surgeon General's Office in 1953 on loyalty grounds. He fought back and in June, 1955, the Supreme Court ruled that the loyalty reviewing board had erred in ordering his discharge, since he had been cleared previously by two other boards.

The Peters decision was one of the first of the series of set-backs which the current witch-hunt has been receiving from the courts. At the time of his ordeal, Dr. Peters was senior professor of medicine at Yale University, internationally known as a biochemist; he was

also a leader in the movement for the improvement of medical care and for the expansion of public-health service. His friend and attorney, Fowler Harper, professor of law at Yale, said of him: "I think I saw with some clarity the many contradictions of his character—the kindness and the steel, the simplicity and the urbanity, the intricate personality, the precision-like mechanism of his mind, the softness and warmth of his nature, and above all the flint-like quality of his courage. In man's long struggle to civilize himself, it would be hard to find better evidence of success."

On December 29, 1955, seven months after his vindication by the Supreme Court, Dr. Peters died at the age of sixty-nine in the New Haven hospital where for years he had made daily rounds without fee.

That Cultural Curtain

Mrs. Norman Chandler, describing a recent visit to Russia to a House Education subcommittee, said she found conditions there quite different from what she had "read and heard." Maybe one reason for her unpreparedness was that she is a regular reader, we expect, of her husband's newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*, never noted for its objective coverage of any news having relation to communism. Who can say that the Geneva spirit is dead when both Mrs. Chandler and her husband, who accompanied her on the trip, now argue ardently that the best American artists should be encouraged to visit Russia and the best Russian artists be welcomed here? While in Moscow last fall the Chandlers invited the Bolshoi Theatre troupe to visit Los Angeles (See Off the Editor's Spike, *The Nation*, November 12, 1955). And last month in her appearance before the House subcommittee Mrs. Chandler urged the adoption of a four-point cultural exchange program:

1. The funds available for the program should be increased to about \$7,000,000.
 2. Consideration should be given to "importing" as well as "exporting" talent. Since visiting orchestras, ballets and individual performers can earn dollars here their financial problems are less severe.
 3. Governmental barriers to talent exchanges should be lowered on a reciprocal basis. The State Department fingerprinting requirements to which the Russians object should be removed.
 4. Steps should be taken to remove the fear which many American artists have of going to the Soviet Union or other "unfriendly" countries. Washington should make known that it endorses such trips and publicly thank patriotic citizens who undertake them.
- "In Russia," Mrs. Chandler told the committee, "they encourage big groups to come—they have had *Porgy and Bess* and now they want a symphony orchestra. We take the opposite view. . . . We have had the Soviet violinist David Oistrakh but one man can do very little good talking about America when he returns. We need have no fear of what they will see here. . . ."

Add Mrs. Chandler's four points to a truly effective and enlarged Point 4 program and this country would have the beginnings of a sound foreign policy.

Those "Immutable" Facts

In its January issue *Harper's* publishes an article by Thomas R. Waring, editor of the Charleston, South Carolina, *News and Chronicle*, called "The Southern Case Against Desegregation." The magazine explains that it prints the piece not because it agrees with Mr. Waring, but because he represents a point of view held by a significant proportion of the citizenry and that such opinions should be given national hearing. We agree with the principle, but have doubts on the instance.

The trouble with Mr. Waring's claim of a right to be heard is that what he says is what we have been hearing for years. He gives five reasons for opposing segregation:

1. Negro children, on the average, are dirtier and more diseased than white children. Figures are lacking, but it is "generally accepted in the South" that the Negro population is riddled with venereal disease.
2. The bulk of Negro children come from working-class homes; whereas the bulk of white children are little middle-classes.

3. Negroes are immoral as compared to white. Marriage is a casual affair and illegitimacy carries little stigma.

4. Crime is more prevalent among Negroes than among whites. A mingling of the races in the schools would likely produce gangsterism at the juvenile level.

5. Negro children are on the average two grades behind their white contemporaries.

Finally, Mr. Waring suspects, though he has the grace to say he cannot prove it, that responsible Negroes don't want their children to go to white schools. They just want good schools of their own and by and large, says Mr. Waring, they are now getting very good ones, considering what small taxes they pay.

The sad thing about this is that Mr. Waring is neither stupid nor wicked; he cannot help that bigotry is bred in his bones and he honestly believes that his argument is cogent. The dirt, disease, servility, immorality, criminality and intellectual backwardness of the Negro are deplorable, but they are "facts." And to him they are immutable facts, because the colored folks (bless them!) are just that way.

DEMOCRATIC GIVEAWAY

The Natural-Gas Bill . . . by Edgar Kemler

BEFORE this session of Congress is ended, New Deal-style Federal Power Commission regulations will almost certainly be lifted from the Southwestern gas producers. At the same time, the nation's 20,000,000 natural-gas consumers will almost certainly be gouged with higher gas bills, the rise being \$25 to \$40 per year. It is on the contrary contention, however—of lower rather than higher gas bills—that the present bill squeaked through the House last year by a six-vote margin and that it is expected presently to squeak through the Senate under the benign Rayburn-Johnson Democratic leadership. This argument is absurd on its face. Apparently logic was one of the victims of the \$1,500,000 campaign chest which a year ago the American Petroleum Institute disclosed it had available. Furthermore, it is difficult to escape the big-business atmosphere that now pervades the Senate

cloakrooms and offices, with Senator Monroney admitting that he can't stand up to the gas-producer lobby, while another Senator, Margaret Chase Smith, loudly orders a gas-minded editor out of her sight.

As is so often the case, industry officials are much more forthright about their objectives than their congressional mouthpieces. In *Barron's Weekly* of November 5, 1954, where the producers let their hair down, there is no idle chatter about protecting consumers. There is, however, a firm declaration of producer policy to let low-cost natural gas become as expensive to the consumer as high-cost coal or fuel oil. During the freewheeling seven-year period from 1947 to 1954, before the Supreme Court ordered controls reinstated, prices did skyrocket in that direction, rising from 4 cents per thousand cubic feet to 10 cents. Most, if not all, of this increase, was passed on to the consumer—a \$282,000,000 gouge in three years. For the gas producer in his Southwestern

natural-gas fields was then the only unregulated unit in the gas-transmission system, with the interstate pipelines subject to the Federal Power Commission and local gas utilities subject to state or local regulation. Moreover, since the pipelines own and control about 22 per cent of gas production, since their interests are producers' interests, they did not resist the gouge. That a new gouge, with field prices rising to 20 cents or 25 cents for windfall profits of one-half billion dollars, might result in declining markets rather than expanding ones for the producers doesn't particularly bother them. With 20,000,000 consumers committed to natural gas by their \$11 billion investment in gas furnaces, stoves and water heaters, the producers are convinced they will get away with it.

Added to the myth of the "consumer-minded" producers is the myth of a price-depressing competition among producers based on the fact that there are about 6,000 of

EDGAR KEMLER reports on Washington for *The Nation*.

them. However, only about fifteen giant companies, including Standard Oil of New Jersey and Phillips Petroleum, account for 50 per cent of gas production in Texas which is 50 per cent of the U. S. total. As to price policy, so small is the influence of the many small companies against the giants that nobody objects to freeing them from regulation. It should be noted, further, that these giants are considerably more interested in the oil that they extract from their holdings than in the gas, which explains their reckless drive for sky-high gas prices. Once this aim is achieved, they would make the best of both interests, securing maximum windfall profits on gas, while protecting oil from gas competition. Under the present Federal Power Commission freeze on gas prices, they are apparently restricting gas production as well as gas exploration in an all-or-nothing gamble. Within the past two years, gas reserves have shrunk appreciably with only a twenty-two-year known supply now in hand. While sympathetic Senators make much of this to illustrate the evils of regulation, it could also be cited as grounds for more regulation—for prying loose the gas industry from oil-industry domination, for example.

THE bipartisan opposition to the gas bill is led by the 64-year-old ex-economics professor, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois. When the decisive debate began on January 16, the Douglas group, consisting roughly of twenty-one Northern Democrats and eleven liberal Republicans, faced a more potent gas-minded group consisting of twenty-six Republicans (mostly right-wingers) and twenty Democrats (mostly from the Southwestern gas states—Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arkansas, etc.). Disavowing a filibuster, Douglas has played for time, for an additional two weeks over the planned two weeks. This is in hopes that once the "gouge" has been fully explained, public indignation will bring new Senatorial converts. Douglas himself has held the floor for four days with a book-length dissertation on "why the bill is against the public interest." Nor has the strategy altogether failed insofar as the influential Senator George of Georgia, hitherto considered pro-gas, is now leaning over to

February 4, 1956



Herblock in Washington Post

"Don't peek—it's sort of a surprise"

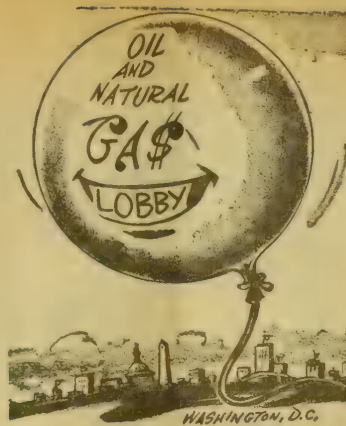
the antis. However, by politely ignoring the real drama of wirepulling and intrigue that surrounds this "high-level" debate, the debate itself has languished.

Had the gas interests pitted Senator McCarthy, or Bridges, or even Lyndon Johnson against him—if they had confronted him with some unmistakable symbol of their power—perhaps Douglas would have been forced down from his ivory tower. But in letting his learned Democratic colleagues, Monroney, a former Scripps-Howard political writer, and Fulbright, a former president of the University of Arkansas, as their floor leaders, carry the fight against him, the pro-gas forces have completely boxed him in. Privately, Monroney admits that he cares no more about the gas producers than he does about General Motors which he is now investigating in connection with dealerships. However, he says, in his gas-dominated Oklahoma, it would be "political suicide" to oppose them. As to Ful-

bright, who is also up for reelection this year, the backsliding is less noticeable since he has never been strong for government regulation as he showed in his abortive Wall Street hearings last year. Douglas is very compassionate about the political realities of their apostasy. At worst, he has questioned their assumption that what is good for the gas producers is necessarily also good for their home states, pointing out that only one-eighth of the industry's windfall profits will be shared by local property owners, while the consumers will suffer there as elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the spokesmen for the producers have been counterattacking vigorously the gas utility companies, the middle men of the industry who have now joined the consumers against the producers. At first glance, the adherence of such a powerful force of trained lobbyists to this good, but threadbare, cause looks like a very good thing, indeed. Among its other boons, it has con-

verted such stout Republicans as Wiley of Wisconsin and Potter of Michigan into vigorous opponents of the bill. However, insofar as the utilities were co-partners with the producers in the recent consumer gouge mentioned above, they make very convenient whipping boys for producer spokesmen. Monroney has been particularly eloquent on this point. In the case of the Washington Gas Light Company, he says, the cost of the natural gas at the city gate is only 30 per cent of the rate charged to the gas consumer. How does the company account for the remaining 70 per cent? In a desperate effort to prove that he is no utility-company stooge, Douglas gave the Senate Parliamentarian \$5 so that local utility consumers could prosecute a case on gas rates before the local Public Utilities Commission. However, to judge by the resulting flood of letters to Washing-



Partymiller in York Gazette:
Consumers, Beware!

ton newspapers, the apostate Monroney now looms larger as a consumer champion than the dedicated Douglas.

This topsy-turvy debate, of course, plays into the producers' hands, and

partly explains their continued dominance in Senate cloakrooms. Nor have the Eisenhower and Stevenson straddles cleared the air. Both have declared for a bill that would favor consumers and producers alike, which is manifestly impossible. Yet in the final analysis, the failure lies chiefly on the Democratic side where liberals have, in effect, been condoning a giveaway that is more shocking than the much-touted Republican giveaway because it is also more open. It is an added indignity that oil interests helped to finance McCarthy's four-year anti-Democratic crusade. In order of priority, there will be many more important issues this session in which the old crusading Democratic tradition might reassert itself. But if the liberals continue to operate under the present rule of moderation and high-level evasion, they'll never get off the ground.

U.S.-CHINA DEADLOCK

Soviet Union's Role . . . by Harold Greer

WITH a barrage of documents and press statements, the United States and Communist China have disclosed that their respective ambassadors have reached a deadlock after four months of private talks at Geneva. Diametrically opposed positions on the status of Formosa have been established which reveal that the principals are still as far apart as ever on the more basic questions of what constitutes China and therefore of who should represent China in the U. N.

For a brief span of several hours on December 13, 1955, it seemed as if this most passion-inspiring and yet most inscrutable problem of modern diplomacy had suddenly disappeared. Dr. Tingu F. Tsiang, the representative of Chiang Kai-shek at the U. N., had that afternoon vetoed the application of Outer Mongolia, thereby killing the Canadian package deal for the simultane-

ous admission of eighteen new members to the U. N. In the delegates' lounge, there was an undiplomatic thirst for revenge. The more moderate talked of a special session in the spring for the purpose of kicking out Tsiang; a few hotheads even wanted it done immediately, although adjournment of the Assembly was only three days away. But all agreed that Chiang, who had been amply warned, had committed suicide and that the tortuous problem of Chinese representation in the U. N. had suddenly and with a supreme irony been solved. One could almost see Chou En-lai grinning at the bar.

Then overnight things changed. Next morning, word got around that the Soviet Union had asked for an immediate meeting of the Security Council and that another classic flip-flop was in the making. And so it was. Russia, A. A. Sobolev announced, would not insist on an eighteen-or-nothing deal; it was willing to drop both Outer Mongolia

and Japan. For two hours the West sought frantically for an escape; Japan had been the key to the membership deadlock, the nation which the Canadians had urged upon a reluctant Molotov so they could sell the deal in Washington. Now Japan was being relegated to the status of a pawn for future Soviet diplomacy and the West was being asked to acknowledge the fact openly. But there was no other choice: it was imperative to salvage something out of the mess created by the Chinese veto; indeed the future of the U. N. itself was at stake. Reluctantly, the West went into the Security Council and accepted the Russian proposal.

Why did the Kremlin do it? One can dismiss immediately Krishna Menon's boast that it was the result of Nehru's personal appeal to Khrushchev and Bulganin in New Delhi. Mr. Menon himself was leading the fight to kick out the Chinese Nationalists even as the Russians were telephoning for a Security Council meeting. It is also obvious

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that the Soviet delegation was well prepared; instruction from Moscow on such a complex question, involving as it did a complete reversal of the Soviet position, could not possibly have been requested and received overnight. The possibility that Nationalist China would veto Outer Mongolia was, of course, recognized at an early stage in the negotiations and the Russians showed themselves, in their talks with the Canadians, to be as alive to it as anyone. The explanation for the "sudden" Soviet shift must therefore be that the Kremlin was prepared to deal with the situation which in fact arose.

THE ELEMENTS in that situation were three: world-wide disappointment that the deal had fallen through, suspicion that the U. S. was really to blame, and a burning general desire for revenge upon the Nationalist Chinese. From the Soviet point of view, this required that Russia retaliate against the Chinese (i. e., American) veto, that it attempt to grab world applause for the salvage operation, and that it take the heat off Nationalist China. The sixteen-nation, no-Japan package did all of these things at one stroke and one can assume, without believing the Russians are diplomatic supermen, that the Kremlin planned it that way. Moscow had simply made a routine estimate of what was likely to happen if the original agreement was violated and who was likely to violate it.

There is now no pressure for the expulsion of the Chinese Nationalists which the U. S. cannot contain for some time to come. While the number of governments who believe the job should be done as quickly as possible has of course grown, few of them are so anti-American as to wish to embarrass the U. S. during an election year, or so foolish as to disturb the slow but steady current toward seating Peking by forcing the Republican Administration into a still more rigid position. It is therefore probable that at the next U. N. Assembly, the U. S. will again be able to carry by a substantial majority its annual motion that the question of Chinese representation not be considered for the duration of the sessions.

That Soviet policy should be instrumental in bringing about this



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
The Generalissimo We Unleashed

further delay is surprising only to those who have taken seriously past Kremlin fulminations on behalf of Peking. Actually, Moscow has demonstrated time and again that it dreads the day when Peking comes into the U. N. The Chinese Communists could hardly have had a worse friend in court. Moscow's crude walkouts of 1948 and 1949 only strengthened U. S. opposition to Peking's entry, as the Russians must have known it would. When the Korean War made the whole question academic, the Kremlin persisted in needling the West, and especially the U. S., with silly diatribes, ostensibly on Peking's behalf. But when the Korean armistice removed the stigma of aggression, Soviet tactics changed drastically. Too many people were ready to agree, apparently, with what the Russians had been saying. Moscow now began to soft-pedal the issue; its spokesmen at the U. N. made brief, rather innocuous statements for the record—indeed, there hasn't been a real Russian rouser in favor of Peking for three years. Most significantly, the Soviet Union hasn't made a single serious attempt to unseat the Chinese Nationalists via the credentials committee, an adjunct of the General Assembly which must endure the annual embarrassment of agreeing that the Nationalists represent some 600,000,000 Chinese people.

Moscow's worries are at least understandable. As things stand now, it is able to exercise some control over its ally, although by no means

as much as Senator William Knowland would like the American public to think. But Peking in the U. N. would be another matter. Here would be the first effective central government the mainland of China has had in centuries, a government which has already secured its northern and southern gates against powerful foes, a government, moreover, which is showing alarming evidence of being able to make communism work—something which the Russians have not tried in twenty years. What effect would the presence and participation of such a government in the world organization have on the monolithic Soviet structure? On Communist ideological leadership? What additional magnetism would it have for the groping, underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa? What internationally upsetting revenges would it seek upon the Americans?

DIPLOMACY has only one answer to these questions, regardless of whether it be Communist or Western: proceed slowly, bide for time, attempt to control the situation as best you can. This is the response the Russians have made; it is the response the U. S. has made in seeking, for the past year, a rapprochement with Peking; it is the response the Canadians made by their proposal that all nations seeking admission to the U. N. should be admitted except those for whom a question of unification exists. If this proposal had been accepted, the principle of universality of membership would not only have been recognized for the first time, it would have been put into effect. Only the divided countries of Germany, Korea and Vietnam, Switzerland (which doesn't want to join) and Red China (which both sides admit to be an issue of representation rather than admission) would have been excluded from the organization. It would, however, have created a U. N. whose incompleteness with respect to the Chinese people would have been glaring—an incompleteness which everyone expected would be corrected in short order.

The exclusion of Japan has now destroyed both the principle of universality and the value of the Canadian approach. Moscow has retained in Japan a most important means of controlling the situation. Nor is American policy sufficiently devel-

oped as yet to handle the issue adequately. The Canadians took special pains to inform Washington on what they were doing and to make sure the United States understood the eighteen-nation package deal in all its objectives and ramifications. They thought they had succeeded. But at the height of the crisis in December, when the consequences of Chiang's veto threat began to dawn on Secretary Dulles, he suddenly summoned the Canadian minister in Washington to his office, bawled him out for not having kept the U. S. informed, and actually accused the Canadian government of following "the Communist line." He apparently had not read newspaper reports or those of his own subordinates and had misunderstood or forgotten a conversation he himself had on the subject with L. B. Pearson, Canadian Foreign Minister, in Ottawa in September.

HOW, then, do Peking's prospects stand? The fact there are four or five countries among the sixteen new members who would vote for the mainland government and against the Nationalists is neither here nor there. This is not an issue which can be solved by out-balloting the U. S., even if one accepts the legitimate argument that U. S. veto power cannot be used. Its solution, rather, must depend either on a deal between the opposing Chinese factions, or upon the completion of a genuine rapprochement between Peking and Washington. The first is out of the question as long as Chiang Kai-shek is alive, although one hears frequently of continuing contacts between the mainland and the lower echelons on Formosa. The second is making very slow progress indeed, as the recent publication of documents on the ambassadorial talks in Geneva shows.

What has been lacking so far is a recognition by both sides that Chinese representation in the U. N. is one of the issues involved in any reconciliation. The U. S. simply is not prepared to admit that it is, and the Chinese Communists, contrary to the general impression that they are breaking their necks to get into the U. N., do not believe that they have to. This correspondent, in a lengthy off-the-record interview with Wang Ping-nam at the 1954 Geneva conference, can testify to the su-

preme unconcern he showed over the question. Eventually, Peking believes, enough governments will have recognized the Central People's government to vote it into the U. N.; time is on their side and they can afford to wait. Their pride will never permit them to admit they are dependent upon the U. S. in this regard.

Nevertheless, both sides are vitally interested in a Formosa settlement, which is really the representation problem in another form. With the signing of its mutual security treaty with Chiang, Washington began a policy of divorcing Formosa from the mainland. If this can be achieved, it would be but a short leap, with the passage of time, to recognition of the mainland government and agreement to its representation in the U. N. Mr. Dulles' demand that Peking agree to a renunciation of force in the Formosa area has no meaning unless it is part of the divorce proceedings. The Chinese realize this and Wang Ping-nam has fought it at every turn in the Geneva talks; the thesis that China has not the right to "liberate" its own territory—that is, that Formosa does not belong to China, and the U. S. therefore has the right to enter into a defense treaty with the Formosan government—is precisely what Peking "absolutely cannot accept."

On the one hand, the American approach would lead eventually to two Chinas (really a government of China and a government of Formosa) in the U. N. On the other hand, Peking says, naturally enough, there is only one China and you're looking at it; Formosa is a Chinese province (even the Nationalists admit that) and it will have nothing

to do with the "two Chinas" thesis.

Peking's solution is, of course, the tidier one. In particular, it would avoid the fantastic problem of reorganizing the Security Council to take account of Peking's presence. The permanent members of the Council are named in the charter, which can only be revised with the approval of the permanent members. The Council is master of its own procedure, and while procedural questions are not subject to the veto, it is doubtful whether a majority of its members could argue that the question of who represents China is simply procedural. If the Chinese Communists alone were represented in the General Assembly, it would still be difficult legally to kick Dr. Tsiang off the Security Council, but he could at least be stopped by the guard at the door. If, however, there were two Chinese groups in the Assembly, each claiming to represent China, Dr. Tsiang could not be prevented from taking his Council seat and this would be intolerable to Peking.

THERE is, happily, a way out of this dilemma, although neither side has thus far shown the slightest willingness to make the necessary concessions. Legally, Peking has nothing but a claim to Formosa and Chiang Kai-shek is there by squatters' rights only. Title to the land was ceded by Japan under the Japanese peace treaty and now rests jointly with the powers who fought Japan and signed the treaty. The principal powers are committed by the Yalta agreement to turn Formosa over "to China." A U. N. trusteeship, continuing the present local government and recognizing Peking's claim through a place as a trustee, would therefore seem to be an appropriate way for settling Formosa's status for the relative future.

Both sides have commented scornfully on this proposal in the past. But Peking is going to have to realize that it must make some concessions, especially since no one is seriously insisting any more upon Korean unification as the price for U. N. membership. And Mr. Dulles is going to have to realize that he cannot carry his friends with him much longer. At the moment, an impasse has been reached, and the pressures of interested third parties in favor of a compromise will have to be brought to bear.



Herblock in Washington Post,

"Now, how did I get into this one?"

MIRAGE FORTRESS

Illusion of Defense . . by Richard S. Leghorn

[Matthew Josephson's brilliant series on The Big Guns, which was concluded in last week's issue, laid the foundation for a continuing effort by The Nation to analyze the effectiveness—and the consequences—of our stupendous defense budget. In this article Mr. Leghorn, a colonel in the Air Force Reserve and manager of the European division of Eastman Kodak, poses the question: Are we wasting billions preparing for the last war instead of the next one? In a forthcoming issue, Walter Millis will discuss our military-reserve system.]

AN "industrial mobilization base" is that part of a country's peacetime economic structure which, in case of war, can expand the production of armaments. In this country the preservation of a broad mobilization base is considered so vital to our national security that it dominates national economic policy, including foreign trade. Indeed, with the single exception of export controls on the shipment of strategic goods, all justification for trade restrictions imposed in the name of national security rests on this basic concept.

Experts differ on the best means of preserving the mobilization base. Persuasive arguments have been advanced that trade restrictions weaken rather than strengthen it. There are those who hold that the base should not be restricted to the United States but should be built and maintained collectively throughout the community of Western nations. *But the thesis itself—the assumption of the over-riding importance of a vast mobilization base—is rarely challenged.* Yet if, as is generally agreed, the advent of nuclear weapons has revolutionized war, does not this fact call logically for a revolution in our thinking about the way to *prepare* for the possibility of war?

In World Wars I and II, both "total conventional" wars, the mobilization of our industrial strength was the decisive element in victory.

We learned two lessons from these wars: the modern total conventional war is a long war, and the side which has a greater ability to build and transport armaments to fighting fronts will win it. But are these lessons valid for the future? In this connection it is useful to classify possible future wars into three categories: general war such as a NATO-Soviet conflict; limited war, such as in Korea; and guerrilla war, as in Malaya.

No responsible authority expects that a general war can be anything but nuclear. It is also agreed that a nuclear war will be short. Therefore a vast mobilization base for it will be valueless.

As for guerrilla wars, they will probably not be nuclear and they probably will be long. But only very limited arms production for them will be needed, and it can hardly be argued that a mobilization base of the sort under discussion is essential.

This leaves the limited warfare of the Korean type. In such a conflict the U. S. has made no secret of the fact that it is planning to use "tactical" atomic weapons. Indeed, the West's readiness to use them will in

itself prove a deterrent to such wars, just as the nuclear bomb has been established as a deterrent to a general war. Beyond that, the use of atomic weapons is the only sure way the West has of stopping superior Soviet-Chinese conventional arms at tolerable cost. Also, the use of nuclear weapons in any war, even the limited one, is fast becoming inevitable. This is primarily because the Soviets already have, and the Chinese may soon have tactical atomic weapons. Because our opponent may use them, we would have to disperse our defending troops on the battlefield. But to give our dispersed troops enough firepower to repel the aggression, we would ourselves have to use nuclear weapons. The fact that both sides possess the weapons virtually assures their use in war.

But can nuclear weapons be used in limited war without precipitating a general war? One answer might be found in a clear declaration by the United States and its Allies that, in repelling aggression by conventional armed forces, the West would use nuclear or chemical weapons only for the *defensive* protection of its own territory; that is, on territory to the rear of the *de facto* pre-aggression political boundary, or in the open seas.

But whether or not this particular limitation on warfare is adopted, the West must soon debate just how it will limit its response to future armed aggression. To continue a declared policy of "no limits" is to maintain our present ridiculous posture of appearing to threaten "massive retaliation" to every aggression, no matter what the circumstances. This is not unlike threatening capital punishment for petty thievery or even traffic violations. Furthermore, such a policy invites counter-massive retaliation, and we could end up with mutual national suicide arising from relatively minor international infractions. More hopefully, provided we establish clear policies on limitations, the massive

The Fast War

Washington

The Administration has adopted the concept that any new general war would be a short one. This is the meaning of Air Secretary Quarles's new directive seeking to have surviving defense plants ready with tools and inventories to take over production in the first hours after nuclear attack. The theory behind this concept is that the ability of the nation to withstand the first thirty or sixty days of nuclear attack and retaliation would be a far more critical factor than its ability to sustain a mobilization months later when the war might have been decided.

—Washington Post, January 2.

retaliation policy could become a deterrent to the spreading of limited war to general war as well as a deterrent to the outbreak of an initial general war. In the absence of policies designed to limit war, we will again face the frustrations and dissensions of Korea, where we over-limited ourselves severely at times, and under-limited ourselves at others. Once the passions and pace of conflict take over, it is too late to decide politically what the limitations should be.

Even aside from the short-war argument, there are other points to consider. In case of war with Russia, what would the first explosion of an atomic weapon on United States soil do to the American mobilization base? Would our industrial employees, so many of whom have cars, remain at their lathes or would they flee in panic to the country? Are not civilian-defense authorities virtually insuring flight by advocating evacuation as the only recourse in case of a nuclear-bomb attack? Is the mobilization-base concept compatible with civilian-defense policy? And even beyond this, would not the delivery of a hundred big bombs on city targets demolish half our integrated industry and bring meaningful production to an early halt? What value is a mobilization base then?

Should not these questions be answered before we continue to re-strict trade in behalf of the mobilization-base theory? Is it really necessary or advisable for us to stockpile materials at the rate of almost \$1 billion a year, to continue to pay for defense plants and equipment in "mothballs" or operating at inefficiently low-production levels, to forego tax receipts due to defense writeoffs, and to pay vast subsidies to maintain production skills for presumed use after D-day?

There is one area where some sort of mobilization base will undoubtedly one day have value. Since 1916 we have been relying principally upon air-atomic superiority for security. There is a possibility that this reliance may be changed in the future to one dependent on a system of armaments control yet to be evolved and proved. But even if such an agreement should prove effective and lead ultimately to a reduction of air-atomic armaments, we would still need to protect ourselves against



Herblock in Washington Post
"Don't fear—I can always pull you back."

possible violation by other powers. The necessary protection could be found in a sort of automatic rearmament reflex composed of standby funds and air-atomic arms-production potential. But it is very doubtful if this sort of mobilization base would bear much, if any, resemblance to the one we are now maintaining.

THE present mobilization-base concept not only fails to *strengthen* national security; its effects may be actually *damaging*. Consider the following:

First, does not every defense dollar spent on the mobilization base mean one dollar less for our forces-in-being (our army, navy and air force), which all authorities acknowledge to be our principal immediate security reliance? Can we logically search for savings or cutbacks in the Defense Department without launching an even more exhaustive search within the Office of Defense Mobilization?

Second, can we really justify the enervating distortions and restrictions in the free-world economy which are caused by defense tariff walls and certain trade and exchange controls undertaken in behalf of the mobilization base? And is it logical to construct free-world defenses on *collective* political and military power without simultaneously building *collective* economic power as a base? Is it wise to continue indefinitely trying to rest the West's collective military and political strength on the economy of one nation—the United States?

Third, although the buoyant United States economy could con-

tinue to carry the expensive luxury of a broad mobilization base for a long time to come, could Europe do so? If the European countries were to be relieved of the burden of financing a mobilization base with which to fight another World War II—and World War III, if it comes, will be quite different—could not their economies be measurably strengthened and American defense-aid costs be trimmed?

Fourth, in the long-term ideological conflict with communism, now that superiority in the arms race is no longer so meaningful, may not the competition be fought out primarily in the economic field? Signs of such a development are already apparent. And in the light of this possibility should we not make greater use of our huge trading, capital and technical resources and place more reliance on world economic development as the solution to many of the world's ills—political and otherwise? While the maintenance of military strength—the continuation of graduated deterrents to various types of aggression—are necessary for the nonce, we cannot look to the military to solve the central problem of our time.

BECAUSE Soviet areas of opportunity are changing, Khrushchev should be "believed" when he renounces revolt and war in the West and affirms that Communist goals will be sought in "competitive coexistence." This competition means to him that economic and subversive warfare offer the greatest opportunities for future Communist expansion.

Has the United States yet developed a satisfactory approach to this long-term problem? "Containment" is too negative a concept, and "Liberation" is surely premature and in any case a misnomer, implying as it does the imposition of change from without. What we must develop is a strategy for enforced, competitive peace which would in the long run alter communism's aims or render the movement impotent because the people are offered something better. Involved in such a strategy on the military side is the preservation of the military "standoff"—the series of graduated deterrents already mentioned, up to and including the ultimate of massive retaliation, at least until such time as a trustworthy

arms control agreement can be evolved. On the economic side, the uncritical application of our mobilization-base concept has prevented the development of a "positive" trade policy which could challenge the Communists on their own, new-chosen ground. When last year Congress granted the President, for the first time in ten years, moderate authority to decrease tariffs, it also gave him authority to impose quotas

if imports "threaten to impair the national security." But there was no explanation of what constitutes impairment of the national security. Even our "bold new program" of technical and economic aid to underdeveloped countries has suffered, for the shift in foreign aid from development to defense needs reflects, in some measure, the desire to export the mobilization-base notion to the rest of the world.

Clearly a searching inquiry is needed into the possibly very damaging effects on our whole security system of the mobilization-base concept. This is a job for Congress as well as the Executive. The Congress must explore the ramifications of these questions to provide the Executive with political guidance in an area which has such broad implications for many basic national policies.

MIRACLE IN THE BOWERY

The Catholic Worker . . . by Dan Wakefield

THERE'S A MIRACLE down at the edge of New York's Bowery. Its address is 223 Chrystie Street, its guiding spirit is Dorothy Day, and its name (for this miracle is so concrete it has a name and address) is the Catholic Worker movement.

The men and women who stand in the daily breadlines at the Catholic Worker "Hospitality House" on Chrystie Street, and those who live in its rooms, are not all Catholics and not all workers. A few, like the aims of the movement, are pacifists and anarchists. Some are former monks. Some are former soldiers. Some are alcoholics. Some are just hungry.

When the one-cent monthly *Catholic Worker* newspaper was born in May of 1933, its first editorial announced that it would not be restricted to the people of any one religion or political belief, any one color of skin or cut of clothes, but that it was

per's first issue rocketed to 25,000 in the first three months, and 100,000 by the end of the year. And it was during that time that the Catholic Workers moved from the realm of practicality to something that is, in our time, miraculous: the writers of the eloquent words decided that words were not enough.

They began running ads and appeals for clothing and food to supply those men who were sitting on the benches. They rented rooms for people who had no roof; and the homeless, the hungry, who came to their doors were given bread as well as words. As the paper and its radical notions of peace and equality spread across the country, "Houses of Hospitality" sprang up in scattered cities from coast to coast with kitchens and beds for the "immediate relief of those who are in need."

Today there are 300 people being fed in the breadline at Chrystie Street, a young associate editor of the *Catholic Worker* is hitch-hiking through the South to gather stories for a series of articles supporting integration, and on Friday nights the house at the edge of the Bowery is crowded with friends and residents and strangers who have come to hear the weekly speaker and talk and ask questions.

DOROTHY DAY was a writer and reporter in the twenties, and Malcolm Cowley remarked in *The Exile's Return* that all the gamblers in a Greenwich Village bar admired

her because she could drink any one of them under the table. She joined the I. W. W., served as an editor on *The Masses*, became a Catholic, reported the "hunger march" in Washington in 1932, and wondered what she could do about what she saw. She prayed and came home and found Peter Maurin, a French peasant and migrant laborer who had ideas about life and economics and a plan for the poor. Maurin's vision was one of reality that emphasized concrete help for the poor in the form of "Hospitality Houses" (like the one on Chrystie Street), collective farms (like the one that now bears his name on Staten Island and helps supply bread for the Chrystie Street House), round-table discussions and a paper for the men in the street. Someone told him to see Dorothy Day.

They started the *Catholic Worker* in the kitchen of Dorothy Day's apartment in 1933 and sold the first issues themselves in Union Square. The way the circulation soared to 150,000 by 1936, it might have seemed that the paper had an easy road ahead. But the *Catholic Worker* did not begin with an easy idea. The founders were Roman Catholics, and the first editorial had to ask itself and its readers "Is it possible to be radical without being atheistic?" It proved possible, yes—but not without extreme difficulties. There still are many voices of opposition from within the church, even though the Pope has sent a special blessing to

... For those who are sitting on benches in the warm spring sunlight.

For those who are huddling in shelters trying to escape the rain.

For those who are walking the streets in the all but futile search for work.

For those who think there is no hope for the future, no recognition of their plight, the Catholic Worker is being edited.

The 2,500 circulation of the pa-

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all who are concerned with this Catholic group. Some bishops and priests have personally contributed but others have forbidden the paper to be sold at their church, and Catholics who were shocked at the pacifist-anarchist trend of the *Catholic Worker* have attacked and beaten its salesmen in the street.

Refusal to compromise pacifist principles, not only between wars but during wars, scared off subscribers in droves. The paper managed to alienate most of its politically conscious readers by condemning both sides in the Spanish Revolution. In her beautiful autobiography, *The Long Loneliness*, Dorothy Day admitted that "Ours is indeed an unpopular front." The unpopularity reached its extreme in World War II, when circulation dropped to a low of 30,000. Although the pacifist point of view remained unchanged throughout the Korean War, circulation has climbed back to 65,000. Now the paper is campaigning against the current nuclear test explosions. And again the Catholic Workers aren't satisfied with words.

LAST June, Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy, an associate editor and long-time contributor, decided to protest the nationwide civil-defense air-raid drill. They called on other pacifist friends to join them in City Hall Park at the time of the "raid" with anti-war leaflets and posters. When the sirens blew on June 15, they were in the group of twenty-nine people arrested for disobeying the New York State Emergency Defense Act. Miss Day, Hennacy and five others pleaded guilty. Their sentences were suspended, together with those of nineteen pacifists who pleaded "not guilty" and were found guilty by Magistrate Hyman Bushel last December.

In handing down the suspended sentence, Bushel talked at length about how he was influenced by the many fine things he had heard about Dorothy Day and the work she was doing on Chrystie Street. She stood unmoving and inconspicuous among the pacifists who faced the magistrate and listened in silence as he gave his decision. When the session was over Ammon Hennacy nodded thoughtfully and rendered his own summation of the case.

"You see," he said, "Dorothy swamped 'em with her spirituality."



There's no way to join the Catholic Worker group. No one can quit. There are no membership cards, no dues, no buttons to slip in the coat lapel. People just come, and if they leave, well, others will come to take their place.

Ammon Hennacy served a term in Atlanta prison for refusing to register for the draft in 1917, spent seven months in solitary for organizing a strike to protest the poor prison food, and kept his courage by reading the Bible and the notes that were sent him from Alexander Berkman. When Atlanta let him go he wandered and worked as a laborer throughout the West, got a regular job as a social worker, and didn't see a copy of the *Catholic Worker* until a priest gave him one in Milwaukee in the mid-thirties. Hennacy was what he called a "non-church Christian" and a radical, but he liked what the *Catholic Worker* had to say and sold it in the street, and wrote for it sixteen years before he joined the Catholic Church. His anarchist-pacifist views are against taxation, so he pays no taxes. When tax-time comes he paints a picket sign and goes down to Washington to walk around the White House, and maybe sells a few *Catholic Workers* while he's at it.

Now—barring trials and picketing trips—he spends part of his day at a desk in the *Catholic Worker* office and another part selling the papers on streets around the city. He stands on corners from Union Square to Broadway, a gray-haired man in a checked flannel shirt, one tooth in his mouth and a million words.

"I spoke to the 'Quakes' up the

street," he said not long ago. "Had a real good meeting. Next month I'm going to talk to the Newman Club up at Columbia. And then at Rutgers, before I go West again. I'm going out West before long to work with the Mormons and then maybe write about it."

WHEN the speaker of the evening is finished with his talk at the Friday night meetings in the Chrystie Street House, everyone files down the squeaky, narrow stairs to the kitchen for coffee and conversation. The long wooden tables come alive with faces that are anxious to hear and have their say about the night's speech—whether it was given by a priest or a Socialist, a migrant worker or a Yeats authority.

The young faces say by their presence that the *Catholic Worker* is very much alive. Bob Steed discovered it in Memphis, Tennessee, and sold copies (with the front-page emblem of Jesus embracing a Negro worker and a white worker who are shaking hands) to Negroes and whites through the South. Now, at twenty-three, he is one of the associate editors. Helen Russell, who read the paper in a convent in California, came across the country on a bus to work with the group in New York. She met Mary Ann McCoy and Eileen Fantino, two other young girls who were drawn to Chrystie Street, and last spring the three of them moved to East Harlem to help the children of the tenements there—not as "social workers" who come around during the day for a while, but as friends who are there all the time.

The radical spirit of America that was conjured up so briefly and dramatically at the last meeting of the C. I. O. before its merger with the A. F. of L.—the spirit of the Wobblies and Big Bill Haywood and Debs, and Joe Hill that seemed like a ghost at the final banquet—is still a living force for the Catholic Worker group. The poverty-stricken men and women whose existence society denies and has no room for are being sheltered and fed; the big moral issues of our time are being faced with words and action; television sets are set aside for the almost outmoded habit of discussion. It's all going on right now, in 1956, and it is hard to understand it as less than a miracle.

The Negro Fights on Two Fronts

HOW FAR THE PROMISED LAND? By Walter White. The Viking Press. \$3.50.

By Hubert T. Delany

NO CONTEMPORARY of the late Walter White used his talents more effectively in the field of civil rights. Even his critics acknowledge that he will live in the history of our country as a leader who awoke the conscience of America to the unpardonable, unethical and un-American manner in which it treats its Negro minority.

How Far The Promised Land? is one of the most interesting and informative books of the half dozen that have come from his pen. Mr. White's last work is not merely a summary of the efforts of the American Negro to achieve first-class citizenship in education, housing, health, voting—the right to work and the right to fight for equality. It attempts also to explain why the Negro has achieved so much progress toward first-class citizenship, especially within the last two decades.

Mr. White summarized his pride in being an American—even to the point of being defensive about America—when he said, on returning from a world tour in 1951: "It is important for us to let the world know that there have been many gains. . . . Outside of the United States the world is studiously being kept unaware of the not inconsiderable progress which has been made since the Civil War . . . while the stories of violence and denial of justice to the American Negro are being well publicized." In the early militant and impatient days of his career, it was the author himself who made propaganda from just such stories as these of which he now complains. He went into the South to investigate and publicize to the world the horrible

cases of violence which he—posing as a white man—could get in the most horrid detail.

However, in 1951 it was he—a Negro and the Executive Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P.—and not the government, who felt compelled to tell the story of Negro achievement as a balance to the propaganda being used against America abroad. He had been told that whenever the Voice of America cited an example of such achievement, the broadcast was likely to offend some Southern Congressmen, and the director would receive telephone calls and letters threatening legislative reprisals. Edward Barrett, then Assistant Secretary of State, told the author, "The result is that I have a gun-shy staff, which writes about the race question with an eye on how its words will read to a bigoted Southern opponent of civil rights, and not how they will answer the honest questions of people in Asia or Africa."

THE QUESTION which naturally arises in the mind of the reader is why should the Negro—who is now fighting for and must continue to fight for first-class citizenship—tell the story of Negro achievement, if the government is prevented from doing so by congressional Southern bigots? Will the telling of the story by the Negro himself help us to reach the promised land sooner than if we wait until the government can and will tell the true story?

While the author noted that lynching has diminished to the point where it is no longer a national disgrace (though every lynching is disgraceful), he did not forget that violence is still inflicted upon the Negro in Detroit, Cicero, Trumbull Park Houses—the bombing to death of Harry Moore—bombings in Texas, Georgia, Alabama, etc. He might also have pointed out that Negroes face today a menace more sinister though less dramatic than lynching, to wit, police brutality. The facts show that thousands of Negroes have been brutally beaten and illegally killed—without war-

rant, though with sanction of law—by police and other law-enforcing agents in most of our metropolitan centers both North and South. From my many years of public service, both as prosecutor and judge, I am convinced that police brutality and unlawful killings at the hands of law-enforcing officers could not exist without the acquiescence of the prosecutors' offices and the judges of our courts, who too often do not look where their eyes do not choose to see.

There is never any doubt as to the anti-Communist stand of the author. He believed that the surest way for the Negro to achieve full freedom is by fighting on two fronts at the same time—i. e., fighting communism and continuing to fight to earn the right to fight for full freedom under the democratic processes of government. Walter White devotes a full chapter to Why Has the Negro Rejected Communism. In this connection he quotes Senator Lodge as saying, after hearing one of Senator Bilbo's tirades against the Negro: "If I were a Negro and had listened to the speech Bilbo just made, I am afraid I would become a Communist." After reading this, the reader may think that Mr. White is dismissing the matter very easily when he quotes as his answer to the question raised in his chapter title the statement of Major Harlan, a Negro formerly prisoner of the Chinese Communists: "Because racial segregation was being wiped out in the armed services, we were Americans, fighting for America, without distinction as to race, creed or color. We don't want to shift to another kind of dictatorship just as we're getting rid of the one from which we've suffered all these generations here in America." It is difficult to believe that we can preserve our democratic ideals and gain any lasting prestige abroad by failing to recognize that the large majority of Negroes abhor their position as second-class citizens in a country dedicated to democratic ideals.

No one—not even the author—can really predict when the goal of full freedom for the Negro will be reached, though he hoped for it within the next decade. Despite his enthusiasm over the advances made

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in the last decade, neither he nor any Negro leader can fail to recognize that the time and distance to first-class citizenship for the Negro cannot be measured by how far and

how fast we have traveled in the past. Rather must we set our sights on how far we yet have to go before we reach the goal of complete equality and freedom for all Americans.

Oil Around the World

THE EMPIRE OF OIL. By Harvey O'Connor. Monthly Review Press. Distributed by Citadel Press. \$5.

By John Ise

MOST WRITERS of books on the oil industry confine themselves to certain restricted areas of the subject: waste, monopoly, foreign exploitation, technological developments, the story of some one company, or, perhaps, the oil industry of some particular region, as in Joe Bain's three-volume study of the oil industry in California. Harvey O'Connor courageously attacks the whole problem.

He begins with an analysis of the size of the great oil companies, and their power in domestic and foreign affairs; the division into majors and independents; the "law of the jungle"—the rule of capture—which has so often caused the hasty drilling of excess wells, overproduction and waste of oil, gas, capital and energy; the rampant speculation and swindling that have characterized oil exploitation everywhere.

Conservation, which the oil tycoons seemed to interpret as the limitation of production "to that level which assures the greatest profit to the biggest corporations," comes in for extended discussion. O'Connor traces well the efforts to get production under control. The Department of Justice frowned on limitation of production by agreement among producers; the big oil companies wanted no federal control. Finally the oil states were induced to enter into a compact to limit production to "market demand" as determined by the U. S. Bureau of Mines—whatever that means.

Estimates of various authorities as to reserves, in the United States and abroad, are given, and they are not reassuring. One of the best, that of

Eugene Ayers, gives us 20 per cent of the world's total, and less than the reserves of Russia. We are already dependent on imports and will become increasingly so. On the question of imports, the oil companies are sharply divided, those with heavy foreign production favoring free imports, those who have only domestic production calling for a tariff—so that we can exhaust our reserves sooner. Pipelines, all in the hands of the majors, give them fairly tight control over the independent producers, and the pipelines are very profitable indeed, earning 25 to 33 per cent a year on capital invested.

The marketers—jobbers and operators of bulk stations, tank trucks and service stations—are faring badly, indeed losing money most of the time. The great integrated companies seem to have their part of the business so organized that the division carried on by the little fellows takes the losses; but this is common in other businesses. The remedy? Complete divorcement of the marketing divisions has been urged, and an end to contracts which force service-station men to handle only one company's products; but the "jungle" remains a jungle.

O'CONNOR tells of the emergence of oil cooperatives, domestic and international, and the efforts of the oil companies to prevent them from growing too strong, and of the strategy of the oil companies in warding off unionization. He has a cheering story of the Mexican experience with its nationalized oil company, Pemex. Two interesting chapters deal with advertising, to build up a friendly attitude on the part of the public and to promote brand loyalty, apparently a flop on both aims. He discusses the offshore oil grab, showing how the oil men fueled the Dixiecrat movement and got the oil under Eisenhower, after Truman had fought them off by every means at his command. He hints that under Secretary McKay other federal resources are likely to slip into the

hands of contributors to party campaign funds. His discussion of oil control of Texas politics, and of the antics of the Texas oil tycoons, Hunt, Cullen and Murchison, grown rich through tax exemption (depletion allowance), makes a good story with ominous undertones. Murchison was not a McCarthyite, but he may not have been exaggerating when he said, "Hell, I've got ten men in Congress who are better thought of than McCarthy."

A timid or lazy man would not have tackled the story of the fight for oil abroad, but O'Connor takes up the operations and machinations of Royal Dutch Shell, Anglo-Persian, Standard of New Jersey, Standard of California, Socony, Gulf, and Sinclair in Russia, Mexico, Venezuela, Iran, Iraq, Turkey and Arabia. In Venezuela and the Near East some of the fields have proved fabulously rich, the profits fantastic, but ruling kings, shahs, sheiks and military dictators have found this out and are demanding and getting generous portions of the profits—one-half in some cases; and ever and anon someone raises the cry for nationalization, which makes the oil magnates nervous, particularly since Iran nationalized her oil industry and threw Anglo-Iranian out (at least for a while).

American companies treat King Ibn Saud generously. His income, reputed to be between \$140 and \$170 millions a year, easily supports him in style to which he is not accustomed. Our State Department has always supported the oil companies as vigorously as it dares, but in present world tensions it cannot go too far.

Along with vigorous competition for choice leases, there appear to be friendly agreements or cartels among the oil companies abroad, and these present a problem of regulation. Our Department of Justice is not inclined to be too severe because we need the oil the companies are bringing us, and the British are part owners in the Anglo-Iranian Company.

O'CONNOR'S book will be criticized, and with some justice, as exaggerating the power of the big oil companies. Standard of New Jersey may be rated our greatest corporation in some respects, but its profits are much less than those of General Motors—now running at the rate of a billion a year. The oil industry is

JOHN ISE, John Jay Whitney Professor of Economics at Goucher College, is the author of *United States Forest Policy* and *United States Oil Policy*.

less highly centralized than some of our other industries; and the treatment of the oil marketers is surely not worse than the treatment of automobile agencies. The power of big business is growing almost everywhere. In the oil industry, there

simply is no good place for small unintegrated companies.

Yet, on the whole, O'Connor is fair and judicious in his conclusions. There is far more truth in his book than in most books on the industry, and he writes very well indeed.

The Ways of Modern Science

WHAT IS SCIENCE? Twelve Eminent Scientists and Philosophers Explain their Various Fields to the Layman. Edited by James R. Newman. Simon and Schuster. \$4.95.

By Ernest Nagel

NO ONE today can ignore the unprecedented transformations of the human scene which scientific technology has been effecting at an increasing pace during the past few centuries. Nevertheless, the deepening theoretical understanding of both inanimate and animate nature, which is the source of these more obvious changes, is on the whole a closed book to the great majority of mankind. The full potentialities of science as the supreme liberalizing agent in modern times, and of scientific method as a way of intellectual life, have therefore not been fully realized.

It is indeed ironical that, despite the indisputable power of scientific inquiry for attaining competently warranted theoretical vision, there should be in our own day a growing distrust of scientific reason, and a pervasive tendency to embrace fundamentally anti-rational philosophies of life. Much of this must undoubtedly be attributed to the complexity and abstractness of recent science; and the fact must be faced that in the end there is no substitute for the difficult intellectual labor needed for mastering modern scientific theory. Much can be done, nevertheless, to smooth the path even for the layman who seeks an intelligent familiarity with the spirit and the conclusions of current scientific research. Much can also be done to make clear that, far from being an obstacle to the flowering of the human spirit, science is perhaps the most effective instrument for achiev-

ing the human good, and that the alternatives to scientific method as a way of acquiring responsibly held knowledge are either deliberately cultivated ignorance or pretentious quackery.

The present volume is therefore a welcome addition to the literature of science addressed primarily to laymen which seeks to realize these objectives. Its dozen essays are designed, not to overwhelm the reader with cheap accounts of the "wonders of science," but to acquaint him with the state of theoretical research in a number of fundamental scientific disciplines. The range of the essays extends from the bold speculations of recent physical cosmology, through the central ideas of nuclear physics and modern chemistry, to discussions of basic theoretical notions in geology, psychology and social studies.

Several of the contributors here are especially successful in unfolding the scope and organization of their subjects: those of Professor Bondi on current conceptions of the physical universe, of Sir Edmund Whittaker on mathematics and logic, of Julian Huxley on the mutual implications of genetics and evolutionary theory, of Professor Kluckhohn on the multi-directional character of anthropological inquiry, and of Dr. Bronowski's exceptionally fascinating discussion of cybernetics and information theory. Some of the interpretations advanced in various chapters (e. g., on biology and on psychoanalysis) are doubtless highly debatable; but even the most critical and dissenting reader will acknowledge that the book offers a rich but digestible intellectual feast.

A special virtue of some of the essays is that they not only supply sheer information about the content of current science, but also take the reader behind the scenes by offering him suggestive comments on scientific method itself. Thus, Drs. Bondi, Bronowski and Condon all stress in

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ERNEST NAGEL is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia University.

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one way or another the role which a sensitive perception and extension of analogies plays in the construction of fundamental theories. Nor can a reader of their essays put them down without a vivid realization of the need for a creative, selective and disciplined imagination in basic

scientific research. In short, Mr. Newman, who has edited the volume and has provided biographical introductions for his contributors as well as useful bibliographies for further study on special subjects, merits congratulations upon a well-conceived and well-executed undertaking.

metaphor wears thin—when Xavier makes a painful journey of mercy carrying a ladder, we are too much aware of the wounded feet and the thorns. But Mauriac is generally delicate, if not always clear, and the very ambiguity of the conclusion of the story—accident? murder? suicide?—is evidence of his command over his material, of the integrity which obliged him to return twice to the recalcitrant Therese Desqueyroux in an endeavor to lead that sinner to grace—without neglecting the demands of his art.

This will explain, if not excuse in some eyes, the lack of camera clarity in *The Lamb*. Certainly Jean and Michele and Xavier are not completely real—or entirely understandable—characters, nor do they dwell in a real world. But we ought not to seek that kind of reality in a novel concerned with poetic truth. *The Lamb* treats of a more abstract reality, and insofar as it is successful it has meaning, not only for Catholic readers, but for all of us who can appreciate the saving grace of love.

Love and Grace

THE LAMB. By Francois Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.

By Lyall H. Powers

IT IS a pleasure for those of us who share in some degree Graham Greene's enthusiasm for his French counterpart to find that another—the most recent—of Mauriac's novels is now available in a commendable English translation by Gerard Hopkins. *The Lamb* is typical Mauriac: a struggle between the flesh and the spirit is the theme; the saving grace of love is the lesson implicit. The drama unfolds, or rather erupts, in the familiar setting of the Landes of southwestern France—that region which Mauriac has repeatedly represented as a sort of French Wasteland. The principal actors are not strangers: we met Brigitte Pian and the young lovers, Michele Pian and Jean de Mirbel, some fifteen years ago in *Woman of the Pharisees*. In fact the new novel is the fulfillment of a promise made by Mauriac in the earlier novel to write one day the story of Michele and Jean, the story of "this love, this interminable storm."

THE LAMB presents us with the very "eye" of this storm. Like his master, Racine, Mauriac prefers to open his drama at its climax—or just after its climax. In *The Lamb*, the main action is related, with the admirable economy and concision that mark the best of Mauriac's work, in a series of flashbacks. The crisis is brought about by the entry of Xavier Dartigelongue into the lives of Michele and Jean at the moment when their marriage is about to collapse. The program confronting Xavier—the typical problem of the Mauriac

novel—is to restore the lost love, to "save" the de Mirbel marriage, in effect to lead Jean to a state of grace. Michele's comforting words to her husband, "you are cured, it's all over," do more than assure us that Jean's ability to love his wife has been restored—they say also that Jean has been saved, in the Christian sense of the term. Jean's impotence is a metaphor to express his lack of spiritual love—the physical symptom of his spiritual disease. In truth, the novel as a whole is a metaphorical statement of the Christian problem of attaining grace, of the saving of a soul.

At times the allegory stiffens, the

The Artist As Man

THREE LOVES OF DOSTOEVSKY. By Marc Slonim. Rinehart and Company. \$4.

By Harold Clurman

THIS concise and lucid biography of the great Russian novelist lays chief emphasis on his love life. The three dominant loves—they form the three parts of Mr. Slonim's book—were Maria, whom Dostoevsky married out of loneliness; Apollinaria, with whom he had an extended affair out of desire; Anna, whom he married out of need. There were sundry other "loves" of a more vulgar character.

The book's fascination is in its special stress. But this biography is probably not your best bet if you have never before read a book on Dostoevsky or if you are unacquainted with the novelist's work. An artist, I submit, is not to be comprehended through his life: his work creates a life—a life that extends beyond his personality and which becomes a psychological, historical, social and esthetic fact for those who come in contact with it. The artist's world has a wider hori-

zon than his personal one. That is one reason why it becomes necessary for a man to become an artist.

I do not say this in contradiction to any thesis stated or implied in Mr. Slonim's book—fortunately, he insists on none. I merely report a certain uneasiness on reading his book, a reaction I frequently experience when emphasis is placed on the "romantic" aspect of an artist's life, particularly when the biographical data is couched in the shorthand and schematization of the psychoanalytic vocabulary.

"Repetitions, postscripts, exclamations and coy hints not infrequently add an unwholesome, almost pathological tone to these effusions" Mr. Slonim says in quoting many of Dostoevsky's love letters. Yet I could not help wondering if Dostoevsky's sexual idiosyncracies—not, I am convinced, as peculiar to him as one might suppose—are not ultimately made to appear more trivial than pathological.

Reading this book—and it is often true of biographies in which the artist's work is taken almost for granted—I had the impertinent but

LYALL H. POWERS, instructor in English at the University of Wisconsin, did graduate work in French literature at the Sorbonne.

nonetheless persistent sense that, very great novelist though he was, Dostoevsky must have been a thor-

oughly objectionable person, whom I am nearly as glad not to have met as I am happy to have read.

In Search of Lawrence

THE LOVE ETHIC OF D. H. LAWRENCE. By Mark Spilka. Indiana University Press. \$4.

By William Y. Tindall

IN A FOREWORD Mrs. Frieda Ravagli (Lawrence's widow) calls this book "pure inspiration and triumph." Such applause, inspired maybe by Mr. Spilka's earnest enthusiasm, seems to guarantee his adherence to the party line. This "fascinating" book (perhaps the thirty-eighth or fortieth on Lawrence), Mrs. Ravagli continues, "is a start at revealing his significance."

However that may be, this book differs from most of its predecessors in neglecting the life and concentrating on the five "major" novels. The omission of *The Plumed Serpent* from this canon would be more astonishing were it not plain that moral substance rather than beauty determines Mr. Spilka's choice. Indeed, his values seem not unlike those that, shaping F. R. Leavis' great tradition, embrace George Eliot and leave Joyce out. The point, however, is not the exclusiveness of Mr. Spilka's taste and judgment, but what he makes of what they tolerate.

"For some time now," Mr. Spilka says at the beginning of his argument, "it has been the custom to divide D. H. Lawrence into esthetic and prophetic halves." But Lawrence, as he will prove, was an "organicist" constructing "organic wholes," at once esthetic and prophetic. No one can quarrel with this intention.

Except for a wave or two of the hand in the direction of structure, however, Mr. Spilka comes up with another study—as his title indicates—of Lawrence as prophet. By "love ethic" Mr. Spilka means "radical commitment to spontaneous life": "At the end of *Sons and Lovers* a man is born; at the end of *The Rain-*

bow a woman; and in *Women in Love* a man and a woman meet and marry." *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Man Who Died*, completing the canonical five, add "procreative love" to this ethical progress. Lawrence's "moral insights" have never received neater or happier summary than this. But like Leavis before him, Mr. Spilka assumes that morals assure art—an assumption that confers beauty on *Hard Times*, *Daniel Deronda* and the works of Horatio Alger.

How is Lawrence's demand for organic wholeness in life embodied in the organic wholeness of art? Mr. Spilka approaches this problem in his analysis of the "ritualistic" structure of a short story and in his gathering of recurrent flowers from *Sons and Lovers*. These are elements of organic wholes, to be sure, but the wholes in which they function do not emerge.


Mr. Spilka's reluctance to accost form may be due to his parochial idea of symbol, the device Lawrence used to unify and present his "ethic." Confusing symbolism with disembodied transcendentalism and stasis, Mr. Spilka unidiomatically announces Lawrence's difference from the symbolists: operating at a "different level of language than theirs," his symbols always "center around" such basic events as birth, death and resurrection. Lawrence's "relatedness," which "embarrassed critics like Tindall" misunderstand, means something profound, primitive and literal. Undismayed, the embarrassed critic still finds Lawrence's art symbolic—of a different kind from Joyce's, but symbolic none the less. As for Lawrence as prophet, dozens of yogis and Methodists have been as good. He differs from them in being a poet too, and we still await the book Mr. Spilka promised.

WILLIAM Y. TINDALL, professor of English at Columbia University, is the author of *D. H. Lawrence and Susan*, his Cow, *The Literary Symbol and other books*, and editor of *The Later D. H. Lawrence*.

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LETTER FROM ITALY

William Weaver

IN ITALY, the opening of the opera season arouses about the same amount of public excitement as the beginning of the baseball season in America, *Appassionati*, who form an overwhelming majority of the adult population here, immediately start comparing the repertory of La Scala with that of the San Carlo, or reopen the never-settled argument about the respective merits of Italy's (and probably the world's) two best sopranos: the stately Renata Tebaldi and the dazzling Maria Meneghini Callas. Opera seats are relatively cheap here (the cheapest are about the same as for a first-run movie), but those who cannot afford to go often to the theater can still hear all the important performances on the Radio Italiana, which regularly broadcasts "live" from Italy's major opera houses.

Traditionally, the season begins the first week of December. As always, La Scala opened its doors on December 7, feast of Milan's patron Saint Ambrose. Rome's Teatro dell'Opera opened later (December 26) and Naples, earlier. The San Carlo opening at Naples, always an exciting event, this year held the excitement of near-disaster. Its *Aida* had been scheduled early so that it could engage the popular tenor Mario del Monaco as Radames. At the last minute, however, del Monaco was "indisposed" (rumor in Naples insisted that La Scala's director, who had engaged the tenor for the inaugural *Norma* there, had inspired the indisposition). The singers were nervous, the sets hideous. Only the spectacle in the boxes and foyer saved the evening: the President of the Republic was there with his suite, and Naples—traditionally monarchist—was bending over backward to be hospitable and, at the same time, to enjoy what shreds of ceremony the Republic affords.

Having opened the San Carlo, President Gronchi was more or less obliged to go to Milan for the opening of La Scala. Here, he attended a thrilling *Norma*, with Callas in the title role. Up in the hot, close-packed gallery, Callas fans and Tebaldi fans

(assisted by a strong pro-del Monaco pressure group) increased the tension of the evening with some loud lobbying for their favorites.

Demonstrations which would not have seemed out of place at a Chicago Presidential convention followed every act and every air, and sometimes little ripples of applause greeted a particularly well-turned bit of recitative, or murmurs of indignation underlined a high note considered not quite squarely hit (there were very few of these). Best of all were the long duets between *Norma* and *Adalgisa*, which part was sung by mezzo-soprano Giulietta Simionato.

After a couple of weeks of less pleasant official duties, Signore Gronchi was present, the night after Christmas, at the Rome Opera for an uneven production of Handel's *Giulio Cesare*. Despite the excellent, measured conducting of Gianandrea Gavazzeni, one of Italy's most sensible and least publicized conductors, the opera limped: there are few singers around who can sing florid music successfully, and none of these few was present. The production was typical of the Rome Opera: a good choice of music, a couple of good elements (in this case, the conductor and the designer), but enough bad ones to mar the evening's pleasure. This year Rome has the most interesting repertory (including Verdi's *Macbeth* and Tchaikovsky's *Pique-Dame*), but if the house runs true to form, the performances will surely be spoiled by bad casting or bad conducting or bad staging.

THE MOST interesting operatic event of the season so far did not take place in one of the big three opera houses. It was the opening of La Piccola Scala, the tiny theatre constructed for performance of chamber operas, housed in the same building as La Scala and created and run by the same management. The 600 elect who crowded into the first performance on December 27 witnessed a banner production of Cimarosa's masterpiece *Il matrimonio segreto* (a work al-

most never performed professionally in the U. S.; perhaps because we have no proper chamber theatre?). This opening production indicated the new house's intentions: experienced and well-known singers like Simionato and Graziella Sciutti (a veteran of Glyndebourne and Edinburgh) were cast alongside newcomers like the graceful tenor Luigi Alva and soprano Eugenia Ratti, who until now has sung only some minor roles at La Scala. The opera was staged by Giorgio Strehler, brilliant director of Milan's Piccolo Teatro, who has had only limited operatic experience (he staged effectively the Prokofiev *Angel of Fire* at the last Venice Festival). He and conductor Nino Sanzogno, a Scala regular, gave a fresh, sprightly rendition of a charming work.

THE design of the theatre has been criticized: it is a high-ceilinged square room, with a wall of boxes at the back and a narrow line of gallery running along the very top of each side-wall. Though some of the criticism can be attributed to a firm Milanese tendency to depreciate new ventures, one must admit that the immediate effect of the hall is less than perfect: the wall of boxes, especially, has a distinct chicken-coop quality. Still, the seats are comfortable, the furnishings (yellow velvet and damask) are pretty; perhaps, when some of the candy-box newness has worn off, the theatre will be more acceptable. Some of the critics insist that the acoustics are too loud; but to others, myself included, they had a welcome brightness, a high-fidelity ring not ill-adapted to the predominately eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century repertory that is scheduled.

The next production is to be a gala *Così fan tutte*, conducted by Guido Cantelli (who hasn't done any opera since the very beginning of his career), designed by Eugene Berman, and sung by Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Nan Merriman. Later in the year there will be a modern program (De Falla's *El Retablo de Maese Pedro*, Stravinsky's *Apollo Musagete*, and a new work by the Milanese composer G. F. Ghedini), then Alessandro Scarlatti's *Mitridate Eupatore* along with Cherubini's *Crescendo* and Donizetti's recently re-discovered *Rita*.

Last year, the San Carlo restored

and reopened the lovely little Teatro di Corte in the Royal Palace, producing there a series of eighteenth-century operas primarily by Neapolitan composers like Paisiello and Pergolesi. In Rome, too, there is talk of constructing a little house for chamber operas. Thus in the next few years, Italy should have a kind of regular sub-season where, when the *appassionati* grow weary of the emotions of the Callas-Tebaldi battle,

they can rest among less fiery, but equally musical and satisfying performances of chamber operas. Eventually new operas by contemporary composers will be added to the repertory; here they can be performed with less expense than in the bigger houses—and in more suitable surroundings. La Piccola Scala, in short, promises to be an institution of real importance in Italian music.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AN INJUSTICE has been done Christopher Marlowe. Because he is not Shakespeare, it has been suggested that he is negligible. *Tamburlaine the Great* (Winter Garden) is almost dismissed as a play. But it is a play, which despite its faults—the worst being a certain monotony of construction—possesses greatness.

It is not enough to note that it contains magnificent writing—as if poetry were merely an ornament—nor academically to state that it introduces the mighty line of Elizabethan verse or even that it served as an inspiration to the mightier man to come. *Tamburlaine* is a powerful, moving work in its own right. Presented in 1587, it might be called the first modern drama.

It is modern in the sense that it shows the self-made man (Greek heroes are always royal or godly), the superman of the egomaniac individualist's dream, to be as vulnerable a vessel as even the "common" man. What is particularly modern in this is the shock, one might say the resentment, the poet expresses in regard to destiny, his terrible recognition that even the man who challenges and triumphs over all other men, laws and moralities must finally be broken because he is no more than a man.

Marlowe was enamored of power; man was discovering an immense world and it was his to conquer. The treasures of this world roar, gleam, glow, chant temptingly in Marlowe's verse. All that the scholars had disclosed of the past and all the potential that was seen to lie in the future spread themselves and swell in a barbaric vista before Marlowe's and his hero's grandiose lust. The great man

admits no limits to his passion. Because he is great he must possess all. In the end he finds that he must forever remain a perishable fragment. Hence the rage in Marlowe—the first black anguish of modern drama.

Tamburlaine is a hero—not a bloody villain, despite the savagery of his martial temperament. Marlowe admires him, identifies himself with him. That is why Marlowe makes him—for all *Tamburlaine's* gross megalomania—sensitive to beauty, capable of tenderness, humane in grief, honest with his captains and a kindly father. *Tamburlaine* is not the dictator in our derogatory contemporary sense, but a complete man as seen by an unsentimental Elizabethan for whom what to us is a revolting indifference to the suffering of others is not a heinous, unforgivable stain.

THE PACE of Tyrone Guthrie's production, which chiefly employs the players of the Festival Company of Stratford, Canada, is so rapid that the cast has great difficulty in making the play's words intelligible. I barely understood more than half of them. This obvious flaw is a symptom of something more deeply wrong.

Guthrie understands that the play must move torrentially, that it must have splendor and terrific muscular impetus. The sets, costumes and properties—designed by the Englishman Leslie Hurry—are very fine. What Guthrie overlooks is that the movement and passion of a play must be created through people—actors. The actors in this production are pawns: the text as meaning (and as poetry with a life of its own) hardly exists. Zenocrate's death is

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beautiful in color and composition, but the scene itself doesn't come alive because its very soul—Tamburlaine's sorrow—is taken for granted. It is indicated but it is not substantiated.

In the same scene, Zenocrate's corpse is waved about to look like a ghoulish puppet—very effective in itself—but the effect predominates over the pathos the scene demands. When Tamburlaine kills his son, the boy's body is shown to twitch convulsively like a slaughtered animal in its death throes—another striking effect—but the scene wasn't written for this macabre effect but for its relation to Tamburlaine's character.

All through the play, Guthrie applies effects to the text—mainly graphically melodramatic—but theatrical effects must come out of the text, they must seem to be a part of it: words and visualization must seem as if neither could exist without the other. Guthrie's virtuosity—far less evident in this instance, despite the larger canvas, than in *The Matchmaker*—does not make us feel, as it should, that we are in the presence of a stirring drama, but rather that a dusty Delacroix or betimes a Cecil M. deMille screen has been used to cover a masterpiece.

And yet—and yet—how glad I am to see a play that dwells in the realm of glory.

Letters

Soviet Competition

Dear Sirs: Peter Wiles's article on Soviet competition in the December 31 issue is a facer. It may be better to confine comment to his one superb suggestion for "a central efficiency audit," which he discerns is better than the Soviet "100 per cent central plan."

A number of Boston manufacturers set up precisely such an audit for their mutual advantage. After a short trial period they agreed in advance to adopt every considered suggestion made by their audit committee. This means for stimulating self-improvement worked very well.

I mention this because they overcame—though admittedly on a tiny scale—the greatest obstacle to meeting Soviet competition. That obstacle is the need to free our social order from its disastrous "lag," from "the very slow spread of methods proved correct by the best firms." Most of our top industrial leaders, especially those who keynote industrial policy, do not make use of competent counsel. If you reread Wiles's eight reasons for the Soviet industrial progress, you will see that there is little there which could not be done and done better under competent leadership which enlists free labor unionism, as some leaders are already doing. The example from Boston suggests that Wiles's proposal would work best if the top industrial leaders should themselves initiate this "central efficiency audit." If they do this, the time lag will certainly be greatly shortened and the audit findings may gain acceptance fast enough to meet the Soviet challenge. Opposition, disagreement and disastrous de-

lay would surely follow orders to change "imposed from above," but sponsored and directed from within may not such an audit become a flowering of the democratic process?

FRANCIS GOODELL
Yarmouthport, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on running a swell article in your December 31 issue, Peter Wiles's piece on Soviet competition. It was a good honest job.

SID LENS
Chicago, Ill.

Religion on the Campus

Dear Sirs: I'd like to correct an error that appeared in my article on "Religion on the Campus" as it was published in your January 7 issue.

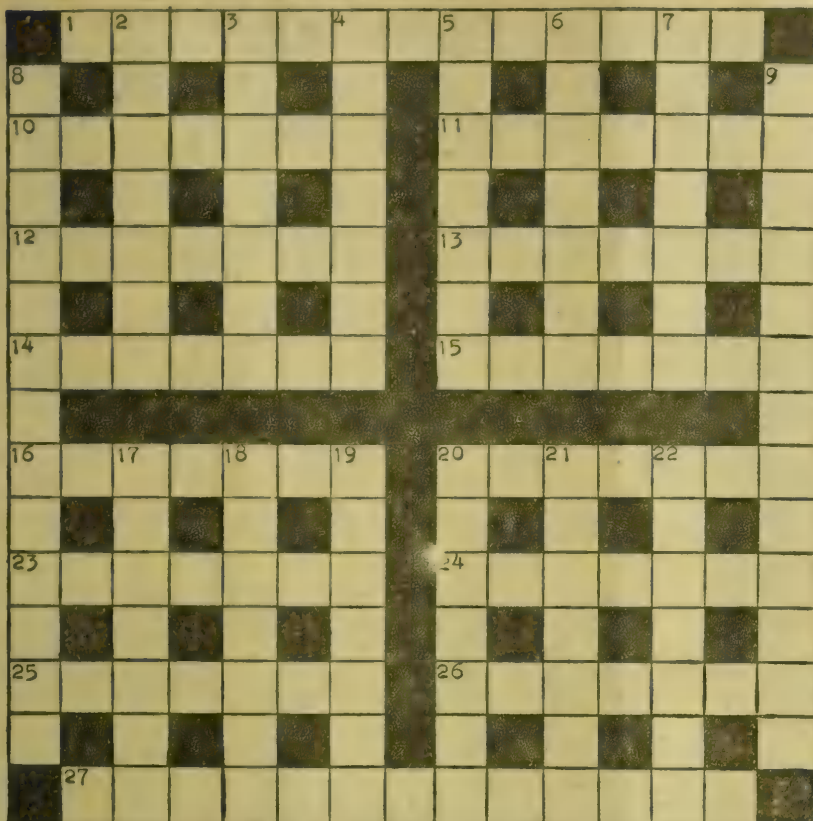
The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. did not report that "some 60 per cent of the population have a certain hostility toward the church." It reported, as I said in my article as submitted, that the current "religious boom" has swept some 60 per cent of the population onto the rolls of the churches and synagogues.

The contrast I drew in my article was basically this: While the popular religious revival in the nation as a whole has swept people into church and synagogue, the increased religious interest on the campuses has not brought students in great numbers into chapel or church, and has at times resulted in a certain hostility toward the church among some of those very students who are deeply interested in religion.

STANLEY ROWLAND, JR.
New York City.

Crossword Puzzle No. 657

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 The sort of political tactics displayed by the Avilla machine? (13)
- 10 Unable to get it confused with a thousand of the white? (7)
- 11 A conditional stipulation. (7)
- 12 Endeavors to follow ■ rather small type in the race, perhaps. (7)
- 13 Fliers are indebted to rose oil for it. (7)
- 14 A selection of any goes for the bunch! (7)
- 15 Is it cancer that makes the old fellow crotchety? (3, 4)
- 16 Could what some people raise be a Master painter? (7)
- 20 Proving at least one poet has holes in his shoes! (4, 3)
- 23 A period of service with the world organization? (7)
- 24 Meat substitute? One could be quite comfortable with it! (7)
- 25 Lowers into the same den that formed it. (7)
- 26 Such a copper isn't necessarily green. (7)
- 27 "Bunt" or "take"? (7, 6)

DOWN

- 2 The trailer may show the star, but usually this shows the trailer. (7)
- 3 Calling attention to the border? (7)
- 4 May get "shook up" about the home, due o forgetfulness. (7)
- 5 Spinoza said everyone is fond of relating his own in a plural form. (7)

- 6 A Durocher team? (Brings out the animal instinct! (7)
- 7 One of the innermost feathers, not well placed between ■ tool and the head of 2. (7)
- 8 Implying the paper has a following. (All contestants take heads and tails.) (4, 3, 6)
- 9 A crime, or just a chore for pet owners? (13)
- 17 Where unconventional people like 16 come from? (7)
- 18 Does such a quotation demand concentration? (7)
- 19 His pains seem to continue, even though he's no longer with the government. (7)
- 20 Look up and down; the inside is just play. (7)
- 21 To put it bluntly, weaseled! (Mine has the wrong color on the outside.) (7)
- 22 This was the name for the model before it went dynastic. (3-4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 656

ACROSS: 1 AD INFINITUM; 9 FLAMINGO; 11 VARSITY; 12 CARNAGE; 14, 13, and 20 across ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH; 15 TREATING; 17 FEVERISH; 22 LIMPETS; 24 INFORMS; 27 OBEDIENT; 28 STOREKEEPER DOWN; 2 DAMASCENE; 3 and 10 NONSTOP FLIGHT; 4 and 25 IRONWORK; 5 INFLATE; ■ UNION; 7 and 26 CLEAR SAILING; 8 SHOGUN; 16 TRILOBITE; 18 ELICIT; 19 INTEGER; 20 SINCERE; 21 CEMENT; ■ POINT.

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Tragedy Writ in Water

by David Cort

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New New Orleans: A Chance for Decency

New Orleans

ALTHOUGH the neon cabaret signs still give the old wrought-iron balconies a red-hot glow in the sinful night, changes are taking place in the Crescent City. The Victorian, gingerbread fronts along the wide business artery of Canal Street are giving way to smooth structures of glass and steel. On the outskirts of the city, fishing camps and hunting lodges have been displaced by factory sites and housing developments. Broad neutral grounds, once adorned with azaleas and tropical palms, have been narrowed to provide new lanes for traffic. All is boom and bustle. And amid this stir, a new attitude seems to be enriching the storied sophistication of New Orleansians—an attitude more offensive to professional purists in rural Louisiana and neighboring states than dice, whiskey or sex.

In mid-November a group of board members of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, an anti-segregation organization whose headquarters are in New Orleans, decided that an appropriate event for Human Rights Day would be a forum on school integration. This idea gained wide support, and soon there were more than a hundred sponsors. The mayor's office agreed to issue a proclamation declaring December 10-15 Human Rights Week. The Orleans Parish school board granted permission for use of a school auditorium.

But the proclamation was not forthcoming. Instead, on December 6, the New Orleans Young Men's Business Club passed a resolution urging a boycott of the forum, calling attention to the attack made on the educational fund by Senator Eastland's Internal Security subcommittee. The school board thereupon rescinded its grant of the auditorium, but it dared not slam the door completely on the project. "There are some very substantial people on the forum," one member warned his colleagues. The board

announced it would consider application if the sponsors held meeting "on their own, with no connection with" the SCEF.

One sponsor, Mrs. Anne K. Weitz, ■ social worker, told the business men's club: "By your efforts to 'boycott' public discussion, it seems to me that you are increasing the level of emotionalism surrounding this problem; that you are using exactly the techniques you profess to deplore. To disguise your rather obvious fear of integration by promoting the red herring of 'Communist front' is scarcely democratic." The rest of the sponsors backed this point of view. They refused to jettison the SCEF, they voted to continue plans for the forum, and they elected a special committee to take the board up on its offer. A United Packinghouse Workers of America program coordinator, the chaplain of a Negro university, a business man, and two prominent clubwomen went to the school board and asked for the auditorium "as individuals." The New Orleans representative of the American Civil Liberties Union endorsed the request. After a period of stalling that forced postponement of the forum, the board yielded. (No such shilly-shallying occurred when the local White Citizens Council sought to hold meetings at various schools.) On the night of December 15, despite a last-minute telephone campaign of abuse and threats, the forum was held and was well attended. The discussion marked the first sympathetic public airing of the integration issue; the audience was the first to use a public-school facility on a non-segregated basis.

AT THE same time that the school board was seeking to "pocket veto" the forum it was also battling the demand for integration brought in federal court by the NAACP. On December 10—Human Rights Day, ironically—it submitted to a three-judge court a brief which contended that desegregation of the city's schools would lower educational standards and create a health menace. The board enclosed statements by various medical officials quoting the high incidence of illegitimacy and venereal disease among Negroes. Three psychiatrists also speculated on the "traumatic damage" that might result if white and

Negro children went to school together. However, the wind had been largely taken out of this argument by the refusal of the Orleans Parish Medical Society to go along. The society's executive board sought to put the members on record as "being of the opinion that it would be a distinct health hazard to integrate the races in the schools of Orleans Parish." But such was rank-and-file opposition to the resolution that it was withdrawn without ever getting to the floor. One doctor reportedly said, "Let's bury the whole thing." And another replied, "How can you bury something that stinks so bad?"

ON ANOTHER level, the Roman Catholic church in its New Orleans and rural Louisiana dioceses has been insisting that progress be made toward racial integration, despite the opposition of influential laymen. The excommunication of three women who attacked the teacher of an interracial catechism class gained wide notice. The three were subsequently forgiven after they did penance. Another widely publicized incident was the refusal of a rural congregation in St. Bernard Parish, near New Orleans, to permit a Negro priest to say mass. The priest who was turned away said that policemen were among the group barring his entry into the church. This is not surprising, since that section

(Continued on page 128)

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The Shape of Things

The News from Fresno

It is not surprising that stories of the California Democratic Council meeting in Fresno, California, dominated the news of an uncommonly uneventful weekend. The council meetings are always a good show, for represented at them are not the stuffy top-drawer "leaders" of the Democratic Party but the enthusiastic amateurs who have always been its life-blood in California. Suffering from years of severe in-fighting and a chronic inability to project first-rate candidates, the Democratic Party in California has shown clear signs of recovering the promise it exhibited in the period from 1938 to 1944. The council is one of the major instrumentalities which has brought about this recovery.

As might have been expected, the Stevenson elements were in the ascendancy but—nor is this surprising—Senator Kefauver was somewhat closer to the real sentiment of the delegates. For these are active liberal Democrats, who on such issues as civil rights must feel somewhat disappointed by the calculated moderation which Mr. Stevenson exhibits nowadays. Mr. Stevenson, of course, is preoccupied with winning the nomination; he has not moderated his views so much perhaps, as he has chosen to speak softly until after the convention. But it just could be that he has miscalculated the force and sharpness of the feeling, particularly in California, on civil rights and a number of related issues. He would be well-advised, indeed, to keep his ear close to the pulse beat of the rank and file of his party in California which is probably as good a cross section of the party nationally as can be found in any single state.

Ban the Bomb Tests

The case for suspending further H-bomb tests has a special timeliness which one may hope was carefully weighed in the discussions between Sir Anthony Eden and Messrs. Dulles and Strauss in Washington. Even those nations unwilling to negotiate a suspension of further tests at this time plead special circumstances to justify their non-concurrence. The British, for example, want to explode their own H-bomb before agreeing to suspend tests. Our own unwillingness to enter into such an agreement at this time stems, among other considerations, from the fact that the latest Russian H-bomb was exploded in the air while ours was exploded from a tower; therefore we must explode one in the air our-

selves, so it is said, before we can agree to a suspension. But the British would not be so anxious to explode a bomb of their own if we were willing to share our nuclear wisdom with them. And we should not feel too distressed by the fact that the Russians have exploded an H-bomb in the air while we have not. For, according to Senator Bricker, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Power, we now have "that number" of hydrogen bombs sufficient to wipe out the human race.

Arguments based on special circumstances can be conjured up indefinitely; if too much attention is given to them we will never get agreement. Today the advantage may be ours; tomorrow it may be with the Russians; the day after it may rest with West Germans. The time to agree to a suspension of tests is at such a moment as the present when neither side is too far behind the other to feel that its assent is being coerced nor too far ahead to feel satisfied with its advantage. The late Willie Bioff, an ex-gangster of Chicago-Cicero-Hollywood background, who was assassinated by unnamed but efficient killers in Arizona some time back, often said: "when the fix is equal, justice must prevail." This was only his way of saying, of course, that when the odds are about even is a pretty good time not to try pressing one's luck or advantage too far.

Planning for Disaster

For a variety of reasons, the city of Los Angeles is one of the most vulnerable atomic targets of any of our larger cities. Officialdom and citizenry are acutely conscious of the fact and, as might be expected, the staging of alerts and the preparation of "disaster plans" have been a major civic pastime for a great many years. Indeed the city had its own "major disaster plan" years prior to the onset of the nuclear age.

Recently the fast Santa Fe *San Diego* failed to round a sharp curve a short distance from the Los Angeles station. Thirty were killed and a hundred or more wounded in this disaster—a minor one when measured against today's H-bomb potentialities. How did this disaster-conscious, thoroughly alerted and rehearsed city react to the challenge of tragedy? When a need for volunteers at the scene was reported, the police promptly sounded a "Sigalert," in accordance with which broadcasts go out immediately over television and radio networks in cases of catastrophe. In a matter of minutes the scene of the train wreck was one of almost complete chaos. The number of individuals showing up with press passes was of such magnitude as to

suggest that Los Angeles is populated exclusively by working journalists. Over the years the Los Angeles police, when confronted with any novel situation, have never waited for orders before starting to swing their clubs; on this occasion they swung fiercely, blindly and in all directions. A veteran press photographer from the Los Angeles *Times* was assaulted by stick-happy officers. In itself this is a measure of the confusion that prevailed, since *Times* photographers and newsmen have enjoyed privileges and immunities that the Los Angeles police have never accorded councilmen, magistrates, movie stars or other fat cats. The offense was so unprecedented, in fact, that several Republican Congressmen demanded an F. B. I. investigation to determine whether the "civil rights" of the photographer had been violated.

The real disaster in Los Angeles was not the train wreck but the alarm which it precipitated. On the sober morrow of the accident, Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman moved for an investigation and suggested that it might be a good idea to find out if civil defense had, perhaps, "a crew known as a disaster crew." The incident should be a warning to federal as well as local officials that one of the disasters communities need to be concerned about is the institutionalization of their deep fears in the form of rigid disaster plans that precipitate the panic and confusion they are supposed to guard against.

The Montgomery Boycott

The boycott of transit buses by the Negro residents of Montgomery, Alabama, has caused a fantastically inept city commission to join forces with the White Citizens Council. Soon after this dubious union came the bombings of the homes of two Negro leaders. Since December 5 some 40,000 Negroes in the "Cradle of the Confederacy" have declined to patronize the bus line, in protest against seating practices that allow drivers to uproot Negro riders at will (see *The Nation*, December 24, 1955). They are not challenging segregation per se, but are only seeking a first-come, first-served allocation of seats on a racial basis. They have formed a jitney service of several hundred cars, have shared rides, and have simply walked. The solidarity, the good order and the high spirits they demonstrate are what especially gail local white supremacists. The seating arrangement they demand is that existing in most Southern cities.

The Montgomery city commission began a sequence of stupidities by declaring flatly that the requested change was contrary to the segregation ordinance—although the ordinance makes no specification as to how the races should be separated. Then Mayor "Tacky" Gayle appointed a committee of whites and Negroes to study the problem, but his naming two Citizens Council chieftains to the group insured that negotiations would be fruitless. After it became apparent that the Negroes were not going to be worn into

submission by time alone, Police Commissioner Clyde Sellers, amid great fanfare, signed with the Central Alabama Citizens Council.

On January 21 the city commission said it had conferred with Negro leaders and bus-company representatives, and issued a detailed arrangement for seating which presumably had the approval of all sides. It subsequently developed that the three Negro ministers at the "conference" had thought they were being summoned for other reasons and had not agreed to anything. And no spokesman of the bus line had been present. Nevertheless, when the boycotters rejected the proposal, Mayor Gayle made a great cry about "bad faith" and declared that he was through "pussyfooting" with the situation. He announced that he and the third member of the commission had joined Commissioner Sellers in the ranks of the Citizens Council.

Immediately thereafter, an "avalanche" of congratulatory messages was reported at city hall. W. C. C. headquarters said new members were coming in by the hundreds. Police, acting under explicit "get-tough" instructions, began harassing Negro jitney drivers, and one of the boycott leaders, the twenty-seven-year-old Reverend Martin Luther King, was stopped twice within a few blocks before traffic officers decided he was speeding and hauled him to headquarters for fingerprinting. The night of January 30, either a grenade or a stick of dynamite was hurled against King's house, destroying the front part. No one was hurt.

Mayor Gayle and Commissioner Sellers both made speedy appearances on the scene to denounce such violence. They posted a \$500 reward for the capture of the bombers, and this offer was matched by their fraternity brothers of the W. C. C. On February 1 five Negro women filed suit in federal court to have the state and city travel-segregation laws declared unconstitutional. (One of them was subsequently pressured into withdrawing her name.) The same night a blast was set off in front of the home of a local labor leader who is a past president of the Alabama NAACP.

Whether the explosions or the portent of the legal action have jolted Montgomery out of a rising state of hysteria cannot be judged at this writing. Senator "Voice of the South" Eastland was scheduled to make a public address on February 9—an event not conducive to sanity. And Montgomery's white ministerial association, a powerful force in this God-fearing city, is currently absorbed in enforcing the blue laws against Sunday operation of grocery stores.

"Achievement Lag"

In his newspaper column of February 1, David Lawrence called attention to tests made in the District of Columbia schools which are supposed to demonstrate that the achievement level has fallen since Negro and white children were put in the same classes. The inference would seem to be that a new kind of discrim-

ination has replaced racial discrimination, namely, discrimination against brighter youngsters in favor of the less bright. To this conclusion a general caveat may be entered on several grounds. In the first place, youngsters from low-income groups often make poor showings in initial achievement test after being transferred to better schools; it takes time for them to respond to more favorable educational opportunities. Since 64 per cent of the pupils in Washington are Negroes, one might reasonably expect the average in achievement tests to fall somewhat below the previous average for white, segregated schools. Negro students in segregated schools are likely not to perform at the same level as their white contemporaries for reasons which have nothing to do with racial differences, such as inadequate and second-rate equipment, overcrowded classrooms, insufficient quantities of books and teaching materials and inadequate or non-existent services for atypical hard-of-hearing or crippled children or pupils requiring remedial reading. The consequences of this educational inheritance cannot be overcome in a school term. Uncritically interpreted post-integration tests of this kind can work a second injustice to Negro students in areas that formerly adhered to a policy of segregation. Having handicapped these youngsters by shunting them into inferior schools, it would now be most unfair to pass judgment on their learning ability without taking this handicap into account.

Maneuvering for a Majority

Both the Communists and the Catholic Popular Republicans joined the Republican front bloc in confirming Socialist Guy Mollet as the new Premier of France. This was due largely to the adroitness of Mollet's policy statement, which promised largesse for almost all sections of the Assembly. But it is obvious that this situation cannot continue indefinitely; nor do the Socialists expect it to. The word from Paris is that Mollet intends to make a deal with the Catholics on the one burning issue which separates them: the question of state financial aid to the Catholic schools. Once an agreement is reached, Mollet plans deliberately to precipitate the downfall of the present government, which consists almost exclusively of Socialists and Mendesiste Radicals, and to form a new coalition Cabinet which would include the Popular Republicans. The seventy-three votes of the Catholic group, while less than half of the Communists, would nevertheless be sufficient for the working majority which Mollet needs to continue in office.

All of this planning is predicated, of course, upon the Mollet government's ability, in the meantime, to avert a war in North Africa. The Premier's visit to Algeria—the fact that he makes this trip only a few days after his induction to office is proof enough of the urgency of the situation—will do more to decide the fate of the present government than any amount of paper politics.

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Left Fetishism

Since the autumn of 1955, Pierre Herve, erstwhile Communist deputy in the French Assembly, has ceased to exercise the functions of chief of propaganda for the French Communist Party. Herve, forty-two and a Doctor of Letters, is now a teacher. In his extracurricular time, he has written a book, *Revolution and Fetishes* (*La Revolution et les fetiches*) which should give his colleagues a thing or two to think about. While reaffirming his faith in Marxism, Herve takes a solid poke at the "ideological extremism" practiced, according to him, by "certain intellectuals" in the name of communism. The book is important because Herve is the best known, in France, of an increasing number of independent-minded and literate faithful who have been taking issue with the creed lately. There follow a few paragraphs from his book which might, in less relaxed times, have provoked his immediate political excommunication:

There is a tendency [within the party] toward an absolute ideology which, in its rigorous application, forbids the raising of the issue of truth and falsehood.

... It is not true that a party is a church outside which there is no salvation.

There are no rules of reasoned thinking which are viable for the bourgeois and not for the proletarian.

It is impossible to judge the value of a work of art, that is to say its profound truth, by simple reference to the character of the society in which it is born. . . . It was a foregone conclusion that everything coming from the United States—the novels of Faulkner, Hemingway, Caldwell—was rotten, whereas everything coming from the Soviet Union—the most pedestrian novels, notably those panned by Soviet critics as doctrinaire and boring—had a direct link with socialism.

Marxism in no way excludes the right to make mistakes; if it did, it would also exclude the right to seek the truth.

... A civilization cannot open itself to Marxism if Marxism on the march does not open itself to what is worthwhile in that civilization.

Herve's provocative book may well be some sort of trial balloon. The dissenting utterances of a member in good standing may well encourage fledgling intellectuals to stay within the party, whereas his excommunication—as indicative of a rigid intellectual policy—might cause disaffection, especially among the Communist youth. What the French Communists will do about Herve is decidedly worth watching.

Out of Kafka

As Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, pointed out last week at the dinner given in his honor by the American Jewish Congress in New York, there is "something out of Kafka or Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass" in the present political atmosphere. "How can it be possible," he asked, "to

get into trouble in the United States by defending and advancing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights? The United States is these documents. Without them this country is merely a piece of land between Canada and Mexico; it is not America."

The Scared Librarian

The most recent illustration of the Kafka-like atmosphere which still prevails in the post-McCarthy period is the weird behavior of the Librarian of Congress, L. Quincy Mumford, an appointee of President Eisenhower, in the case of Albert Sprague Coolidge. A lecturer in chemistry at Harvard, Dr. Coolidge was asked in 1954 to succeed his mother, Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, as one of three advisers on the \$600,000 foundation which she had given to the Library of Congress in 1926 to promote and sustain an interest in chamber music. Since the position of adviser carries a stipend of \$250 a year, Dr. Coolidge was submitted to the familiar routines nowadays attached to government employment, including fingerprinting and affirming non-membership in the Communist Party. This year Mumford discreetly suggested to Dr. Coolidge that he decline renomination because of certain "derogatory" information the F. B. I. had turned up about him. Dr.

Coolidge replied that he thought he should be given a chance to reply to the information; that the only organization on the Attorney General's list to which he had ever belonged was the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. The next thing he heard was word that another person had been named as adviser in his place.

Mr. Mumford confirms that Dr. Coolidge has not been renominated because his associations made questionable "the appropriateness" of his appointment. But what standards of "appropriateness" does Mr. Mumford rely upon? Dr. Coolidge would appear to have first-rate qualifications: familiarity with the wishes and intentions of the donor, an active interest in chamber music (he is an accomplished oboist and viola player), and identification with one of this country's outstanding educational institutions. In a letter to the *Berkshire Eagle*, Dr. Coolidge states: "I feel that this episode does not measure up to the dignity with which my mother helped to clothe her foundation by putting it under the auspices of the government of the United States." Nor does it. Here, then, is another of those Kafka-like incidents which demean the American tradition. It is one thing when this tradition is debased by hoodlums or demagogues; it is humiliating, indeed, to note its debasement by a scholar in charge of the Library of Congress.

CALL ME "FOSTER"

Eden Visits Washington . . by *Harold Greer*

Washington
FOR AN old pro, Sir Anthony Eden got badly taken on his trip to Washington last week. Nowhere in the pious "Washington Declaration," or in the fuzzy, say-nothing communique on his talks with President Eisenhower, does the Eden reputation for clarity, conciseness and abhorrence of misunderstanding shine through. Even in his address to the American people, the British Prime Minister managed to belabor the commonplace so much that one viewer was heard to comment that he makes Clem Attlee sound like Orson Welles.

Sir Anthony was admittedly under some pressures of the moment. The need to prove himself to the British

voters, who have heard nothing recently except denials that he is to resign, the need to demonstrate the solidarity of the Anglo-American alliance in the face of Bulganin's overtures to President Eisenhower, and the need to prove that he is really very chummy with John Foster Dulles, are together enough to shake the diplomatic touch of the most veteran practitioner. But there was something pathetic about the way he publicly asked Mr. Dulles if he might call him "Foster," and about the way the British delegation seized upon his ship-conference description of the President's reply to Bulganin as "admirable," until it became a stock answer for inquiries. More disturbing is his signature to documents which proclaim unity but disclose disunity, and which singularly fail to respond positively to the central

problem now facing Western diplomacy.

THAT problem can be stated in a variety of ways, but to put it as simply as possible, it is the problem of negotiating with Russia on the basis of a military stalemate. It is a curious problem, because the stalemate does not dictate diplomatic sterility; indeed, it tends to encourage freedom of action. It assumes, on the one hand, that neither side is moved by the compulsion of force to give up established positions or to be unduly restrained from fresh diplomatic initiatives by the threat of force; on the other hand, it recognizes there are limitations to this competitive coexistence and that it behooves both sides to seek a negotiation of their differences and the best rapprochement possible under

HAROLD GREER covers Washington and the U. N. for the *Toronto Star*.



New Statesman and Nation
Sir Anthony Eden

the circumstances. In short, it assumes negotiations and a relaxation of tension are possible without a prior commitment to reform on the part of the Kremlin.

Those were the rules of the game which were established at the Geneva conference and which Soviet policy has since been observing. They are basically the theme of Premier Bulganin's letter to the President, however incongruous the idea of a twenty-year Soviet-American friendship pact may seem to Western minds. Mr. Eisenhower violated the rules when he replied the Soviet Union has broken up the game by failing to agree to Western proposals for German reunification and disarmament. He could not, of course, have accepted the specific Russian proposition but he could have recognized that while some matters are not negotiable at the present time, others—particularly the Middle East—might be.

As an old pro, Sir Anthony knows this as well as any one and his problem on arriving in Washington was to get the Western alliance out from behind the diplomatic eight-ball where it had been placed by the President's pre-meeting reply to the Soviet note. The "Washington Declaration," however, reads like a declaration of holy war against communism; its only saving grace is the assurance by its authors that they will not resolve the world cleavage they describe by force. But this is immediately followed by their promise that they will use their full in-

fluence "to assure that Soviet efforts to inflame old antagonisms will not succeed in breaking the peace." Nowhere is there a clear offer to pursue negotiations with Russia. As a document of interest to future historians, this may have some value; but it is too thundering to be of much diplomatic use today and it is even too wordy to make good propaganda.

Similarly, the communique itself looks forward to unremitting cold war. The sections dealing with Europe, South and Southeast Asia and atomic energy are brief statements for the record requiring no comment. But the sections on the Middle East and the Far East, where the situations are more fluid and problems more pressing, read as if negotiations with the Communists are out of the question. The language of both sections suggests the authorship of Mr. Dulles and reflect his preoccupation with the policy of deterrence. But if it pretended to indicate a meeting of British and American minds on policy in these areas, the comments offered by the respective briefing officers to reporters after the final session revealed that it verged on the dishonest.

On the Far East, for example, the Americans were quite happy to have the communique declare that the two leaders are firmly united in their purpose: "to deter and prevent aggressive expansion by force or subversion, and to assist the free nations of the area in their self-defense and in maintaining domestic stability

and welfare." They felt this appears at least to cover Formosa and the offshore islands. For the British, of course, it does nothing of the sort. But the British reservations had to be covered by the statement that "after frank discussion, some differences remain in our judgments as to the most effective means to achieve these purposes." The communique further states that strategic trade controls will be reviewed; British spokesmen said this means the China list would be relaxed to permit, in particular, the sale of Malayan rubber to the mainland. But U. S. officials insisted it committed them only to a review and that the British would still have to make a case for specific items.

On the Middle East, the communique announced joint discussions, to which France has been invited, will be held regarding the implementation of the Tripartite Declaration of 1954 providing for action by the three powers "both inside and outside the United Nations in the event of the use of force or threat of force or of preparations to violate the frontier or armistice lines" in Palestine. While this quotation is taken from the 1950 declaration, the essence of that document was that it constituted a guarantee of resistance to a resumption of the Arab-Israeli war, either in the form of full-scale fighting or in the form of permanent border encroachments. It was not meant to prevent border incidents or frontier violations, a meaning which the U. S. is now trying to give it and with which the British obviously do not agree. In any event, British officials said, they have agreed only to consult, regardless of what the Americans say about the U. S. Sixth Fleet and British air force on Cyprus.

The emphasis is reversed regarding the communique's announcement that the two governments will consider favorably any necessary "enlargement" of the U. N. truce supervisory organization in Palestine and "improvement of its capabilities." Britain believes this holds the most promise of curtailing and perhaps preventing the armistice violations and frontier incidents which are keeping the Arab-Israeli dispute at a white heat. British officials accordingly emphasized it in their press briefing, but their American counterparts were so unim-



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The Soviet Dove

pressed with it that the New York *Times* did not mention it in its account of the communique. When it is appreciated that the British briefing officer was Selwyn Lloyd and the American briefing officer Foster Dulles, this difference in emphasis takes on some significance.

THE fact remains, however, that a decision was taken to support the formation of U. N. police-type force to patrol the borders of Israel and that it was the only real decision of the conference. This idea is not particularly new; Maj. Gen. E. L. M. Burns of Canada, the truce supervisor, has recommended it in private reports to the U. N. But the difficulty has been one of authority; the function of the truce organization is purely supervisory and it has no enforcement powers. It could not get them without a fresh directive from the Security Council and therein lies the threat of a Soviet veto. However, U. N. Secretary-General

Dag Hammarskjöld is now empowered to furnish the truce organization with such personnel as is required and the British feel this is enough authority to increase the number of U. N. "observers" substantially. General Burns's force now ranges between forty and eighty men, stationed in central control posts from which they conduct investigations. The day-to-day, on-the-spot observation of armistice compliance is supposed to be done by the Mixed Armistice Commissions, but these are virtually inoperative. A force of perhaps 1,000 U. N. observers on constant patrol would correct this deficiency. They would be policemen without the power of arrest and the British are willing to leave it up to General Burns as to whether they should be armed. Under a U. N. resolution of 1949, it would be possible to equip them with arms for self-defense and they could even be made responsible for the protection of neutral areas, but nothing more

can be done without new authority.

The policy behind this move is clear enough. Up to now, the U. S. and Britain have endeavored to induce Israel and the Arab states to negotiate a settlement by holding out certain promises to them—an iron-clad territorial guarantee, for example, in the case of Israel once a permanent border is negotiated. The 1950 declaration did not go that far because it was appreciated that the compulsion upon Israel to negotiate would disappear. Negotiations have almost come about on several occasions but have been prevented each time by some untoward armistice violation. The immediate problem is to stop the violations and let things simmer down without entrenching Israel's claim to the territory it now holds. If the military factor can be removed, a settlement on the basis of acceptance by the Arab world of the *fact* of Israel and of fairly substantial territorial concessions by Israel may be possible.

SPAIN IN AFRICA

Franco Traps Himself . . by *J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Spanish Frontier, January

ON ONE point there is agreement among all the people, both from inside and outside Spain, with whom I have been talking: Franco's troubles in Morocco are only beginning. The full effect of his error in thinking he could promote independence in French Morocco without its becoming an issue in the Spanish zone will be evident within the next two or three months.

To understand the situation and anticipate future developments, one must recall the course Franco has followed from the day France came into open conflict with the Moroccan Nationalists after the deposition and exile of Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef in 1953. In this act the Spanish dictator saw an exceptional opportunity to satisfy his long-standing hatred of France. A Germanophile in both world wars, he was already convinced that France was doomed to disappear as a power in

Europe and to lose North Africa. He decided to accelerate that process as much as possible, while simultaneously working to shift to Spain the American financial aid which, he speculated, could not indefinitely be lavished on a weak and decaying France, a fourth of whose people voted Communist.

At the beginning he gave only political and diplomatic encouragement to the Moroccan Nationalists. He posed as the "Protector of Islam," supported every move of the Arab League and coordinated the broadcasts from Radio Tetuan with those from Cairo, echoing Arab attacks on French policy in Africa. The French protested, but very mildly. It became obvious that, with the situation worsening in Algeria and Morocco, France was afraid of antagonizing Franco still further; instead of adopting a firm attitude, Foreign Minister Pinay carried conciliation nearly to the point of sacrificing the Spanish

Republican refugees in France to buy the neutrality of Franco.

Appeasement, of course, did not work. On the contrary it was interpreted in Madrid as new proof of French weakness and the Franco regime began to prepare for the hour when major hostilities would break out in North Africa. Moroccan rebels who escaped to the Spanish zone, thanks to facilities offered by the Francoist authorities, were trained and organized as guerrillas. And when the Nationalist fever reached its height, prior to the restoration of ben Youssef to the throne, Madrid shifted from mere political support to the systematic dispatch of arms and armed units across the border. As a result, this past autumn the French found themselves fighting in the same area where Abd el Krim, sweeping down from the hills in 1925, gravely threatened the combined Spanish-French forces massed to meet his famous revolt.

The Rif is the last place where any military commander would choose to fight. It is rough and treacherous territory, impregnable against modern mechanized contingents, ideal for guerrillas. I remember well, while I was covering that struggle for *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, hearing a Spanish captain tell how his column had been prevented from advancing by a single Berber sharpshooter hidden behind an inaccessible rock. Correspondents sent there last fall described how two thousand French soldiers, trapped in the mountains, were trying without success to fight their way past a small band of rebel tribesmen ambushed above them in the rugged hills.

The source of this new threat to the French was soon discovered. On October 12 Selton Delmer, experienced correspondent for the *London Daily Express*, wrote from Casablanca: "Well, you ask me, who . . . is behind the present rising in the difficult mountain area on the frontier between the Spanish and the French zones of Morocco? The answer is horrifying and shocking. It is Generalissimo Francisco Franco." A series of reports written on the spot and published in the European press confirmed Delmer's charge. Today the French military has much information on Franco's intervention, and should Madrid try to sabotage—as is most probable—the coming negotiations between the French and Moroccan governments, the French need only open their files and see what the Franco government will have to say for itself.

Responsible Spaniards from inside Spain could provide complementary details. I am informed that there are still five routes through which arms and munitions are moving from the Spanish zone into the French zone. Some arms have been disembarked at various points on the Spanish Moroccan coast from ships manned by Egyptians and nationals of other Arab countries. Smuggling has always existed in the border region. In normal times it consists mainly of pepper, textiles and watches. Last summer such innocent items were replaced by Spanish Mauser rifles and American Thompson machine guns. The other day the French captured tribesmen using not only the traditional rifle but automatic arms of very modern types.

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Franc-Tireur

Francisco: "How about me as the new Sultan?"

The Franco government may now be telling the truth when it says that the High Commissioner in Morocco, General Garcia Valino, has issued strict orders that the smuggling—"if it ever existed"—should be stopped. Since the day a bomb was exploded in a Tetuan coffee-house a few weeks ago, Madrid has been considering Morocco from a different angle. Suddenly the authorities realized that the fire they had started in their neighbor's house might burn their own. But the machinery for smuggling weapons, which was perfected as part of Franco's plan for smashing French rule in North Africa, cannot be so quickly disassembled. Agents of the Arab League, with plenty of funds at their disposal, by now know very well how to quiet the conscience of Spanish officers and customs officials on the border. A major with a family of five, receiving less than a hundred dollars a month, is glad to get an extra hundred for closing his eyes to a shipment of arms. The one thing that has changed is that Moroccan rebels who cross over, from French territory are now closely watched by Franco's officers. The very men who have been arming these guerrillas now fear that the weapons they supplied may suddenly be turned against them.

THIS situation, together with repeated statements from Rabat that the Sultan would insist on independence for all Morocco, has thrown the Franco regime into hopeless confusion. Its policy has become a series of zigzags and contradictions that have seriously undermined its authority. At first General Garcia Valino adopted a line implying enthusiastic support for Arab nationalism, assuring its leaders in the Spanish zone that Spain was only counting the hours until Moroccan

independence could be extended to the territory under his command. Then Franco corrected the General's "self-determination" thesis, declaring on December 15 that "precisely because we know and love the Moroccan people we are in a better position also to realize how disastrous it would be for their future . . . if the trickery and internal strife of political parties on the European model were transplanted to that territory." In a word, no political freedom.

His statement put Nationalist leaders such as Abdul Kadel Torres and Abdullah Guenon, who had professed a dubious double policy of hate for the French tyrant and love for Garcia Valino and the Spanish dictatorship, in an impossible position. Both were obliged to resign their posts in the Spanish Moroccan government. Presently the High Commissioner began to talk about the "incapacity for gratitude" of his Moorish subjects.

The same inconsistency has been demonstrated in action. Unrest in Spanish Morocco has been growing. Local Moroccans and Nationalists from across the border have been arrested. Recently Garcia Valino seized several rebel refugees from the French zone and put them in prison. Two days later, after loud protests from Tangier and Rabat, he ordered their release. Next day he placed them under "*vigilancia*"—which meant that they were watched and their movements restricted. Their only offense had been to call upon Spain to grant independence to its part of Morocco. Other activities have been more overt—such as the bomb explosion in Tetuan. Leaflets in Arabic attacking Franco have been distributed: they are signed, "Secret Movement of the Army of Liberation." Their authors have not been caught nor their source discovered. A rigid censorship has been imposed to prevent such facts from reaching foreign newspapers. The army in the Spanish zone, originally numbering 70,000, has been increased; together, army and police now amount to more than 100,000 men.

Meanwhile, although common sense would suggest the value of better relations with France, Madrid remains hostile. Nothing substantial came of the French-Spanish talks on January 10 at Larache, though the

meeting was outwardly cordial. Forty-eight hours later, in the newspaper *Ya*, Pedro Gomez Aparicio, director of the official news agency E. F. E., wrote: "Spain does not want to become entangled in French problems about Morocco and has not the least desire to participate in the solution of a situation she has not provoked." I have been listening day by day to the Spanish radio. It has been full of hate and contempt for France and especially for the Republican Front government which Mendes-France and the Socialists are trying to form.

But the Franco officials like no better recent statements from the Moroccan Minister of State, now in Paris to arrange the negotiations for a new status for his country. He has been making it clear that the Moroccan state will demand an army of its own, as well as its own diplomatic corps and representation in the United Nations. Above all else, it is this question of the army that disturbs Madrid. Military independence would mean the departure from Morocco of a Spanish army that has always regarded Africa as the place for advancing their military careers and also as the staging-ground for political adventure inside Spain. In Morocco the ruling oligarchy has two main interests: the mines and a military career. There the generals and other high officers enjoy all kinds of special benefits in time of peace, while in time of war they can win rapid advancement by killing Moors. Of this system, Franco himself is the prime example and beneficiary.

The constant shifts of Madrid's policy in Morocco are not, as has been suggested, smart double-talk, Franco speaking one language at home and his High Commissioner another in Tetuan. It is rather that Franco has been trapped by his own maneuvers and anti-French intrigues. The entire Moroccan problem has slipped out of his control. The dilemma is clear: either Franco yields to the Sultan's demand that independence must apply to all Morocco or be ready to fight the Nationalists in the Spanish zone. In the first instance, he risks a conflict with his own army—and the loss of the protectorate; in the second, he faces a conflict with the Spanish people as well as the Moroccans.

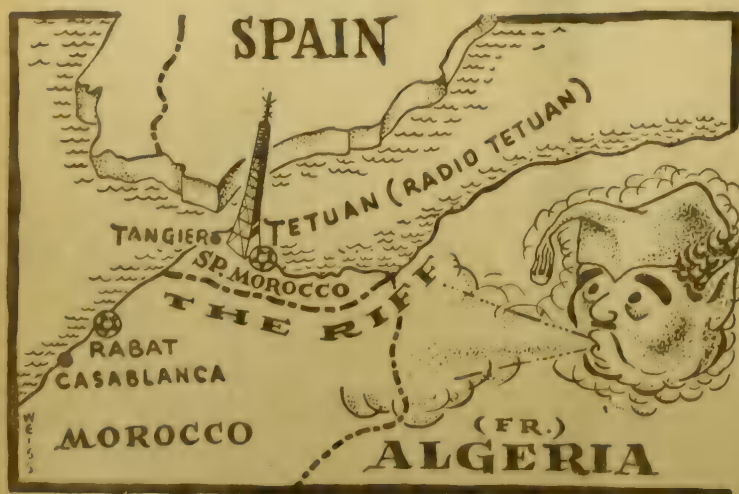
There has never been anything in Spain more unpopular than war in Africa. The first political meeting I attended, as a high-school student, was one at which the founder of the Spanish Socialist Party, Pablo Iglesias, declared in a crowded theatre that the real enemy of the Spaniards was not the Moors but the Spanish government. He asked the soldiers to shoot "*hacia arriba*" (at the top) instead of shooting "*hacia abajo*"—at the masses demonstrating against the Moroccan campaign.

SO THE issue is an old one—as well as a burning one today. Just recently seven Spanish soldiers, carrying their rifles, fled across the mountains into France. They were taking timely measures to avoid being sent to Morocco. Here on the border the other day I heard a Frenchman say: "If Franco gets involved in a fight in

Morocco, half the soldiers will desert if they can and come here." War in Morocco could easily mean the end of the Franco regime—especially with matters as they are.

For the problem of Spanish Morocco must be viewed in the light of the process of disintegration now going on. In the event of a new war in Morocco Franco would have a dangerous situation in his rear. With the exception of the United States Embassy, which refuses to recognize that Franco's position has become considerably weaker in the past six months, all the diplomats accredited to Madrid were impressed by the dictator's New Year's message in which he reported "unrest among students and workers and dissatisfaction among some intellectuals." They could not understand why Franco talked so frankly about the "propaganda of left-wing parties," thus demolishing the legend that Spain is the one country of Europe immune to revolution. The reason is an increasing doubt in the government about the reliability of a large part of the armed forces and of the police and Guardia Civil. Franco's message was not an improvisation. Nor was it a trick to extract more dollars from American taxpayers by exploiting the threat of Communist infiltration. His words were the result of two important Cabinet meetings at which the situation in Spain was soberly analyzed and the decision reached that it was more dangerous to silence the truth than to alert public opinion to the growing unrest.

Taking all these factors into consideration, Franco has finally adopted what might be called a "strategy of winning time." I have it from the best possible source that the immediate objective of that strategy is to impede and prolong the negotiations between the French and the Moroccan governments soon to open in Paris. Franco has already demanded a "tripartite conference" including his government. This was rejected by the French, not only on the basis of the Treaty of 1912 but because they feel that by granting self-rule in their zone they have put themselves in a stronger position than the Spanish regime, and can confirm this advantage by developing new links with the government of Rabat while the Spanish zone is still subject to colonial rule.



But Madrid hopes also to sabotage the negotiations from outside. Already *Arriba*, Franco's personal paper, has flatly asserted that "Spain does not recognize the alleged hegemony France claims over Morocco, nor will she ever agree to depend on France for an understanding with the Moroccan people." Franco's happy idea is to pretend that such an understanding has been achieved

through the creation of a "*gobierno del Califa*," a "little government of the Caliph," to act while the negotiations in Paris go on. Even such former pro-Franco opportunist Nationalists as Abdul Kader Torres are going to be wary of this latest device.

Franco hopes for support from America and is daily warning Americans in Madrid of the implications

of Rabat's announcement that the United States will have to renegotiate its air-base contracts when an independent Morocco establishes its new relationship with France. Franco is saying that if his rule is endangered either through a loss of national prestige or a rebellion in the Spanish zone, the United States might find itself without air bases in Morocco or in Spain itself.

THIS WAS MENCKEN

An Appreciation . . by *Joseph Wood Krutch*

EVERYWHERE it will be said that the death of H. L. Mencken marks the end of an epoch. But perhaps it is no less true that it marks also the beginning of something—his reputation as a writer. Mencken was a spokesman, a symbol, an embodiment, and all the other things he has been called. But he was first of all a master of the written word and unless the world changes a great deal more than seems likely, that is the only thing which will count in the long run. Men are mentioned in textbooks because they were so right or so wrong and, sometimes, because they were so typical. But it is only because they were great writers that they are read.

Like many another such—like Shaw, for instance—he did everything he could to distract attention from the true character of his gift. On the one hand, he took up all sorts of causes, the less respectable the better, and engaged in all sorts of crusades against whatever was of good report. On the other hand, he identified himself with journalists, spoke contemptuously of what he called "beautiful letters" and violated all the canons of respectable literary taste by sprinkling his pages with outlandish words drawn sometimes from the gutter and frequently from the German—the latter being his favorite foreign tongue less, I

suspect, because of his own German ancestry than because, unlike French, it was obviously not genteel. Music was the only art of which he spoke frequently with respect because only a negligible minority of his fellow countrymen respected it; beer was his hippocrene because it was neither elegant like wine nor solidly respectable like whiskey; and he loved to mix beer and music—as he did in the wonderful *etch* in which he describes how he and his cronies got so befuddled in the course of their attempt to play all nine of Beethoven's symphonies between dark and dawn that they could never remember whether they finished or not—because under such circumstances not even Beethoven's music could be regarded as respectable. Finally, he built a very solid reputation as a scholar, even among the *gelehrten* whom he loved to ridicule, by a work designed to destroy the authority of all those rules of grammar, syntax and propriety which he himself never violated except with the deliberate artistry of which only a philologue would be capable.

Like Shaw again, Mencken developed a public role which he played so constantly that he may well have ceased himself to know in exactly what relation it stood to his original self. But he at least understood very well what was at any moment appropriate to that role and he had the toughness which enabled him to play it relentlessly even under circumstances which fatally tempt the weakly amiable to concessions.

Once when an inoffensive young man asked for some corrections in a story Mencken had written I heard him dismissed with a gay but final, "Journalism is essentially inaccurate" and when, not too long after the First World War, he was about to make a tour of the South, he gave reporters a pronouncement beautifully calculated to constitute a double outrage: "No man over forty loves either his country or his wife." How inevitably a second-rate man would have thought this the proper occasion to say: "I am a Southerner myself."

It may even be that the paradoxes of his temperament and opinions are best resolved by the simple assumption that he took whatever side gave him the best opportunity to exercise his gift. When he maintained that he would rather live in the United States than in any other country in the world because nowhere else was civilization so absurd, some took this to mean that he was a wicked man who loved to despise his fellows but it may have meant only (and understandably) that, as a certain kind of humorist, he naturally judged a culture by the material with which it provided him.

Those who saw Mencken at the Dayton anti-evolution trial understood this better, perhaps, than anyone else ever could. He was at the height of his popularity and this was a spectacle perfectly designed for his exploitation. Here was a monstrous absurdity which, unlike the monstrous absurdities of our own

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day, was merely absurd—uncontaminated, that is to say, by anything essentially evil. Mencken was like a schoolboy at a circus. Beaming with sheer delight, unable to believe that anything so like one of his own extravaganzas could really be taking place, he was everywhere at once, hobnobbing with street-corner preachers, charming the rustics with his affability and falling off his chair in the court room when overcome by joy. He was at the moment the happiest man in the United States, for he was not only a boy at a circus, he was also a great writer who sensed that he had his opportunity and he took it to produce what has often been called his masterpiece—his “In Memoriam: W. J. B.”—though it did not become fully possible until Bryan died a few days after his declaration on the witness stand that man is not a mammal.

Many of Mencken's admirers were distressed by the attitude which he took in the thirties and forties toward Franklin D. Roosevelt and all other idealists in public life. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that he continued to see only the absurdity of a world which had become grim and that he refused to

acknowledge the existence of problems he was temperamentally incapable of facing.

Certainly it is true that his importance as a spokesman and his popularity with large masses declined as the atmosphere of the world changed. Every literate college boy read him in the twenties, relatively few read him in the forties. His disciples had once been measured by the millions, their numbers shrank into insignificance. And yet, at least when he turned from the questions of the day, he wrote as well if not better than he had ever written before. Not even the Bryan piece is more masterly or more flavorful than some of the rich happy absurdities in the volumes of reminiscence where such sketches as that about the Italian bands which used to play in Baltimore are in the great picaresque tradition of Rabelais and Smollett.

TO MAR the portrait which he drew of himself by saying that he was a scholarly and, in certain respects at least, a kindly man is almost a betrayal. But there is no doubt about either the laboriousness of his scholarly work or about the

genuineness of his enthusiasm for “beautiful letters.” It may very well be that the *Smart Set* under his and Nathan's editorship became the most important “little magazine” in America, though neither of the editors would ever have consented to have it thought of as in the “little magazine” group. In those days at least, no one was more keenly on the look out for new writers and there must have been scores who had reason to be grateful. I, for one, remembered too well the note with which he accompanied the first check I ever received from any publication to be hurt by the words with which he later dismissed one of my books in which he thought he detected the corrupting influence of a kind of nostalgia for God: “After all no one can be expected to come all the way from Tennessee to civilization in one generation.” A good many were shocked when, a few years ago, he boasted that he had never admired Theodore Dreiser as a novelist but had used him only as a club against those whom he admired even less. But is that really any worse than Shaw's confession that in his drama criticism he was concerned not at all with the extent to which authors achieved what they wanted to achieve and asked only whether or not they were trying to do what he thought they ought?

If Mencken would not have cared to be praised for moral virtues, he would certainly have liked to have recognized those artistic achievements which were more indubitably his. No doubt it will be some time yet before he will, in all quarters, have lived down his popularity and a lack of gentility more absolute than that which even Mark Twain, his closest analogue, dared exhibit. He founded no worthy school, most of his imitators were contemptible because his style was inimitable and only he could use as a genuine instrument of expression a vocabulary and a rhythm which in other hands stubbornly refused to yield anything except vulgarity. But I risk the prediction that the time will come when it will be generally recognized, as by a few it already is, that Mencken's was the best prose written in America during the twentieth century. Those who deny that fact had better confine themselves to direct attack. They will be hard put to find a rival claimant.

TOP G.O.P. ALTERNATE

Herter of Massachusetts . . by R. C. Bergenheim

UNTIL President Eisenhower makes the final decision on his availability for a second term, people throughout the free world will continue weighing the assets of possible successors or running mates. Republican leaders can't afford to stand idly by. Currently they are peering more intently toward Massachusetts and its governor, Christian Archibald Herter, who in 1952 gave the Eisenhower bandwagon one of its major pushes. He was pumping for Eisenhower before the world was sure whether the General was a Republican or a Democrat, let alone whether he would agree to be a candidate.

Herter currently is serving his second term as governor following ten years in Congress and twelve years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He has never been beaten at the polls. He is not, however, expected to seek a third term as governor.

Herter's loyalty to President Eisenhower is complete. He says that he hopes the President will run for reelection. He goes a step beyond many of his Republican colleagues by suggesting that the President should take all the time he needs to make up his mind. But at the same time, the Governor is not pulling down the curtain in the faces of visiting window shoppers. Among other signs of a latent candidacy is his acceptance of a moderate number of speaking engagements around the country.

Oddly enough, the spotlight was not turned on Governor Herter from within his own state. He is better known nationally for his record in Congress on international affairs than as a governor. He headed the nineteen-man Congressional committee which toured Europe to lay the ground for the Marshall Plan. For this he received the Collier

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Governor Herter

Award in 1948 as the outstanding Congressman of the year.

It was Herter's support of the Eisenhower candidacy that led to his own entry into the Massachusetts gubernatorial race. While in Congress, he was among those who journeyed to Paris to persuade the General to run. Subsequently he became co-chairman of the Massachusetts Eisenhower-for-President Committee and decided to become a candidate for governor.

No Republican had carried Massachusetts since 1924 and in 1952 the Republicans wanted the strongest possible state ticket to help carry the state for Eisenhower. Outside of his own district, Herter was little known in Massachusetts and was given small chance of beating his Democratic opponent, Paul A. Dever, a strong Stevenson man. Among those who headed up a "draft-Herter" movement were Sinclair Weeks, then Republican National Committeeman; Senators Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., head of the national Eisenhower movement; and Con-

gressmen John W. Heselton and Joseph W. Martin, House Minority Leader. Herter remained the underdog until the votes were counted. Eisenhower carried the state and Herter to victory.

Two years later, however, in 1954, Herter ran entirely on his own record. He increased his margin of victory more than did any other Republican governor in the nation. But that year Massachusetts Republicans lost control of the lower house of the legislature and saw their control of the senate narrowed to two seats.

During his first term, when he had a completely Republican-controlled legislature, the governor succeeded in putting through 95 per cent of his program. With a split legislature his batting average slipped. Democratic Party discipline stopped several of his major recommendations. His plan to reorganize the state's court system and a \$125,000,000 road-building program went down to defeat in 1955. Both items are back in the governor's 1956 program.

Labor leaders wield considerable influence in Massachusetts, a heavily industrialized state. As elsewhere, their trend is to the Democratic Party. Governor Herter has not changed this situation, but he has gone some of the way to satisfy labor's demands. Maximum workmen's-compensation payments were \$30 a week. Labor wanted \$40. Herter gave them \$35. Labor wanted unemployment compensation increased from \$25 to \$35. Herter proposed \$30, but sought to tighten certain provisions such as payments to part-time or seasonal workers. Labor rejected the proposed amendments and the law was not changed. It will be taken up again this year.

The boldest step Herter took against labor was in his invocation of the state's 1947 Slichter Act, which permits a governor to order seizure of a plant where a strike threatens to disrupt distribution of goods and services essential to public health and safety. The governor has made

greater use of this law than either of his two predecessors—one Republican, one Democrat. During his first six months in office, he used it three times, in strikes involving a gas, an electric and a milk company. Labor wants the law repealed; Herter agreed only to amend it. He signed two changes. The first speeds up conciliation procedures; the second involves appointments to an arbitration board. Previously, three appointments were made by the governor; now the governor appoints one, labor one, and the third is named by joint agreement. Labor approved the amendments but still demands total repeal, contending that the law allows employers to refuse all labor demands in the knowledge that the state can take over the business and set the rates of pay and working conditions of the men.

The governor says the best way he can prove his friendship for labor is to bring more business and industry into the state. He established a Department of Commerce for this purpose. Its record justifies its existence. At the same time the legislature, at the governor's request, set up the Massachusetts Business Development Corporation, which provides funds not otherwise available to local industry and to encourage new industry. The funds are obtained through private sources with no financing from the state.

THE biggest tempest facing the Herter administration is on the question of new sources of revenue. Governor Herter favors a retail-sales tax, although he has made no formal proposal for one. The Democratic Party and labor oppose it on the ground that it taxes those least able to pay. Most labor leaders favor a graduated income tax; the Democrats have so far offered no alternative revenue source.

In 1954 Governor Herter afforded tax relief through a 25 per cent cut on earned income. This year, however, he has proposed that federal-tax payments on earned income be disallowed as a deduction on state-income taxes, which would increase those taxes at the rate of \$30.75 for every \$1,000 paid in federal income taxes. Business men complain that this is a step toward the graduated income tax. Governor Herter recommended it as a one-year addition to the "hodge podge" of tax legislation

now on the books. He asked the legislature to set up a special commission to make a complete review of the state's tax structure and to make recommendations on such controversial proposals as a graduated income tax and the retail-sales tax.

For the aged, Governor Herter has pioneered a \$15,000,000 public-housing program, currently under way. A division has been established to create employment possibilities for the aged, and special hospitals and clinics have been set up for their care.

State anti-discrimination laws were extended under the governor. A Fair Employment Practices Act had been passed in 1946; since then the name of the enforcing commission has been changed to cover its broader duties. Now it is called the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination. Under laws signed by Herter, there no longer can be any discrimination—either in employment or in relations to customers—by any business dealing with the public, including hotels, transportation, auto-service stations, restaurants, theatres, halls, places of amusement, retail establishments, bowling alleys, hospitals and many others. Surveys taken in 1946, 1947 and 1949 show that no less than 34 per cent of the state's hotels and resorts were then engaged in discriminatory practices. A survey by the commission in 1954 found that violations of the law were "minimal and declining." The commission has handled more than 1,000 cases since it was established. Only two reached the formal hearing stage; none had to be taken to court.

Governor Herter has come up against sharp differences of opinion on his views regarding the use of the Fifth Amendment. In his 1954 message to the state legislature, he said:

There is no room in Massachusetts government or education for the known subversive or for the doubtful character who seeks a shield either in the Fifth Amendment to the federal Constitution or in the provision of equal effect in our own state constitution. I deem it a sound proposition that he who takes refuge in constitutional safeguards in properly established investigations into subversive matters makes himself suspect to the point where his usefulness as a state or municipal official, a teacher, or as a worker in the field of key public contacts, state or federal, is at an end.

Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, President of Harvard University—where Governor Herter was graduated, taught international law, and is now an overseer—took issue with the Governor. While "deploring [the amendment's] use by faculty members," President Pusey added: "We have not felt that use of this constitutional safeguard was necessarily sufficient grounds for dismissal."

A special state commission to investigate communism and subversive activities established under Governor Herter has also aroused controversy. The biggest furore came last summer when the commission published eighty-five names of persons charged with "varying degrees" of past or present association with Communist or Communist-front organizations. The Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts labelled the act as "a deplorable usurpation of the judicial function" which amounts to "punishment by black list without due process of law." The Massachusetts chapter of the A. D. A. also protested the listing. A group of prominent citizens has asked the legislature not to extend the life of the commission beyond February, this year, on the ground that "the safety of the [state] will be adequately protected if the safety of the nation is left to the government of the nation."

Less controversial has been the penal reform put through by the Herter administration. Rehabilitation of prisoners was the dominant theme in the most complete overhaul of prison administration in the state's history. Other state departments have been reorganized along the lines suggested by "baby Hoover Commission" reports. For instance, the state's division of corporations and taxation has been streamlined. Tax collections increased by several millions of dollars; simplified tax forms were designed; real-estate tax exemptions were allowed for widows, minors whose fathers are deceased and property owners over seventy years of age.

Herter's climb to prominence has not been in the vein of Horatio Alger. Herter's grandfather, who came to this country in 1848, made a million dollars as an architect before he reached thirty. He retired to study painting in Paris. He died shortly thereafter, leaving two sons, Christian Archibald and Albert, father of

Governor Herter. Albert, also an artist, married an artist—Adele McGinnis of New York. Herter's uncle was head of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and one of the founders of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Herter himself was born in Paris on March 28, 1895, a point which disturbs some constitutional lawyers who see the governor as a possible Presidential or Vice Presidential candidate. Most lawyers agree, however, that he is qualified to run for either office.

Young Chris was brought here at the age of six to live with his famous doctor uncle in order to get an American education. He continued to summer in Paris with his parents. At twenty he was graduated *cum laude* from Harvard and went to Columbia to study architecture. A year later he joined the State Department as Acting Minister to Belgium. When the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, he was ordered back to the United States. He was in the army for three months when the brass decided that his six-foot, five-inch frame, thirty-three pounds underweight, was better suited for other things.

Herter went back to the State Department and was assigned to Switzerland to work on problems of prisoners of war. After the war he re-

A Democratic View



The Boston Post (Democratic)
"Now let's tax the hole!"

mained in Europe as a member of the U. S. delegation to the Paris Peace Conference. In 1920 he became executive secretary of the European Relief Council. From 1921 to 1924, he served as personal assistant to Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. In 1925 he returned to Boston and took over the editorship of a weekly newspaper once owned by Theodore Roosevelt. Later he became part owner of *The Sportsman*, a magazine designed for the aristocratic set. For a year he was an instructor of international law at Harvard.

In 1931 he won his first elected public office as state representative

from Boston's Back Bay district. He went to Congress in 1943, where he took a leading role in international affairs. In 1947 a national poll of 254 newspaper editors named him among the top five Congressmen. The next year he received the Collier Award. In 1949, he received the Captain Dollar Memorial Award for the advancement of foreign trade.

In 1915 Herter married Caroline Pratt, granddaughter of the founder of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, who amassed a fortune through investment in the Standard Oil Company. This family tie with a financial giant has never influenced the political decisions of the Governor. Whatever disadvantages wealth brings to the politician, it certainly gives him the opportunity to be independent.

The Herters have three sons, a daughter and twelve grandchildren. The family is widely scattered and gets together only rarely. The eldest son, Christian A. Jr., closely resembles his father and is following in his political footsteps. A former state representative and chief assistant to Vice President Nixon, he also served under Harold Stassen as chief counsel of the Foreign Operations Administration. He is now working in the Department of State as chief counsel of the International Cooperation Administration.

TRAGEDY WRIT IN WATER

Erosion: America's Blight . . by David Cort

THE WORST blows taken, by the United States in the last years have not been political, but physical; and they have all come from the same source—water. Flash floods in New England and California, Southern droughts, sinking water tables, virtual civil war in the Southwest over water rights, vast erosion in the Mississippi and Colorado basins: the

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whole country seems to be in this jam together.

As a great planning people, we ought to be able to plan our way out of this net of disaster. Yet we have hardly made an effective start, despite all the warnings.

The reason for our failure may be that our thinking about water, both by expert and layman, is shot with fallacies rising from some of man's oldest and deepest instincts. Starting at the bottom, the indicated fallacies follow:

1. Primarily because people hate to get wet and dislike drowning, they

tend to feel that the world has too much water, rather than too little. The opinion is understandable. The oceans hold some 300 million cubic miles of it—eighteen times the volume of all land above water. This total cannot diminish, except to turn into ice or vapor. Some of the vapor blows across the land, carrying an estimated (remember that word!) 24,000 cubic miles of water a year to the land areas. The ensuing rainfall, sleet and snow are what make men build tight, warm houses with cozy mortgages. The human opinion is that a rainy day is a "bad" day.

Worse ingratitude can hardly be imagined.

Oxygen, which is eight-tenths of water by weight, but not of course by atomic count, is one of the rarest elements in the entire universe. In the universe it is a collector's item. We are fantastically lucky to have it. Oxygen as water and air is what primarily differentiates our planet from the moon and Mars and the other deserts in the sky. If there is one blessing for which alone man should get on his knees and give thanks daily, it is oxygen.

2. Nobody, in his own opinion, uses much water personally. If a suburbanite in the Northeast with a lot fifty feet by 100 collected in a tank the rain which fell on his property over the year—about three feet of it—he would “own” 500 tons of water. Ample, he would say. But in fact the city American uses for his personal requirements in a year about 4,000 tons, the rural villager 1,000 tons, the suburbanite something between. The American family uses an average of 10,000 tons a year personally. And everything Americans use or consume uses still more water. We really survive on such facts as that an acre of grain needs a seasonal 650,000 gallons, an acre of cotton 800,000 gallons, a ton of finished steel 65,000 gallons; a ton of viscose rayon 200,000 gallons, a ton of bromine five million gallons, and the hydro-electric power plants of the United States need a trillion gallons a day. The industries that need the most water are precisely those that most intimately affect the average consumer: oil-refining, metal-working, paper manufacturing, chemicals, distilling and rubber. And industry could use most of its water up to fifty times over, if it would clean it, but it generally takes the same attitude as the individual citizen: there is always plenty more—until an area is utterly exhausted and fouled, and the plant moves on.

The total American use of water for domestic, irrigational, industrial and power-generative purposes has been estimated at 200 billions gallons a day.

3. People tend to think that only the local rainfall and stream-flow affect them. The grim fact is that every local water situation is intimately controlled by events a thousand and more miles away, as New England may now agree after water

disasters that were spawned in the tropics. All sensible expositions of the water problem have to deal in billions of gallons, millions of acre-feet and thousands of cubic miles of water. Before any local situation can even be described, a repulsively huge picture has to be sketched in.

4. Every American is committed to the absolute, inherited and inbred knowledge that God gave America more of everything than anybody else. Hold onto your seats. Not water. The United States is among the least favored in this respect among the world's great populated areas. The explanation is simple.



The winds north of the equator blow generally clockwise off the oceans. The United States thus gets its original water winds down along the Pacific coast and up from the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico. The Pacific winds run into the Cascade Range and drop virtually all their water in the narrow belt west of it. The Atlantic winds miss most of the Great Plains.

THE disfavored zone is the home of America's favorite entertainment form, where never a discouraging word is heard. Though it be treason to reveal it, the whole Rocky Mountain plateau and its eastern slope constitute a leading candidate for the world's next great desert. Progress in this dismal direction is already well along. The cowboys may soon turn in their dogies for camels. The sandstorms may bury the transcontinental roadbeds and overland communication between the two coasts of the United States. The consequent injury to the free peoples of the world, in spite of all that air freight and the Panama Canal could do, would drown the screams of Arizona real-estate agents.

5. Any child “knows” that all water finally flows back into the oceans. Any river, while fulfilling this necessary function, is a true beauty of nature. But it also represents by definition a failure of the

land to hold on to the water given it.

Unlike man, the land tries to hold on to the water. The grasses and trees, the valleys and ponds and soils, incessantly trap and hold the priceless water. The Great Lakes alone bank a volume of water that could cover the whole United States under a ten-foot sea. There is, however, another, greater, invisible lake from coast to coast—the underground water table. Some say it holds enough pure, filtered water to cover the country under several hundred feet of the best water you ever drank—in other words, over half a century of normal rainfall.

The surplus of water is represented by the rivers. But this is the only water most people mean when they think of fresh, clean, inland water. This is the water that government and private entrepreneurs especially love to play with.

The history of our rivers is so tragic as to be outlawed from parlor conversation. City civilization has made a river an unspeakable, untouchable and, of course, undrinkable wonder of civilization. Man's habitual horror is always, as Arthur H. Carhart put it in *Water—or Your Life*, to use the river as a “convenient extension of the sewage system.” He estimated that in 1950 American cities and industries poured two-and-a-half billion tons of sewage into once-live streams. Coal mines alone dump in a year several million tons of sulphuric acid into the nation's rivers. The bed of the Schuylkill River, a once-idyllic river flowing through Philadelphia, became so foul that its slimes generated enough “marsh gas” to run efficient gas stoves. (In this case, a few private individuals dug out the slime and restored life to part of the river.) Most American rivers passing great cities end as great sewers of death.

Clearly disgusting, as this is, a far more disastrous mishandling of water lies in our ruin of watersheds from which the rains drain into the rivers. Water has a consuming vice: it is in a tearing hurry to run back into the oceans. The result? Since Americans began plowing the ancient sod of the plains, it is estimated that the waters of the Mississippi-Missouri system, running majestically to the Gulf, have been carrying with them every year an average of 400 million tons of topsoil—an inch

of topsoil off 5,000 square miles, or the area of Connecticut. This process, repeated over the United States, had ruined by the 1930's an estimated 150,000 square miles of American land, mostly lower-grade pasture land—the combined area of North and South Dakota.

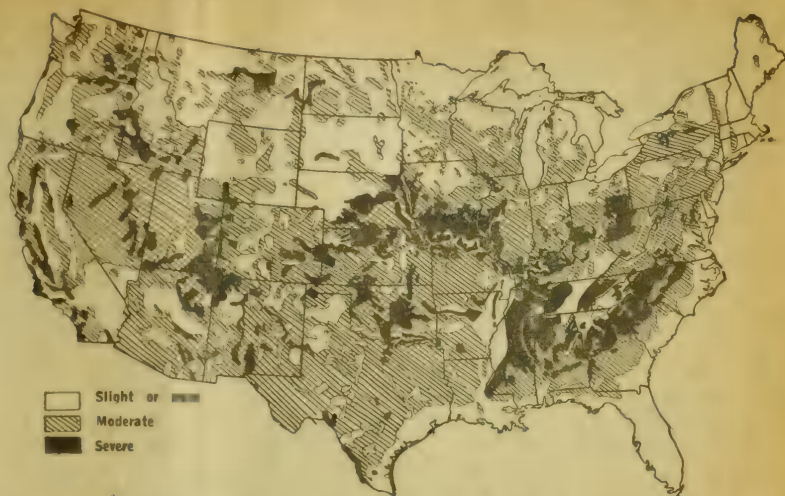
If a foreign enemy had seized that much of the United States or a traitor had betrayed it, no American could rest until it had been avenged and won. But though the equivalent of two great American states has been detached from the Union, so far as useful purposes are concerned, the political calm is terrifying. Even to mention the loss of two states on the floor of the United States Senate is regarded as something of a bore. Since the total American loss of topsoil per year equals an inch off 70,000 square miles, or the area of Missouri, it is fair to predict that we will permit the permanent secession of four more states—the 300,000 square miles now seriously endangered.

IT MAY be asked where the kidnapped states have gone. They have gone where the vanished empires of Babylonia and Assyria went: out to sea. The rivers of Babylonia built a delta 150 miles out to sea where the coastline of the Persian Gulf runs today. The Mississippi has built a delta nearly as long, as have also the Nile, Ganges and Brahmaputra, Indus, Yangtze, Rhone, Volga and, with the help of the grateful Dutch, the Rhine and Meuse.

So runs the rivers' revenge. Even the domesticated little streams of the Northeast have lately shown a wild and murderous streak.

6. More and more people are replying to the ruined and ill-tempered rivers, "The hell with you. What about all that ground water?" Of course they at once start tapping the ground water faster than it is being replenished. The fresh-water table sinks rapidly; if the wells are near the salt seas, the underground salt water pushes in and ruins everybody. Carhart gives the figures showing that Savannah, Georgia, has lowered its water table thirty-two feet below sea level; Long Beach, California, seventy-two feet below sea level; Texas City, Texas, to 102 feet and in spots to 165 feet below sea level. Low water tables and small runoff have already affected over a thou-

Erosion: the Greatest Killer of All



"Severe" erosion means 75 per cent or more of the topsoil has been lost; "moderate," 25 to 75 per cent. (Source: Water, published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

sand American communities, among them New York City, Philadelphia, Memphis, Mobile and Peoria.

7. The next to last fallacy about water is that it can be regarded and treated as a fixed or static asset. Water is always in movement—evaporating from lake and forest, or condensing down as rain from clouds, or being sucked up into a rye plant by its 14,000,000 root hairs, or being breathed out by leaves into the air again or rushing down rivers and hydro-electric penstocks or creeping through the rock strata or cascading down plowed furrows or pouring out of the faucet or being thirstily gulped down an animal's throat.

8. "I own that pond," says a man in the unchallenged belief that water can be owned like anything else. This is the worst fallacy of all. It is not that it is wicked or anti-social to try to monopolize water, though that, too, may possibly be claimed. It is that water does not give itself to anybody in fee simple. It permits itself only to be used for the moment, and moves on to another place or form or condition.

IMAGINE a water-miser who took a glass of river water and, to make certain it would always be his to have and to hold, locked it in his safe-deposit box. In the dark and silence, the organic vegetable and animal material would go on growing and propagating in the glass. Invisible bacteria would be born

and die until they had consumed all the free oxygen. Day by day the level of the water in the glass would sink from evaporation. The miser would come back to find an empty glass stained with a very faint scum. He would run to the bank manager, to the police, but not even the F. B. I. could give him back his glass of water. If he still thought he had ever owned that water, he would have to cry, "I've been robbed!"

Crazy as he sounds, most people are just that crazy, but on a very much larger scale.

SO MUCH for the human fallacies about water.

Let us look at one American river—the Colorado, the main water resource of about half the Rocky Mountain plateau, one-tenth of the United States and about eight million Americans, including those of Southern California.

The Colorado, with an annual average flow of only five cubic miles of water, beautifully demonstrates a useful function of rivers in serving as a water pipe to transport surplus water from where it is to where it isn't.

The river is born in the melting snows of mountain ridges, trickles through the pine and spruce, hastens past the aspen and pinon-juniper and tears into the dry canyons of the sagebrush country of Utah and Arizona. Finally it slides across the sloping deserts of Arizona into Mexico



and builds its own huge delta in the Gulf of California. In this last run, the rainfall is often only two inches a year.

Over 70 per cent of this priceless watershed is owned by the United States government which, after due and careful thought, has spent billions of dollars on its development. Hoover (or Boulder) Dam provides the hydro-electric power that makes Los Angeles an important industrial area. Parker Dam downstream supplies the Los Angeles area with fresh water at the rate of 675,000 gallons a minute. Colorado River water irrigates 2,676,000 acres in the whole basin, plus 416,000 acres in the Salton Sea basin of the Imperial Valley. Over fifty Colorado River projects are now operating, and fifty more are planned.

And what is the state of this great watershed, the equivalent of four great American states? In 1951 the President's Water Resources Policy Commission reported soberly in a 792-page document that over half of the basin was "land with severe to critical erosion including development of deep gully streams and extensive sheet wash." All Arizona and the part of Colorado included in the basin were about two-thirds eroded. In Arizona over half the topsoil was gone from 25,000,000 acres. In Utah, 11,000,000 acres were gullied. The worst erosion of all—how much worse can you get?—was reserved to New Mexico. As one reads the report, the word "erosion" becomes the most terrible word in the language.

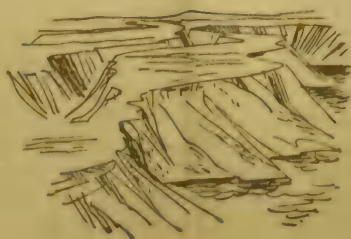
The report says judiciously that "Even in its natural state the basin had achieved only a precarious balance." But reckless government permission to private entrepreneurs to harvest timber and graze herds of cattle, horses, sheep and goats on the precious watersheds has destroyed much of the natural cover. The precarious balance has long since collapsed.

But what of all the marvelous gov-

ernment projects? The great dams are not quite as marvelous as they look. Lake Mead, the reservoir behind Hoover Dam, is being filled every year with 199,000,000 tons of sediment from upstream. Furthermore, the priceless water stalled behind the dam evaporates in the desert sun at the rate of seven feet a year. Furthermore, the accumulated fine silt and the fluctuating water level have destroyed fish life. Furthermore, the flooding of the forest slopes has drowned the winter forage havens for wild game. Other projects have destroyed essential marshlands for migratory waterfowl. In the upper basin, the processing of gold, uranium and vanadium is pouring poisons into the river. Everywhere over-use of the water results in infiltration of salts from the alkali soil and ruins the water for human use. Though river navigation was one of the professed major purposes of Hoover, Parker and Davis Dams, there is no freight traffic.

PERHAPS the irrigation projects redeem it all? Beginning around 1916, shrewd realtors in various irrigated areas sank wells in marginal zones and did a brisk selling business in land. The get-rich-quick process continued until the whole water table had sunk so far that 2,000-foot wells were required to reach it. The President's report comments with appalling calm, "The end result of the dissipation of the ground water resources will be abandonment of a considerable part of the agricultural economy, with the distress and business failures which accompany such abandonment." Since schools, stores, churches and homes had followed this unscrupulous speculation in water, the "abandonment" is never pretty.

The fight to "own" water here is too desperate for morality. It breaks through all laws and agreements. Many people circumvent the law restricting one owner to 160 acres of irrigated land by assigning 160 acres



each to husband, wife, several children, uncles, brothers-in-law and even grandchildren. Since every American taxpayer paid for the project—and can never be repaid by the landowner—this is a raid on the U. S. Treasury. It looks worse when we see that an average of only twelve acres of rich irrigated land seems enough for each of 19,000 families on the Salt River project of the Colorado system.

The fight for water has turned state against state. California has a complicated interpretation of the Colorado River Compact among six states—"the law of the river"—which manages to "prove" that California owns all Arizona's Gila River water. The argument has its real base in that three-quarters of the 8,000,000 people using the Colorado's water live in California.

This fact, paramount so far, is about to run head-on into national defense. For in the sparsely inhabited upper basin lie various minerals, such as uranium, which must be processed, with a heavy use of water, on the spot where they are mined. Here also are the country's largest undeveloped deposits of coal and oil shale. Something has to give when Imperial Valley jumbo asparagus and Darryl Zanuck's swimming pool run into atomic fusion and national security.

IT MAY be a comfort to know that American business men and officialdom have not ravaged our American real estate quite as badly as the Russians have manhandled the area southeast of Stalingrad as far as Central Asia. However, an act like Secretary of Agriculture Benson's recent reduction of soil-conservation services was a good try for the booby championship—a virtual liquidation, if I read the factors correctly, of two more American states.

The only hope for the American property, as for spiritual values, is here again an enlightened citizenry, requiring of its government control of water resources that tries to balance all the conflicting values of water suggested above.

This is a great cause—actually greater than anti-narcotics or anti-communism or anti-inflation or anti-division—this resolve to restore all forty-eight stars to the flag. Such a cause gives the word patriotism its original and reputable meaning.

Heinrich Heine: 1856-1956

By Mina Curtiss

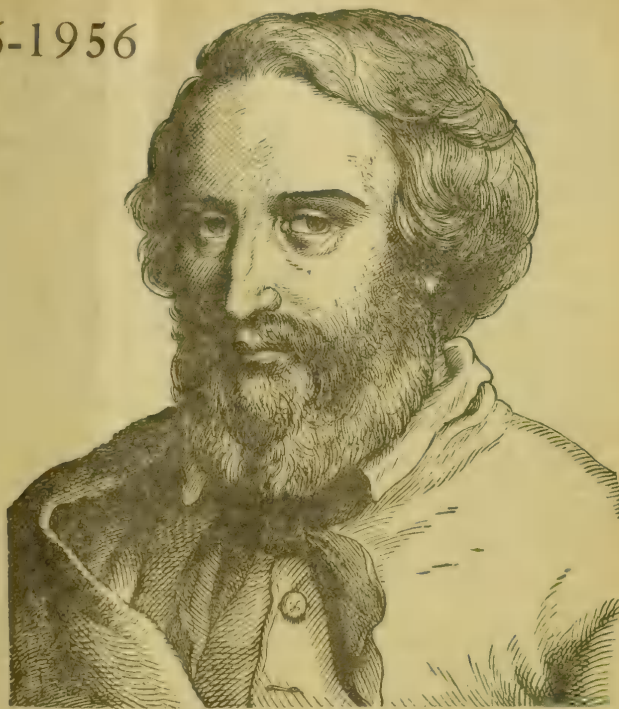
ON FEBRUARY 17, 1856, Heinrich Heine died. He had been bed-ridden for eight years, in great pain, more than half blind and paralyzed. But his mind lost none of its brilliance. His last words are usually said to have been, "*Dieu me pardonnera; c'est son metier.*" This remark, however, he made the day before his death, when a friend asked whether he had made peace with God. A few hours before he died he came out of a coma long enough to say the word, "Write." When the nurse failed to understand he gasped, "Paper! Pencil!" No last words could have been more characteristic. For through all the vicissitudes of his life he never stopped writing. The *Thoughts and Ideas* to be presented here are largely scraps salvaged from the poet's wastepaper basket, earlier versions or sentences and paragraphs cut from articles. But, since as far as I know, they have not in this form been translated into English, they seem worth publishing as a sample that may lure fresh readers to Heine's work.

"I don't know whether I shall one day deserve to have a laurel wreath laid on my coffin," he wrote. "Poetry, dearly as I have loved her, has always been to me only a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to my fame as a poet; and I worry very little about whether people praise or blame my verse. But lay on my coffin a sword. For I have been a brave soldier in the war for the Liberation of Humanity."

Both of these statements are half truths. In politics Heine was more a poet than a hero; and as a poet he was no more indifferent to fame than, say, Byron, whom he greatly admired, translated and emu-

MINA CURTISS was for many years a member of the English Department at Smith College. In 1949 her translation of a selection of Proust's letters was published. She is now working on a biography of Georges Bizet.

February 11, 1956



Heinrich Heine
N.Y. Public Library Picture Collection

lated in his personal life. But for English-speaking readers, ignorant of the German language, his poetry can mean little. Only a poet as gifted as himself—perhaps A. E. Housman, among whose unpublished manuscripts there are some Heine translations—could make the poems sound in English like anything more than that deadliest of languages: translatese.

As a poet Heine is meaningful today only for those who can read him in German or in Gerard de Nerval's superb translation into French. As a Jew he has always been, at least among "good" Jews, a controversial symbol. He may not have been the "brave" revolutionist he thought himself, but certainly he "was a most effective soldier in the Liberation War for humanity." His timeliness today is that of a daring, brilliant crusader, satirist and critic. Always paradoxical, his lifelong love affair with the French was, perhaps, his one consistency.

"I was born at the end of the skeptical eighteenth century," Heine wrote, "in a town where not only the French, but also the genius of

the French, ruled during my childhood: at Dusseldorf on the Rhine." Before 1795, when the French came to occupy Dusseldorf, the Jews were subjected to the most ignominious restrictions of the ghetto. In 1806, when Napoleon's brother-in-law became the new Grand Duke, he introduced the *Code Napoleon* which gave the Jews *Liberte* and *Egalite*. Thereafter Napoleon remained for Heine, as for Hazlitt in England, "the Revolution personified . . . the Moses of the French." As a child Heine once beheld the Emperor in person and throughout his life, when he thought of him, "all was summer and green and golden."

Not until 1815, when he was eighteen years old, did Heine experience the discrimination against Jews, which was again enforced after Napoleon's defeat. Ten years later he was driven to take a step, the ethic of which has never ceased being controversial. In 1825, when Heine finished his law studies at Gottingen, only Christians could practice law in Germany. So, to support himself and to help his family, he went through the ceremony of joining the Luth-

eran Church. Shortly before his own baptism he had written about the conversion of a friend, "If he does it from conviction, he is a fool. If he does it for convenience, he is a scoundrel." Heine certainly was not a convert in any true sense. "No Jew can ever believe in the divinity of any other Jew," he said. Yet he complained at being "despised alike by Jews and gentiles" for his expedient act. Consistency would, perhaps, have been less painful. He never practiced law. The success of his *Reisebilder* released him from the necessity of that distasteful career.

The first volume of *Reisebilder* (1826) included both prose and poetry. Starting off as a satire on the conventional guide-book, with a walking tour through the Harz mountains as background, the book is a marvelously spontaneous account of the landscape, of people, of fantasies and ideas, impressions and emotions. In it Heine used the German language with an informality, a gusto, an originality that brought him immediate success. The second volume, even less a travel book than the first, was so daring in its political satire that it was banned throughout Germany. Nevertheless it was widely read. Not so the *Buch der Lieder*, which also appeared in 1827: the first edition of five thousand did not sell out for ten years. But a copy fell into the hands of Franz Schubert; and in the last year of his life he set six of Heine's *Lieder* to music now known the world over.

Heine's burst of fame or notoriety brought him little satisfaction. For the next three years he was at loose ends, ill and despondent. In the spring of 1830, with the news of possible revolution in France, he wrote, "For the last ten days I have communed only with Thiers and the good Lord; I am reading *The History of the Revolution* by one author and *The Bible* by the other." When he heard of the July Revolution he was wild with enthusiasm. "I am the son of the Revolution and I take up the charmed weapons blessed by my mother! . . . Words! Words like fiery stars to shoot from heaven, burning the palaces and lighting up the dark hovels! . . . I am all joy and song! All sword and flame!"

This fiery joy was almost immediately extinguished by the hideous pogrom that broke out in Hamburg, where he was then living. With the

publication of the fourth volume of *Reisebilder* he laid himself open to charges of sedition. Warned that he was no longer safe in Germany, he finally made the decision he had been deliberating for several years. "I am packing my trunk and traveling to Paris," he wrote to a friend. "I will breathe the fresh air; I will consecrate myself to my new religion and perhaps receive the final ordination as its priest."

ON MAY 1, 1831, Heine crossed the Rhine, and only twice more in a quarter of a century would he recross it for brief visits to the Fatherland. Paris, which he had called "the new Jerusalem of Liberalism," in no way disappointed him. "In the air of Paris wounds are healed quicker than elsewhere; there is something as noble, as gentle, as sweet in the air as in the people themselves. . . . There is a legend that Parisian women are born with every possible fault, but that a good fairy takes pity on them, casting a spell over all their faults so that they seem to be additional attractions. This good fairy is Charm. . . ." To the magic of one of these fortunate women, whose only virtue seems to have been her charm, Heine soon succumbed. Try as he would he was unable to live without her for the rest of his life. He even eventually married her.

He soon found friends among the French—Balzac and George Sand, Dumas, Beranger, Berlioz. Theophile Gautier and Gerard de Nerval were his intimates. Musset never forgave Heine for calling him "a young man with a fine past." Victor Hugo, after a few meetings, found the German poet frivolous, lacking in respect, and refused to see him again. "In France my spirit is exiled, banished in an alien tongue," he may have written in a moment of homesickness. Yet Paris was the truest home he ever knew.

The very hospitality of the French led Heine indirectly into a situation which again raised doubts as to his integrity. It was a question of money. He had largely supported himself in Paris by articles for German newspapers on French art, theatre, music and politics which were later published in book form under the titles *Der Salon* and *Lutetia*. This source of income was cut off in December, 1835, when the Prussian Diet sup-

pressed all his books, both past and future. The shock of this edict itself would have been a blow even to a man with some margin of financial security. But Heine, in addition to doctor's bills (the syphilis which gradually destroyed his body was already crippling), had to pay the debts of his vain, extravagant mistress. Therefore he accepted a pension of 4,800 francs per year from the French government, which had a secret fund for grants to distinguished and talented exiles. Because the fund was secret, and the names of the beneficiaries withheld until a new government came into power in 1848, it was assumed to be political. Therefore, in spite of his open criticism of the French government, Heine was charged with being in the pay of France and a traitor to his country. The accusation was not mitigated by his association with his fellow-exile, Karl Marx.

The two men had become friends soon after Heine's arrival in Paris. In 1844 the poet started contributing to *Vorwarts*, a weekly paper edited by Marx. The collaboration lasted only a short time. "This communism, so threatening to my peace of mind, so opposed to my interests, casts a spell over me," Heine said. "I cannot struggle against its logic. If I admit the syllogism, 'Every man has a right to eat,' then I must agree not only to the premise, but to all its implications and consequences. Let the old social order be destroyed. . . . Let right be done, though the world perish!" In spite of this dichotomy of spirit the poems that Heine contributed to *Vorwarts* were effective in their violence. Again the Prussian government intervened. All contributors to the paper were blacklisted. A warrant was issued against Heine in Germany. Marx was forced to leave Paris.

By the time the Revolution of 1848 broke out Heine was too ill and disillusioned to feel anything but despair. After the spring of that year he was never again able to leave what he called his "mattress-grave . . . a tomb without quiet, a death without the privileges of the dead. Dead men do not have to spend money, write letters or make books." After nearly three years of this living death his inconsistency again raised the question of the sincerity of his beliefs. Abandoning atheism, he "returned to that old superstition, a

personal God." But the ritual of no church engaged him. His God was indeed highly personal. "When I cannot stand the pain I take morphine; when I am unable to look after my own affairs I hand them over to God. . . ." Whatever drugs he may have taken to lessen the pain of his wracked body and spirit, they never dimmed the brilliance of his mind. It shines even from these unpolished fragments of his writings.

THESE Gedanken und Einfalle (Thoughts and Ideas) are included in Volume 10 of the 1915 edition of Heine's collected works. Previous editors have made no attempt to date them. I have chosen and grouped them arbitrarily.

GERMANY

One must know all of Germany; one part is dangerous. It is the story of the tree whose leaves and fruit are a mutual antidote.

The German is like the slave who, without chains, without whip, obeys his master's merest word, his very glance. The condition of servitude is inherent in him, in his very soul; and worse than the physical is the spiritual slavery. The Germans must be set free from within. From without there is no help.

The Germans are now working on the improvement of their nationality, but they have started too late. By the time they have succeeded Nationalism will have ceased and they will have to give up their nationality without ever having profited by it like the French or the British.

I always regard a cathedral building as a plaything. I thought: a giant child like the German people deserves ■■ colossal a toy as the Cologne cathedral. But now I think otherwise. I no longer believe that the German people is a giant child; it is a great adolescent boy with many natural gifts out of which no order will ever grow unless he makes earnest use of the present, while fixing his eyes on the future. We no longer have time either for pity or to carry out the dreams of the past.

Luther convulsed Germany—but Francis Drake calmed it down again. He gave us the potato.

Dangerous Germans! Suddenly they pull a poem out of their pockets or start a philosophical conversation.

The young girl says, "The gentleman must be very rich. He is so ugly." The public judges the same way. "The man must be very learned. He is such a

bore." Hence the success of so many Germans in Paris.

FRANCE

The people of Paris set the world free without even accepting a tip for the job.

The new French literature is like the restaurant of the Palais Royal—one loses one's appetite if one hides in the kitchen and watches the ingredients and the preparation of the dishes. The dirty cook wears clean gloves when he carries up the hash on a clean platter.

If Montalembert were Minister and wanted to chase me out of Paris I would become ■ Catholic—"Paris vaut bien une messe."

The French are most trustworthy in revolution because they are positive and realistic. The dreamy German is apt one morning to make faces at you because he has dreamed that you insulted him or that one of your relatives has stepped on his grandfather's toe.

The French are so opposed to any dream world that one never dreams about them, only about the Germans.

RUSSIA

An alliance between France and Russia, considering the affinity between the two countries, would not be at all unnatural. In both countries the spirit of revolution rules; here in the masses, there concentrated in one person; here

in republican, there is absolute form; here with freedom, there with civilization in mind; here swearing allegiance to ideal principles, there to practical necessity, but in both places revolutionary agitation against the past, which they despise and hate. The shears that cut off the beards of the Jews in Poland are the same as those that cut Louis Capet's hair in the Conciergerie. They are the shears of revolution, the scissors of censorship with which they remove not single sentences or articles from the book of life, but whole men, whole societies, whole nations.

Nicholas is so to speak an hereditary dictator. He shows the most complete indifference to anything traditional, superannuated or historical.

We should now lean on Russia, on the rod with which we were once punished.

THE STATE AND SOCIETY

Society is always a republic—the individual struggles up but the group forces him back.

Political Weather-vanes: They conjure up storms, relying for safety on their own mobility. They forget that once the storm-wind has blown down the tower where they are standing, their mobility will be of little use to them.

The new bourgeoisie wishes, in an orgy of pleasure, to empty the last beakers, like the old aristocracy before 1789.



N.Y. Public Library Picture Collection
The Paris Barricades: 1848. Drawing by Gavarni

They, too, already hear in the corridors the marble tread of the new Gods who, without knocking, will enter the banquet-hall and overturn the tables.

Demagogy, the Holy Alliance of the Peoples.

After the fat cows come the lean, after the lean no meat at all.

I will prophesy: one winter you will live through a revolution more terrible than any that went before. When blood starts running through the snow . . .

THE JEWS

Jewish history is beautiful, but the young Jews rouse prejudice against the old ones who should be placed high above the Greeks and Romans. I believe that if there were no more Jews and one example of the race were found in existence, people would travel for many days to see him, to shake hands with him—and now they are wearing us away.

When Europe was being Christianized only the Jews maintained their religious liberty.

It is characteristic that in the Jewish riots in Hamburg (in September, 1830) the revolutionists first completed their day's work and had an evening revolution. I was at Van Aken's [Zoo] during the tumult. The lion was quietest, elegantly indignant. The monkeys rejoiced, the snake coiled, the hyenas were restlessly greedy, the polar bear stretched out comfortably and waited. The chameleon kept changing his color every minute, red, blue, white—in the end actually tri-colored. The animals looked very human and reasonable in contrast to the human beings who raged like wild beasts. . . .

Never discuss Jewish relations. The Spaniard, who in his dreams spends every night with the Mother of God, never, out of delicacy, touches on her relation to God, the Father. The most immaculate conception is, after all, a conception.

RELIGION

Judaism—Aristocracy. One God has created and rules the world. All people are his children, but the Jews are his favorites and their land is his chosen dominion. He is a monarch, the Jews are the nobility and Palestine is God's exarchate.

Christianity—Democracy. One God who has created and who rules everything, but who loves all men alike and protects all kingdoms equally. Not a national God but a universal God.

Christendom has risen on the principles of compensation. Those who in their lifetime have been satiated with good fortune will in heaven suffer the

inevitable indigestion. Those who have eaten too little will find themselves at a banquet and angels will tend the scars and welts of their earthly beatings.

Every religion, after its own fashion, guarantees consolation in suffering. With the Jews, hope: We are in captivity, Jehovah is angry at us, but he will send a saviour. With the Mohammedans, fatalism: No man escapes his destiny. It is written above on tablets of stone. Let us bear the inevitable with resignation. Allah il Allah. With the Christian, spiritual contempt of pleasure and joy, morose craving for heaven; on earth temptation for the wicked, above salvation.—What offers on the new faiths?

In earlier religions the spirit of the time was expressed through the individual and confirmed by miracles. In modern religions the spirit is expressed through the many and confirmed by reason. Now, since physics has been perfected, there are no longer any miracles. . . .

The Roman church is dying of the illness from which no one recovers: senile exhaustion. Wisely she declines all medical aid. Many an old man, in her long practice, has she seen die sooner than necessary because of the efforts of an energetic doctor. But her death-throes will last a long time. She will outlive all of us, the writer of this article, the printer who sets it up and even the little schoolboy who has come for the proof sheets.

In dark ages people are best guided by religion, as in a pitch-black night a blind man is the best guide; he knows the roads and paths better than a man who can see. When daylight comes, however, it is foolish to use blind, old men as guides.

God has given us no manifesto indicating life after death; nor did Moses speak of it. The pious are perhaps quite unfair to God in taking immortality so seriously. Perhaps with fatherly kindness, He wishes to give it to us as a surprise.

ART AND LITERATURE

A book, like a child, requires time. I have a definite prejudice against the author who scribbles off a book in a few weeks. No respectable woman brings a child into the world in less than nine months.

In the past a philosophy of history was impossible. Not until now have the materials been available—Herder, Bosquet, etc. I believe the philosophers will have to wait a thousand years before they can establish an organism of history. Until then I believe only the following can be assumed. First, I hold

that, either in conflict or in alliance, the bases of history are human nature and conditions—the soil; climate; organized legislation; war; unpredictable and uncontrollable occurrences. But the label by which they are known, the spirit, the idea by which they permit themselves to be represented is the third controlling factor. Above all, that is true in our day, as it was in the middle ages. In history Shakespeare shows us only the effects of human nature and external circumstances. The idea, the third factor, never appears in his tragedies. Therefore there is much clearer characterization, and something eternal in his denouements, since in no period does human nature change. The same is true of Homer. The works of both poets are immortal. I don't believe they would have come out as well had they attempted to portray a period when an idea was being promulgated; for example the beginnings of Christianity, the time of the Reformation or the Revolution.

In the Romantic period people cared only for the perfume of the flower. In our time it is the budding fruit they love. Hence the trend toward the practical, toward prose and homemade bread.

Democracy will bring about the end of literature through freedom and equality of style. Each, according to his inclination, will be allowed to write as badly as he likes, yet no one will be allowed to surpass him stylistically nor to write better than he.

Democratic rage against the praise of love—Why sing about the rose, Aristocrat? Praise rather the democratic potato that nourishes the People.

A pure work of art seldom appears in a predominantly political period. Poets at such times resemble sailors in a stormy sea who catch sight of a cloister towering on a distant cliff. The white nuns stand there singing, but the storm drowns out their song.

The works of certain favorite writers of the day are not descriptions of nature but warrants for her arrest.

ETHICS

Sages invent new ideas. Fools circulate them.

Next to every thinker, a common man quietly going about his business; next to every manger where a Saviour, a world-shaking Idea, sees the light of day, stand oxen, feeding quietly.

Time modifies our opinions through constant association with the opposition. The policeman who stands by to censor the can-can finds it, in the long run, not so shocking, and would him-

self like to join the dance. After long controversy with Catholicism the Protestant no longer finds it so outrageous and might even enjoy hearing a Mass.

Is there a day and night in history, as in nature? Dawn began with the third century of Christianity. Then came the

melancholy sunset glow of the neo-Platonists. The middle ages were dark night. Now the light of day is dawning. I greet you, Phoebus Apollo! What dreams during that night, what ghosts, what sleep-walkers, what rioting in the streets, what violence and sudden death—Let me tell you about it.

Home of the Brave

PROFILES IN COURAGE. By John F. Kennedy. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

By George Dangerfield

THE COURAGE examined in this book is the courage of elected representatives to pit their own best judgment against the wishes of their colleagues, or their constituents or the weight of public opinion. The very nature of representative institutions makes this exercise of the freedom of conscience not only a dangerous but a delicate matter: and Senator Kennedy would have been displaying courage above and beyond the call of duty if he had not presented in his final chapter a formidable list of reasons or occasions for not exercising it at all.

He draws his eight examples of political courage from the history of the Senate, beginning with John Quincy Adams' defection from the Federalists in 1807 and ending with Robert A. Taft's attack on the Nuremburg trials in 1948. As regards political philosophies, he is an eclectic—in the sense, at least, that any philosophy will serve to produce an act of courage. "I make no claim that all those who staked their careers to speak their minds were right."

Senator Daniel Webster, for example, is courageous because he supported the Compromise of 1850 and Senator Thomas Hart Benton is courageous because he opposed it. In other words, the test of courage is that one man exposed himself to damaging criticism in Massachusetts and the other to damaging criticism in Missouri. Benton was a blustering and passionate egocentric, which may have been a factor in his opposition: but it is well known that he was not only not an abolitionist but

scarcely even a Free Soiler, and it is a fair assumption that he opposed the compromise out of a bitter and disinterested contempt for the slave power. Webster's "Oration of March the Seventh" was one of the greatest that even he ever delivered in point of rhetoric: but was he speaking only out of love for the Union, or did he have one eye on Southern support for the tariff? If he did—and the point is arguable—surely courage for the tariff is not quite so high as courage against the slave power.

Kennedy's eclecticism, none the less, compels him to the rather odd conclusion concerning his eight men that "Surely their courage was of equal value, though of different caliber." I take this to mean that there are no degrees of morality in moral courage, but only degrees of importance as regards the effect of an act of moral courage. Obviously, Senator Ross performed a more important act when he voted against the impeachment of President Johnson in 1868 than Senator Lamar did when he voted against the Bland-Allison Silver Bill in 1878: but, considering the relative virulence of the hatred which each man confronted, it seems reasonable to believe also that Ross's courage was of a higher moral value than Lamar's. It is difficult to say whether Senator Norris' filibuster against the Armed Ship Bill of 1917 was more important than Senator Adams' support of the Embargo in 1807—not only difficult to say, but absurd to try to say—but since Norris had everything to lose but his integrity and Adams had a good deal to gain, I should say that Norris' courage was the more moral.

Six of the eight examples of courage occurred before 1880. What this means as regards the Seventeenth Amendment, or the trend toward popular election of Senators which began in the '90s, it would be difficult to say: but it does seem to indicate that as society grows more highly organized, political personali-

ties tend to become less apparently emphatic; and that, as techniques of government become more complex and impersonal, individualistic feats of courage are less noticeable and possibly less decisive. They are still just as necessary, perhaps more so; although one single feat is no test of statesmanship or political worth. The record as a whole is the test, or the final tendency of the record—Adams' great battle for the right of public petition, for example, or Norris' great fight for public electrification—and legislative success does not necessarily get the highest marks.

If one could draw a moral from this valuable if somewhat hasty book it would be contained in these words of George W. Norris: "Whatever use I have been to progressive civilization has been accomplished in the things I failed to do rather than in the things I did do." If the cause is humane and progressive, there is in the long run no such thing as failure. In the long run, of course, as J. M. Keynes said, we are all dead: but that was Norris' point. The greatest victories are won by men who never lived to see them, and never expected to.

DR. B. LIBER

has been a general physician since 1904 and a psychiatrist since 1935. He has had an interesting life in his childhood, in his student years and later, as a doctor, writer and educator. He has participated in advanced movements both in Europe and in this country and yet has always been independent in his ideas and actions. Now, over eighty years old, he has written a book he believes should be read by every one.

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of The Era of Good Feelings, winner of a Pulitzer prize in 1953, Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England and other books.

February 11, 1956

Viewpoint and Meaning

SPECULATIVE INSTRUMENTS.

By I. A. Richards. The University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

By Jacob Korg

ALTHOUGH he looks at a variety of subjects, including history, education and literary criticism, in these essays, I. A. Richards' central concern is to show how linguistic studies can help to end the conflict between the sciences and the humanities.

According to Richards, whose work in the theory of meaning is generally recognized as one of the important advances in modern thought, the inherent flexibility of language is a leading cause of misunderstanding among scholars in different fields. When backgrounds are as decisively different as science and the humanities, disagreements about the meaning of crucial terms are almost inevitable. The poet and the scientist, for example, would have very different uses for such words as "being" and "connection." These variations in meaning, says Richards, are systematic; they can be studied. And the importance of doing so becomes clear when we realize that an understanding of these shifts would amount to no less than an understanding of the relations between the different disciplines.

Ideally, says Richards, the contributions of all fields of study should be included in a single view. Being both a psychologist and a literary critic, he can be expected to mediate impartially between the claims of scientific and humanistic studies. It seems especially significant, therefore, that he regrets the enormous influence of scientific method, especially when it is applied to such non-scientific problems as the nature of man.

The conclusions scholars reach about their problems depend on the modes of thought, or "speculative instruments," they use. The only ends that can be reached are those appropriate to their means. Since science studies man in terms of demonstrable influences, it must assume that he is no more than the sum of such influences. The humani-

ties, on the other hand, see in the ideal man a ripeness and stability that is immune to all but the most profound experiences. Richards warns that the investigative resources provided by the humanities must not be sacrificed to science. "Intelligence," he once said, "helps man but does not run him."

A WAY in which semantics may help to clear up dissension among the studies is provided by an analysis primarily intended for problems of translation. A characteristic Richardsian diagram distinguishes seven kinds of meaning a communication may have, some of them appropriate to science, some to literature or religion. The translator's task is to determine which of these is appropriate to his purpose at a given time. In short, he must decide exactly

what work he wants the utterance to do.

Speculative Instruments shows more clearly than any of Richards' earlier books a quality inherent in all of them. Despite his severely analytic methods, the fundamental motivation of his work is a genial humanism. The strongest hint of this attitude is to be found in the nature of such projects as *Basic English* and *How to Read A Page*, but it is also present in his most theoretical works. The theory of value in *Principles of Literary Criticism* is firmly man-centered. It takes as the criterion for success in a poem the organization of the reader's impulses into a coherent and harmonious system. The same spirit governs his new book. It undertakes the task of dispelling obscurity and improving the communicative power of language as a way of bringing men together and enabling them to learn and fulfill their potentialities.

The Purge as Policy

THE PERMANENT PURGE, POLITICS IN SOVIET TOTALITARIANISM. By Zbigniew K. Brzezinski. Harvard University Press. \$4.75.

By David T. Cattell

THE Russian Research Center at Harvard University is one of the few of many grandiose plans of production which has born fruit matching its original conception. All of the twenty volumes thus far published meet a high scholastic standard and make important contributions to the field of Slavic studies.

The Permanent Purge, the latest in the series, follows that tradition. Mr. Brzezinski has carefully combed the Soviet literature, both as issued by the Communist Party and the government in Moscow and also in the provincial capitals from about 1930 on, for pieces in the vast jigsaw puzzle comprising the operation and use of the purge by Soviet leaders. Many of the pieces are still absent and many may never be filled in—nevertheless a comprehensive picture of this dreadful and powerful instrument is chronologically presented and well documented in this study.

Mr. Brzezinski does not merely conclude that the purge has been a

negative instrument which eliminates the opposition and suppresses the masses, the context in which it is traditionally discussed. He also shows it has been a positive element which prevents rigidity, allows for promotion within the hierarchy and serves as the means to release accumulated tensions at all levels of society in the Soviet Union. In fact its positive functions, even more than its negative features, have become so vital to the regime that the purge has become a permanent and integral part of the system. Like a hurricane, however, the self-expanding mechanism of the purge is the greatest danger to its employers because as it sucks in its victims at an accelerating momentum, it threatens to engulf its initiators and those whom it was intended to protect. Mr. Brzezinski shows this was the case of the "Great Purge" of 1936-8 in the Soviet Union. It was only the careful releasing of "safety valves" by the top leaders at the last minute which prevented total destruction of Stalin's Soviet system. Since this earlier storm Stalin and his successors have avoided similar holocausts and the

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THE NATION

purge, though it still remains part of the system, is under the tight control of its users. The author does not specifically discuss, however, the effects of the frequent admission by the top leaders that their subordinates and close associates have been spies.

ALTHOUGH the evidence brought forth in this book is more comprehensive than any previous study on the instrument of the purge in the U. S. S. R., the reader is left with only a vague notion of what the purge has meant in terms of the individual victimized by it. How often did it mean execution or the slave-labor camp? Or did it generally mean only transfer, demotion, removal to remote areas or reduction to menial labor? Did the consequences for those purged perhaps vary widely from time to time and from person to person? To see the purge in real terms as a special and permanent instrument, distinctions of this nature must be made explicit.

Mr. Brzezinski attempts by this study to do more than describe and analyze the purge in its Soviet context. In the introductory chapters, in particular, he discusses the general phenomena of totalitarianism and the place of the purge in it. He is on much less solid ground in this problem and has to rely heavily on previous studies. His investigation suffers in the main from two shortcomings. First, he attempts to derive definitive characteristics of totalitarianisms as a special development of the twentieth century from only two cases, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. Secondly, he considers totalitarianism a unique feature of the modern world and ignores all possible antecedents of this system. The idea of "total social impact" and conformity, however, is not unique. "The phenomenon of drastic internal change" is not only the outstanding feature of modern totalitarian societies but traditionally militant groups have sought to do much the same thing. For example, the Teutonic Knights and the Calvinists by their very nature were not content to assume just political domination over peoples, as were the absolute monarchs, but insisted on invading and forcing conformity on the private lives of the citizenry as well. Modern communications may

make the job in some ways easier—although even the Communists have found that personal conversion through individual agitators is still the best method—but the fundamental pattern is much the same: the desire to bring about the absolute subordination of all society to

an idea by using the instrument of the purge.

Even though Mr. Brzezinski's study lacks historical perspective, its excellent analysis of the purge as used by Soviet leaders during the last twenty-five years makes it an important book.

Recent Fiction

THE TRUMPET UNBLOWN. By William Hoffman. Doubleday and Company, \$3.95.

THE HEARTH AND THE STRANGENESS. By N. Martin Kramer. The Macmillan Company, \$4.50.

By Stanley Cooperman

IN THE NOVELS of World War I, war itself was the villain; in the fiction of World War II, it became little more than environment. Human behavior under conditions of mass slaughter no longer shocked novelists, who confined their treatment of war to clinical-technical reporting, and achieved narrative drama through psychological and political tensions. In *The Trumpet Unblown*, however, a novel of the World War II Medical Corps, the earlier themes reappear: disillusion, despair and final indifference. The result is an overture to a Lost Generation. Unfortunately, the Lost Generation has come and gone, and William Hoffman's novel, despite moments of considerable power, all too often reads like a period piece.

Hoffman's central figure is almost a prototype of the World War I hero: a naive young man of genteel background, with strong ideals of personal honor and moral values, who is destroyed by the butchery and immorality of a conflict which violates his conception of what war ought to be. "He himself was out of date, requiring a war with lance and armor or even the clean glamor of a plane," Mr. Hoffman tells us of his hero, and in the process very neatly sums up his book. As the gradual

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SAUL MALOFF, a free-lance editor and critic, formerly taught English at the Universities of Iowa, Michigan and Indiana.

degeneration of Private Tyree Shelby takes place, as Shelby goes through the agony of disillusion and (quite inevitably!) arrives at negative and emotional scar-tissue, he seems not so much a descendant as a contemporary of the anguished young men in the World War I books of Dos Passos, Boyd or Faulkner.

There is, of course, Hemingway as well, in narrative doses that increase in cynicism and bitterness as Shelby's scar-tissue becomes solidified. Shelby accuses religion of being complacent, war rhetoric of being false, noble motives of being base. Each indictment, however, will be endorsed by most readers altogether too easily, so that much of the im-

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pact is softened. Hoffman's documentary effects are, to be sure, vivid and bloody enough, but these are only temporarily diverting. There is, unavoidably, the familiar story of a clean-cut boy soldier dirtied by nasty men soldiers in a nasty thing called war.

HEREDITARY insanity provides the drama in this first novel by N. Martin Kramer. The subject itself, of course, is always good for excitement, and in *The Hearth and the Strangeness* validates several aberrations and one murder. Covering the misfortunes of an entire family over a period of fifty years, Kramer is able to catalogue and comment upon a regiment of eccentricities to his own delight, and, occasionally, his readers'.

Unfortunately, Kramer reduces his hapless heroes and thwarted heroines to objects of a rather sophomoric irony, and so eliminates any tension or tragedy which may be lurking in his book. One cannot sneer at individuals and feel anything at all for them, even if they are suffering under various psychopathic pressures. Kramer's insistence on puncturing each climax with a "clever" remark or invitation to shrug, amounts to a curious emotional deviousness; he places his characters in potentially tragic situations only to retreat behind a facade of "smart" commentary.

Mr. Kramer introduces the situation of Corinne, for example, in the following manner:

With that sincerity so touching by its very completeness, its wonderful lack of reservation, with that wholehearted earnestness peculiar to pregnant college freshmen, Corinne Grange prayed to God.

It is difficult to imagine what attitude he is trying to evoke. Certainly the girl's trouble is real enough, and it later becomes clear that her agony is real enough; yet Kramer seems to insist—by the very quality of his narrative—upon a strained superciliousness. And here he is defending one of his characters against the charge of being an intellectual:

She was shamelessly addicted to the use of soap and water, and she stubbornly refused to admit that to be born was to have been visited with profound misfortune. And never even for a moment had she seriously considered becoming either a Communist or a Roman Catholic.

So there ought to have been no question at all about calling her an intellectual.

Whatever Kramer thinks of "intellectuals" his book stamps him as a breed of intellectual himself, despite the fact that one assumes he washes. His book—from its pretentious structure of multiple time sequence to its psychological case-histories—is an example of the posture of vacuous negativism very much current among young "writing men" who have not yet convinced themselves that anything is worth writing about.

FRENCH GIRLS ARE VICIOUS AND OTHER STORIES. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. \$3.50.

GLENPORT, ILLINOIS. By Paul Darcy Boles. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

By Saul Maloff

READING James Farrell's latest volume of short stories is a disconcerting experience: there is about it a posthumous quality, as though some devoted friend had rummaged through the desk of the suddenly-departed and, overcome with feeling, could not bring himself to suppress anything. As a lamentable result, the book seems made up of literary remains, of fragments and abandoned notes for stories the author would have liked to tell. A reader meeting Farrell for the first time in these stories will not believe that he is a writer whom we regarded not so long ago as important.

For what that reader will find here are some small increments Farrell has gathered at intervals from his old working capital. Even though the action of some of the stories takes place against the background of the "international scene," no old reader of Farrell will be led to suppose that the writer's range has become extended: Paris and Venice are merely different names for Chicago; a South Side tavern and a Left Bank cafe are incidental set-pieces to an action that could take place in either—or in neither. The locale of Farrell's world enterprises is never a shaping force or morally significant atmosphere. The Chicago and Greenwich Village of "Ruth and Bertram," a story which is really a compilation of notes and jottings, would have done for any story in the book.

Nor has the style matured, or even in any way changed: it has not even deteriorated. It is still the same flat, tiresome journalese, the linear *telling* of a series of events in time, without shadow or depth or irony or even the power that can sometimes exist without the abundance of these. It is raw material (for what, one cannot easily say) that is untouched by art, that is uncreated.

Twenty years ago a validating conjunction of the time and the circumstances enabled us to forgive the heedless ineptitudes of the Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill books, allowed us in fact to accept them with pride (others may have the style and the art, but what are those; these have the power and the truth). Much writing of the thirties got by because of a misunderstanding of what literature is, through a misconception of the term "naturalism." But now, when we are no longer confused by quasi-literary doctrine, we are no longer willing to forgive bad writing, or a vision which is never superior to that of the least of us.

THE THESIS of Paul Darcy Boles's long and tedious novel is that there was a time (oddly enough, most of the book's events take place between the years 1929-1939) when a boy could grow up to become a good man, having been a good boy, and the simple virtues were still practiced by simple people in the still possible garden of the small town, just beyond the blight of the city. The boy loves the town (which, although it is the protagonist, is never realized) as other men have loved

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

April 14

Reinhold Niebuhr

A Critical Profile

by Walter Muelder

Dean, Boston University

School of Theology

Also essays and criticism by Edmund Wilson, May Sarton, Tom Driberg, Maxwell Geismar, Josephine Herbst, Harold Clurman and others.

women, or truth—with the difference that one is not made to understand why. And he loves his pre-Freudian parents, who utter exclamations like: "Holy Toledo!" and "Holy Henry Harry Morgan!" as he loves his dog and the prettiest girl in school.

Mr. Boles, remembering that it is a venerable American literary tradition to say hard things about the small town, confesses that even here

some are occasionally cruel, or unhappy, or vicious. But matters never get entirely out of hand: the arthritic saint who is the village cop is always there to save the lovely sad girl from drowning herself and to protect small boys from a prowler. What we are shown—inadvertently—is that in our lost Eden, the village, all that good country air could not possibly save us from suffocation.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AARON COPLAND once told how, when at an early age he announced that he intended to become a composer, his friends and relatives asked his opinion of every "musical" manifestation within earshot, including the fiddling of the neighborhood virtuoso, the singing of itinerant tenors, the tunes of the passing hand organ and the harmonica playing of the boys in the candy store. When Copland assured his questioners that he held no opinion on these matters, his attitude seemed particularly insulting to them.

A dramatic critic is likewise expected to pass judgment on practically everything that is exposed on a platform in the way of professional entertainment. I must confess my inability to do so. I harbor no contempt for the spectacles in which I have little interest. My indifference to them is not snobbish; on the contrary, to attempt a close critical scrutiny of them would seem to me like presumption and hypocrisy.

The several plays I saw during the past week do not exactly belong to the category to which I refer, but I find it difficult to develop any strong feeling about them either way. In fact I was rather shocked—though I understood—when I saw a certain critical colleague from a kindred weekly journal walk out after the first act of one of the shows in a state of indignation.

Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels* (Playhouse), a play first presented in New York in 1927 and a failure then, is essentially an extended revue skit passing itself off as a bit of bright sophistication. Hermione Gingold guyed it in its London revival two seasons ago, and Nancy Walker

does the same here. The ladies' buffoonery is the only excuse for both revivals, and is undoubtedly a benefit for which Coward, at any rate, should be grateful.

Nancy Walker is funny. She has become increasingly deft since her first success in *On the Town* ten years ago. I prefer her in straight revues and musicals where her material can be terser and more topical than in her present vehicle. It might however be instructive to a student of comedy technique to note the manner in which, bit by bit, Miss Walker makes Coward's dialogue disappear amid her antics. By the middle of the second act one doesn't hear or listen to a word: one simply becomes fixed on the eccentric and disjointed gyrations of this tough and somehow sad lady clown. One laughs and goes home slightly melancholy.

TIME LIMIT by Henry Denker and Ralph Berkey (Booth Theatre) is not so easily summed up. It is a journalistic melodrama on a theme of psychological and possibly social interest. It makes a point—to the effect that we should be more understanding of the confessed traitors who are broken by the terrible ordeal of a Communist brain-washing. Soldiers who go over to the enemy under such conditions may have been brave men up to the very last, but almost every human being has his breaking point. We must not condemn such men without examining their conduct and history before the betrayal.

The audience at the Booth is sympathetic to the argument and is absorbed by the investigatory tech-

GOOD READING

Here are some books recently reviewed in *The Nation*, or scheduled for review, which you might enjoy. You can order these, or any book of your choice, from our Reader's Service Department. (See below).

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by John F. Kennedy

Harper and Brothers, \$3.50

A FRENCHMAN EXAMINES HIS CONSCIENCE

by Jules Romains

Essential Books, \$3.00

THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE

by Francis Steegmuller

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THE PERMANENT PURGE

by Zbigniew K. Brzezinski

Harvard, \$4.75

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT

by Joseph Wood Krutch

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THE ALCHEMIST'S VOYAGE

by Calvin Kentfield

Harcourt, Brace and Company
\$3.95

THE PATTERN OF WORLD CONFLICT

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nique employed to reveal the facts. The argument is simplified by making the central character a man who "went over" only to save the lives of his fellow Americans. He is therefore an innocent man, no traitor at all, and the only guilty man in his outfit is a minor character who is killed by his comrades because his weakness under torture has led him to betray them. Thus the play's point is really made by indirection—once more we are asked to be tolerant of the innocent!—and "proof" is adduced apart from the main story line.

My response to such a play must be feeble because its characters are no more alive than the people mentioned in a *Time* magazine review of the weekly political news: the writing is routine, and the general presentation of the material has the quality of second-hand reporting. There is something old-fashioned

and lackluster in the nature of the play's theatricality.

In the thirties, plays of this sort—generally presented off Broadway—aroused the enthusiasm of partisan supporters and the respect of those who wanted to see the contemporary scene mirrored on the stage. But nowadays, though such an audience still exists and such plays have their place, one hopes for greater imaginative vitality in the form and greater intelligence, and sensibility in the content.

The cast—headed by Arthur Kennedy and Richard Kiley—is better than competent, but since most of the scenes call for straightforwardness of attack rather than subtlety of acting, there is not much more to say about the production, except for the ingenuity of Ralph Alswang's set which moves from an office to a P. O. W. camp in the twinkling of an eye.

and heroine are as much household names in Tokyo as are Romeo and Juliet in the West. Mr. Ozaki may have been a spontaneous romancer, but it is easy to suspect that he was well read in the lady novelists who instructed the girlhood of our grandmothers. His plot is not only familiar; it is predictable: the heroine is scorned, abused, humiliated and trauced by her scapegrace husband; the hero, embittered beyond endurance by her jilting, throws decency away and becomes rich in his own right by grinding the faces of the poor. But retribution strikes him in the form of an incendiary debtor and his wealth goes up in a bonfire (the fire department is as colorful as it is inefficient). Hero and heroine meet in the ashes, he reviles her once again and she makes straight for the nearest body of drowning water. But no—his soul hears her despairing soul; he is reborn on the instant and off he goes to save that true heart before it has quite ceased beating. I grant that this may profoundly touch a Japanese—but not one who has read the works of Marie Corelli. The picture is in remarkably poor color, remembering the glory of *Gate of Hell*.

Films

Robert Hatch

THE HERO of *Samurai* deserts the girl who has waited for years on the promise of his love; instead, he dedicates himself to pilgrimage and the ascetic wisdom of a warrior priest. The heroine of *Golden Demon* rejects her lover, a poor youth of high virtue and promise, to marry a rich scoundrel; she must not explain that by this choice her valiant lover will receive the money for the education his merits deserve. In the first case, I am offended by a point of view that says a man should forsake his dearest ally for the sake of his own improvement. And in the second, I am made restless by a plot contrived for easy Victorian tears.

But I am not eager to judge these pictures, for I know I am reacting by analogy. All art is a shorthand that presupposes a shared culture, and even small shifts of focus can distort the communication almost beyond deciphering. Consider what feats of imagination you must employ to understand what makes a Frenchman indignant or a German merry, and you will appreciate a reluctance to comment on what is noble or tragic to a Japanese.

Rashomon was enigmatic and *Gate of Hell* was physically beauti-

ful. They suggested little in our own experience and we were content to marvel. Perhaps that was luck. These later pictures, at any rate, look more familiar than we have any right to assume they are. When the hero of *Samurai*, in his unregenerate youth, hacks his way with a broadsword through an ambush of twenty well-armed, well-armored mercenaries—many of whom appear to fall dead from heart attack, no blow having been struck—I am inclined to laugh. When he does this a half dozen times, I cannot help looking at my watch in the dim light from the screen. It may be a respectable Oriental convention (like the grimaces and the bestial howls), but it looks exactly like routine horse opera. So also the Samurai's reformation looks like brain-washing and the renunciation of his beloved looks doctrinaire and callous. I can say only what it looks like, and confess I saw no more.

The distributors of *Golden Demon* (money, that is) provide a little background on their picture. It is taken from a novel written by one Koyo Ozaki about 1900. The book, they say, marks the beginning of modern fiction in Japan and its hero

WITH *The Benny Goodman Story* the reviewer is back in his own culture, such as it is, and can say what he thinks. The picture is remarkable for the resemblance which Steve Allen, a television personality of incalculable popularity, bears to the Benny Goodman of twenty years ago and for the patience with which he has learned to mimic his subject's bandstand mannerisms. It is remarkable for nothing else. The musical passages cover almost every tune associated with Goodman's name and they are played by a band dominated by the old Goodman quartet (Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton and the clarinet of Goodman dubbed in). The bounce is missing and you can hear this legendary jazz better on records. The biographical elements of the film are pure studio "treatment": a little success, a little failure, a little hope, a little sorrow—and then, bang!, our boy hits the jackpot of fame and love. Goodman is a good musician and he came up in the heyday of jazz—from river boats to Carnegie Hall. His life must have been more than a platitude.

Records

B. H. Haggin

MY FIRST HEARING of the Russian pianist Gilels has been provided by the performance of Chopin's Sonata Op. 35 that he recorded in New York last October (Angel 35308). The playing is very competent, but does not impress me as being in any way extraordinary or distinguished, as Oistrakh's playing did when I first heard it on records; and I have heard richer resources and refinements of technique and musicianship in the performances of the American pianists Grant Johannessen and Webster Aitken, whose playing exhibits a clean and finished execution, a continuous melodic legato, that Gilels' does not. Three Shostakovich Preludes are also on the record.

Technical and musical gifts more impressive than Gilels' are exhibited by the young Canadian pianist Glenn Gould in Bach's *Goldberg Variations* on Columbia ML-5060—though I must add that the performance is not quite what is described in the "rave review" quoted on the record envelope. Gould plays most of the variations with clarity of texture and continuity of outline, and a few with dazzling speed that is too great for clarity; but a performance of this work stands or falls by what it does with the three slow variations in minor, and Gould plays them without the inflection I have heard create such powerful tensions and expressive effect on some other occasions.

The two records of Angel 3538 offer several engaging and at times lovely works of Pergolesi—six Concertini for strings, a Sonata in the style of a concerto, a Sinfonia for cello and strings—in which one hears string playing by I Musici that is amazing in its transparency and beauty of blended tone, its refinement of phrasing.

And on Columbia ML-5003 the New Music Quartet does some of its superb playing in Mozart's Quartets K.155, 156, 157 and 158. These are small-scale works written at the age of sixteen, before even the earliest of the symphonies and concertos in which he exhibits the operation of his matured powers. But even the

least interesting of the four, K.155, has occasional lovely details; K.156, the best, has an astonishing and amusing development in its opening movement, a good slow movement, a charming minuet finale; and the other two have affecting slow movements in minor.

London DTL-93037 offers Bach's Passacaglia, his Toccata and Fugue in D minor, the Prelude and Fugue in E flat from the *Clavieruebung*, and the Prelude and Fugue in A for organ, played by Gaston Litaize. Except for the pauses in the Passacaglia the performances are good; and except for the thick and blurred sound of the Prelude in E flat they are reproduced clearly.

Marie-Claire Alain also indulges in the pauses I don't like in Bach's Passacaglia, and speeds up the concluding fugue, in her performance on Haydn Society 159; and her tempos also seem to me too fast in the Prelude and Fugue in F minor. In addition I find the sound of the organ very ugly.

I HEARD Myra Hess when she first visited this country in 1922, and was charmed by the youthful warmth and simplicity of her playing; and for some years I continued to enjoy her performances of music that lent itself to her warmly intimate style. There came a time when she attempted the monumental in pianistic utterance, like Beethoven's Sonata Op. 111, and the fake monumental, like Brahms's D minor Concerto and F minor Sonata, to which she applied a new portentous style. With this pretentiousness, and with also its sentimentality and archness, the "matured" Hess playing was something I lost interest in; but a couple of years ago I was agreeably surprised to hear again—in a recorded performance of Mozart's Concerto K.271 with Casals—the warm, unaffected musicality that had charmed me in the beginning. This led me to attend her recent recital in Carnegie Hall, where I avoided hearing the performance of Brahms's F minor Sonata, but was impressed by a matured operation of a different kind—the highly accomplished, fully

worked out, definitely achieved performances of Bach's Adagio in G and Toccata in D and Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31 No. 2. It was an impressive operation whether one agreed with the treatment of the music or not; and much of it—the playing of the Allegros and recitative-like passages of the toccata, the Adagio of the sonata—I found very effective. But some things I could not go along with: the romantic to the point of sentimental treatment of the slow middle section of the toccata; the slowing down of the "second subject" of the first movement of the sonata, which destroyed

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the momentum and intensity that should be sustained; the stodgy accenting of the first beat of every

measure in what should be the gracefully flowing finale of the sonata.

Letters

On Roy Campbell

Dear Sirs: In ■ review of Roy Campbell's "Selected Poems" which appeared in *The Nation* of December 10, Mr. John Ciardi remarked that "only the accident of writing in the wrong language could have kept him [Roy Campbell] from being drafted as Poet Laureate of the Third Reich." It is true that Campbell fought as a volunteer in the Nationalist armies during the Spanish Civil War; it is also true that he fought as a volunteer, and was severely wounded, in the British army in World War II. He enlisted in both cases because he felt that each was a war against a form of totalitarianism—he admits, however, that after Yalta he wasn't so sure about World War II. I consider Mr. Ciardi's remark not only stupid and libelous but extremely cowardly, and I am sure that any fair-minded person would feel the same way about it.

In the first paragraph of his review Mr. Ciardi also remarks that "no poet writing in English . . . has presented a mind—to me at least—more despicable, ■ mind compounded of storm-trooper arrogance, Seig Heil piety, and a kind of Nietzschean rant sometimes mixed with a ponderously uncomical sense of satire." Mr. Ciardi, it must be said, did have the decency to make this rather broad generalization as a personal opinion. I don't know Mr. Ciardi, but I do know, and greatly admire, Roy Campbell. Anyone who can find the mind of Roy Campbell despicable says much more about himself—and his own mind—than about Roy Campbell.

HENRY REGNERY

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Ciardi's Reply

Dear Sirs: I have read Mr. Regnery's letter and I am not much impressed.

ERRATUM

The editors regret a typographical error which marred Richard Wilbur's poem, "Fall in Corrales," published in the issue of January 21. The third stanza properly reads:

Now as these light buildings of
summer begin

To crumble, the air husky with
blown tile,

It is as when in bald April the
wind

Unhoused the spirit for a while:

Mr. Regnery's views are in his letter; mine are in the review as written.

JOHN CIARDI

Metuchen, N. J.

Stop the Tests

Dear Sirs: This one common man has an unoriginal plan but it perhaps will be one step toward disarmament and a lessening of the nuclear cold war. Each citizen who reads this letter is urged to write the Atomic Energy Commission requesting that the coming nuclear tests be abandoned. Put into your own words the uselessness of periodic tests, which only prove that man can wipe out civilization in ■ few hours. It will only cost us a few minutes of our time and a three- or six-cent stamp.

TIM KENDALL

Walnut Creek, Calif.

"Mr. Dulles Should Go"

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, Mr. Dulles Should Go, in the December 17 issue is very much in order, except that it is not strong enough. Mr. Dulles has been Secretary of State for three years. His ideas and methods largely prevailed during three additional years under Mr. Acheson's administration. Result: most of the world's nations are unfriendly to us, and a great many of them hate us. It is probably safe to say that ■ billion and ■ half of the world's people hate us.

We need not bother to analyze the cause. The fact is evident and is sufficient. A change of Secretaries is absolutely essential before we can even make a start toward correcting this highly unfortunate situation.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

Further Explanation

Dear Sirs: In a letter in your December 3 issue, Mr. Samuel E. Cooper, ■ city councilman from Newark, N. J., objects to my July 16 story on the House Committee on Un-American Activities probe conducted in that city last spring. Specifically, Cooper insists that my reporting that he, as the author of a witch-hunting proposal in the city council, was "forced to resign as president of the New Jersey Region of the American Jewish Congress" was "a deliberate . . . lie."

In a letter to me dated December 14, 1955, an official of the New Jersey Region of the American Jewish Con-

gress, the widely esteemed Dr. Joachim Prinz, the rabbi of Temple B'nai Abraham, notes that "unfortunately, the wording of *The Nation* article is misleading." But he goes on to point out that the Newark press during the period about which I wrote carried stories in which Rabbi Prinz, not Councilman Cooper, was listed as the president. Rabbi Prinz states that I cannot be blamed for assuming that Cooper had resigned, and explains: "In reality there was no formal resignation nor was it demanded. What happened was that I asked Judge Cooper to allow me to act as president of the Region for as long as he chose to sponsor legislation in City Hall which was in direct opposition to American Jewish Congress policy. Since he agreed to do so, I acted as the president of the Region until Judge Cooper withdrew his proposals."

CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

Trenton, N. J.

Canute in Georgia

Dear Sirs: Editorial observation by *The Red and Black*, campus publication of the University of Georgia: "We wonder if it is true that, since the Supreme Court has ruled segregation on public beaches unconstitutional, Governor Griffin really is going to try to close the Atlantic Ocean."

JONATHAN SEAMAN

Atlanta, Georgia.

New New Orleans

(Continued from inside cover)

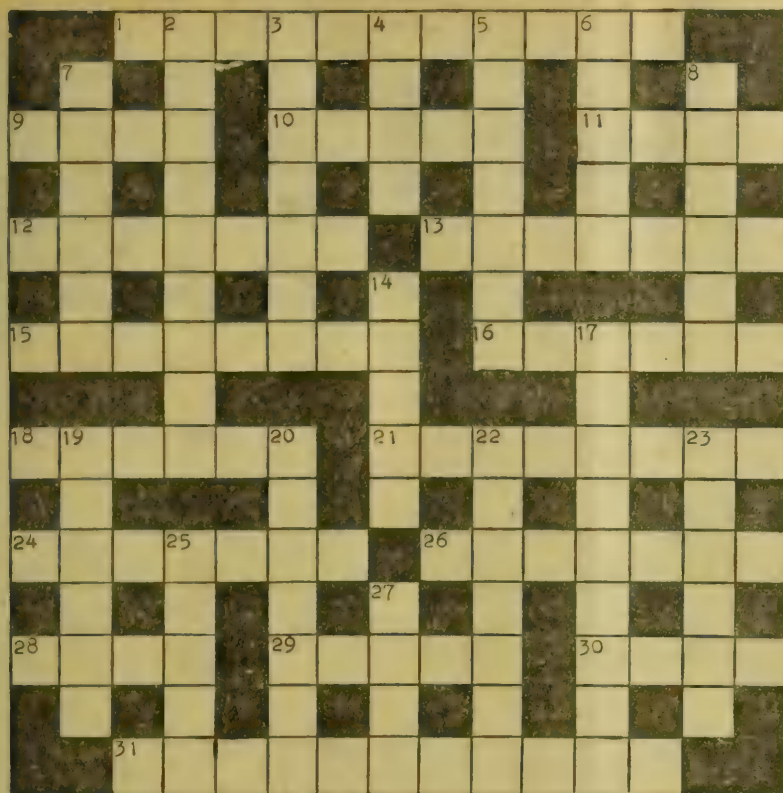
of the state is in the political empire of Leander Perez, Louisiana's top Dixiecrat. In Plaquemine and St. Bernard parishes Perez has been able to "deliver" vote majorities in key elections that exceeded the total population. Those whites who oppose Perez—and all Negroes—have been virtually disenfranchised by a vote registrar whose books are never open when they arrive.

New Orleans, always the scarlet sister among Southern cities, might yet become nursemaid to a stripling regional virtue. As the *Southern Patriot*, bulletin of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, observed: "Here, because of the religious and racial diversity of the population and because of a cosmopolitan culture, there is a chance to balk the forces that have prevailed in Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi. There is even a chance that a new Southern 'tradition'—one of decency in human relations—may be born here."

ALFRED MAUND.

Crossword Puzzle No. 658

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 The first of his name belies the epithet, but his 24 is famous. (4, 7)
- 9 Certain to be extremely like 7. (4)
- 10 and 14 down Catherine L. evidently can't be guilty. (2, 3, 5)
- 11 See 22 down
- 12 This play obviously has its own tour. (3, 4)
- 13 Benny seems to be a pretty nice fellow. (7)
- 15 It might involve barley at delivery, when fraudulent. (8)
- 16 If you turn around in here, you'll get the measurement of such places, perhaps. (6)
- 18 Scoops up food for thought? (6)
- 21 Their power is decisive. (8)
- 24 You might even find a clam an informative thing! (7)
- 26 and 25 down Check the pace and add a profit, on a recurring basis. (4, 3, 5)
- 28 Heralds don't get any money in England, as she proves. (4)
- 29 An employer might be. (5)
- 30 and 27 down Sounding allied to a cherry and a type of cherry. (8)
- 31 Not fine enough to be a type of 3? (Some of its users came north some time ago.) (11)

DOWN

- 2 Behave like they did to Peron! (Men sometimes advance on one.) (9)

- 3 Storm passage. (7)
- 4 The progression of 22 and 11 without a grabber. (4)
- 5 What the farmer laid at rest? (It still might be kicking, however.) (7)
- 6 Sailor extremely free of anything fanatical. (5)
- 7 Sew up Guido's "do" in 9. (6)
- 8 It seems as though my friend dined in good taste. (6)
- 14 See 10 across.
- 17 This isn't what a peasant might get stuck with! (6, 3)
- 19 Pigeon or canary (with a cylindrical body?) (6)
- 20 Of course the fancy work inside makes for development! (7)
- 22 and 11 across Put pressure on, as Goldilocks might do with herself. (5, 2, 4)
- 23 How to make a wild animal tear around when you call. (4, 2)
- 25 See 26 across
- 27 See 30 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 657

ACROSS: 1 MACHIAVELLIAN; 10 ALBUMEN; 11 PROVIDO; 12 ENTRIES; 13 ORIOLES; 14 NOSEGAY; 15 THE CRAB; 16 HOBBEEMA; 20 OPEN TOE; 23 UNHITCH; 24 HAMMOCK; 25 DEMEANS; 26 LINCOLN; 27 BATTING ORDERS DOWN; 2 ARBUTUS; 3 HEMMING; 4 AMNESTY; 5 EXPLOIT; 6 LEONINE; 7 AXILLARY; 8 HARE AND HOUNDS; 9 HOUSEBREAKING; 17 BOHEMIA; 18 EXTRACT; 19 ACHESON; 20 OTHELLO; 21 ERMINED; 22 TWO-DOOR.

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JUSTICE FELIX FRANKFURTER

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THE *Nation*

FEBRUARY 13, 1956

20c

THE TIME & LIFE OF LUCE



Mr. Stevenson
on
Jim Crow

by Carey McWilliams





Monster Rally at Montgomery

Montgomery, Alabama
DISASTERS come in threes, the saying goes, and this city—convulsed by a bus boycott that has seen two Negro homes bombed, and shaken by the reverberations of the University of Alabama riots—had Senator Eastland as a public speaker the night of February 10. He appeared under the auspices of the Central Alabama Citizens Council. Sharing the spotlight with him were Georgia's Attorney General Eugene Cook and Robert Patterson, executive secretary of the Mississippi Citizens Councils.

Site of the meeting was an elaborate cow palace, the state agricultural coliseum, which seats 15,000, and it was filled to near-capacity. The crowd, a broad cross-section of social levels, age groups and sexes, showed every sign of being keyed up, ready for blood. For weeks, public officials and the newspapers had been building up "the NAACP threat to our social fabric" in connection with the refusal of the Negro community to accept discriminatory seating on transit buses. The Montgomery city commission had recently joined the Citizens Council as part of a "get-tough" drive against the boycotters. The commission was on hand to greet the crowd, pledging 100 per cent support. It was rumored that the out-of-town delegations had come armed.

WITH such a beginning, the evening looked as though it would add another coat to the black reputation Alabama currently enjoys over the world. W. C. C. chieftain Patterson groped for the trigger when he said that in former days people from Alabama used to come to Mississippi for inspiration, but now, after "the recent stand taken by Alabamians" Mississippi could only express its admiration.

Next before the mike was Attorney General Cook, a small man with a big voice. He devoted most of his talk to describing his herculean acts

of defiance toward the "mulatto decision" of the Supreme Court. But he, too, courted the crowd's passions with declarations like: "I shudder to think when the masses of my state begin to move in self-defense and in defense of the integrity of the Negro race." And: "It is time for mass action."

Then Eastland took over, waving both hands in the air in promise of the rousing benediction to come, as the hired band in the balcony played *Dixie*. He got a big response when he said he had attended the University of Alabama, and a bigger one when he envisioned "a new and bright star gleaming in the crown of Alabama." But he confused his auditors when he explained he meant that Alabama's legislators had been the first in the nation to pass an "interposition" resolution voiding the federal segregation decisions. And when he said, "No man should be mistreated. Acts of violence hurt the cause all over the South," the applause was nominal.

Reflecting the close connections his Internal Security subcommittee has enjoyed with the American Legion, he damned the Ford Foundation, labor unions and UNESCO for their supposed advocacy of integration. The accusations passed in silence, except one hoarse partisan was inspired to yell, "Throw the United Nations out!" The Senator bowed gratefully.

When Eastland got wound up in the dizzy question of the illegality of federal legality and the legality of state illegality—like a dog chasing its tail—people began walking out in a steady stream. Yet it was only 9:30 p. m. To my left, a man jammed on his hat and said, "Looks like half of them only came out of curiosity," before he dashed down the ramp. To my right, the woman whose copy of the W. C. C. house organ *Southerner* I had borrowed declared: "All this talk won't do any good. They ought to follow the Bible, it tells what to do in there." Then she departed. The morning paper reported that the Senator, noticing the exodus, skipped six pages of his prepared text.

Eastland, the opiate of the Southern people, really put them to sleep. And climaxing the anticlimax was a final, comic lack of rapport between him and the council brethren. "My desk in the Senate is next to that of

Lister Hill," he said and a claque of the doggedly faithful immediately began booing Montgomery's native son. Eastland fidgeted, then finished his thought: "And I want to say that when issues affecting the South have come up, both he and John Sparkman have always taken the right side." Applause from the undaunted claque.

THUS, after an admonition from the chairman to go home in a "peaceful and law-abiding fashion," the monster rally ended—not with a bang, but a yawn. Resentment at the progress of integration had brought the crowd to the meeting. They wanted to hear somebody talk "big" and "dirty" about racial problems. When the speakers put on the toga of constitutional experts, interest flagged: the pipe dream of "nullification, defiance and refusal to obey" is too fragile to sustain the weight of ponderous justification.

As Governor James E. Folsom said in connection with the university riots: "Some people in Alabama may oppose the Supreme Court decision and some favor it, but I am sure that 98 per cent of the people of the state respect duly constituted authority."

ALFRED MAUND

[Alfred Maund is on the staff of
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Mr. Stevenson on Jim Crow . . by *Carey McWilliams*

ADLAI STEVENSON, speaking in Los Angeles, has told us what his philosophy of political "moderation" means in terms of civil rights. What he had to say on this, "the hardest and most dangerous internal American issue" (Walter Lippman), will disappoint those Americans, Negro and white alike, who have long admired him for his decency, his candor, his intelligence and the forthright positions he has taken on many significant issues.

His statement was inadequate on numerous counts. In the first place, Mr. Stevenson has misjudged the acuteness of the issue and the temper of national and world opinion in relation to it. He must know that his remarks will be widely noted abroad. His, after all, is the voice of *liberal* America. His suggestion that only "gradual" means will settle the segregation issue will not be greeted with enthusiasm in Africa, the Middle East or Asia, nor is it likely to be much more widely applauded here. The NAACP has not been provocative or aggressive in pressing for integration; the struggle began quite some years back, with the Gaines case, in 1938. On occasion, indeed, the leadership of this admirable organization has been under severe criticism from its own rank and file precisely because its approach has been gradual and "legalistic," based on the assumption that Negro advancement must proceed from one hard-won precedent to the next. Mr. Stevenson's great hero—he is ours, too—may appear in historical retrospect to have been a gradualist; but Lincoln's was a radical position at the time. And the "gradual" approach made a great deal more sense in 1865 than it does today.

Furthermore, Mr. Stevenson's reference to a "gradual" approach is historically off-key. It is as though he had gotten his centuries mixed up and were speaking, perhaps, of the Force Bill of the 1890's or the use of federal troops during the Reconstruction period. The warning against the use of "troops and bayonets" seems out of place when the immediate issue relates merely to the enforcement of an injunction issued by a federal district court. As to his other warning that we must not provoke "ugly reactions," it would seem that they have already been provoked. Senator Eastland's speeches, the agitation of the White Citizens Council and the Till murder case are all ugly reactions to the Southern Negro's struggle for equality. Law enforcement will not stimulate uglier reactions. By telling us that his "main concern" is with the right to vote, Mr.

Stevenson implies that the right of Negroes to attend tax-supported colleges and universities in the South is less urgent. But it will not be any easier to safeguard the Negro's right to vote in Mississippi than it will be to enforce the right of a qualified Negro student to enroll in the University of Alabama.

Unwilling to say anything now which might hamper his effectiveness as a possible next President, Mr. Stevenson is quite willing to say, in the same context, that it would be a "great mistake" to use force, if necessary, to secure compliance with the decisions of the Supreme Court. This, it should be obvious, is precisely the kind of statement that would tie his hands should he become President. And when he says that he is not sure he understands what the doctrine of "interposition" means, one can only conclude that he prefers *not* to understand. The meaning is clear enough. Senator Eastland, a member of Mr. Stevenson's own party, made the meaning clear in a recent speech in which he said of the members of the Supreme Court that "the time has come when the bit and curb must be placed on these unfaithful guardians of our heritage, rights and liberties."

THE GREATEST force for better race relations, Mr. Stevenson tells us, would be to expand and strengthen the educational system for all the states. But he is opposed to the proposed Powell amendment (it would deny federal aid to school systems not in compliance with the Supreme Court's decisions): "You should not cut off your nose to spite your face." Both statements betray a misunderstanding of the basic issue. From an educational point of view, there is no substitute for integrated schools. Gathering dust on library shelves these many years are yards of studies which could be cited to prove, for example, that segregation in public housing projects tends to perpetuate racial myths and stereotypes, whereas integrated occupancy has the opposite effect. And the same with schools. What could be better calculated to perpetuate a feeling of racial superiority among school-age youngsters than the social fact—more impressive than any amount of instruction or exhortation—that Negro children are thought to be so degraded and inferior that they must be corralled in separate schools? Proponents of the Powell amendment argue persuasively that federal aid without the safeguard against discrimination would retard integration

by a decade or more. They point out, for example, that federal funds could be used by Southern states to build more segregated schools; the added investment would then be cited as a further reason why it was inexpedient to proceed with integration. To this contention it is a dusty answer indeed that Negroes can always seek redress in the courts; that's what they have been doing all these years. If federal aid to education is rejected it will not be because of the Powell amendment; rather it will be because a majority in Congress was unwilling to support the Supreme Court's unanimous decision. (And there will, of course, be other explanations; see, for example, Donald Cox's article in this issue, page 193). Under the circumstances, therefore, the emphasis on a "gradual" approach is more likely to retard and complicate the solution of the desegregation problem than to advance it.

Somehow one suspects that the real reason for the opposition of some liberals to the Powell amendment is not that it would prevent passage of a school-aid bill, but that it would embarrass certain liberal Democrats from the South who are up for re-election this year and are faced with primary fights. One can sympathize with these Senators and Congressmen but there are other Southerners who have a stronger claim to our sympathies. A section of the faculty and student body at the University of Alabama would, one may infer, support the use of force if it were necessary to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful rioting which occurred at Tuscaloosa. Liberals in the North cannot afford to be less

courageous or forthright. And what about the effect of liberal opinion in the North on the morale of Southern Negroes whose current open resistance to segregation, with all the risks involved, is one of the big new factors in the so-called race problem?

But these are really minor considerations; at stake is a great principle. Federal funds should never be appropriated in a manner that encourages discrimination against certain citizens in favor of others on the score of race. This principle has been violated for years; the correction is long overdue. For example, the NAACP estimates that federal funds to the tune of \$75,000,000 annually now go to the "five most recalcitrant" states in the South for educational purposes, and are there used in a manner which discriminates against Negroes. We should not perpetuate or extend this discrimination; we should stop it altogether.

AND THEN there is Miss Lucy. Could Mr. Stevenson have picked a worse time, one wonders, to apply his "moderate" philosophy to the key issue of civil rights than the week in which Autherine Lucy was dominating the national news and creating an international sensation? When we were preparing to observe the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln? When Brotherhood Week was on the agenda? Miss Lucy is twenty-six years old. Miss Lucy is a human being. Miss Lucy is an unmistakable symbol of why it is we cannot observe Lincoln's birthday or Brotherhood Week without national embarrassment. No amount of rhetoric will dispense with Miss Lucy. "I don't think I'm asking for anything I am not entitled to," she says; need she be more eloquent? No one has a moral right to ask Miss Lucy not to enroll at the University of Alabama—and least of all because it happens to be an election year and the resulting agitation might prove embarrassing to a fine Democratic Senator from that state. Miss Lucy's generation of Southern Negroes and the one in its wake are entitled to equal educational opportunities now, not at some future date. And they can have it, too, if the rest of us do not suffer a failure of nerve in an election year. The Jim Crow social structure of the South will not, it is true, collapse automatically; but it is rotten and disintegrating. Steady, firm pressure, applied with "malice toward none," will bring it down, not forty years hence but in this decade.

Nothing could be more unrealistic, therefore, than Mr. Stevenson's piously expressed hope that "desegregation" should not be made an issue in this campaign. Some 42,000 Negroes have carried out a superbly disciplined seventy-day mass boycott of the Jim Crow buses in Montgomery that must rank as a major American political phenomenon. One of the leaders of this movement recently said to Robert S. Bird of the New York *Herald Tribune*: "He [the white man] feels that outsiders—agitators—are behind this boycott. He doesn't know that this flows from the heart of every one of the nearly 50,000 Negroes of Montgomery." This is what Mr. Stevenson does not understand, for if he did he

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would want to back the Southern Negro to the hilt in the fight for full equality. Not understanding, Mr. Stevenson has permitted Governor Harriman to undercut his soft impeachment of Jim Crow by a first-rate statement which specifically endorses the Powell amendment, thereby increasing the chances that it will be made an issue. By his lack of understanding or feeling for the position of the Southern Negro, Mr. Stevenson is rapidly creating a political situation which, should he become the Democratic nominee, the Republicans could exploit to excellent advantage.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Stevenson is endangering the chances of the Democratic Party by muzzling the one great issue on which everyone has a right to expect candidates and parties to take a position in this year's campaign. Senator John Kennedy, among others, has shrewdly spotted the "political quandary" faced by the Democrats: can they afford to be more "moderate" than the Republicans? And he is right in saying that the Democrats must take a stand in support of the Supreme Court's decisions.

American Policy on Israel

THE UNITED STATES government has lately been talking about putting teeth into the West's peace preservation plan for the Middle East. But the question remains: if it comes to biting an aggressor, will our denture fall out? The truth is that the Eisenhower Administration has only a vague policy on Israel.

In a letter sent to a group of Republican Congressmen last week Secretary Dulles declared that U. S. policy embraces the preservation of Israel. But to what sort of an Israel are we committed? Is it to be a viable state? Or is it to be fashioned in Dulles' image and eternally teetering on the brink?

The Secretary of State has been telling his confidants that his major aim is an Arab-Israeli settlement. He hopes agreement on financing and building the Nile dam at Aswan will enable the U. S. and Britain to lead Egypt toward accommodation with Israel. But the terms envisaged for an Arab-Israeli peace are swathed in familiar Dullesian mists. It is all as fuzzy as Dulles' policy statement of last August 26, offering an American guarantee of Arab-Israeli boundaries if the two sides could first agree on their frontiers.

It is not surprising that we lack a clear program. The State Department is divided. At the one extreme are those ready to pay the Arabs almost any price to safeguard American strategic interests in the north—in Morocco, Libya and Iraq—and to protect U. S. oil interests in the south—in Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf area. At the other extreme are those who think the Arabs are bluffing and that we needn't wrench our backs kowtowing to them. Between these two schools in the State Department there are many shades. Some regard Israel as a nuisance, but none is inclined to sacrifice the Jewish state. The men around Dulles doubt

In *The Nation* of January 28 we suggested that it was unwise for liberals to climb aboard the Stevenson or any other bandwagon at this time. The time may come when liberals, of all varieties, will be grateful for the opportunity of supporting Mr. Stevenson. But that time is not yet.

THE NATION is neither against Mr. Stevenson nor for Senator Kefauver—at this time. Nor is it for President Eisenhower, Governor Herter or Chief Justice Warren. The fact is that we would like to find a candidate, Democratic or Republican, whose views on foreign policy were consistent with his liberalism on domestic issues and who would take a much stronger stand on the key issue of civil rights than Mr. Stevenson has taken to date. It is not, as we see it, the function of a liberal journal of opinion to endorse candidates with uncritical enthusiasm simply because they are charming and intelligent, high-minded and well-mannered, or because they once conducted a courageous and spirited campaign in a lost cause.

that an Arab-Israeli settlement is possible in the foreseeable future. That may explain a shift of emphasis in the wake of Sir Anthony Eden's visit to Washington.

In contrast to the State Department, the British Foreign Office is monolithic on the Middle East. Its preferred solution is to cut off a big slice of the Negev, Israel's southern province, and hand it to Egypt. In return, the Arabs would recognize the state of Israel and agree to non-repatriation of the great mass of the 900,000 refugees from Palestine. Cession of part of the Negev on the scale contemplated by the British would create a common frontier between Egypt and Jordan. For real or imagined strategic advantages, Britain seems more concerned to establish this link than are the Egyptians and Jordanians.

Those who followed the Eisenhower-Eden discussions and their aftermath noticed that talk of Israeli territorial concessions has subsided. The conversations between the two heads of government revolved less on peace and how to attain it than on war and how to avert it. And in moving from Arab-Israeli settlement efforts to war prevention, the U. S. and Britain are leaning on the 1950 declaration in which France joined them. It pledged the three Western powers to deter aggression, whether by Arabs or Israelis. But in the intervening years, the declaration has been eroded by many clashes.

United States behavior also diminished its value. We supported the United Nations in chiding the guilty ones after frontier bloodshed, but we did little to forestall it. We put undue strain on the precarious situation by launching the Baghdad Pact without anticipating the resultant cleavage in the Arab camp. Having let conditions become so inflammable, our prospect of engineer-

ing a friendly settlement is slim. President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Eden moved toward war prevention in the Middle East because they believe the crisis there is too explosive to permit successful peace talks now. They decided that the 1949 armistice must stand until the antagonists are ready to come to terms.

A State Department official would risk his neck if he were to predict that in the long run the West may decide to invite the Russians to join in measures to keep the peace in the Middle East. That course was urged by Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the British Labor Party, in a House of Commons speech on the eve of Eden's departure for Washington. Advising an approach to Moscow, Gaitskell said, "That is not a dangerous thing to do, because if the Russians agree it means they will have to give up the type of intervention on which they have just embarked, and if they refuse we should know better where we stand." Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd rejected Gaitskell's proposal.

THE IDEA of trying to come to an understanding with the Soviets is even less acceptable to the Eisenhower Administration, although a couple of its experts in that field privately say it would be wise to test that course. Nobody has told the American people that it will be impossible—short of war—to bar the Soviets from the Middle East, and war is no part of the immediate reckoning.

Eisenhower and Eden are cold toward the idea of putting a U. N. force between the Arabs and the Israelis. Russia could claim participation in such a force or it could veto the whole plan in the Security Council. The President and Prime Minister envisage two alternative methods: One is to increase from about forty to some 200 the number of U. N. truce observers and to equip them with a few helicopters, the better to watch eventual troublemakers. These small, unarmed teams could only report but not thwart an attack by either side. Enlargement of the armistice supervisory group is therefore of questionable value. The second and more serious project is to make Western forces in the area available to deter aggression. The U. S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean is a formidable naval and air power. The 14,000 British troops on Cyprus could cooperate—at least those who can be spared from sitting on the Cypriots. The French would supply token units, but are too preoccupied in North Africa to police other regions.

Tripower discussions continue in Washington. Before taking military action against an aggressor, the powers propose to enforce financial or economic penalties. Financial sanctions in fact would be ruinous for Israel with its reliance on the flow of dollars from America. The Arabs could be hurt if deprived of fuel and industrial imports. These are among the measures which the Western Big Three are planning to hold in reserve. When it comes to possible military intervention, difficulties arise. Such action could prompt Russia to claim an equal right to intercede. Furthermore, a puni-

tive expedition would exude too pungent an odor of colonialism unless the nations to be protected are associated with these schemes.

U. S. authorities have been unable to meet another objection. How many days would pass in consultation with Congress, with the United Nations and among Allies, before any U. S. forces in the area could strike at an attacker? The time needed for these procedures must be contrasted with the minutes a jet bomber requires to complete a frightful raid. At present Egypt, said to have thirty to forty Soviet IL-28's, is the only nation in the region possessing jet bombers. U. S. diplomats lack an answer to the disparity between lightning attack and relatively slow intervention.

Dulles has shelved Israel's three-month-old request for some \$50 million worth of arms. In doing so, he mentioned two factors. One is Israel's 2,000,000 population, compared with more than 40,000,000 Arabs. The other is the huge Soviet-bloc arms supply on which the Arabs might draw to exceed the volume of weapons sold to Israel. This reasoning ignores certain facts. The Arab nations have a limited capacity to absorb a vast arsenal without letting it rust, and are deficient in the technical skills needed to master modern armaments. The West is still committed to maintain a certain Arab-Israeli military equilibrium. Egypt mortgaged an entire year's cotton crop to pay for part of its limited purchase of Soviet-bloc weapons; neither Egypt nor other Arab states can afford to buy more large stores of Soviet military equipment. And as to the population factor, nobody has suggested that because Red China has 600,000,000 people, all smaller Asian states should resign themselves to being defenseless.

The Last Hurrah

Remember those bitter complaints of yesteryear in which Franklin D. Roosevelt was forever being arraigned as the principal supporter of the corrupt city bosses, the man who kept the city machines intact? It is only a decade since F. D. R. died but this phase of the record is already being corrected and by some of his severest critics. In a recent column of high praise for Edwin O'Connor's novel *The Last Hurrah*—a thinly-disguised account of the career of the Honorable James M. Curley in Boston politics—John O'Donnell acknowledges that it was F. D. R. who, by shifting patronage from the local to the federal level, consigned the old-line bosses to political oblivion. Mr. O'Connor is even more explicit. "All the old boys hate Roosevelt," he said in a recent interview, "thinking of him as a master of perfidy. He finished them. The old boys needed the environment of a highly localized society. Roosevelt took that away. Guys coming back from the war didn't go to the ward boss for help, but they went to the government. And they'll never go back." So it would seem that it was F. D. R. and not Boston's "purple shamrock," James M. Curley, and his counterparts, who was really entitled to the last grand hurrah.

RUSSIA'S HOPES FOR 1960

Steel, Power and Food . . by Alexander Werth

Paris

THE DRAFT of the next Russian five-year plan, which is to be discussed when the Congress of the Soviet Communist Party meets in the middle of February, has already caused a good deal of excitement in the world press. Our anti-Russian papers tend to go from one extreme to the other. In the past, anything the Russians proposed to do was bound to fail. Now the same experts go into anxious ecstasies over the "tremendous power" of Soviet organization, of Soviet brains, of Soviet planning.

No doubt, the Russians are no fools, and, by a tremendous effort, they managed, before it was too late, to start manufacturing A-bombs and H-bombs and, for all we know, inter-continental rockets. From their point of view, these give them a margin of security they lacked five or six years ago.

But I still don't see why writers who, only two years ago, thought that Russians were like "the old man of Thermopylae, who never did anything properly," should now feel bound to "reveal" to the world that the latest Russian five-year plan can only leave us speechless with admiration. I have waded through the columns and columns of this plan, and find it a perfectly logical sequel to the two other five-year plans which the Russians have completed since the war ended. Just that—and no more. The tempo of increase is not as fantastic as some have suggested. According to Soviet standards, it is quite normal: a little faster than before in some branches of production, a little slower in a few others. There is no question yet of "surpassing the United States" industrially during the next five years—far from it, except for the one item of coal extraction.

Here the Russians have fixed the 1960 target at 593 million tons, as

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February 18, 1956



San Francisco Chronicle

"They're getting a lot of speed out of that old tub."

against the 447 million tons in the United States in 1955. But there are special reasons for this. In steel, electric power and oil the Russians will still be far behind America in 1960.

WHAT is important, however, is that the rate of increase in the U. S. S. R. has proved rather higher than in the United States. It is often said that this is because the Russians "started almost from scratch." That is not the point. The correct point is that the Russians have been achieving the *same* results as the Americans in a *smaller* number of years: thus, they will have needed, by 1960, ten years to increase their coal output from 260 to 590 million tons, whereas the United States took eighteen years (1900-18) to cover the same ground. Similarly, the U. S. S. R. will, in 1960, have more than doubled its output of steel in ten years (27 to 68 million tons)—an increase achieved by the United States in the thirty years from 1910 to 1940.

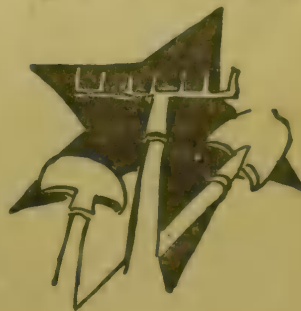
No doubt the output of commodities per head of population still remains much lower in Russia than in America; but if the present rate of increase continues, Russia is likely, in industrial strength, to equal the United States in between fifteen and twenty years. It is in the light of this

almost inexorable development that the Russians, with their genius for long-term planning, are taking an ever-growing interest in China, India and other underdeveloped countries. No "embargoes" on this or that strategic material are going to check this progress to any appreciable extent.

What are the Russians themselves going to get out of the new five-year plan? The emphasis still falls on heavy industry: enormous increases in the next five years (50 to 60 per cent) in iron, steel, oil; and a 100 per cent increase in electric power and cement. Atomic power stations, representing two million kilowatt hours, or the equivalent of four or five average hydroelectric stations, also figure, for the first time, in such a five-year plan. There is to be an impressive increase in agricultural machinery.

The program for consumer goods is rather less spectacular: no great increase in textiles, and only two pairs of shoes a year per head of population, as against one-and-a-half pairs now. On the other hand, "luxury" goods are to be greatly increased: private cars, radio and TV sets, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. What is hard to make out—apart from the significant increase in cement—is to what extent housing is really going to improve. Overcrowding in Moscow and other industrial centers is still appalling, despite a major effort in that direction in the last five years. And, last but not least—food.

It is quite obvious that food con-



tinues to be far the most difficult "sector" in Soviet economy. The collective farms are, in very many cases, just not doing their stuff. The old 1955 target (fixed in 1950) of 180 million tons of cereals has reappeared again; but this time the 180 million tons are to be harvested in 1960! The 1955 cereal production was only 135 million tons. The discrepancy between the spectacular rise in industrial output and the very slow rise in food production must worry Khrushchev a good deal.

Meat and dairy produce have lagged behind quotas even more seriously than grain.

One cannot help wondering whether there will be a clash at the party congress between the all-out heavy industry men (Khrushchev) and those who would rather stimulate light industry. For the two solutions proposed by the conflicting schools of thought are (a) propaganda and iron discipline, or (b) more consumer goods and other material gains to induce the peasantry

to work harder and "more conscientiously." In either case, as the well-known writer, Valentin Ovechkin recently wrote in *Novy Mir*, "the collective farm system continues to be the knottiest of all present-day Soviet problems."

As for the development of the "virgin lands" of Siberia and Kazakhstan in which Khrushchev has been taking special pride and interest, these can represent, if not a drop, no more than a spoonful in the bucket.

ONCE UPON A TIME INC.

Mr. Luce's Fact Machine . . by David Cort

TO WIN all one's arguments is a dream that has always fascinated mankind. It is why people become tyrants and shrews and teachers and priests and even novelists. Communism and fascism both bask in this dream. The art of winning arguments was based on name-calling in the seventeenth century, on rational aphorism in the latter eighteenth and on pseudo-scientific philosophy in the nineteenth.

Today "facts," delivered impassively, have taken command in the American press. Gone are the frankly prejudiced thunderings of the early press lords. The tone of every current mass magazine and large newspaper was set in the early 1920's by a young man named Briton Hadden, now long dead. His partner was Henry R. Luce and his organ *Time* magazine both very much still with us. His early successes at winning arguments, all arguments, slowly drew the exasperated attention of other editors and they adopted a similar impregnable, factual position.

The extremes of opinion about *Time* and *Life* are explained by an unnoticed gap between Hadden's dream and the commercial fact of

the magazines; the one sold to Time Inc. employees, the other to the reader.

The dream was that an eternal truth exists this week and can be expressed in 500 words by a talented writer after he has read the week's New York newspaper clippings. This dream can be understood but nobody in his right mind can entirely grasp the grandeur of Hadden's and Luce's original concept that every Monday night was the end of the world, wrapped up in a red cover. In a lowered voice they would overwhelm the chaos of Mencken's twenties. "Make up your mind," they growled at the writers. Of a story that referred back to the Crimean War, Hadden is said to have demanded, possibly in jest but more probably not, "I want to know this time what was the crime." This was *Time's* period of tough-talking college boys and speakeasy props, one of whom perfected *Time's* one-line jabberwocky picture caption and, having fulfilled this ordained function, died of an alcoholic hemorrhage. The magazine sounded as if Luce and Hadden were trying to amaze and shock somebody they never mentioned. But the dream was strong stuff for a number of high-minded young men of the twenties and thirties, who honestly wanted to see whether an eternal truth could be stated every week.

The commercial fact, on the other

hand, is no dream. The format is such that all the "credit," a word Luce likes, goes to the corporation, never to an individual. Every story in *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* (with a few irrelevant exceptions) is miraculously devoid of two things generally considered indispensable: (1) Sources; (2) An author. Only the Frankenstein speaks and he made it all up out of his own head. The performance is obviously sheer magic and the American reader is duly impressed.

This anti-individual and anti-traditional miracle has implications and revealing exceptions, which will be returned to. On the lowest level, the miracle involves a legal larceny that for years enraged newspaper men. This was, in practice, Time Inc.'s exploitation of the modern legal principle that all knowledge, and especially all news, is public property. From this, Hadden and Luce developed the revelation that the talent and legwork of every reporter and writer on earth were theirs for nothing—and in a hurry. Since they had to boil it all down to limits that could be printed and read in a week, they had no time to argue.

This was one crime that Luce, after Hadden's death, felt he had to expiate to move into journalistic respectability. And so he subscribed to the United Press to establish his legal and moral right to at least

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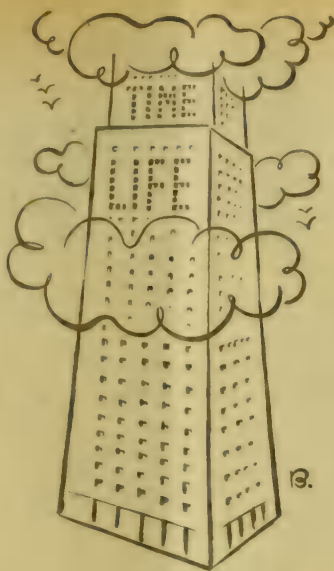
that much information. He also set up his own network of news offices around the world. This apparatus looks impressive but its absurdity is that, should hard times return and compel its abandonment, the content of the magazines would hardly change at all. Most of the writers still get three-quarters of their material from the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. The apparatus supplies about an eighth or tenth of fairly low-grade information, though the actual wordage in cables can swamp an editor who takes it seriously.

Add to the free raw material the individual talent—and you have the greatest low-cost invention since the tin can.

A capable *Life* writer has repeatedly produced twenty pages or more in a single issue and averaged between five and ten pages over a period of years. At a salary of \$200 a week, this production works out at a text cost of about \$30 a page (of course excluding picture costs) or the same as the page cost of a tiny intellectual magazine with perhaps 15,000 readers.

This rate of work probably has no exemplars today. Since wealth accumulated, Time Inc. has tried to give its readers some slow, thoughtful writing. But much as cheap money drives out dear, fast writing will always drive out slow writing. The writer who can bat it out this week, today, now, by the time the *Century* leaves Grand Central Station, is still the one you will read next Thursday.

Fast work has its risks. Time Inc. does not knowingly plagiarize whole sentences from its invisible sources but one day a free-lance writer spotted in *Life* a complete page lifted without quotation marks from his latest book. He sued and collected \$3,500 out of court. It happened that his book was the only existing source on the subject (a combat area in World War II). In copying out his material, the lady on *Life* assigned to do the research had neglected to put quotation marks around her "research." The *Life* writer, taking it as her material, had used it straight. The Frankenstein spoke out of his own head, as usual, but this time in an arrangement of words that already belonged to a human being with a name and a lawyer. If only the writer had re-



arranged the words a little, they would have been Luce's for nothing.

The faceless writing of Time Inc. has come to dominate current American culture. The American reader realizes that the individual writer is, if not exactly nonexistent, at least inconsequential to the point of ignominy. The assassination of the individual writer by *Time* has come to permeate the whole American press. Even in slick magazines that permit signed articles, the reader hardly notices, nor long remembers, the names, except those of regular columnists who for the most part deal with personalities and opinion. Furthermore, other editors have followed Time Inc. practice in removing all individual human personality from the story as published. I suggest that this may be the reason why it is almost impossible in America today to hear a "great" writer, a great voice speaking individually. (Yet *Life* recently had the gall to complain editorially of the absence of great writers.) The Voltaires and Chestertons and Menckens have been edited and mass-produced out of voice. Only faceless Frankensteins speak.

Not only Time Inc., but American magazines generally, omit the names of books or other articles that can be followed up if the reader gets really interested in the subject. This, says the magazine in the brisk, cold Time Inc. voice, is all you need to know right now; if there's any more,

we'll give it to you. Renew your subscription. The fashion of faceless writing has even penetrated to the book world where a happy breed of editors is busy tweaking the eyebrows and pimples that gave the manuscript its human identity.

Time's real success began about 1931, in the depression, and *Life* proliferated in November, 1936, in the recession. In the national confusion, self-doubt and flirtation with communism, it was good to read in *Life* and *Time* the untroubled absolute truth. Hadden's ghost was winning another argument, as Luce took the bows. In addition, Time Inc. was bright enough to report the most obvious scientific discoveries of which at that period government, business and the military were disgracefully ignorant.

This may be called the Silver Sty period of Time Inc., ludicrously marred by the first appearance of masked Communists and Newspaper Guild brawlings.

The thirties saw the work of some thoroughly reputable and even distinguished men and women who deserve listing: Davenport, Larsen, Martin, Busch, Gottfried, Billings, Matthews, Grover, Fraser, Hodgins, Schroeder, Kay, Fuller, Vind, Schwind, Kennedy, Peyton, Underhill, Barnett, Butterfield, Piel and others.

THE editors, writers and researchers were the elite of Time Inc. They had the acknowledged power. They could and did overrule the advertising side. They once outraged even the Ford advertising account and just as it had been wheedled home again, insulted it afresh. More than one, basking in the supposed power of the word, refused an executive promotion. Some, especially on *Fortune*, exploited and strained their prestige by wearing sneakers to interview tycoons, by disappearing into clipjoints for weeks at a time, by introducing sofas into the office and taking naps, by brawling in saloons. But such eccentricities are by no means inconsonant with spiritual power. Tactically, of course, no group of writers as such can ever accumulate power; on the contrary, every member of the group risked his power weekly in his work and bequeathed the credit for risk and intellect to the Frankenstein, which gobbled all. Yet at the late thirties'

rare editorial meetings—a practice then already doomed—the assembly exuded the feeling of power held in check, courteous but arrogant, busily celebrating but sullenly silent. Most novels about Time Inc. reflect this conceit. However, the creation of such a group was in fact Luce's masterpiece and, probably, his subsidiary dream.

What could have destroyed it? Why did it not live as long as the editorial traditions of the New York or London *Times*? What happened?

The answer is Luce himself. He was never the group's leader, only its boss. In consequence, he was frightened by it as he tried to fall asleep at night. He grew jealous of any writer's growing prestige, on the excuse that an empire-builder was rearing his treacherous head. Such a man was presently removed to meaningless activities, to another publication, to promotion work, to a leave of absence, or encouraged to go away. This evidence of Luce's jealous impotence lies behind most ex-Time Incers' unfriendly comments about Luce. A few others, however, give as Luce's motive for destroying his own masterpiece his rarely avowed belief that he can, while remaining invisible, make fate dance to his tune. Since fate, especially in the person of the Ambassador, has seemed to call the tune instead, a wry expression has come over Luce's face in the more recent newscaptures.

There may be another, parallel, reason for the decay of Time Inc. In the thirties the top editors—Luce, Billings, Gottfried, Matthews—were almost unbelievably unsophisticated, heirs to a more innocent American tradition. Sophistication entered Luce's life with a bang after his second marriage. Sophistication oozed on into the magazines with the move to Rockefeller Plaza and the importation of such sophisticated promoters and "idea men" as Dan Longwell, Alex King and Willi Schlamm. Before Luce could destroy the old creation, he needed something to fill the void. Sophistication was tagged for the job. Of the new boys, Longwell quickly cut down King and pushed Schlamm into a Graduate Faculty limbo. A portent in this period was the promotion of an undistinguished writer, who had the merit of having been born in France, to publisher of *Life*. At first a little

shamefaced with the other writers, he incredulously realized that his career coincided with the transfer of power to the hucksters and presently he was one of them.

The 1956 editors and writers—if one may risk generalization about a fleeting present that may itself be transitional—are journeymen workers, easily controlled by hucksters on one hand and lady researchers on the other. They certainly do not alarm Luce. Perhaps he is now leader as well as boss—but of this I know nothing.

The present period may be described socially as the Toots Shor era. Intellectually it is the corn-fed or children's hour. In terms of famous employees, in an evolution that would leave Hadden gasping, it is the Age of the Photographers. For these latter, in apparent violation of the Time Inc. formula given above, are allowed to sign their work. Their incongruous fame, in an office of anonymous men who actually give them orders, often goes to their head. The model of this new kind of grandee may be given as Eliot Elisofon; he is said to imagine himself Alfred Hitchcock, who also makes pictures.

However, to a sensible reader, the name of the man who snaps the shutter is trifling, as Luce has realized, beside the question of who certified the words.

THIS latter question asks itself in every issue, in every story. An almost perfect example, because it represents an ideal toward which Time Inc. constantly strives, was a pleasant, unsigned story in *Life*, issue of October 10, 1955. This purports to tell in word and picture how far or fast various creatures can jump, run, fly or swim. The story tells us that the great gray kangaroo jumps just four inches farther than Jesse Owens. "Says who?" the congregation must respond. The story says that every

impala, or the world's champion impala, jumps a foot farther than a mounted horse. "Says who?" It says that a fox, running at forty miles an hour, would nose out all the greyhounds, bison and giraffes in the world. "Says who?" It says that the Canada goose, crow and wild turkey all fly at speeds between fifty and sixty miles an hour. "Says who?" responds the now fascinated, but proportionately skeptical, congregation.

The Frankenstein implication is that *Life*'s editors and lady researchers went out and chased impalas, kangaroos and wild turkeys with a stopwatch and tapemeasure; hence the Frankenstein knows what it is talking about. Or the impalas and turkeys timed themselves and mailed the results to the Time and Life Building. The most interesting part of the story would be precisely these details of who recorded the times and distances, and how, and with what difficulties—and how inaccurate the figures really must be. But *Life* cannot tell this real story or it shatters the Frankenstein illusion and breaks its monopoly on impalas and turkeys whose addresses are unknown to *Newsweek* or *Look*.

A similar test can be applied to virtually every story in *Time* and *Life* by any reader who will trouble to use his wits.

An apparent exception is given by the lists of scientists' and experts' names at the end of such current features as "The World We Live In" and the like.

It will be noted that the scientists' books are not listed. Furthermore, if I know scientists, they told *Life*'s researchers a great number of contradictory things, so that the published compromise among their disparate opinions represents no one of them accurately. One scientist tells his friends, "I don't know why they gave my name. All I did was tell them to read my book, and now I tell my classes not to read that issue of *Life* or they'll fail my course." But obviously he was flattered by the inclusion.

These stories were signed "Lincoln Barnett and the Staff of *Life*" in the republication in book form. The latter half of the signature must have been insisted on by Mr. Barnett.

When Luce or a stand-in gives a modest and honest man like Barnett such a subject as "Man" or "The



Universe." he has two peremptory, if implied, commands. One is, "Make like Carlyle"—or Darwin, or Tynbee. The other is, "Work God in, preferably in the King James version." The fact that the classy Presbyterian writing of "The World We Live In" has excited no parodies and no hilarity is a serious defect in literary America today.

Viz.: "Below the sun-spangled satin of the waters there loomed a fabulous world . . . The great continental platforms loomed rocky and bleak. . . . From such shadowy beginnings . . . the wondrous procession . . . down eons of terrestrial time . . . the ciphers of some arcane code-script . . . untold ages past . . . these wondrous laws of nature. . . . A few glimmerings of light in the dark abyss of time . . . echo the words of Paul, 'God hath chosen the weak things.'"

The stories are loaded, not exactly with errors, but with self-destroying compromises between irreconcilable and unprovable hypotheses, all issued as solemn and holy truth.

THE pretentious fraud descended to farce in the current "Epic of Man" series because in this case—November 7, 1955—artists were required to dream up the human faces on the ancient bones. The result is that Chancelade Man (14,000 B. C.) is certified by *Life* to have been Willie Howard. Abbeville Man (600,000 B. C.) was recognizably Boris Karloff. Acheulian man (300,000 B. C.) was unmistakably John Garfield. Mousterian Man (170,000 B. C.) must have been a nephew of Ernest Hemingway and Jo Davidson. Neanderthal Man could go on TV tomorrow as unshaven Ed Sullivan. These people are all shown as no hairier than Clark Gable and, in final climactic error, several expose the turned-in toes of men who have just slipped out of pointed shoes 600,000 years ago. A reader genuinely interested in the great subject is once more afforded endless merriment. At the end comes again the hollow boast implied in the list of scientists, but no real sources, no books to read, no way to discover the real story underneath the Frankenstein story.

The effect of Time Inc. on Time Inc. people is an absorbing, unwritten, but necessarily provisional story. In general, it can be said that



they are as nervously exhausted and as affable as hucksters on Madison Avenue, two short blocks east. Any statement of mine that many of the top people dislike themselves is clearly subjective. Time Inc. people keep themselves apart from the New York literary world. Generally they don't know "anybody" or if they did before they were hired, soon stop seeing "anybody" but other Time Inc. people and other Toots Shor customers. They have their climax of euphoria at Senior Group dinners (I assume this has continued) where the year's bonus is announced (I hope this has continued). As salesmen have come to dominate Time Inc. the outpoured love at these dinners must be suffocating. Because Luce has heavy eyebrows, Time Inc. people never let the barber trim their eyebrows.

A curiously valid generalization is that a man begins to have trouble with his wife about a year after he joins Time Inc. The writer can have been happily married, but he becomes intolerable or contemptible to his wife in that employ. Time Inc. women who support their husbands, on the other hand, seem happy. Of the third sex, very, very few have ever appeared. One lesbian even reformed and married.

Neurosis, yes, but no suicide for working Time Inc. people. The suicides are instead ex-Time Inc. people: the tragic and inscrutable cases of such ranking writers as Goldsborough, Wickware, Balliett and perhaps some others, all apparently courageous and fruitful men.

The explanation may lie in the pretense of toughness that Time Inc. demands. The individual actually comes to believe he is tough. He is deluded by the intellectual cruelty of the Time Inc. formula. Time Inc. is in fact a sort of over-compensation for sensitive people as long as they can keep on taking the drug. On the

job they haven't time for suicide. But a while after they have been detached from the apparatus, they begin to feel pain again.

What is worse, a term at Time Inc. gives a writer a conditioned reflex that automatically produces an eternal truth out of a fast reading of the material. He has perfected the technique, and worse, the habit of the snap judgment. Even if he leaves and revolts against the Time Inc. reflex, his sole aim in life becomes the opposite and equally useless ambition to get his name signed in print to the most eccentric and personal opinion he can conceive. Thus, he thinks, will he defy the Frankenstein. He has, in essence, mislaid his sense of perspective about himself, the world and his writing. He is lost until he can get over spelling it "cigaret" and give it that more thoughtful "ette." He must get used to not mastering and dismissing a subject in a week and never again thinking about it. He must learn to do his own research. He must get over being in debt one full year's income. He has to learn ordinary human values all over again.

Not many ex-Time Incers have achieved the metamorphosis back to human identity. Their stories—which I do not know—must be fascinating indeed.

THE current news about Time Inc. is of course Secretary Dulles' article about "the brink of war."

My point here may be unexpected, for I entirely agree with the Secretary's reasonable assumption that the democracies should have learned something since Neville Chamberlain's riskless foreign policy inevitably incited the insatiable aggressor to war. Dulles was saying that a totalitarian power creates a constant risk of war. The democracies had better accept the risk, even though politicians think their constituents want to be told the risk does not exist.

But the *Life* Frankenstein "improved" Dulles' reasonable thought from "risk" to "brink." The Frankenstein has a monopoly on the Origins of Man, why not also on the End of Man? Confident of its weekly miracles, it had no difficulty standing on air beyond the brink of war.

Dulles is now an ex-Time Incer., too.

OVER-NORMAL GRANARY

Bipartisan Headache . . by Edgar Kemler

Washington

IT IS HARD to tell who suffers more from our unprecedented crop surpluses—the farmer or the Eisenhower Administration. For three years now, the farmer has been subjected to a price-cost squeeze designed to reduce the surpluses which (in Administration eyes) suggest undesirable “give-aways.” To the farmer, on the other hand, there can be no surpluses so long as two-thirds of the world, not to mention one-third of the United States, is suffering from dietary deficiency. Furthermore, he can’t understand why his net income has declined 25 per cent when cold-war prosperity has raised nearly everybody else’s income 7 per cent. Such reflections help to explain why the farmer continues to fill government warehouses with surpluses, even though such surpluses seemingly depress his market prices. Also, they explain the Administration’s secret doubts about its widely acclaimed soil-bank plan. This plan would accomplish with a dole what has been formerly attempted with a meat-cleaver. Corn and wheat farmers, for example, would be handsomely paid for cutting down acreage by 20 per cent. This, in turn, would allow the Administration to whittle down the 950-million-bushel wheat surplus and the 565-million-bushel corn surplus by perhaps 50 per cent within three or four years. However, since this plan recalls the unpopular “plowing under” of crops in the depression years by calling for the plowing-under of winter wheat now in the ground, the farmer’s cooperation is highly speculative.

Despite all their hullabaloo on the sidelines, the Democrats have not faced up to the farmer’s queries with any more imagination than the Republicans. This is ironic, since it was during the 1940-1952 Democratic years that the U. S. farmer really filled the role of world pro-

EDGAR KEMLER reports on the Washington scene for *The Nation*.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Harvest Moon

vider—a role from which he is now being excluded. Under the impetus of World War II and the Korean War, our food and fiber output increased 46 per cent despite a 40 per cent drop in the number of farmers. Now the Democrats would restore the high price supports of the war era, but without any peacetime distribution plan comparable to their wartime UNRRA relief plans. It was in expectation of such plans that the United Nation's Food and Agriculture Organization has concentrated on techniques calling for more crops rather than on restrictive measures such as the President's soil bank. In this connection, the FAO recently reported a successful pilot operation in India whereby surplus food had been used as part payment for hungry laborers in school and road construction. This experiment proves conclusively that present surpluses can be made to fill real world needs, despite the glut in world food

markets. However, because such peace plans are deemed to have no political sex appeal, not much is heard about them among the Congressional Democrats.

On the other hand, however much one may deplore Secretary of Agriculture Benson's program, one can't help admiring the doggedness, if not the ruthlessness, with which he pursues it. What he wants is not merely the curtailing of our farm output, but also the liquidation of some 1,500,000 inefficient farmers for the profit of the remaining 3,500,000—an objective that he used to declare openly, but which now on election eve he variously softpeddles and repudiates. Had it not been for the \$2.5 billion surpluses and the high support prices which he inherited from the Truman Administration, he believes that his twin objectives would have been achieved long since—and without the present ruckus. In short, Secretary Benson is a man incapable of disillusionment: the more his program backfires, the more vigorously he hammers away at it.

To illustrate, look at his truly bold if so far unsuccessful campaign to ship 185 million pounds of butter to Eastern Europe and eight million bales of cotton to Red China—these Iron Curtain countries being now almost the only foreign markets where large surpluses can be dumped without market disruptions. On Benson's insistence, the President included this politically dangerous measure in his farm message only to have it squelched by Democrats in the Senate Agriculture Committee.



THE NATION

Benson is now protesting Ed Murrow's TV farm documentary, "Crisis of Abundance," which gave the non-farmer an extraordinarily vivid picture of the pounding now taken by farmers. Benson says the picture was distorted. Obviously, he was disturbed by the restlessness displayed by almost all farmers interviewed, large and small. Yet there was something philosophical in their protests, which applied not merely to Benson,

but to Dulles and others who bear the primary responsibility for this strange crisis. This suggests that while the farmer may vote Democratic this fall as a protest against the current price squeeze, he will continue his dissent, no matter which party wins. That something of this sort is in the wind is indicated by the amazing growth of the National Farmers Organization in the hard-hit Iowa corn country. Led by for-

mer Republican Governor Dan Turner preaching Democratic high-price-support doctrine, the N. F. O. is reported to have stolen 30,000 new members in six weeks from existing organizations. No doubt it will continue to grow until, as one Washington commentator put it, a major Democrat or Republican comes up with "prosperity goals for the farmer which will give him some real encouragement for the future."

THE LOBBY THAT FAILED

Education Needs a Spokesman . . by *D. W. Cox*

THE CRISIS in the country's public-school system—it is primarily a money crisis—persistently outlives the hue and cry raised over it on radio and TV and in the press. Succeeding White House conferences, including one held just a few months ago, and National Citizens' Commission propaganda furnished plenty of weighty and alarming statistics, but no solutions. It is not enough to advise the public that it must take "greater interest" in local educational affairs. The public needs more than clichés upon which to operate. The disturbing fact is that a society willing to appropriate \$32,000,000,000 for military expenditures in the fiscal year 1956 is reluctant to appropriate a small percentage of this astronomical figure to educate our youth.

Much of the responsibility for this situation rests upon our education lobbyists, who failed to "sell" the schools to our elected representatives as essential to the nation's welfare. (By "lobbyists" I mean particularly those officials and observers of the state educational associations, the National Education Association and similar organizations, who are the legislative representatives of the educational profession.) Professional lobbyists are now commonly recog-

nized as the "third branch" of the American legislative system. Yet the school system has never had the kind of modern and effective lobbying which so many other professions and pressure groups enjoy.

Lack of adequate lobbying resulted in the failure of a major federal aid-to-education drive in the late 1940's. A study of this failure is very much worth while, for the lobbying mistakes made then were repeated last year and there is no sign yet that the education lobbyists have been educated to their jobs.

At the close of World War II, the National Education Association, representing the bulk of the teaching profession, put on a drive to obtain a \$300,000,000 annual federal grant for public schools based on need. A bipartisan bill, backed by the NEA, was sponsored by Senators Lister Hill, Elbert Thomas and Robert Taft to achieve a minimum-foundation program and to meet the then current crisis. Twice during the term of the 80th Congress (1946-48), the bill passed the Senate by an approximate three-to-one vote. The NEA announced it had won a significant victory, but it failed to reckon with the House. R. B. Marston, chief lobbyist for the NEA in his capacity as federal-state relations chairman, sat back to await the "moral pressure" of the Senate and Speaker Taft to bring the House in line. But Congressman John Lesinski of Michigan, chairman of the House Committee on Education and

Labor (the counterpart of Taft's position in the Senate) kept the bill stymied in committee, where it was eventually defeated by a 13-12 vote. The decisive vote was cast by Congressman Lesinski himself.

After this hairline defeat, Marston accused the state educational associations of Ohio, New York, California and others of not "working on" their own state Representatives on the committee. He charged them with a general lack of militancy in behalf of a federal-aid bill, presumably because under it their states would have had to support the poorer Southern states' schools in addition to their own. The NEA, however, demoted Marston to the less sensitive job of chairman of the membership department, where political perspective is not such an important requirement.

In assessing Marston's failure as a lobbyist, along with that of his colleagues who must share much of the blame, we can see in retrospect the following mistakes:

1. Marston erred in overestimating the influence of the Senate on the House, particularly on members of the comparable committees.

2. Conversely, he underestimated the power of the House (where all money bills must originate) and waited too long to bring pressure and influence on it.

3. He failed to bring the large state educational associations (all members of the parent NEA) into his confidence early in the campaign.

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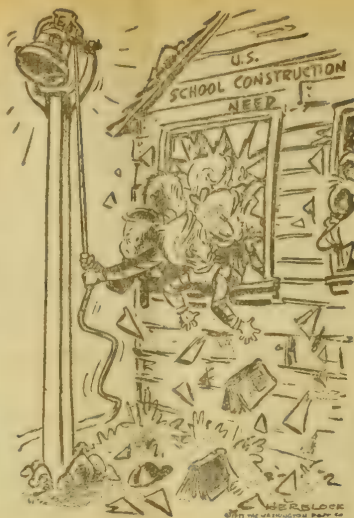
He failed particularly to emphasize their responsibility for helping the poorer Southern states achieve a minimum educational level with the rest of the country.

4. He snubbed the American Federation of Teachers, the second largest professional educational association in the United States. His failure to obtain the federation's support led to a "go-it-alone" policy which had repercussions among the politicians. For the federation sponsored another bill instead of joining in support of one piece of legislation, a fact which made it easier for politicians to ride the fence on both bills.

5. Inadequate use was made of the mass communications media to sell the public, school boards and the teaching profession on the need for federal aid. In this, the NEA could learn a valuable lesson from the California Educational Association and the American Medical Association, both of whom made successful use of the public-relations firm of Whittaker and Baxter. The AMA, largely through the adroit use of mass communication media, was able to prevent the passage of certain federal bills which they labelled "socialized medicine." It also helped defeat certain candidates for the United States Senate in 1950, notably Pepper of Florida and Graham of North Carolina. The lack of foresight on the proper use of communications media by educators to sell their product is appalling, considering the fact that they should be "leading" instead of "following" in this realm.

6. Another error was the failure to help Congress solve the parochial-school issue, which eventually became one of the two most significant factors in the defeat of federal aid to education in the late 1940's. The inability to deal with this issue has led educators to try to bypass it in the present proposed federal-aid legislation by having money appropriated *only* for school buildings and not for teachers' salaries, bus transportation, etc. This maneuver, even if successful, will not solve the basic issue, namely, how to increase teachers' salaries which are 80 per cent of most school budgets. Federal money for public-school buildings alone would not solve the crisis in our schools.

7. Lastly, the educational lobby-



Herblock in Washington Post
Emergency Alarm

ists have not been able to persuade organized business, i. e., the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce, that federal aid for public schools is necessary for the continuing welfare and progress of our country. These business organizations still lobby for exclusively local and state financing. The educational lobbyists have been consistently unsuccessful in their few attempts to arouse public opinion against the anti-federal aid position of these business groups.

IN THE summer of 1955, with the emergence of Senator Hill's bill for federal grants to help the states build more schools, it appeared that the education lobbyists had learned very little from their experience in the late 1940's. Marston's successor, James L. McCaskill, the legislation and federal-relations chief of the NEA, was seemingly repeating most of Marston's mistakes.

In Senator Hill the NEA had a powerful friend of public education serving as chairman of the Senate committee directly involved. His bill, though it bypasses the parochial-school question, was an advance over the weak "loans" bill sponsored by Mrs. Hobby's Department of Education, Health and Welfare.

The situation in the Taft-Lesinski days of 1947 and 1948 quickly found its parallel in 1955. Congressman Graham Barden of North Carolina held the same post as chairman of the important House Committee on

Labor and Public Welfare that Representative John Lesinski had held in the 1946-48 session. Barden, an arch-conservative Southern Democrat, opposed the Hill measure because of the anti-segregation clause which several Northern Congressmen sponsored as an amendment. Barden refused to hold hearings until late in the session of the first term of the 84th Congress. The bill was finally approved in committee, but too late for congressional action before the summer recess. Barden's own vote was against the bill. During the hearings there was a fist fight between Congressmen Adam C. Powell of New York and Cleve Bailey of West Virginia on the segregation question. The measure never came to a vote in the Senate committee.

THE inability of the public-school and NEA lobbyists to dislodge Barden from his stubborn attitude, which prevented hearings being held until too late for House action, marked another of their signal failures. Merely reminding Congress, as Edgar Fuller, executive secretary of the Council of Chief State School Officers did, of the possibility that the bill might be killed or "hung up" on the segregation question was not enough. The education spokesman seemed only to antagonize the legislators by failing to give them constructive suggestions on how the issue should be met. The educators were unable to impress the lawmakers with Congress' responsibility to implement the Supreme Court's desegregation decision with a federal outlay to make desegregation work. They did not even advance this line of reasoning. Their old front-line spokesmen, like Dr. John K. Norton of Columbia University Teachers College, have been testifying on the same old tack with the same old charts for ten years without any notable success.

Now that a federal-aid bill is again in the hopper, it is time that new and younger blood be infused into the education lobby. What is needed are men with a fresh and convincing slant on the country's school needs and who are versed in the intricacies of political maneuvering. The present crop, unimaginative and naive, is doing as much as any group in the country to retard the progress of our public schools.

A Comparison of Constitutions

WE THE JUDGES. Studies in American and Indian Constitutional Law. By William O. Douglas. Doubleday and Company. \$6.

By David L. Weissman

THIS BOOK, the chapters of which were delivered as the Tregore Lectures at the University of Calcutta in July, 1955, is a study of the growth of American constitutional law during the past 150 years and that of India since the adoption of its Constitution in 1949 and a comparison between the two. Its basic theme is the reconciliation between governmental power and the rights of man within the framework of a democratic society.

The scheme of the book, after a short survey and comparison of the American and Indian situations and objectives, is to center discussion upon ten main subjects, as follows: the judicial power; the dual system of courts; legislative prerogatives; the administrative agency; the commerce clause as a vehicle for national power; the reach of due process; the fundamental rights of speech, press and religion; the rights of a fair trial; equal protection; and the judiciary. The method employed is generally to examine first the text of the relevant American constitutional provision or statute and to develop the discussion of its meaning and effect in terms of the historical situation and the commentary and great cases, old and new, construing it; then to do the same with the Indian counterparts; and finally to compare or contrast the two. This reviewer cannot speak with any assurance about the treatment of the Indian part of the story, but with respect to the American part he will say that the intelligent reader, layman or lawyer not already expert in the field, will acquire from the book an over-all grasp of the subject sufficiently strong to enable him to pierce the mysteries in which it has been shrouded.

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The work is no popularization in the breezy sense of the word. It has an occasional vignette and flashes of humor, mostly dead-pan. (The story of Southern rebellion against an 1824 decision of the Supreme Court, with its prophecies of doom, threats of nullification and ultimate acceptance, makes wry reading). But essentially it is a sober attempt to illuminate the forces that have brought us to the present point of constitutional evolution. The reason why it succeeds so well is that, avoiding professional jargon and using the sinewy, direct language of every day which so nicely reflects the author's tough, testing, pragmatic mind, it makes plain the basic concepts and workings-out of what is after all an historical and political, not a legal, document.

AS THE author puts it, "The Constitution is a compendium, not a code; a declaration of articles of faith, not a compilation of laws." In less than thirty pages, for example, the origin, development, uses and perils of the administrative agency, that "enigma wrapped in a mystery," are revealed. The same is done in fewer pages for the Congressional power to investigate. The usually terrifying phrase "basing point system of pricing" is made clear in a paragraph. Hundreds of cases (the index of cases covers some twenty-one pages) are examined and the heart of each is laid bare in a sentence or two of common speech. One after another the mysteries fall away and the meaning of the Constitution and its application is made plain.

The study should then be extremely useful as a primer to the uninstructed and a guide to the mystified, to say nothing of its value as a work of reference. But it should prove interesting to them, and also to the expert, for other reasons.

There is first the comparison between what the author calls "The American and Indian Experiments." The likenesses are many. Each has a written constitution; each is federalist in structure and democratic

in framework; each has a judicial system with a supreme court at the apex; each guarantees certain rights to its citizens; and so on. But the dissimilarities, though apparently fewer, are more striking. Our Constitution, a product of the eighteenth century's preoccupation with political and civil liberties, emphasizes these. The Indian Constitution, a product of the twentieth, when men have come to realize that political and personal liberty cannot have full meaning or be secure unless it rests on sound social and economic arrangements, emphasizes these. Thus, while the Indian Constitution is less absolutist in its terms concerning political and personal liberty, permitting preventive detention, for example, it has written into it the philosophy of the "welfare state." The author explains this difference in emphasis on the basis that "the Socialist philosophy is far more widely accepted in India than in America." Though he does not say so, his discussion shows that, shibboleths and the serious road blocks once thrown up by the Supreme Court itself notwithstanding, we are tending in the same direction.

There is, secondly, his long view of the role of the Court. "Certainly," he says, "our own Supreme Court has erred, sometimes grievously. But in the main it has stood high above the storms, administering justice according to its best lights and regardless of political consequences. . . . On the whole, the Supreme Court has written a highly responsible treatise on the legal issues coming to it. Today it is one of the great cohesive forces in America. Our people often criticize the Court and disagree with it; but they have a respect and reverence for it, born of decades of experience." As of the moment, no thoughtful person is likely to dissent from the last two sentences. But as to the rest, there is much evidence in this book to cast doubt on the judgment. The long history of the perversion of the Fourteenth Amendment (which forbids any abridgement of the citizens' privileges and immunities and guarantees them due process and equal protection under the laws) from a new charter of liberty to a

Markets for Democracy

bulwark for property rights, is only one example. "The nation knew," says the author, "that it was the Negro, not the corporations, whose interests were to be protected by the Fourteenth Amendment." But the Court proceeded to deny its benefits to the Negro and give them to the corporations. Sixty years passed before the Court in 1954 withdrew its sanction for segregation under the euphemism of "separate but equal."

And the author says, "It seemed for a while that the Due Process Clause had given the Supreme Court powers comparable to a super-legislature. For the Court had so construed Due Process in a substantive sense as to curtail drastically the power of the States to legislate," so that "when the practice of business made it essential to enact legislation for the protection of the public interest, the Fourteenth Amendment became a shield and a sword for protection of the vested interests." The melancholy results, in "ruined lives" (to use Justice Holmes's phrase) and frustrated hopes of social betterment, are given in this book. Another example is the Court's long post-war acquiescence in the curtailment of civil liberties from which it is only now beginning to show signs of recoiling.

FINALLY, there is the portrait of America that the author presented to his Indian audience. Without covering up the serious flaws and while even vigorously projecting them, the picture he presents is agreeable, even sunny. There is sweep and movement in it, and the promise of high things to come. In effect, he says, there are two Americas: the know-nothing America of the noisy minority; and the dominant America of the great traditions that in the end are always triumphant.

These lectures were a needed corrective, especially in India. By their candor and good will they must have made a deep impression there. Whether beyond the High Himalayas or among strange lands and friendly people, climbing their mountains or exploring their folkways or telling them about our life and our laws and our hopes, William O. Douglas, Justice of the Supreme Court, traveller, writer of books and dissenting opinions, remains our best ambassador.

THE NEW DIMENSIONS OF PEACE. By Chester Bowles. Harper and Brothers. \$4.50.

By Edgar Snow

AN EX-GOVERNOR of Connecticut and a former ambassador to India, Chester Bowles was before either of these jobs a copywriter and ad man who made a fortune in business while still young. His new book deals with the "image" and role of American leadership in the current world political scene. It demonstrates that he is still an expert at market analysis. His keen grasp of differences in consumer psychology around the globe gives him an advantage over most career politicians who never had to find out, the hard way, why men prefer one brand over another in the open market. He offers some disturbing reasons why foreigners haven't been buying free enterprise as enthusiastically as they should.

Mr. Bowles concludes that our account executives have been gravely underestimating the subtlety and variety of appeals of the enemy product. We have been saying, "Russian soap is inferior and bogus, its advertising copy is cynical falsehood, its slogans are cruel humbug, its testimonials are fakes and counterfeit." We have insisted that this spurious soap is no cure-all but is itself more dreadful than any disease. No sane person should or would buy communism so long as he has any free choice—and access to better stuff made right here. Hence the threat to the free European and free Asian markets arises only because of the danger that enemy soap may be thrust upon people by force of arms. It has been our belief all along that what is required to win and hold the market for democracy as we know it is simply and solely positions of strength. Arms first, and then the man.

Mr. Bowles now reports that things are more complicated. The billions spent on such assumptions are not conquering the market the way they should. We have not destroyed communism. We have not won new customers permanently. We have not

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fully contained those we had before the cold war began. In some places bad soap is even driving out the good. Despite our unquestionably superior bombs, stacked up on the side of the status quo for the most part, something like 1,200 million people have rebelled and changed their political make-up since World War II. Among them we have not won a dependable following for the better political brands. Communism has triumphed pretty definitely in the world's most populous nation—the 600 million Chinese. And Mr. Bowles has no comforting delusion that this trick was accomplished by Russian armed intervention. The Chinese may belong to a revolution which "lost its way," he says, but he concedes they are independent.

ELSEWHERE, too, the author finds Communist ideology turning up with strong challenges to European colonial powers and their American ally. In Europe itself the Marshall Plan was good insofar as it helped people there to improve and strengthen existing societies. But Bowles thinks that merely rearming France, Britain and Italy has not accomplished much—beyond saving them from being sold the enemy soap by force of arms. Things that have been happening since the Bolsheviks made an H-bomb have compelled us to face competition on new levels or "dimensions." We know now that neither of us can knock out the other without destroying himself. That doesn't mean the end of competition. Why, then, have we gone on appropriating 99 per cent of our \$37 billion foreign-aid budget (the cost of its "enforcement") for arms? Why haven't we spent more on programs of economic aid, on technical help to under-educated states, on development schemes, on industrialization, on cultural exchange plans, on making friends without guns?

For those who have not before been introduced to the evolution of revolution the thumb-nail digests in this book of recent political history in Russia, China, India, Africa—and the United States itself—are useful briefings. Of more immediate value are Bowles's first-hand reports of conversations with, and impressions

of, leading Africans and Asians. Their various challenges of conventional American conceptions and misconceptions of the earth—the way it is and the way it ought to be—

provoke him to advance definitions of our foreign-policy problems which anyone interested in selling the "American way" to the outside world must seriously ponder.

The Recall to Order

THE CHALLENGE OF EXISTENTIALISM. By John Wild. Indiana University Press. \$6.

By Albert William Levi

EXISTENTIALISM carries with it for most modern minds the stale air of the *Cave St. Germain* and the lazy conversation of the *Flore* and the *Deux Magots*. It is well known that at the great universities on the Continent existentialism is the only powerful rival to a militant Marxism and still half-submerged Catholic neo-scholasticism. And even in the United States it is beginning to eat its way into a domain pretty evenly divided between analytical positivism and the pragmatists.

The reasons are not hard to find. Positivistic philosophers have abandoned the questions which matter most to concentrate on lesser issues of logic and methodology. And if the pragmatists are still concerned with morality and with practice, they write in an idiom which lacks urgency and excitement. Nevertheless, those nineteenth-century philosophic impulses which stirred in Schopenhauer and Dostoevsky and which flowered in Kierkegaard and Nietzsche have not died. They live in the existentialists, whose vision of the world is founded upon metaphysical despair, the challenge of fate, the necessity for freedom and the centrality of personal decision.

TWO OTHER facts reinforce these impulses. One is the loss of religious faith which has undermined the confidence in cosmic values, and has made the decisions of the isolated individual the last stand of a desperate humanism. The other is the encroachment of mass society upon the domain of personal privacy and authentic selfhood, giving to the ideal of private self-determination a

ALBERT WILLIAM LEVI, associate professor of philosophy at Washington University, is at work on a book entitled *Philosophy and the Modern World*.

February 18, 1956

holiness hitherto accorded only to prayer.

Existentialism is, then, half protest, half refuge; its defiance shields its devotees both from a coercive society and against a universe denuded of intrinsic value. This is enough to make ripples even in the calm backwaters of the academies.

The latest evidence of this penetration is *The Challenge of Existentialism* by John Wild of Harvard. Wild recognizes that current academic philosophy is bankrupt because it has forsaken the descriptive method, the world as given and the immediate data of experience. He sees existentialism, with all its faults, as a recall to order, which for the philosopher is always an invitation to return to the facts of life.

Existentialism, whether in the version of Martin Heidegger or Jean-Paul Sartre, Karl Jaspers or Gabriel Marcel, is attentive to the disclosures of mood and feeling, and to what these tell us of the harshness and strangeness of the world we inhabit. And at the same time it finds the essence of man in the resoluteness and courage with which he faces his choices and makes his decisions. Human concern is always centered upon the projects of a self, and the authenticity of all selfhood hinges on the mysterious and often arbitrary operations of the will. It is precisely the emphasis upon the primacy of the act of will and of the moral processes of self-creation that sets the existential philosopher apart from any form of naturalism and gives him a subjectivist bias.

Existentialism's lack of a philosophy of nature arouses Wild's suspicion, and its subjectivism fills him with dismay. For, although he approves of existentialism as a challenge to the idolatry of science and everyday materialism, his considered estimate of it is that it contains "considerable insight merged unfortunately with certain grave mistakes."

In the last third of the book Wild urges his own corrections of these "mistakes." They are along the lines



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of his well-known Aristotelianism: a plea for metaphysical objectivity and the claims of theoretical awareness, a theory of perception lifted from the *De Anima*, and a desire to revive the doctrine of natural law.

The Road to Poujade

A FRENCHMAN EXAMINES HIS CONSCIENCE. By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Cornelia Schaeffer. Essential Books. \$3.

By Gerald Sykes

THIS LITTLE BOOK on the state of France—not to be compared with that of Herbert Luethy—will inevitably be read by Americans in the light of the recent rise of Poujade. The novelist's eye of Jules Romains has photographed exactly those scenes of decay, dirt, corruption and immobility that have reacted into a lower-middle-class rightism that is reminding political observers of the Brown Shirts. With commendable frankness and skill Romains has caught the parasitism of the deserted Paris shop which lives for two or three days on "each rare capture"; the skewered partridge gluttony of the Rue Mouffetard, where slum-dwellers forget their poverty with amazing delicacies they somehow manage to afford; the sloth of exporters who refuse to adjust their goods to foreign markets or even to answer letters; the wrath of prosperous wine growers, grain merchants, cattle breeders, beet farmers and gold miners when the state fails to support them in the manner to which they have grown accustomed; and the fact that in 1954 only 6,000 Frenchmen admitted to taxable incomes of \$17,000 or more, when at least ten times that many made that much. The picture is not pretty, but it is convincing, especially to those who know the model; and the desire of youth movements, either leftist or rightist, to wipe it out is certainly understandable.

Romains' solution is a return to the traditional virtues he remembers from his childhood: "strict elimination of every form of waste, leakage

GERALD SYKES, author of *The Children of Light*, *The Center of the Stage* and *The Nice American*, is now living in Paris.

They are sincerely presented. Unfortunately they lack the persuasiveness of the very excesses of that existentialism which the first two-thirds of his book so admirably expounds.

and muddle"; reduction of the bureaucracy; gold standard; abolition of special privileges; tax reform; thrift such as his mother practiced; and a new constitution. His prescription will find fewer takers than his diagnosis; there are other doctors in the house, many of them; and even those who advocate similar medicine will see that he overlooks so many complications familiar to almost any reasonably close student of the twentieth century that he is treating an imaginary patient, not the real one. The surprise is that he should be so confident he knows the answers.

The point seems to be that once a novelist's eye, even if it is only moderately keen, rests upon a familiar problem, so many terrifying viruses are brought to light that he reminds

us forcibly of the world we live in. That, unfortunately, is so painful that we cannot stand it for more than a few seconds. Like Romans, we respond with ready-made solutions, even if ours happen to be a little more realistic, a little more aware of certain complexities (like the condition of wage earners) than his. Most political thinking is mere conditioned reflex; we lull ourselves with *idees fixes*, and quite naturally, because facts are hard to come by and still harder to marshal to the general satisfaction of a splintered world.

In such circumstances France's headaches, the worst of which is its division, are everybody else's aspirin; it takes our mind off our own problems. It is handy to be able to shake our heads while its governments, currency, empire, morale and even its insularity fall with the regularity of London Bridge. When will it be obvious that the cold it has is highly catching, that we too sneeze now and then, and that everyone yearns for a sovereign remedy that will never be found this side of the grave? Meanwhile France is a nice place to live in—for at least 6,000 Frenchmen.

Art

A. L. Chanin

TODAY abstraction is the inflammable style, but a century ago it was realism that had to overcome officialdom and public misunderstanding. Gustave Courbet, a swaggering, aggressive winegrower's son, met the neo-classicists and romantics head on.

He proclaimed himself a realist and affirmed that "the basis of realism is the negation of the ideal. . . . Realism is essentially the democratic art."

And a critic replied: "We prefer the sacred grove where fauns make their way, to the forest in which woodcutters are working. . . ."

Courbet won the day, and his approach eased the path for Manet, influenced impressionism, the early Cezanne and Renoir and altered decisively the course of nineteenth-century painting.

Although some art historians point out that American art is basically realistic—a half truth—Courbet has

never been really fashionable with our collectors and museums. In 1948 a large Courbet show at Wildenstein's gave an insight into his power. Last month at the Rosenberg Gallery another and more modest exhibition called attention once more to this master. The nineteen oils—landscapes, still lifes, portraits and a nude—suggested something of his pivotal role and surging power.

But it would be wrong to see these oils as pure realism, a faithful rendering of physical fact. Courbet welds forms to evoke ideas and moods, and thus invests them with poetry—but a substantial poetry, rooted in reality.

CHARLES BURCHFIELD, an American veteran of realism tinged with romanticism—or, more accurately, romanticism strengthened by realism—is to be seen in a retrospective show at the Whitney Museum



"Father Was Big as a Tree"
by Carroll Cloar

(to February 26; thereafter, Baltimore, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., and Cleveland). Born in 1893, in Ohio, Burchfield worked as an accountant, later as a wallpaper designer, and meanwhile made notable watercolors. It was not until 1929 that he could risk devoting himself exclusively to his art.

It seems odd, looking at the more than 100 paintings, that we think of Burchfield as primarily a realist. The greater part of his work is a romantic personification of the moods and seasons of nature. From the 1918 *The Night Wind*, a strong watercolor of a house assailed by phantom-like forms, to the 1953 *Hot September Wind*, with its swaying lines of heat, Burchfield wanders through nature with delight and brooding imagination. It is an imagination so keyed that more than one observer sees in a number of these watercolors an uncomfortable af-

finity with Walt Disney's whimsy-land.

Yet in 1918 he had also painted a stark little watercolor of shoddy mid-western houses. And in the early thirties Burchfield produced a striking series of city scenes in which forceful realism is the dominant appeal. These are the memorable paintings of the exhibition. In *Rainy Night*, in which the buildings loom like a stage set, the light is caught in greenish drizzles and reddish reflections. Or one notices *November Evening* (1931-34), one of the few oils. This presentation of bleak weather and a few houses set off against sky and space has an intensity found only occasionally in his other work.

Burchfield's reputation is in watercolor, yet many of them seem over-large and puffed up, and color is sometimes labored and too opaque. Only now and again does the artist synthesize poetic imagination and the organization of form.

ANOTHER romantic realist, Carroll Cloar, born in 1912 in Earle, Arkansas, exhibits fourteen tempera paintings linked to one theme, "Childhood Imagery," at the Alan Gallery through February 25. In them, Cloar goes beyond the promise of his earlier work to achieve several impressive compositions.

In the best examples, Cloar succeeds in integrating and perfecting his individual approach: a dry, precise, sharply observant eye for faces or the minutiae of specific period fashions, the look and weather of place, mingled with moods and images which the painter describes as "... the mixed emotion of remembering; places altered, people long passed; your father, whom you promised yourself you would measure against the oak tree. . . ."

Painting the nostalgia of youth is dangerous, for it is easy to slip into the obvious, and Cloar does not always avoid the pitfall. *Alien Child*, for example, while containing a subtly rendered family group, is marred by the too obvious device of a crevice as a symbol to separate and isolate young Cloar from his family. But in *Father Was Big as a Tree*, or *Arrival of the Germans in Crittenden County—a World War I nightmare of invasion—he gives concrete expression to the ghosts of old memories.*

Spring Book Issue

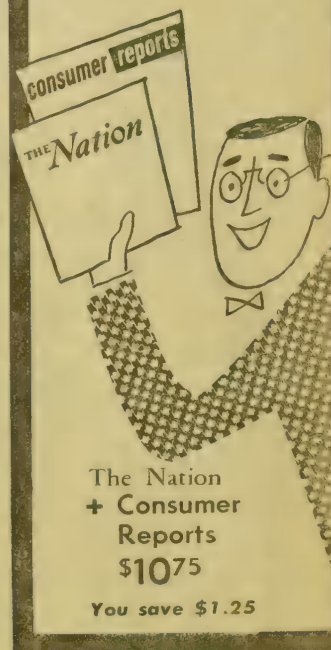
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Music

B. H. Haggin

TELEVISION offers possibilities of scenic illusion—including quick and illusive changes of scene—which the stage cannot equal; and these can increase the effectiveness of an opera like *The Magic Flute*. But scenes of large spectacle in such an opera lose by their reduced scale in the televised image. This image is suited only to close-ups of action involving two or three persons; but the close-range relation of performers and spectators that television creates in place of the long-range relation of the opera house is not entirely advantageous for opera.

There are some who argue that opera is drama which must be understood from word to word as one listens to the music, and that it must therefore be performed in English. They include Samuel Chotzinoff, producer of NBC-TV Opera Theatre, who in an interview a couple of years ago contended that opera, when it is given in a large theatre where the listener is too far from the performer for dramatic meaning to come through to him, can be only a recital in costume; and that television, by bringing the performer close to the listener, "can make [opera] dramatic all over again." For this purpose, said Mr. Chotzinoff, Opera Theatre gives opera in English; and he mentioned other things it had done to make opera dramatic. For example he described how, in cutting Britten's *Billy Budd* to make it fit into the allotted hour and a half, Peter Herman Adler, Opera Theatre's musical director, had found it necessary to omit Claggart's big aria; how Chotzinoff had objected that this aria was needed to provide the motivation for the villain's actions; and how "it was discovered . . . that we could compensate for the aria by showing Claggart in some evil visual action . . . that did in one minute what it would have taken ten minutes of music to do. The aria was never missed."

I might begin my comment on these statements by mentioning that Chaliapin's Boris was only one of many dramatic performances that came through to me in the top gal-

lery of the Metropolitan. Certainly I would have got even more from his performance if I had been closer; but the next thing to say is that *Boris Godunov* can stand such intimacy, but that to be brought close to most operatic dramas, as one is by television and English translation, is to discover the advantage of being kept at a distance from them, as one is in the opera house and by the foreign languages. Who would spend an evening in the theatre for a performance of an English translation of the text of *I Puritani*, *Il Trovatore*, *Aida*, *Die Walkure*, *Tristan and Isolde*? And who would want to understand every word of these texts as he listens to the music—rather than have a mere general idea of the developing dramatic situation which the music is concerned with?

THE fact is that opera is not drama but drama realized through music; that for the sake of the music we accept in the opera house dramatic nonsense that we wouldn't waste time on in the theatre; and that the less we are aware of the nonsense as we listen, the better for our experience of the music. Opera, I repeat, is not drama but drama realized through music; it is not just Claggart's villainous thoughts but these villainous thoughts communicated through the aria Chotzinoff omitted—which means that if one performs the opera one includes the aria, and if one substitutes for the aria an equivalent visual action one is not performing the opera. Similarly, if one performs *Pelleas et Melisande* one retains the orchestral entr'actes that Chotzinoff decided could be omitted from his televised production because they weren't needed to provide time for changes of scene—the reasons for keeping them being that they perform the important musico-dramatic function of taking the listener's mind from one scene and preparing it for the next, and that, as it happens, they do this with some of the most impressive music in the Debussy score.

As it happened, NBC-TV Opera Theatre's recent production of *The Magic Flute* was one of its best

achievements. The cuts made to fit the work into the allotted two hours included music as important as the second-act trio of Pamina, Tamino and Sarastro and a large part of the scene of Tamino and the Two Armored Men; and the overture, instead of preparing the listener for the opera to come, served as a background for the credits at the end. But these were few and small defects in an outstandingly beautiful performance of the music, in which one heard not only the Queen of the Night's florid arias sung brilliantly by Laurel Hurley, but the music of Pamina, Tamino and Papageno sung for once with the suitably youthful voices of Leontyne Price, William Lewis and John Reardon.

The dramatic performance gained too from the youthful handsomeness of Lewis and the amusing face and comic gift of Reardon; but the Negro features of Miss Price were a disturbing incongruity at the close range of television which they wouldn't have been in the opera house. The scenes of spectacle, as I mentioned earlier, were made ineffective by the small televised image; and this amounts to saying that much of the potential profit from having Balanchine as stage director was lost. But the potential profit from having W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman produce the English text was largely realized. A great deal that is obscure in the opera house—the large philosophical ideas, the enmity of the Queen and Sarastro—remained obscure in this performance, in which even the English words at the close range of television often couldn't be understood. But what was clear in the spoken dialogue—the love of Pamina and Tamino, his submitting himself to the trials, the less high-minded preoccupations of Papageno—was made distinguished and at times delightful by Auden's and Kallman's words.

IF NBC-TV Opera Theatre were to produce a televised *I Puritani* in English we would discover the advantages of the American Opera Society's recent Town Hall performance in Italian, which allowed one to concentrate on the remarkable melodic structures Bellini created for Elvira and Arthur as these were sung by Laurel Hurley and Eugene Conley, and in which even the appearance of Conley's portly figure in

the billowing folds of his evening clothes didn't lessen the sensational effect of his spectacular high notes. The other singers—Rosalind Elias, Donald Gramm, Louis Quilico—

were much less impressive; and Arnold U. Gamson, though he conducted effectively in other ways, couldn't keep the orchestra from blanketing the singers occasionally.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

NOW THAT almost everyone admits Chekhov's genius as a dramatist, I must confess my own peculiar relation to him.

I have often harbored a certain speculative resistance to the *idea* of Chekhov. I prefer my drama spacious, high and bold—full of sonorous speech, hot action, splendor of color, effect and depth of meaning. In theory, I deplore the smallness of realism and the hushed inwardness and stammerings of that truncated world in which the road to great deeds has been blocked. In vain I tell myself that modern society cannot produce sound plays to the measure of abstract esthetic demands, since society itself does not produce the environment which might make our favorite kind of drama natural to it: I still hanker for something more than what the depressed middle class can create.

But all this theory thaws like snow in the sun when I sit before a reasonably competent production of a Chekhov play. He captivates me completely. I ask myself why: for he is not as eloquent or as abundant as Shakespeare, nor as compact as Sophocles, not as sweeping or as colorful as the romantics—neither is he as "affirmative" as we of so few convictions insist that all great artists must be.

I am reminded of the ancient text: "Upon the road I saw in the distance what looked like an animal. I went closer and saw it was a man; closer still I recognized my brother." Chekhov triumphs because the gentleness and goodness of his soul, the wit of his understanding, the acuteness of his observation are so balanced, so loving, so unemphatically honest, probing, discreet, economical and impeccably true in taste and tone that every moment of his plays is transformed into the most penetrating poetry.

Chekhov's realism is poetry. I do

not know Russian, so I cannot speak about the quality of his language. But just because of this, I realize that dramatic poetry does not consist in the employment of verse or of any sort of language as such, but in a certain artistry whereby the dross of all stage mechanics, naturalistic data, psychological notation have been transfigured in the alembic of a great man's understanding and feeling. There is in Chekhov a great personal modesty withal. These serve to make for an apparently effortless perfection of dramatic craftsmanship beside which the slick technique of most other playwrights strikes one as the work of vulgar hacks.

David Ross, producer-director of the Chekhov cycle at the 4th Street Theatre, deserves all our praise for giving us the opportunity to see these plays sympathetically done one after another. There is moreover a wonderful feeling at his theatre as if audience and actors were sharing in a common admiration for the dramatist's creation.

MY RESPECT for Mr. Ross's enterprises, as well as for the actors who take part in them, is too genuine for me to suggest that they are altogether satisfying. In *Uncle Vanya*, Franchot Tone as Astrov acts better than he has in years: he reveals an almost subjectively poignant relationship to his part—a struggle both to express the agonized idealism of Chekhov's country doctor and to suppress it with pained acidity in a studiously cynical boastfulness which is in itself tense with despair. The scene between Astrov and Sonia (played with delicate and touching truthfulness by Peggy McCay) marks the high point of the evening's acting. Very good too is Gerald Hiken as Telegin, the adorable nitwit so characteristic of Chekhov.

Yet for all this—and other good points and performances—there is a

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thinness in the production which derives only in part from a difference between the American and Russian mode of expression. It comes from an eagerness to prove Chekhov comic, which is just as misguided as to believe that his plays are nothing but a series of lamentations. The acting is often too directly related to the practical content of each event, whereas in Chekhov events serve only to set off the larger aspirations which motivate the characters. Chekhovian scenes are both sad and funny (and in the conventional sense neither funny nor sad) because the feelings within the characters are so much larger than the situations in

which they find habitually themselves.

The staging and mood of the play's final moments seem to me inexcusably trite. They are based on an anxiety to reassure the audience that the play is not pessimistic. It is puerile not to understand that Chekhov's characters take on a stature beyond themselves precisely because their faith and hope persist even though there can be no alleviation of their own personal sorrow. Faith and hope founded chiefly on the expectation of success or victory for oneself is a blasphemy which condemns those who cling to them to a perpetual immaturity—and give "optimism" a bad name.

Letters

Religion on Campus

Dear Sirs: In Religion on the Campus in the January 7 issue, Stanley Rowland, Jr., points out accurately that the characteristics of interest in religion on the campus "are a searching and objective intellectual approach to religion and a certain aloofness toward the church." However, Mr. Rowland assumes that "the causes [of this interest] can be gathered under the headings of the insecurity of modern life and a disillusionment with scientific humanism." This idea is utterly unfounded in fact.

Mr. Rowland notes the contempt held for such glossy answers as those of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. It is because Peale offers security and comfort that his book is so popular generally; it is for the same reason that he is not very popular on the campus. Mr. Rowland points to the H-bomb, implying that college students are being frightened into religion. But it is not fear which leads to the "objective intellectual approach" to religion. Fear leads to the acceptance of "The Power of Positive Thinking" answers, not objective inquiry.

The reason that there is less scorn of religion is perhaps that religion contains less narrow doctrinism and more of the universal—of love. College students observe people connected with religion like Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr using reason to try to find real value and truth instead of bludgeoning with doctrines.

The on-campus interest in religion is valuable because it is not satisfied with platitudes. Youth is not tired and looking only for a place to be secure. Youth wants to enter into the adventure of life and live. Isn't it possible

that college students were never illusioned with scientific humanism in the first place but that they are merely seeking answers to the eternal questions, to learn what is right and true?

BILL KENNEY

Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I think the climate of silence on the part of our campus people is a sign of the health of our coming leaderships. I do not think youth is bewildered; I think they are trying to think things out for themselves and are biding their time until some crystallizations appear. They are bent upon examining all the past angles of existence, including the religious ones, throwing some things away and keeping others, upon redefinition, reevaluation, and a deep and patient look at history. After reading this article I, for one, think the future is in good hands.

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ

Astoria, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I am intrigued by the observation to the effect that the college student reads of the insecure world with its new weapons, biological warfare and mushroom clouds and concludes that they do "not look to him like salvation through science or scientific humanism." But these have been developed at the instigation of our government leaders, who are responsible for the threat of their use. These people are not scientific humanists but Christians and Jews. The main group of protestants, if I am not mistaken, are the atomic scientists themselves, who would probably be classed as "scientific humanists."

BILL STEEL

Winnetka, Ill.

The Lighter Vein

Dear Sirs: I found Edgar Snow's "Herr Tin Lizzie" of December 3 most refreshing fare. Such factual information on a non-political subject is just what The Nation needs these days. While other magazines blare forth pollyanna-like "all's right with the world," The Nation all too often sounds an equally tiresome "all's wrong with the world," and for a weekly diet this becomes quite hard to swallow. Occasional—or even frequent—Nation articles in a somewhat lighter vein seem absolutely essential to this reader.

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed the article on the Volkswagen. May I give thanks for an article that is not strictly political and either pleading a Cause or inflating an incident into a Great Cause? Let's have some interesting trivia, a little less solemnity and a little more profundity.

JOHN C. KNECHT

Northbrook, Pa.

More on the Volkswagen

Dear Sirs: In Edgar Snow's highly interesting article about the Volkswagen in the December 3 issue I missed any reference to its designer, Ferdinand Porsche. Just as the "Tin Lizzie" owed its success to Henry Ford's automotive genius, so does the "little ladybug" owe its success to the largely self-taught Sudeten German Porsche who designed it.

Porsche never attended an institute of technology of university rank. In Vienna he made his first excursion into the automotive field by building, together with the Viennese coach-builder Ludwig Lohner, the Lohner-Porsche electromobil, which was a hit at the Paris automobile exposition of 1905. Porsche then worked for Austro-Daimler, where he designed for the Austrian army the first self-propelled heavy artillery pieces in the world, the 30.5 cm mortars of World War I fame.

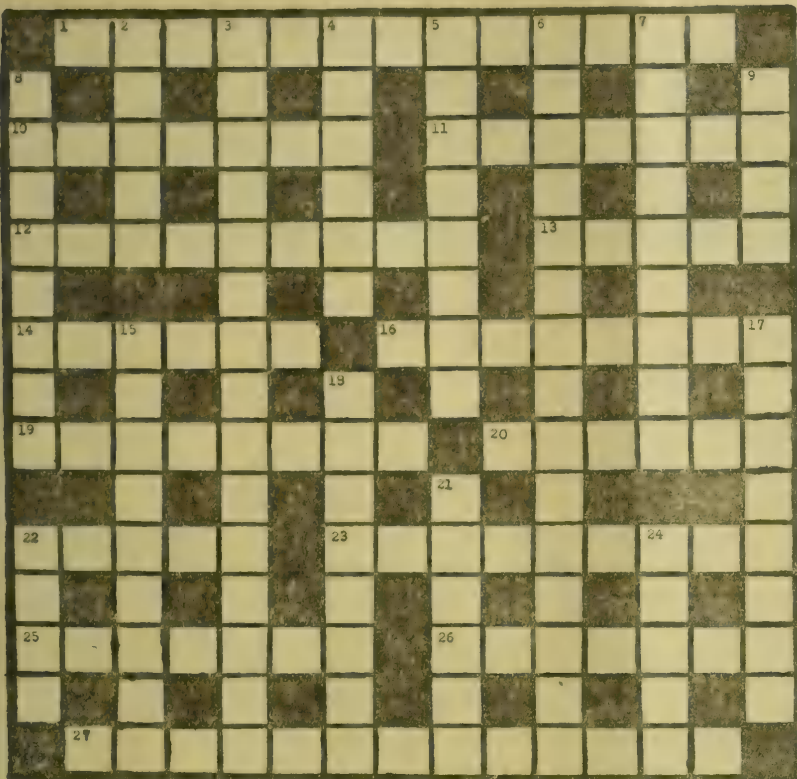
After the First World War Porsche worked in Stuttgart as an independent consulting engineer. After the Second World War, the French took the Sudeten German designer as "reparations" to Paris, where he helped build the rear-engined Renault, still France's best-seller in the small-car class. Upon his return to Stuttgart he developed the first car to bear his own name, the Porsche sports car, using the engine and other parts of the Volkswagen. Porsche died two years ago in Stuttgart, after having witnessed the rise to world stardom of his favorite creation, the Volkswagen.

HANS FROELICH

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Crossword Puzzle No. 659

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Do they go faster helping out on a mission? (7, 6)
- 10 Is the character of a mole corrupt? (7)
- 11 "And raw in fields the rude swarms, Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense." (Dryden) (7)
- 12 Does his stagework suggest a winning duck? (9)
- 13 Pertaining to the branch not primarily concerned with 1 or 11. (5)
- 14 Especially soft drinks around here (probably ending up with cider?) (6)
- 16 Is separating things from the mountain for protection or control? (8)
- 19 Hurrying out of the sunlight? (8)
- 20 Rates or berates. (6)
- 22 and 26 across Would such a plank be made of deal? (5, 2, 5)
- 23 Heavy brush. (9)
- 25 Handel's opera is a Muse of Comedy. (7)
- 26 See 22 across
- 27 Would just an ordinary mailman be one? (6, 7)

DOWN

- 2 Perfect and identical at both ends. (5)

- 3 One who keeps silent under heavy fire? (4-7, 4)
- 4 Does it involve what one might do to a donkey in sport? (6)
- 5 Help tamp paper, perhaps. (8)
- 6 Oceanographer, like Columbus? (Filled with principles, too!) (8, 7)
- 7 One who spends the summer might find it's over at once. (9)
- 8 Inscription or motto. (8)
- 9 and 18 down High or wide or at least not over 66 feet in addition. (4, 3, 5)
- 15 Is it a chop or something quite different to eat? (9)
- 17 Dissonance is usually so explained. (8)
- 18 See 9 down.
- 21 It's all right to bring it up in evidence. (For the State, that is!) (6)
- 22 Is 22 across so pig-headed? (4)
- 24 Concerning an American humorist or an English novelist. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 668

ACROSS: 1 POOR RICHARD; 9 SURE; 10 and 14 IN THE CLEAR; 12 OUR TOWN; 13 GOODMAN; 15 BETRAYAL; 16 NICHES; 18 TRAWLS; 21 ARBITERS; 24 ALMANAC; 26 and 25 TIME AND AGAIN; 28 HERA; 29 USING; 30 and 27 PLUMBING; 31 UNDERGROUND. DOWN: 2 OVERTHROW; 3 RAILWAY; 4 INTO; 5 HOEDOWN; 6 RABID; 7 SUTURE; 8 PALATE; 17 COTTER PIN; 19 ROLLER; 20 STATUTE; 22 and 11 BRING TO BEAR; 23 RING UP.

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Pulpit for Unionism

Dalton, Georgia

THIS TOWN, in the state's north-west corner, is the "tufted-textile capital of the world." It is also the capital of the Church of God of the Union Assembly. Mill workers, most of whom are mountain folk, find the religion of the major denominations too high-toned. For years they have been forming small new religious sects in an effort to recapture old-time religion coupled with a congenial social atmosphere. Heretofore these sects have been hostile or, at best, indifferent to unionism. The Church of God of the Union Assembly is unique and significant in that it is strongly pro-labor.

Early last year the church started a monthly newspaper edited by Donald West, well known in the South as a poet. A native of these Georgia mountains, he is politically, as well as genealogically, a descendant of the Populists, who half a century ago were strong hereabouts. Although he began his career as a Congregationalist minister, he maintained friendly relations with the pro-labor sect that was making progress in the fierce denominational competition of his native district. Several years ago he joined it.

WEST christened the new paper *The Southerner* and dedicated it to the interests of the South's poor whites and Negroes. Anti-racist as well as pro-labor, the paper was well received by the labor press nationally and developed considerable circulation throughout the South.

Dalton's chenille mills are all unorganized, paying the legal minimum of 75 cents an hour. Living conditions in the area, according to the 1950 census, were considerably below those of the South generally on many counts. By midsummer last year sentiment for organization among the area's 12,000 chenille workers was so widespread that the Textile Workers Union sent in a crew of organizers.

Then the mill owners launched their offensive. The big Lawtex plant

required its employees to answer a questionnaire which asked, among other things, their church affiliation. Those replying, "Church of God of the Union Assembly," were fired. Belcraft, largest of the chenille companies, quickly followed suit. Next, the Dalton newspapers, both published by a local leader of the Talmadge machine, opened a six-month campaign against *The Southerner* and its editor. The charge was that he and two contributors to the newspaper had Communist records and thus constituted a "subversive" threat to Dalton.

THE LOCAL veterans organization quickly got into the act. The VFW post held a meeting on "undesirable citizens" at which the drafter of Georgia's new anti-Communist law explained its workings. Top-flight McCarthyite and American Legion "expert" on communism, Edgar C. Bundy of Illinois, entered the picture. Claiming that he had just been "passing through" when he saw West's name in the papers, Bundy told a grand jury that the name "rang a bell" for him. He recalled that several years before some friends of his, doing undercover work in the Ohio Communist Party, had mentioned West to him as "a dangerous man." A few days later, on the way back from his triumph over UNESCO at the Miami convention of the American Legion, Bundy again stopped here to address a meeting sponsored by the local Legion and VFW posts. The speech has been rebroadcast several times on the radio.

Rumors of impending mob action against West grew so strong that even the editor of the two Dalton papers became alarmed, urging that action should be left to the grand jury. Even so, the plate-glass window of *The Southerner* was smashed.

Called before the grand jury, West refused on grounds of the Fifth Amendment to answer political and some personal questions. On January 6 the grand jury, despite three months of investigation, could find nothing on which to justify an indictment. It adjourned, urging its successor to continue the probe and calling for federal help. At this juncture the Dalton *News* devoted a six-page supplement to attacking West and his paper.

Up to this point Reverend Charlie

Pratt, the seventy-six-year-old founder of the church, whose word therein is law, withstood the storm. But beyond the direct attack on West, the minister faced other problems. Local banks refused to grant further credit to the numerous business establishments run by his church (restaurant, motel, gas station, super-market, chain of auction houses, three farms, etc.). On January 10 Reverend Pratt told West and ministers of his church that at 2 A. M. the previous night "the Lord woke me up and talked to me about communism." Pratt had awakened his wife and dictated to her a non-Communist oath to be taken by all his ministerial colleagues. He had then phoned the county prosecutor and asked him to administer the oath at the next church services. West objected that this was giving in to pressure, but agreed to take the oath to preserve church unity.

Three days later the county prosecutor entered the church where heretofore his name had been execrated for his efforts to convict the director of the union drive and eight local leaders of a small strike. He was accompanied by the editor of the Dalton *News* and Dalton *Citizen*. One hundred and four ministers and officials of the Church of God marched onto the big stage to be sworn. Speaking into the mike (the proceedings were broadcast), the prose-

(Continued on page 168)

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

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The Shape of Things

Inept Democratic Leadership

The country can be grateful that the Democratic leaders in Congress created such a tempting political opportunity for the Republicans that the President was induced to veto a measure he might otherwise have signed. But this is about the only aspect of the natural-gas scandal for which the Democratic Party is entitled to the nation's gratitude. The bill was proposed by Democrats. It was passed by a Congress controlled by the Democratic Party. It was maneuvered through Congress by those artful parliamentary jugglers, Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senator Lyndon Johnson, both of whom had staked their prestige on its passage. This same Democratic leadership is also directly responsible for the bipartisan chicanery by which Senators Johnson and Knowland, with a timely assist from Vice President Nixon, acted with lightning-like speed to prevent a thorough investigation of oil-and-gas contributions to Senatorial campaign funds. On the natural-gas issue, the Democrats could hardly look worse. The only way in which they can recover some ground they have lost is to back Senator Gore's proposal for a thorough investigation of the effect of campaign contributions on legislation.

Montgomery Boycott: New Phase

The latest official attempt to beat down the three-month-old boycott of city buslines by the Negro residents of Montgomery, Alabama, is to unleash a grand-jury investigation under color of an ancient state anti-labor law. Circuit Judge Eugene B. Carter told a panel of seventeen whites and one Negro on February 13 that "the right to conduct one's business without wrongful interference of others is a valuable property right which will be protected, if necessary, by injunctive process." He cited a statute, passed in 1921 for the purpose of breaking a miners' strike in Birmingham, which reads:

Two or more persons who, without a just cause or legal excuse for so doing, enter into any combination, conspiracy, agreement, arrangement or understanding for the purpose of hindering, delaying, or preventing any other persons, firms, corporation . . . from carrying on any lawful business shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

The status of this law is rather murky; a second part of it, outlawing picketing, was specifically voided by the U. S. Supreme Court.

Carter declared that if the bus boycott were illegal it must be brought to an end. And, in a clear reference to the Negro pastors who have served as spokesmen for the boycotters, his six-page charge said: "The doctrine of hate has no place here and particularly has no place in our churches." (Recently, at the Methodist church he attends, Judge Carter sponsored—and saw passed—a resolution barring Negroes from the premises except in the performance of janitorial duties.) But perhaps the most intriguing of his remarks was his assertion to the jurors that "no court, whether it be federal court, state court or city court, can interfere with your deliberations. You are the supreme inquisitorial body." This aroused speculation that the Justice Department may have indicated an interest in the proceedings, and that the prosecutors themselves may face prosecution for infringement on civil rights if indictments are brought. Or again, Carter may have been only expressing the rancor and disquiet shared by several Southern judges at the recent F. B. I. investigation into the methods of selecting juries in a county in Georgia.

On February 18 one of the two Negro attorneys in Montgomery was indicted. He is charged with having acted without the consent of a plaintiff in the federal suit he filed challenging the constitutionality of transit segregation laws. At press time other indictments seem certain, and the problem of obtaining adequate legal counsel for possible defendants looms as large as the inevitable costs of court action.

Khrushchev and the H-Bomb

Next week's issue will contain an extended analysis of Nikita Khrushchev's seven-hour marathon speech setting forth the new Communist Party line—an intensely interesting and highly significant document. Without attempting to anticipate what Alexander Werth and Paul Wohl will have to say about the speech and its implications, one item warrants immediate comment if only because it was buried in the news (perhaps for the reason that it was also buried in the speech). This is the reference to a ban on H-bomb tests. It will be recalled that the Soviet offer of last year to ban tests referred, in a rather general way, to "nuclear" tests, which might include both atomic and hydrogen bombs. Now the Soviets propose a specific ban on H-bomb tests even before an East-West agreement on general disarmament. Since Khrushchev now refers to "thermonuclear" tests, and makes it clear that he is talking about hydrogen bombs, one of the major West-

ern objection to the earlier Soviet proposal has been removed. In view of this development, the West would be well advised to suspend this spring's proposed tests in the Pacific at least until this latest Soviet offer has been thoroughly explored.

Westinghouse Says "Nyet"

Westinghouse Electric has spurned the fact-finding procedure recommended by the governors of five states as a possible means of settling the 125-day strike of some 55,000 employees. (*The Nation*, November 19, 1955, page 437). Management is afraid Mr. James E. Carey, spokesman for the striking I. U. E., might turn the hearings to political advantage. The explanation is strictly on the silly side; there is no reason why Mr. Carey should agree to remain silent during the fact-finding sessions, which might be protracted. The circumstance in itself is evidence that Westinghouse is determined not to settle except upon its own terms.

The strike is having disastrous consequences for scores of communities, for the unions involved and for some 40,000 Westinghouse white-collar employees who have been furloughed on an alternate week basis—work-

a-week, off-a-week. But despite management's unyielding stand, the strikers have shown a stronger determination to win than might have been expected in view of the fact that the issues were confused by inept leadership. While individual unions have contributed nearly \$2,000,000 to the strike, the newly merged labor movement as such has given it little organizational support. Westinghouse plants organized by the machinists and the I. B. E. W.—some 15,000 employees are covered by these agreements—have continued to work. The teamsters, of course, have shown little tendency to respect picket lines. No doubt there is something to be said for the Administration's "hands-off" policy in labor disputes; in this instance, however, it has not been neutral. For example, the Department of Justice moved to have the independent U. E.—one of the striking unions—branded as "Communist-dominated" in a procedure before the Subversive Activities Control Board on the eve of pending negotiations between U. E. and I. U. E. over some type of consolidation or merger. More recently, the Administration announced that Westinghouse had been awarded an \$8,000,000 defense contract; the announcement was not calculated to encourage the morale of the strikers.

Spain's Student Revolt . . . by J. A. del Vayo

Paris
FOR THREE successive days students rioted in the streets of Madrid. Police used clubs and fire hoses; shots were fired. Several persons were injured, one seriously. The authorities were finally forced to close the University of Madrid—at first for a "few days," then for an "indefinite" period. At this writing, classes have finally been reopened except in the law school in downtown Madrid.

The street rioting has been ascribed generally to student dissatisfaction with the Falangist University Syndicate, which has failed to support widespread demands for improved conditions in the universities.

So much of the story has reached the headlines. But behind this story is another, told to me by three University of Madrid students who have just arrived in Paris, where they hope to continue their studies at the Sorbonne. It is true that the rioting students want better universities; it is also true that they want an organization free from Falangist control. But beyond that—in the words of one of the young men to whom I talked—they are "fed up with Franco."

Even the pro-Falange students are unhappy. It was a Falange student who was most seriously hurt during the street clashes. Near where he was shot his friends put up a poster reading: "Another of the best Falangists has fallen but the party bosses around the *caudillo*, instead of standing ready to die for the cause, think only of making money and salting away their millions outside of Spain. Such is their faith in the movement!"

Not long ago Franco's Minister of Education, Joaquin Ruiz Gimenez, foresaw something of current developments. He said then that the Spanish "ruling classes" (in which he included himself) were "perhaps not sufficiently dynamic and lacked a full understanding of the sufferings of the people." The discovery came a little too late, and in any case Franco did nothing to exploit it. Last week Franco dismissed him from the Cabinet, along with Raimundo Fernando Cuesta, Minister of Justice and secretary general of the Falange Party. They have been replaced by tougher-minded party men.

The three-day disorders came to a climax on February 9, when 600 anti-Falange students clashed with Falangists returning from a memorial ceremony for one of their "martyrs," the student Montero, who was killed in 1934 by Spanish Communists. Significantly, the battle cry of the anti-Falangist youth was "Long live the F. U. E.!" The initials stand for the Federation of University Students, an organization identified with the progressive student movement since the days of the Spanish monarchy. The federation played a memorable role in the overthrow of the monarchy and again in the defense of the Republic during the Civil War. Many members of the F. U. E. were among the first battalions of militia which contributed to the defense of Madrid along the river Manzanares.

NOW the F. U. E. is again a reality, and according to reports from the Spanish border its reemergence is the primary cause of the near-panic which has gripped the Franco regime. The University of Madrid was closed primarily to give police a

chance to search for the federation's organizers. From all accounts, the place to begin the search should have been in the homes of some of Franco's own high officials, many of whose sons have joined the rebellion. This fact contributes to the dilemma faced by the government. It is easy enough to shoot down rebellious workers; it is not so easy to open fire on students, for among the fallen one might discover a son or a brother.

Gradually the F. U. E. is extending its action to provincial universities. Already reports have been published of demonstrations at the University of Seville. I am told that the University of Barcelona anti-Falangist students are meeting weekly with workers who vary widely in their political ideology—some are Socialists, some Communists, some Anarchists—but who are bound together by their hatred for both Franco and the monarchy. Second only to the defection of the army, an alliance between students and workers could represent the greatest peril to the Franco regime.

DURING the February 9 clash on Madrid's streets, infuriated Falangists attacked a shop which sold American periodicals and newspapers. The American printed matter was torn to shreds, the shop furniture destroyed and an American girl who was in charge was insulted, though not bodily harmed. Perhaps the origin of this curious incident lies in the current Falangist press campaign against the New York *Times* and its Madrid correspondent, Camille M. Cianfarra. The *Times's* editorial on the student disorders enraged the Falangists; and the Washington correspondent of *Arriba*, the official Falange organ, has been unremitting in his attack on Cianfarra's reports from Spain.

Franco's press and radio have been further enraged by the generally sympathetic foreign reaction to the students' revolt. Spain's anti-Falangist youth knows that it can count on the support of the students of France and of much of Latin America, including the powerful Argentine student body which played an important role in Peron's downfall. Adding to the regime's discomfort is the rising tide of complaints from the Protestants of Switzerland, Scandinavia and Great Britain at the recent closing of Spain's last

Protestant school, "*El Porvenir*."

It is clear that under the impact of the student revolt, the Falange Party is itself beginning to splinter. The arrest of seven prominent Falangists, including the noted film director Bardem, has been publicized;

many other arrests have been taking place quietly. In European chancelleries, at least, diplomats are taking a second look at the heretofore accepted notion that the Franco government, for all its faults, is one of the most stable in the world.

"People's Capitalism"

By Edgar Kemler

Washington

WHEN will our tycoons learn that they will never be as popular as movie stars on the world stage? Everywhere he went last year on his Eisenhower "traveling fellowship," Theodore S. Repplier, president of the Advertising Council, heard the tycoons who have sponsored his anti-forest fire and other public-service campaigns, pilloried as "dirty capitalists." He mused that by comparison with the so-called "people's commissars," who have tried and failed to give Russia the high living standard that the tycoons have given America, they should be called "people's capitalists." Unfortunately, the more Mr. Repplier exalts the tycoons' anarchic achievements, the more he demeans the government which is supposed to hold the whip hand over them. This is the trap which Defense Secretary Wilson blundered into with his "What's good for General Motors is good for the United States." Ignoring that precedent, President Eisenhower has not merely embraced "people's capitalism" but has made it the keynote of the United States Information Agency's 1956 overseas-propaganda campaign.

An exhibit that will convey this highly questionable doctrine to Tokyo, Calcutta and Western Europe is now open for public inspection in Union Station, Washington. It consists of a 7,000-square-foot, three-dimensional mock-up and shows how an American iron worker lived in 1776 without washing machines, electric stoves or television and how his steelworker descendant lives today with all such benefits installed in a \$12,000 prefabricated home. Also it shows how one man's nail output has been increased from

EDGAR KEMLER covers Washington for The Nation.

twenty-five to 16,000 an hour—with a free package of modern nails given to each visitor. "Capitalism Made the Difference," says the caption; "Science Also Helped," says another caption.

As to "the people," their role would appear to have been largely passive. That is to say, while capitalism gave them the right to join unions and to strike for higher wages, there are (unsurprisingly) no displays showing them actually engaged in such a strike. When they did get higher wages, it was because of capitalism's ever increasing "efficiency." This was at the turn of the century, when "class lines began to disappear," when "almost everybody became a capitalist" with "more leisure for cultural development," etc., etc.

A representative of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, corrected the Advertising Council's distortion of our labor history at the exhibit's opening ceremony. But his protest was mild compared with the probable reaction abroad. For Asians, "people's capitalism" might mean our 180-year economic history compressed into forty or fifty years. But would this be worth the loss in self-respect which is here suggested as the price of the deal? Furthermore, by overstating American complacency, are we not throwing away common aspirations between Americans and Asians?

ACCORDING to a story now circulating in Washington, Burma's Prime Minister U Nu commented on the "people's capitalism" phrase: "Capitalism is an unpleasant word in Asia. If you want to popularize your economy, why not call it the New Deal?" Theodore Streibert, chief of the U. S. I. A., admits that in the present exhibit there is too much capitalism and too little "people." The single Presbyterian church depicted will soon be supplemented

by churches of rival denominations, as Eisenhower himself has suggested, and Negroes will be shown mingling among whites.

Considering to what extent Russia's brutally revolutionary appeal has put us on the defensive in Asia, it seems incredible that we should now be sending this lethal dose of

conservatism to the same area. The best explanation is that this exhibit, like most of our other foreign pronouncements, is dispatched with one ear cocked for domestic reaction. In this case, the audience would seem to be the Republican tycoons who support the Advertising Council—and who regard world politics as a

kind of private struggle between themselves and their commissar opposites in Russia. In this simplified world picture, any third party to the struggle, including the Democrats who oppose them, must necessarily be linked with Communists—an idea that crops up in Republican circles quite often at election times.

PIPELINE TO DISASTER

Oil and the Middle East . . by *Jon Kimche*

London

FORGET FOR a moment the familiar Middle East with its Arabs, Jews, Foreign Office, State Department, defense pacts and incidents. Turn instead to a foggy evening last December at the Institution of Production Engineers in Chesterfield Street, W.1., in the heart of London's West End. There Dr. G. H. Daniel of the Ministry of Fuel and Power revealed the springs of the long-range British Middle East policy without once mentioning either the Middle East or politics. What he talked about was Great Britain's present and future oil needs. Britain's current consumption is 22,000,000 tons per year. In 1960 it will be, Dr. Daniel calculated, almost double—40,000,000 tons. By 1970 it will be almost threefold that of 1955—61,000,000 tons.

And here we can leave Dr. Daniel. He has told us enough.

We can now turn to the "Trade Accounts" of the United Kingdom for 1955. The final totals are not yet ready, but, roughly, British imports of crude oil from the Middle East in 1955 amounted to £175,000,000—80 per cent of Britain's crude-oil imports. According to Dr. Daniel's calculation, based on 1955 costs, the United Kingdom will have to import some £400,000,000 worth of crude oil in five years' time, of which at least £300,000,000 worth (but probably more) will have to come from

Kuwait, Iraq, Saudi Arabi and the Persian Gulf states.

Middle East oil, in fact, has become as vital to British economy as Welsh coal. Within five years, the Middle East will be equalling in importance the traditional coalmines on which, for a century or more, the foundations of British economy have rested. And almost all this crude oil comes to Britain through the Suez Canal. In 1954, 20,000,000 tons of Britain's oil—70 per cent—came through the canal. This traffic is scheduled to increase hugely over the next five years.

Here, then, you have the basis of Britain's long-range (and short-term) economic—and Middle East—policy: The maintenance of the flow of Middle East oil through the Suez Canal. This has nothing directly to do with the oil companies, or with huge profits and royalties. It is a matter of basic economic need. There is nothing intrinsically improper or reprehensible in this—even though successive British governments, Labor and Conservative, seem to have been curiously shy of admitting the extent of British dependence on Middle East oil for its economic well-being.

Nor, for that matter, is only Britain involved; the whole of Western Europe is similarly placed. For one of the consequences of the Marshall Plan was the development of a vast European refinery network which now depends for 90 per cent of its supplies on Middle East oil. Western Europe last year imported 30,000,000 tons of crude oil from the Middle East out of its total crude im-

ports of 100,000,000 tons—an increase of 300 per cent in five years.

There is yet a third aspect which is only now developing. New refineries have been constructed, and are still being erected, in Aden, Southeast Asia and Japan. These depend primarily on Arabian and Iranian crude oil for their supply, while India and Pakistan rely on the refineries in Arabia, Iran and Aden for their petroleum needs.

Thus there is an essential community of interest between the United Kingdom, Western Europe and a number of major Asian countries in the fundamental approach to Middle East problems. The degree of interest varies naturally with the degree of direct influence they can exercise on the region. Both the awareness of the importance of the Middle East and the extent of direct influence is clearly greatest with the British. It has become a dominant feature of British political thinking since the end of the war. Behind the indecision and partisanship of British policy in the Middle East since 1945 there lies a haunting preoccupation with the future of Britain's oil supply—a matter of life and death for this nation.

Precisely during the years when British economy became so hopelessly dependent on the Middle East, Great Britain's influence on the region in terms of direct political and economic control was declining. One facet of this trend was the changing relationship of British and American oil interests. In 1945, the British-Dutch interests still controlled 80 per cent of the Middle East's oil pro-

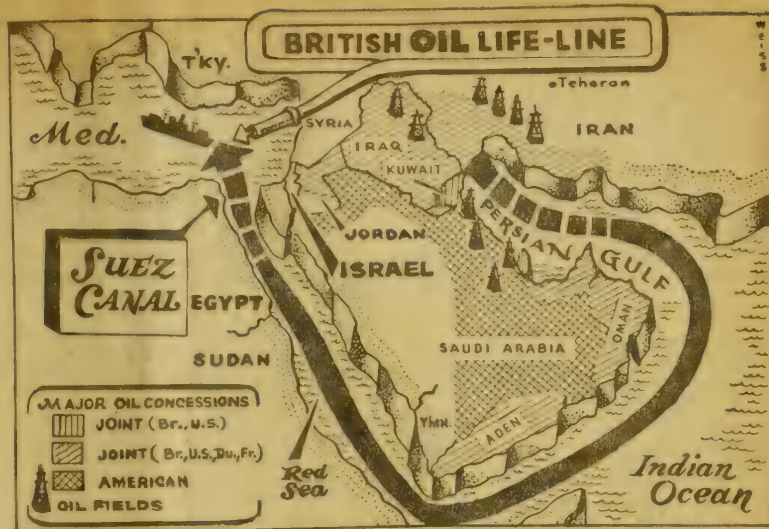
JON KIMCHE spent many years as a correspondent in the Middle East and is the author of Seven Fallen Pillars: The Middle East.

duction; American interests controlled only 15 per cent. In 1955, the U. S. oil companies controlled 54 per cent of the much larger output (161,000,000 tons as against 26,000,000 tons in 1945) while British-Dutch control had dropped from 80 per cent to 30 per cent. Simultaneously with this loosening of Great Britain's economic hold over Middle East oil came the loosening of its political and military grip: the withdrawals from Palestine, Iran and Egypt, and now also from the Sudan; the uncertain relationship with Iraq and Jordan; the all but open hostility of Saudi Arabia.

Meanwhile the growing American interest was reflected in yet another way. At the end of World War II, American oil investment in the Middle East was unimportant. Ten years later it had overtaken that of the British-Dutch interests and exceeded a billion dollars. Washington's grants and credits to the region accounted for an additional billion.

With this changing order there developed a profound difference in the assessment by the American oil companies and by the British government of their Middle East problems. The Americans wanted a normal smooth business association which would enable them to exploit the petroleum at a profit. The British, looking ahead, wanted to ensure conditions that would enable them to have some direct physical control over these invaluable sources of a vital raw material. Their interest was more political than commercial.

But this British proposition became increasingly difficult as the American oil companies, growing more powerful, began themselves to set the pace in oil politics. The conflict reached its rueful climax, in British eyes, during the period of office at the State Department of George G. McGhee. In the pursuit of buying goodwill for the American oil companies and the United States generally, it is said here, McGhee encouraged the Iranians and Egyptians to increase their demands against the British to the point where London had to give way. Other American officials are also named, but what is important is that there was throughout these post-war years a difference of basic objective between the British and the Americans. So much is at stake for Great Britain—and for Western Eu-



rope—that the whole question takes on the aspect of national survival; to Americans, the problem is merely one facet of the international oil business, with its inevitable competition and rivalries. Before every British government looms the forecasts of Dr. Daniel—40,000,000 tons needed by 1960 and 60,000,000 by 1970. How is Britain to get them?

ONE LESSON of the past decade of oil relations is that the more backward the political and economic level of an oil-bearing country, the fewer are the political complications of exploitation. Kuwait is one example; Qatar another. Iraq, on the other hand, is rich in oil and in probable political complications. What other untapped sources are there? Buraimi would be an ideal addition to the British sources of supply. The British could not pass by this chance, even at the price of a dispute with Aramco, King Saud and the State Department. The more exposed the British position becomes, the less can the Eden government afford to adopt the more refined ways of holding on.

This utterly dependent British position is naturally a grave liability to British diplomacy, and indeed to Western policy in general. For Britain's need for Middle East oil makes it a sitting victim for the demands of every pressure group that can threaten to interfere with its supply, be it the Arab League or an Arab government, an American oil company, or the new Soviet policy. Here is a critical situation that requires drastic measures and original think-

ing. Yet, there appears to be not much evidence of either.

The other day one of the more knowledgeable Foreign Office officials remarked wistfully to me, how much easier Britain's position in the Middle East would have been had it not been complicated by the establishment of Israel, which has bedeviled all Arab-British relations during the past seven years. It was a significant remark, reflecting much current Foreign Office thinking on the Middle East. It is the backdrop to Sir Anthony Eden's Guildhall proposals: that British policy can only be developed fully once the complicating Israel-Arab dispute has been set aside and settled.

It seems to me that this has become the fundamental fallacy of current British and American policies in the Middle East. A settlement of the Israel-Arab dispute will settle nothing beyond Israel-Arab differences. It will not, as the British government seems to believe, either improve Anglo-Arab relationships or remove the difficulties in a way of a guaranteed flow of Middle East oil supplies to Europe. An Arab-Israel settlement at the expense of Israel—for that is the only kind of settlement that is feasible at present, even if Israel's "sacrifice" were more apparent than real—would only increase British dependence on the Arab world and would merely increase the insecurity of the Middle East oil supply to Western Europe and especially to the United Kingdom.

The real problem child of the Middle East, the modern version of

the "sick man of Europe," is not Israel but Great Britain and all Western Europe—so long as they remain so dangerously dependent on Middle East oil and Arab goodwill.

It may be that the only answer lies in finding alternative supplies of oil, at least temporarily. This would

make possible the working out of a new Western relationship with the Middle East uninhibited by the fears of possible Arab sanctions against Europe's oil supplies.

At present we have private business, the oil needs of Western Europe and parts of Asia, authoritarian

rulers and local popular discontents creating a hopeless mixup of rival interests—an almost perfect setting in which the Russians can embarrass the West. If this goes on, the next battle of Waterloo might easily be lost on the oil fields of Iraq and Kuwait.

DOLLAR-AN-HOUR MINIMUM

Unions and the Law . . by James E. Youngdahl

IF you have been earning seventy-five cents an hour on your job, this new minimum wage will mean that you will get \$10.00 more per week or more than \$500.00 additional per year. . . . Keep in mind that this is obtained without outside assistance, and you don't have to pay union dues or assessments." That was Rainfair, Inc., a garment manufacturer, writing to its non-union employees in Wynne, Arkansas.

"Your own duly elected Senators and Congressmen are responsible for the new minimum-wage law, and no one else," said the Phillips-Jones Corporation to its 250 Van Heusen shirtmakers in Brinkley, Arkansas. "Furthermore, you did not have to pay your money in fees to some union organizer in order to get it." (About half of the Brinkley Phillips-Jones workers and all the Wynne Rainfair workers are represented by E. C. "Took" Gathings, the only Congressman from Arkansas who voted against the dollar-minimum bill.)

Rainfair and Phillips-Jones, both Northern corporations that recently have found Southern hospitality and production costs amenable to business aims, are using the newest weapon from the anti-union arsenal of Southern manufacturers: the dollar-an-hour minimum-wage law passed by Congress last July and effective March 1. That the Fair Labor Standards Act, as the law is called, should be used as an anti-union device is an indication of the variety

of consequences of the new legislation, which creates new perspectives on some sensitive and controversial aspects of the nation's economy.

In the face of the fact that new organization is the primary program of the new AFL-CIO, and that any statutory wage increase tends to undercut organizational appeal to non-union workers, support by labor organizations for the new law was surprisingly uncompromising. The unions with jurisdiction most affected by sub-standard manufacturers took the lead in the fight for an increased minimum. The four major organizations in the needle trades—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, International Ladies Garment Workers Union, Textile Workers Union of America, and United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers International Union—put aside historic personality clashes and jurisdictional disputes to create an effective demonstration of labor unity. Major portions of the treasuries of small union locals were spent sending local members to Washington to present to Congressmen the case for a raise in the minimum wage.

THE ARGUMENTS for an increase had a strong foundation. Corporation income in the second quarter of 1955 was up 26 per cent over the second quarter of 1954, as compared with a rise in the average weekly wage of only 7 per cent. The wage-hour act began in 1938 with a minimum of twenty-five cents an hour; it was up to thirty cents the following year; up to forty by 1945. By last summer five and one-half years had

passed since the last increase to seventy-five cents an hour. The established pattern of periodically raising the minimum to conform to increased productivity and higher prices dictated a substantial boost. Any disagreement among the major political leaders was only on the amount; the dollar figure was acceptable even to some of the outfielders on the Presidential "team."

Influential objection to the new minimum, however, was considerable. The Democratic chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, Graham A. Barden, with a North Carolina textile constituency, was accused of keeping the bill in committee for many months. *Newsweek's* Henry Hazlitt editorialized:

But if ever a measure was unnecessary and ill-timed, this one is. The increase in minimum wages is being enacted at a time when wages in manufacturing industries average \$1.87 an hour—at the highest level in American or world history.

There was potent opposition from the industries directly affected. The Southern lumber industry faces an 18 per cent increase in labor costs as a result of paying at least a dollar an hour to its 171,000 workers. In the highly competitive needle-trades industries, the raise will mean at least a temporary loss of the market edge that low labor costs give to Southern non-union manufacturers. The persuasive power of the entrepreneurs opposing the change is illustrated by what happened in a Louisiana clothing plant in 1949. The owner made a speech to his employees before he left for Wash-

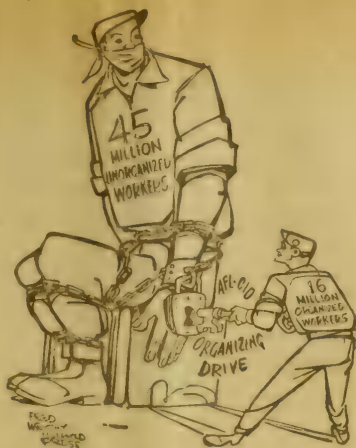
JAMES E. YOUNGDAHL is an assistant regional director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

ington to lobby against the increase of the minimum to seventy-five cents. Upon the completion of his talk, in which he had told how he was going to save the workers' jobs by trying to keep their wages from going up, the employees gave him a thunderous ovation, and took up a collection from their fifty-cent-an-hour wages to put flowers in his Pullman drawing-room to lighten the arduous journey to Washington.

A substantial number of workers will get more money as a result of the new law. This, of course, is particularly true of the newly industrialized South. It is estimated that 28.2 per cent of all production workers in manufacturing plants in the region from Delaware south to Florida and west to Texas have been getting less than a dollar an hour. (This compares with 8 per cent in the Northeast, 4.1 per cent in the Middle West, and 1.8 per cent in the Far West.) A total of about 2,100,000 workers (out of 24,000,000 covered by the act) are due raises averaging thirteen cents an hour under the new legislation.

A LOOK INTO the men's cotton-garment industry reveals both the degree of the industrial changes created by the new law, and its relationship to union organization. There are about 66,000 employees in the work-clothing industry; 67 per cent of them were getting under one dollar an hour at the time the new legislation was passed. Similarly, 46 per cent of the 89,000 workers in the shirt plants of the nation must have their wages raised to at least one dollar, even considering that the sub-standard percentage is weighted down by the unionized and relatively high-paying shirt centers in New York and Pennsylvania.

In 1949 and 1950, the Department of Labor did a study of the men's dress-shirt and nightwear industry, revealing the changes in earnings resulting from the seventy-five-cent minimum that probably will be paralleled this year. According to James F. Walker of the Division of Labor Statistics: "In 1949, occupational averages in union plants were much higher than those in non-union plants. Establishment of the seventy-five-cent minimum [on January 25, 1950], however, tended to decrease the differential, but by November, 1950, it was as great, and in some



cases greater, than in 1949." Definite conclusions from the Department of Labor statistics are questionable, because between March and November, 1950, there was a general rise in the economy due in part to the outbreak of the Korean War. Nevertheless, there should be some value in the relationships revealed.

The temporary nature of the effect of a raised minimum on the difference between union and non-union wages is due to the pressure for increases within union plants which is created by the new minimum. For this reason the improvement in the competitive position that "union-scale" manufacturers receive from a raised minimum must be exploited within a few months, before the demands of their unionized workers for restoration of the differential are translated into contract terms.

Many companies are quick to use minimum-wage legislation, which they had themselves opposed, as a weapon against the unions who spent time and money to get it passed. The legislated wage is most effective as an anti-union device when it is combined with other campaign strategy. Threats and coercion are the prime weapons, and when they have been used with sufficient impact, the employer shows his concern for the rights of his terrified employees by promising the raise to the new legal minimum. Often, in small Southern towns, garment manufacturers can get the local Chamber of Commerce or industrial-development organization to carry on the program of threats and force, with company officials stepping in at the right psychological time with a generous offer to comply with the law.

The offer of a dollar an hour by the beneficent Van Heusen management at Brinkley, Arkansas, apparently was not enough to dull the ardor of all the union supporters. A few days after the company's dollar-an-hour promise was made, a group of men forced their way into the apartment of the two women organizers in the middle of the night, telling them to "get out of town . . . or else!" At W. Shanhouse Sons, another Arkansas firm recently departed from the North, a long anti-union campaign had little or no effect on a union drive. But the day before a National Labor Relations Board election, the posting of newspaper headlines telling of Congressional passage of the new minimum was sufficient to beat the union.

An effective program of intimidation by a company can reduce workers to irrational robots who are especially receptive to the promise of a raise to the new minimum. Sometimes even more can be done. An Arkansas pants maker, working for seventy-five cents, was asked by a union attorney in an injunction hearing if she thought she needed an increase in pay. She replied in the negative. The lawyer asked what she would do when she received the twenty-five-cent-an-hour boost as a result of the new minimum wage; she said that she would return the quarter to the company.

THREE-QUARTERS of all garment workers are on a piece-work system. With a 33 per cent increase in wages, many firms will require 33 per cent more work by raising production quotas. If an operator cannot meet the "speedup" she can easily be replaced, as most Southern manufacturers have a permanently available labor pool of farm wives who are longing for "public work." Further, replacements can be hired at "learners' rates"; the Southern Garment Manufacturers Association and the Pacific Garment Manufacturers are proposing that new learners' regulations start sewing operators at seventy cents an hour.

A management engineer writing in the *Southern Garment Manufacturer* put the matter bluntly. Posing a series of questions for study by manufacturers, he ends with what he describes as the most important: "Have I eliminated makeup at present, and are my operators perform-

ing above the new no-makeup point?" Makeup-pay is the difference between the legal minimum and what an operator earns through company production rates and quotas. The "new no-makeup point," then, is the raised production level that management creates as a result of having to pay the new minimum.

Here is a field in which minimum-wage legislation should boost unionization drives. The push for more

production will inevitably result in discontent and encourage interest in unions. Unions and manufacturers alike seem to be preparing for a period of industrial ferment in the unorganized garment industry. Companies are better coordinated to resist union efforts; unions are responding. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, for example, is distributing 150,000 leaflets on the effects of the law to non-union workers in the

South and Southwest. It can be assumed that the pattern in other industries affected by the dollar minimum will be the same.

The next few months should reveal if it will be the open-shop manufacturers or the unions, in the context of the AFL-CIO organizing drive, that can make more effective use of the new law. The struggle will involve some of the major soft spots of Southern trade unionism.

JUSTICE HUGO BLACK

Still Dissenting at 70 . . . by Charles A. Madison

JUSTICE Hugo L. Black, who will reach his seventieth year on February 27, is no longer the controversial figure he was in 1937 when President Roosevelt appointed him to the Supreme Court. Then the selection as Justice of this dynamic liberal Senator, who as chairman of the Lobbying Activities Committee had matched wits with the shrewdest lawyers and industrialists in the land and made himself anathema to opponents of the New Deal, was met with vociferous denunciation. The *Herald Tribune* declared editorially that his activity on the committee "revealed such an utter lack of judicial spirit, such a complete scorn of constitutional restraints as would make ascent to the Supreme Court a national tragedy." Both liberals and conservatives also attacked him as a one-time member of the Ku Klux Klan. It looked indeed as if Roosevelt had made a grievous error. But soon Justice Black's cogently reasoned opinions, and even more his incisive dissents—which placed the social good above legal precedent—silenced even his severest detractors. Paul Y. Anderson expressed a not uncommon sentiment when he wrote in *The Nation*: "Time may prove that the most brilliant single stroke of the Roosevelt Administra-

tion was the appointment of Hugo L. Black to the Supreme Court." Few will now question the fulfillment of this prophecy.

Justice Black assumed his place on the bench determined to follow what he believed was the original intent of the Constitution—that of furthering individual rights and the general welfare. A Jeffersonian liberal, tough-minded and courageous, he felt no particular respect for the niceties of either juristic precedent or encrusted custom. As the first New Dealer on a conservative court he boldly challenged the reasoning of the majority in their interpretation of certain key phrases of the Constitution. He was particularly eager to question the court's rationalization of the traditional due process of law until it became no longer a matter of formal procedure, as originally designed, but a matter of "substance."

HIS FIRST dissents criticized the majority's rulings concerning the prerogatives of states in the field of economic regulation. Here he acted not so much the strict constructionist as the economic liberal. Yet this was only one aspect of his main effort to safeguard the rights and privileges of the ordinary citizen. Remembering his own experiences as Alabama police judge and district attorney and no doubt mindful of the criticism of his Klan membership, he was particularly sensitive to the mistreatment of Southern Ne-

groes. "The Fourteenth Amendment," he maintained, "requires that equal protection to all must be given—not merely promised."

Chambers et al v. Florida in 1940 contains perhaps the most celebrated of Justice Black's early opinions on civil rights. With the complexion of the court altered by several new Roosevelt appointees, he was able to speak for the majority. In a review of the evidence he affirmed that the confessions elicited under duress violated the very essence of individual liberty. Yet he was not satisfied merely to reverse the convictions. He took this opportunity to speak out firmly and formally against the maltreatment of Negroes in the South and against the use of third-degree methods by police officials:

No higher duty, no more solemn responsibility, rests upon this court, than that of translating into living law and maintaining this constitutional shield deliberately planned and inscribed for the benefit of every human being subject to our Constitution—of whatever race, creed or persuasion.

His insistence on the broad interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment came to a head in 1947 in *Adamson v. California*. In a long and learned dissent, joined by Justice Douglas, he reviewed in detail the court's interpretation of the amendment from the time of the *Slaughterhouse* case in 1873 to the *Twining* case in 1908 and pointed out that "the power of legislatures

CHARLES A. MADISON, author of *Critics and Crusaders*, is completing a book on twentieth-century American liberals to be entitled *Dynamic Democracy*.

became what this court would declare it to be at a particular time independently of the specific guarantees of the Bill of Rights." In disregarding the plain intent of the amendment in favor of judicial precedent and prejudice, the majority was endangering basic freedoms. Eight years later the effect of this reasoning came into flower with the unanimous ruling of the Court against segregation in the South.

IN A SERIES of cases involving the freedom of religion, Justice Black spoke on the nature of its inviolability with forthright eloquence. Apparently moved for the moment by patriotic impulse, he voted with the majority in the *Gobitis* case against the Jehovah's Witnesses. Not long after, however, he admitted his error in a strong dissenting opinion:

Certainly our democratic form of government, functioning under the historic Bill of Rights, has a high responsibility to accommodate itself to religious views of minorities, however unpopular and unorthodox these views may be.

On the perplexing problem of religion in relation to the public school, Justice Black was guided by the clear intent of the First Amendment. He held for the majority that a town could provide free bus rides to and from both public and parochial schools, since this service was no different in function from traffic and fire protection. In another case, however, again speaking for the majority, he invalidated an Illinois law which permitted "released time" from school for religious instruction, arguing that "This is beyond all question a utilization of the tax-established and tax-supported public-school system to aid religious groups to spread their faith."

In a number of dissents Justice Black stressed the rights of the individual worker over property rights and union regulation. He took the position that a worker was entitled to compensation in accidents even when he was partly at fault; that a union could picket against non-union workers even when such picketing was detrimental to their employer; that railroad companies could not shirk their responsibilities by specifying exemption on passes given to employees. He spoke for the court majority in maintaining that states could provide that no man was

to be deprived of his job because he was not a member of a union; that an injured employee was entitled to full compensation even though he was induced to sign a deceptive settlement; that it was illegal to discriminate against Negroes because of a union agreement; that the United Mine Workers disobeyed the law when it refused to call off a strike after the mines had been taken over by the government; that a union violated a state law in restraint of trade when it induced an ice manufacturer not to sell ice to non-union peddlers. In these and other similar cases his chief concern was to assure justice and fair play to the individual worker, the weak union and the petty merchant.

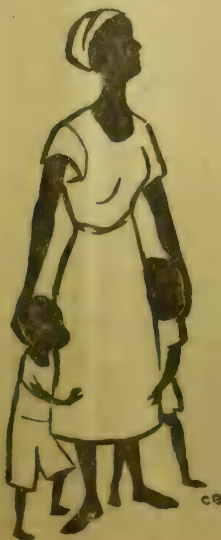
His insistence on fair treatment and the public good was also evident in a number of his majority opinions and dissents pertaining to business practices, patents, taxes, insurance and similar matters. In several important opinions he spoke for the court in holding powerful corporations guilty of restraint of trade or unfair pricing. When the Associated Press denied admission to the *Chicago Sun*, he ruled that this served to curb the initiative which brought new newspapers into existence and thereby curtailed the system of free enterprise protected by the Sherman Act. In another majority ruling he upheld the prerogative of the government to control prices during wartime.

Believing that the general welfare was best served by the federal government, he favored it over private companies or state claims. When cer-

tain individuals sought to limit TVA from acquiring needed land, he spoke for the court in ruling that the provisions of the law implied the power "to acquire lands by purchase or by condemnation." In another majority opinion dealing with state claims to tideland oil, he took the position that in matters of vital importance to the nation the claims of states were inferior to those of the federal government—an opinion later reversed by a more conservative court. However, when President Truman sought in 1952 to avert a nationwide steel strike by an executive order directing the Secretary of Commerce to take over the affected steel plants, Justice Black held that the President had no power to issue such an order and that Congress had in fact specifically denied him such power in labor disputes.

THE JUSTICE regards national security of paramount importance. In time of war he was ready to bend freedom to the country's safety and to tolerate government restraints he considers obnoxious in time of peace. Consequently, in some of his opinions, particularly concerning the Japanese, he was strongly criticized by many liberals. Throughout World War II he went along with the majority of the court, more than once acting as its spokesman, in condemning spies and Nazi adherents and in upholding military restrictions against citizens of Japanese origin on the Pacific Coast. In several instances, when the majority was inclined toward leniency, he insisted that no fine distinctions be made in cases of treason or disloyalty. Once the danger of invasion was over, however, he held that the law of the land was again supreme. In these opinions he ruled against military tribunals and against the efforts of the state of California to prevent the sale of land or to refuse commercial fishing licenses to Japanese.

When, shortly after the war had ended, government agencies began to deal severely with dissident aliens and Communists, Justice Black sought to prevent their unfair treatment. When the court permitted the deportation of an enemy alien without a hearing, he protested that as a result of this action "individual liberty will be less secure tomorrow than it was yesterday." He wrote a trenchant dissent from another rul-



ing that a Communist alien could be kept in jail until his deportability was established.

I can only say that I regret, deeply regret, that the court now adds the right to bail to the list of other Bill of Rights guarantees that have recently been weakened to expand governmental powers at the expense of individual freedom.

During the past decade he has been sharply critical of the court's numerous opinions in which its traditional concern for the Bill of Rights was relaxed at the expense of Communists and political dissidents. He is sincerely convinced that it is far better to risk subversion on the part of the small Communist minority than to scotch this threat at the cost of the Bill of Rights.

THE years of the cold war brought both known Communists and suspected radicals under the scourge of Congressional investigations, inimical laws and judicial bias. The Supreme Court had to deal with the more important cases arising out of this anti-subversive activity. In most instances the majority upheld the decisions of the lower courts. Justice Black, often joined by Justice Douglas and occasionally by Justice Frankfurter, strongly dissented from many of these rulings. In one instance he maintained that for the petitioner to answer questions would have been self-incriminating. "Today's holding creates this dilemma for witnesses: On the one hand, they risk imprisonment for contempt by asserting the privilege prematurely; on the other, they might lose the privilege if they answer a single question." When the Court approved the non-Communist affidavit clause in the Taft-Hartley Act, Justice Black argued in a lone dissent that the ruling rejected the First Amendment—making possible the exclusion of Communists "from getting or holding any job whereby they could earn a living. He added:

Like anyone else, individual Communists who commit overt acts in violation of valid laws can and should be punished. But the postulate of the First Amendment is that our free institutions can be maintained without proscribing or penalizing political belief, speech, press, assembly, or party affiliation. This is a far bolder philosophy than despotic rulers can afford to follow. It is the heart of the system on which our freedoms rest.



When Chief Justice Vinson sustained the Smith Act and ruled against the eleven Communist leaders on the reasoning that the "clear and present danger" doctrine was not valid "in the context of world crisis after crisis," Justices Black and Douglas dissented spiritedly. They argued that the fathers of the Constitution believed that "the benefits derived from free expression were worth the risk" and that the charge against the petitioners was in fact "a virulent form of prior censorship of press and speech." And Justice Black concluded wistfully:

Public opinion being what it is now, few will protest the conviction of these Communist petitioners. There is hope, however, that in calmer times, when present pressures, passions and fears subside, this or some later court will restore the First Amendment liberties to the high preferred place where they belong in a free society.

Justice Black's achievement on the Supreme Court has made him our strongest defender of our peacetime civil liberties, our most eloquent advocate of justice and equality. His gracious and urbane personality shelters an inflexible will. Acutely intelligent, intellectually daring, profoundly democratic, he is impatient with encrusted legalisms and forthright in his criticism of class or racial conceit.

His patriotism is a natural expression of his love of country. A pacifist in his youth, he nevertheless enlisted in the army in 1917 because he believed the United States was in danger. No chauvinist, he cherishes the American form of government as the highest phase of political development. And he is jealous of any weakening of our democracy because he wishes America to remain a beacon of liberty for all mankind. He wants our nation to take the lead in making an end to war and aggres-

sion. In 1942, when the war was going through its most disheartening period, he boldly spoke of the kind of peace we should be fighting for:

We must not lose the opportunity this time to win peace for our children. As a nation we have tried isolation, neutrality, bipartisan pacts, tripartisan pacts, balance of power and all the other practices of traditional diplomacy. None of these has averted war. The only thing the world has failed to try is unselfish cooperation among nations. A people with the boldness, imagination and pioneering spirit which gave birth to the United States should be more than willing—and more than able—to take the lead in a cooperative program for permanent peace, a peace which will give reality to the four fundamental freedoms set forth in the Atlantic Charter already adopted as the fighting faith of the United Nations.

The postwar rift between the United States and Soviet Russia, followed by a decade of cold war, truly chilled his spirit and forced him to fight the more zealously for the sanctity of the Bill of Rights.

IN THE history of the Supreme Court Justice Black ranks with its most eminent members. From the very first he established himself as a vigorous and valiant interpreter of the Constitution. Although he often found himself in the minority—many times the lone dissenter—the forcefulness and factuality of his protests had the impact of eventual triumph. Justices Harlan, Holmes and Brandeis were great and influential dissenters, but none was as insistent or as radical as Justice Black. The first New Deal member on a predominantly conservative court, he sought to place the general good above property and precedent. In his dissents he appealed with a power and perspicuity not often heard by his brothers on the bench. And the effect of his reasoning was well described by Chief Justice Holmes in another context:

A dissent in a court of last resort is an appeal to the brooding spirit of the law, to the intelligence of a future day, when a later decision may possibly correct the error into which the dissenting judge believes the court to have been betrayed.

This future day was hastened by other Roosevelt appointees, and for several years Justice Black spoke more for the court than in dissent. But the Justices named by President

Truman gave the court back its conservative majority. Consequently Justice Black had once more to resume the role of dissenter. Because he was most frequently joined by Justice Douglas, their minority opinions recalled the famous dissents of Justices Holmes and Brandeis—except that the protests of the living jurists are sharper in tone and more zealous for the preservation of the Bill of Rights.

With communism in the cold-war period becoming synonymous with disloyalty and even treason, the majority of the court has permitted the government to whittle away the civil rights of those suspected of sub-

version. Not so Justice Black. Repugnant as Communist dogmas are to him, he would not weaken the Bill of Rights in order to strike down the handful of Communists. As ready as anyone to punish for illegal acts, he maintained that it was unconstitutional to imprison anyone for thoughts and beliefs. And because he knew that, as Justice of the Supreme Court, he was in a commanding position to caution the country against actions which were endangering our democratic form of government, he pleaded forthrightly and passionately for the affirmation of our great heritage.

At seventy, Justice Black regards

the world with philosophic acuity—moved neither by personal ambition nor by transient events. He still works long hours, but he finds time to play tennis and to attend to his sizeable garden. An insatiable reader—perusing the writings of the Levelers and the latest work of philosophy with equal interest—he keeps abreast of world affairs and national trends and observes the follies and foibles of men with an anxious wistfulness. Withal he remains a confirmed libertarian, the ready defender of Jeffersonian democracy, the perceptive and incisive man of law, and one of our most distinguished living Americans.

THE SHOUTING WALLS

Mexico's Outdoor Murals . . by James Norman

San Miguel de Allende, Mexico
LAST YEAR more than a half-million Americans crossed the Rio Grande to visit Mexico. Most of them had their first look at Mexico's famed "shouting walls"—the huge mural paintings which have made Mexico unique in the art world during the past three decades. Some tourists are horrified by the vigorous anti-capitalistic pictures painted in government buildings; others are impressed, perhaps too easily, by the gigantic size of the newer mosaic murals which have become the current rage down here.

Whatever the reactions of visitors may be, they just can't avoid looking at murals. Since the early 1920's Mexican artists have been furiously daubing up blank walls, developing new techniques, indulging in wild and fantastic polemics and generally establishing Mexico's role in the mural arts as the most vital and significant since the Italian renaissance.

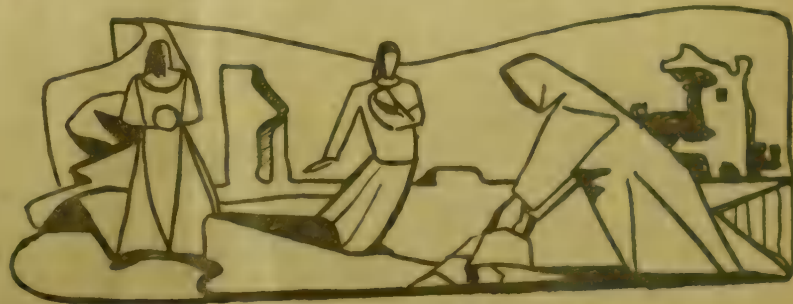
Although the mural remains Mexico's most important art form, the

vitality of the tradition appears to be losing ground. The newer murals exhibit less narrative impact and have become more abstract and decorative. Many Mexican painters, including some of the revolutionaries who sparked the mural renaissance, have turned to easel work and think in terms of the American market and private collectors.

The mural and fresco movement which got its impulse from the 1912-18 Revolution and flowered during the 1920's and 1930's, capturing the imagination and palettes of practically every Mexican artist, was an integral part of a broad social ferment. While governments toppled and countless social experiments were being tried, the Mexican artists for their part turned their backs on

painting as it was being practiced abroad. In place of taking their cues from Impressionism, Cubism, Surrealism and such trends, they based their outlook on the revolution.

As a result, since the 1920's, every painter worth his salt painted murals that were social and revolutionary. In the works of the big three—Jose Clemente Orozco, Diego Rivera and David Alfaro Siqueiros—as well as in the works of Roberto Montenegro, Juan O'Gorman, Fernando Leal, Rufino Tamayo and others, stress was primarily on content. Murals became an intensely dramatic expression of popular history—a glorification of the revolutionary spirit, its heroes and martyrs. Painters sought for easily understood symbolism and persuasive narrative forms and themes that had to do



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with current Mexican problems. They felt that the principal purpose of the mural was a social one, namely, the pictorial crystallization of national and human ideals, and of communication with the uneducated masses.

With the gradual return of normalcy in the country and the withering of the revolutionary ferment, the Mexican mural tradition underwent changes. Although the revolutionary impulse that originally unified them faded, unlike Russian artists who (in spite of their revolution) became depressingly academic and conservative, the Mexican painters continued to be radical and individualistic. Like men whipped out from a centrifuge, they flew off in all directions. Some felt the revolution had been betrayed and they sought more adequate impulses and programs, both to the far Left and to the Right. Others turned to primitive mysticism or extreme nationalism for their themes.

Naturally, patronage had a bearing on such modifications of the mural-painting impulse. During the period of ferment, the government, trade unions and social organizations were the principal art patrons—much as the church had been during the Italian renaissance. They furnished the walls for the murals as well as looked with favor on the revolutionary content of the pictures. However, since World War II, relative prosperity and political stabilization have fostered more and more conservatism in government as well as less radicalism in trade unions. Thus, though government and unions still finance mural paintings, the scale of patronage is greatly diminished and the murals commissioned generally reflect their more conservative outlook. The uneasy politician finds it much more useful to commission pictures in which the themes are purely decorative or vaguely symbolic of nationalism, rather than themes related to current realities.

The loss of vigor in Mexico's current mural art is most evident in the latest mural development—exterior mosaic murals.

A decade ago it became evident that the fresco and mural, as a means of communication with the broad masses of people, had misfired. In the words of architect-muralist, Juan O'Gorman, "Our murals were

destined for tourists. Frescoes inside of public buildings and places draw tourists like flies, but the Mexican worker and peon seldom ever enters such buildings."

THE antidote for this seemed obvious. Take the murals out-of-doors! Orozco initiated such a change shortly before his death with his unfinished signboard mural at the Multifamiliares housing project in Mexico City. Rivera likewise moved outside with his vigorous polychrome mosaic bas-relief at the Lerma waterworks. Finally, with the construction of the handsome, modern University City campus at the edge of the capital, an entire gallery of fanciful buildings offered exterior wall space.

The shift to large exterior surfaces has given a new impetus to the experimental bent of Mexican artists. There has been a lively quest for durable mediums and for new and compelling textural effects: The pyroxylins, ethyl silicates and vinyl acetates have been set aside for polychrome stone bas-reliefs (Rivera), natural stone mosaics (O'Gorman), tile mosaics (Morada) and vivid experiments with molded and colored metals (Siqueiros). Although these material developments are exciting and great advances have been made in the age-old problem of esthetically relating the mural to its architectural frame as well as the surrounding terrain, the new murals definitely lack narrative vigor.

Much of the fault for this loss of vitality is due to the curious retreat from reality indulged in by many Mexican artists. There has developed a strong movement toward folkloric nationalism, and the glorification of pre-Columbian themes. Old revolutionaries like Rivera and many of the younger artists seem to feel that by stressing the glories of antiquity they are still being anti-colonial, anti-capitalist or anti-imperialist. In essence this trend is a kind of perverted romanticism, an escape from current realities and a denial of the narrative strength which made Mexican murals so meaningful a couple of decades ago.

The University City murals are in a sense a monumental coda to Mexico's three-decade mural renaissance. With the exception of Orozco and Tamayo, most of Mexico's notable muralists are represented there—Rivera, Siqueiros, Morada, O'Gor-

man and a number of others. Although University City served to bring the mural out-of-doors, its murals no longer have storytelling impact. Their themes attempt to be symbolic, but there is such a juxtaposition of vague folkloric symbols that they become more decorative than meaningful. It is like placing a tidy crown of thorns upon a crucifix and expecting it to have the same emotional and intellectual impact as a *Crucifixion* by El Greco.

The monumentality of the University City murals (the O'Gorman mosaic wraps around a windowless thirteen-story library building and covers over an acre of wall space) somehow caught the public fancy. The conceptions of the murals are pleasingly decorative from an architectural point of view and seem to satisfy the Mexican's highly developed feeling for design and color. As a result, countless buildings, both public and private, throughout the republic are sprouting exterior mosaic murals. The majority are purely decorative—like flowerpots—and have little relationship to Mexico's mural tradition.

THIS does not mean, of course, that the vitality in Mexican mural-making and painting has completely vanished. Artists still come forth with exceptional works—for example, the new pirolilin mural in the Zone 1 Social Security Hospital (Mexico City) by Siqueiros, which compares with the Champigo murals of Rivera.

At present many of Mexico's artists are aware of the loss of vitality in the murals, particularly in the big mosaics. Some of them have begun to feel that the trend toward folkloric symbolism and the interest in pre-Columbian romanticism are the source of their trouble. There is a certain amount of pessimism regarding the immediate future of the mural as a medium for serious artists. Many of the painters feel that due to the difficulty of finding patrons who are liberal enough to commission large murals, without at the same time demanding compromises on the part of the artist, the Mexican painter is destined to turn more and more toward easel painting and portable murals, i. e., out-size canvases, which may eventually find their way into museums and galleries in Mexico and abroad—to be seen and not heard.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

"Shall I Call This Book a Novel?"

JEAN SANTEUIL. By Marcel Proust. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Preface by Andre Maurois. Simon and Schuster. \$5.95.

By Mina Curtiss

JEAN SANTEUIL, Marcel Proust's first long work, written in the nineties, soon after he left the university, and published in France in 1952, has great importance for one reason. The mere bulk of this 744-page volume of notes and sketches preliminary to *Remembrance of Things Past* should dispel once and for all the public image of Proust which readers of his letters have long known to be untrue. That legendary figure, the frivolous, hypochondriacal social climber and snob who suddenly, because of illness and the shock of his mother's death, abandoned society, shut himself up in a cork-lined room to write the greatest French novel since the *Comedie Humaine*, is canceled by the mere existence of this earlier work. The truth is that no artist ever imposed upon himself a more disciplined apprenticeship; and few writers have had the artistic integrity to recognize the inadequacies in a work of these proportions, the moral strength deliberately to lay it aside and start anew.

But whether *Jean Santeuil*, which resembles a journal or series of letters interspersed with prose poems far more than a novel, should have been published in its present form is also a question of moral values. "Shall I call this book a novel?" Proust asked. "It is something less, perhaps, and yet much more, the very essence of life, with nothing extraneous added. . . . This book of mine has not been manufactured: it has been garnered." As a granary this great compilation will supply grist to the mill of at least two categories of readers. It will be plun-

dered for years to come by candidates for the doctorate of philosophy. The titles of their theses are predictable: "Proper names beginning with S in *Jean Santeuil*," "Lilacs in the early work of Marcel Proust." Confirmed Proustians will draw a more subtle sustenance from the book.

Reading *Jean Santeuil* is like looking through a memory book kept in school or college: old photographs, letters, dance and theatre programs, an early composition published in the college magazine—souvenirs that evoke whole long-forgotten episodes, some of them now dead or irrelevant, others obviously early manifestations of a continued emotional pattern. Reading *Jean Santeuil* is slow going because the impact of incidents and ideas reported here impel the reader, time and again, to refer to its successor, to contrast or compare the seed with the fruit or the flower. But a seedbed is not a garden or an orchard, and *Jean Santeuil* is an experiment, not a work of art. Perhaps a third of this welter of impressions, this hastily written, unrevised mass of notes, has inherent literary interest. All of it is source material. For even the parts not included or enlarged upon in *Swann* recur in letters, in the introductions and notes to the Ruskin translations, in the preface to Jacques Emile Blanche's *Propos de Peintre*. Yet is it fair to the memory of the author or to the uninstructed reader to publish what is essentially a primary source as though it were a full-fledged novel?

THIS question has certainly caused some qualms of conscience to the editor of Proust's posthumous works. Mr. Bernard de Fallois, after completing the formidable task of deciphering Proust's cramped and difficult handwriting, and of piecing together the thousands of frequently unnumbered pages of *Jean Santeuil*, subsequently edited a shorter volume of *Swann* fragments entitled *Contre Sainte-Beuve*. In the preface to that book he says, "The unpublished work of Marcel Proust does not exist. The word 'end' that he inscribed

after the final lines of his book truly and effectively marked its end. The thousands of pages that he consecrated to preparing it were nothing more or less than preparation."

Proust's biographer, a distinguished member of the French Academy, Mr. Andre Maurois, admits in the preface to *Jean Santeuil* that when excerpts of the book first appeared a number of readers protested.

"Why publish it at all?" they said. "Proust himself decided to consign this version to oblivion, and it is for us to respect his wishes." I think, indeed I am very sure that they are wrong. . . . Because a painter decides to suppress the early studies which he made for a great picture, is that a reason why we should do the same?

The answer is "Certainly not." But what owner of sketches and drawings would think of employing a critic or scholar to make a collage of studies by a master in order to present them as an early version of a great painting? Mr. Maurois' analogy is false. Only the motive of profit can explain the publication of the 744-page posthumous work of a great writer without notes or any account of editorial procedure.

Gallimard, the French publisher, no doubt feels justified in this step since eventually *Jean Santeuil* may be re-issued in the magnificent, scholarly Pleiade edition which includes all the variant readings. But the costliness of this edition precludes further translation and publication in English. Indeed the fact that Proust's more or less official English and American publishers rejected *Jean Santeuil* brings up the problem of whether the book really is translatable.

Mr. Gerard Hopkins is an experienced and conscientious translator. Yet his preface, too, opens on a defensive note. He warns that "English-speaking readers . . . who make their first acquaintance with Proust in the pages of *Jean Santeuil*, may find much of it confusing and confused. In fairness to myself," he adds, "I would point out that not the whole responsibility is mine, but that some part of the burden must be carried by Marcel's ghost." What justification is there, one may ask,

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for burdening the ghost of the writer with any translation at all? The one which we are given is reasonably smooth and readable. The translator has had to labor under the initial handicap of working from a text, often carelessly or badly written in the original, and some times inaccurately transcribed. Curiously enough, Mr. Hopkins' translation is best in passages where the French is poorest. In many places where the French is good the looseness and wordiness of the English sends a bilingual reader flying to the original to see whether Proust's ghost can be blamed. Usually he can not. Most of the faults fall into the accepted category of traps for translators.

Trap I: Awkward circumlocutions that destroy the pace of the writing throughout the book. On page 298 we read, "... in him heart was more highly developed than intelligence." The French says, "... il avait plus de coeur que d'intelligence." He had more heart than head. Page 657: "She was now using the second person singular as naturally as she had previously used the plural." Why not assume that any reader of Proust is literate enough to grasp the meaning of, "She now called him *tu* as naturally as she had previously been saying *vous*?"

Trap II: False or meaningless homonyms occur a number of times. Because *toucher* in French means both touch and cash a check, the sentence on page 293—"I touched two hundred thousand francs over that deal"—sounds as though the money had slid through Monsieur Marie's fingers, rather than that he had cashed in on the deal.

Trap III: Confusing, unnecessary uses of slang. On page 143 Mr. Hopkins has Jean Santeuil's not at all vulgar great-aunt say to the maid, "You can dish up now." Her words in French are "*Va préparer le déjeuner.*" Go and get lunch ready. Anachronistic slang and "elegant variation" join in confusing the reader on page 187. At the end of a long effusion about a camellia tree which Proust repeatedly describes as "superb" and "beautiful," Mr. Hopkins substitutes for the author's *superb* and *bel* "a peach of a tree" and "a wonderful tree"; for beautiful he uses "lovely" and "grand."

Typical of the lack of care in the presentation of this book is the unawareness of the American blurb-

writer that, as Mr. Maurois says in his preface, it was in the rue Alfred Dehodencq, at the house of Proust's niece and heir, that the manuscript of *Jean Santeuil* was discovered some eight years ago. The American dust-jacket announces that "the torn and detached pages... were found in the shuttered cork-lined room... where Marcel Proust used to live." Shortly after Proust's death in 1922 all of his property, including the manuscripts, was removed from 44 rue Hamelin where he spent the last three years of his life. His papers remained in oblivion until shortly after the second World War. In the interval, some of his letters and a number of the notebooks in which *Jean Santeuil* was written fell into the hands of a collector outside the family.

Since Proust's ghost has already

been conjured up by his translator, it is not, perhaps, disrespectful to fancy him smiling to himself over those missing notebooks which might well have helped to give to *Jean Santeuil* the coherence it so frequently lacks. Even so, if this mass of material had been presented in a form similar to Henry James's *Note Books*, if it had been given the careful, loving editing that Mr. Mattheissen and Mr. Murdock lavished on that book, *Jean Santeuil* would serve as one of the great elucidations of the development of the creative process. As it stands, this early version of *Remembrance of Things Past* is of value only to confirmed Proustians. Any reader not yet initiated into the splendors of Proust's masterpiece might well be turned away from it forever by this preliminary, concocted version.

Hurrah for What?

THE LAST HURRAH. By Edwin O'Connor. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

By Kate Simon

THIS EXUBERANT novel is a wake for the passing of a gaudy dinosaur. Frank Skeffington, for whom "the last hurrah" is shouted, is a colorful man painted larger than life, and the author mourns him, looking out of a vapid conformist present to a gone era of high excitement.

The era was the pre-F. D. R. recent past and the excitement derived from the eccentric personalities, the unabashed sentiments, the exultant trickery and the adulation surrounding a political leader of the Irish in a city which might easily be Boston. The leader, Skeffington, is mayor of the city and now, after forty years of being kingpin, is again running for re-election. Being a manipulator rather than a thinker, a personality rather than a steady constructive force, his long reign has been marked by the vagaries and improvisations of paternalism. And because paternalism has gone out of local government and help is now offered as

a due right administered by impersonal agencies, Skeffington's functions have become obsolete and he is defeated. His defeat and death mark the extinction of his species—not only his particular mold, but the mold of the Irish-Americans whose minority isolation bound them to their leaders with intense undeviating loyalty. Now they are melded with the majority in following the treachery lure of television-machined ciphers (embellished with cute babies and docile dogs) who defeat the Skeffingtons.

The Last Hurrah has some qualities of the historical novel. It is nostalgic for a richer time and its structure is that of a pageant. Skeffington, the giant, trails an entourage of small bright figures, each designed to set off still another facet of the old man. The sly, truculent Garvey elicits Skeffington's mordant wit, the banker Cass evokes his talent for revenge and chicanery, the widow Minihin helps display his generosity, and so on. These subsidiary portraits are richer in surface than depth, but worked with reportorial skill and an affectionate ear for spirited Irish talk. The historical tone of the novel is further enforced by the fact that the politician of Skeffington's pattern was a sort of folk hero, not only to his constituents but to Mr. O'Connor as well. He was Robin Hood, with the small difference that the

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largesse for the poor came from his own pocket—or seemed to. He was the kind, wise father who lectured the truant and rewarded effort. He was the shaman who solved problems and offered vaudeville shows in addition. And he was the tribal leader who shared the same roots with his people, showed the same characteristics and, being successful, was an idealized self-portrait of themselves.

MR. O'CONNOR very likely knows better, but he has been seduced by his own character into treating him as admirable which he is not, for all his humor and poise and even occa-

sional grandeur. His essential drive is mean: it is to outwit by any maneuver his companion scramblers to the top, and no matter how the author smothers it in gushes of admiration and funny stories and splashes of color, that drive is almost the whole man. Is the passing of such a figure to be so deplored? Even if the post-Skeffington politician is often a puppet with a void for face and brain, there must be something better than the mismanagement and sharp-dealing so lightly glossed over in the novel, the hypocrisy and crookedness heartily blown away by an Irish guffaw.

The Tiresome Turncoat

MR. HAMISH GLEAVE. By Richard Llewellyn. Doubleday and Company. \$3.95.

By Merle Miller

A VERY GREAT professor of English literature once told me—told me and twenty-nine other enthralled listeners almost daily for the nine months we listened to his persuasive passion for the words of Hardy and Dickens and Thackeray and even Henry James—"The great ones have in common only this: they make you care about the people they create. You may hate them or love them, but you care. If you do not"—and here he would snap his fingers. "If you do not, the novel is nothing; it is a *bagatelle* only."

Now Richard Llewellyn's *Mr. Hamish Gleave* is not really a *bagatelle*; at least it is not "a trifle." This latest novel by Mr. Llewellyn is ambitious; it is pretentious, and it is also a bore. It is written in a strange, oblique manner which, for all I know, may be Welshish; it may just be Mr. Llewellyn. It is not at all readable. Mr. Llewellyn, perhaps because of the way he writes, goes at an idea sideways; he worries it; he claws at it; he sprinkles it with verbiage; then he tosses it aside, like a bone, tooth-marked but undigested, possibly indigestible.

I have not read any of Mr. Llewellyn's novels since *How Green Was*

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My Valley, which was his first and which came along in the same year I was listening to that English professor. The professor loved it, and so did I. The memory is vague now, but surely we *cared*.

While I was reading about Mr. Hamish Gleave, I kept thinking about that sentence Heywood Broun once wrote about Herbert Hoover. "Nobody in the entire world really likes Mr. Hoover," wrote Mr. Broun, "except Mark Sullivan and possibly Mrs. Hoover." So far as I can tell Mrs. Gleave didn't care much for her husband.

NEITHER does anybody else. He is a servant of the British Foreign Service, and he wishes he were richer and younger and brighter; he wishes his grandfather hadn't squandered the family fortune; he wishes he could be universally loved; he is a child, a rather disagreeable one. He has a fling with a puzzling Russian woman, and eventually, sodden with drink, shriveled by hatred for the Americans, and convinced that the Russians represent the triumphant future, he becomes a traitor, following the example of a homosexual acquaintance. The Russians who take him in are dolts; they are not only unconvincing; they are monumentally unpersuasive.

The jacket of Mr. Llewellyn's novel informs us that it is "more fact than fiction," whatever that means. It is rumored to mean that the inspiration was in the disappearance of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, the one-time British Foreign Service men who are believed

now to be living near Moscow and who are said to be responsible both for the Russians' success with this year's hydrogen bombs and for the spirit of sweet reasonableness that sort of prevailed last summer at Geneva.

I have read almost all the theories about the once-missing Macleans and Burgess; their story isn't quite as fascinating as our very own Hiss and Chambers, but it is pretty intriguing.

Whatever his inspiration, and it seems to have been limited, Mr. Llewellyn has written about a dullard. It is very difficult to make treason uninteresting; Richard Llewellyn has succeeded.



EDGAR KEMLER

... who covers the Washington scene for *The Nation*, began his career in journalism as an editorial assistant on this magazine in 1937-38. Since then he has served as an instructor in government at Harvard (1941-42, 1945-46), as historian of the United States Atlantic Fleet, World War II (1945), as consultant in psychological warfare to the army (1951), and since 1954 has been covering the Washington scene as a reporter for the Bell syndicate.

He's also the author of *An Ethical Guide for New Dealers*, Public Affairs Press, 1941; *The Irreverent Mr. Mencken*, Atlantic Monthly Press-Little Brown, 1950, and at present he is working on a biography of Francis Bacon.

The Flame of 1848

THE STORY OF A YEAR: 1848.

By Raymond Postgate. Oxford University Press. \$4.50.

By Hazel Hawthorne

RAYMOND POSTGATE has had a bright idea in taking a year as an entity for historical narrative; not a period, reign or era but a single year. Just any year would not have done, for he has been a specialist in social history and revolution (individually and sometimes in collaboration with Aylmer Vallance and G. D. H. Cole), and 1848 was a brilliant year in respect to these themes.

In form his story falls between the journalistic and the historical, limited to the one in manner, being concise and speedy, qualifying for the other in an abundance of source material and in the acuity of his asides. Like the Thucydides of Macaulay's description: "His history is sometimes as concise as a chronological chart; yet it is always conspicuous. . . . He never fails to contract and to expand it in the right place."

Postgate plots the curve of reforms and revolts as it rose and fell on the graph of the year. In January, in England, the Ten Hours' Act went into operation and was needed indeed; Dickens' dark pictures of the times were not exaggerated. In due course the abortive efforts of the Chartists are recorded. Then, in September, with the accession of Disraeli to the Conservative leadership, a new political era opened.

In France came the days of February, Louis le Blanc's commission of workers ("the first soviet"), the national workshops and Blanqui's formulation of the dictatorship of the proletariat. In May an effort to form a provisional government seemed but an escapade but had its importance, for with it ended the classic era of revolutionary tactics. "Popular spontaneity was no longer enough. . . . Nothing [from now on] must be done without careful preparation by calculating specialists. This was the new formula, which was to be tried by Connolly in Dublin in 1916 and Lenin in Petrograd in 1919."

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In June the working class arose against the National Assembly. Archbishop Affre was killed between the two forces on the barricades; after the fighting was over 3,000 were killed deliberately. "The silence that followed this deadly weekend seemed in a sense to spread all over Europe. Comment was hushed; the nations were horrified. . . . The results of those four dreadful days are not yet over. They have been especially long-lasting in France. . . . *Bourgeois* and *proletaire*, by a tradition started in June and since then passed from father to son, have each believed that . . . behind the large speeches of politicians was a reality of class war and death which should never be forgotten. . . .

"In 1940, when the Nazi threat drove all British classes together into one unit, the French nation fell apart; the army had to hold back forces to deal with the 'Reds' at home . . . and to this day the two classes do not speak the same language."

IN Germany, came the evacuation of the Prussian army from Berlin, and the liberal Parliament. Austro-Hungary experienced the flight of Metternich and had an assembly and a constitution until the fall of Vienna. Revolution had its short day in Italy, with the Pope fleeing

from Rome and with the rise of Mazzini and Garibaldi, but here, too, the curve again declined. In Ireland insurrection failed. And then in December Louis Napoleon Bonaparte swore loyalty to the Constitution of the French Republic, a republic he was soon to destroy.

Postgate assigns "the vice of nationalism" as the reason for the failures, rather than the Marxist reasons according to "the metaphysical fantasy called dialectical materialism."

At the end we are told not to pass a melancholy verdict but to remember what was to happen in the next half century "in all the countries which the flame of 1848 had scorched."

I was tempted at first reading to consider Postgate's selection of lesser events of his year as on the miscellaneous, even trivial, side but I have put the items to the test of Macaulay's "noiseless revolutions" and have changed my mind. Macaulay included in his definition of noiseless revolutions changes of manners and morals and the transitions from poverty to wealth, ferocity to humanity. By this test the gold rush, the openings of railways, the Foneticon Festival of Sir Isaac Pitman, the crimes, the dioramas of New York, even the prices of curious hats are significant.

So here is a story intelligently plotted either to beguile the bed-time reader or to induct the novice into the history of the nineteenth century.

Selected New Books

History and Politics

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LAW OF NATIONS. By Oscar Svarlien. McGraw-Hill. \$6. The latest addition to the long list of expositions of international law which began in 1625 with Grotius's "De Jure Belli ac Pacis." Svarlien's tome, well-ordered, up-to-date, and readable, is by no means the worst of the lot. Yet it scarcely compares with the standard classics. It is unimaginative and lacking in sociological and psychological insights.

FRANZ JOSEF AND NAPOLEON III, 1825-1864. By Charles W. Hallberg. Bookman Associates. \$5. Austrian-French relations a century ago are of more than antiquarian interest. They involved the unification of Italy and the rivalries of the great

powers in the Near East, both of which are contemporary facts of life. The chairman of the History Department at Queens College worked with archives in Paris and Vienna; he gives us an informative diplomatic history in conventional style.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE BALANCE OF POWER. By Edward H. Buehrig. Indiana. \$5. A decade ago, Professor Buehrig of Indiana University served the State Department and the United Nations; he then spent a year at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study preparing this analysis of Anglo-American-German relations. The result is a fresh contribution to understanding the paradox of Woodrow Wilson, who practiced Realpolitik in the guise of moral idealism. These pages,

THE NATION

always lucid and sometimes brilliant, also throw new light on the origins of the League of Nations and on the how and why of America's first commitment to prevent European unification by conquest.

UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY.

The National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods. \$1. This pamphlet by Frances A. Thompson, with an introduction by Albert Vorspan, is a competent and useful study-guide to major issues and problems. Its publishers believe that devotion to Judaism is inseparable from the duty of citizens to be informed, reflective and responsible in their approach to world affairs.

CITY DIVIDED: BERLIN 1955. By Ewan Butler. Praeger. \$3.95. Illustrated. A British journalist breezily paints a mordant portrait of the wrecked and split German metropolis. His account is gossipy, graphic, amusing and tragic; it suggests that the dilemma of the Berliners is the microcosm of a world still out of joint.

THE COLOSSUS AGAIN. Western Germany from Defeat to Rearmament. By Alfred Grosser. Translated by Richard Rees. Praeger. \$4.75. A Sorbonne authority on Germany, who once fought in the Underground, writes a luminous and suggestive essay on the resurrection of the postwar Reich. Like most Frenchmen, he deems German rearmament and unification to be as necessary as a hole in the head. Unlike some Frenchmen and many Americans, he perceives that cooperation across the Rhine must be built upon common creative purposes, not on anti-communism.

DOCUMENTS ON AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1954. Edited by Peter V. Curl. Harper. \$5. An unusually valuable compendium of documents bearing on EDC, WEU, NATO, SEATO, the Berlin and Geneva Conferences of 1954, and much else. The sixteenth annual volume, published for the Council of Foreign Relations: as always, an indispensable reference work.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Music

B. H. Haggin

ONE THING that was extraordinary at Victoria de los Angeles' first recitals here five years ago was how in the very first phrase she produced sounds as effortlessly secure and lovely as those one heard the rest of the evening. And this was true again at her recent recital: there was no warming up, no working off of nervousness in the opening performance of Mozart's *Exultate Jubilate*, but instead a completely secure delivery of sustained melodic phrases and florid passages right from the start. With only one difference: the lusciousness the voice had throughout its range five years ago was now gone from the top. But it still made the lower range a delight to the ear; and additional delights were the bravura style of the performance of *Una voce poco fa* from *The Barber of Seville*, the beautiful phrasing of songs of Schubert and Brahms. One song by Brahms, *Geheimnis*, I don't recall having heard before; and this is hard to understand, since it is one of his most delicately wrought and loveliest.

At Mattiwilda Dobbs' recital the soprano voice that previously had

February 25, 1956

been tiny but exquisite was now more voluminous but sometimes not agreeable. Whether because of nervousness or because of production problems, an exquisite pianissimo was produced occasionally with a strain that could be seen in the configuration of the face; but at times this strain produced a pianissimo that was unlovely; and at other times this pianissimo was pushed to a fortissimo that was even unlovelier. All this happened in the earlier part of the concert; but later, Miss Dobbs settled down into singing that was relaxed, secure, beautiful in tone and brilliantly agile and accurate in florid passages. Unfortunately this meant that her best singing was done not in the music of Handel and Wolf that came first, but in a so-called Concerto for coloratura soprano by Gliere which she should be ashamed for having sung at all, and in a group of songs by Ned Rorem about which the only thing to say is what Virgil Thomson once observed concerning a work by Howard Hanson: that it was the music of a composer but not of a creator.

As for the Collegiate Chorale's



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concert of German music, it revealed not only Ralph Hunter's inability to get from the chorus the beautiful vocal sound that Robert Shaw used to get, but his inability to give life to the old music of Schuetz, Schein, Johann Christoph Bach, one of the great Sebastian's older relatives, and Sebastian himself. Only Mozart's unfamiliar and impressive *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* K.339, modern in feeling and style, and employing a brilliant orchestra, came off with exciting effect; and in this work Helen Boatwright did some distinguished singing in the soprano solo of the *Laudate Dominum*.

THE FIRST movement of Haydn's Symphony No. 102 is sluggish and stodgy as Bruno Walter plays it with the New York Philharmonic on Columbia ML-5059, and he does some of his lingering and melting in the slow movement; but the minuet and finale are effectively animated, as are all the movements of No. 96. However the orchestral sound is fatter than that of van Beinum's performance of No. 96 with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Solti's of No. 102 with the London Philharmonic; and with their leaner sound these two have a sensitiveness of inflection, a fineness and clarity of texture, a lightness and energy, that Walter's performances don't have.

Orchestral playing of marvelous refinement of execution and sonority by the London Philharmonia and excellent pacing and shaping by von Karajan add up to a first-rate performance of Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 on Angel 35196. But Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture, on the same record, doesn't work for me in the slow tempo set by von Karajan—by which I mean that it doesn't have the shattering intensity and power that it has had in other performances I have heard.

The unfamiliar earlier movements of Tchaikovsky's Suite No. 3 on London LL-1295 have superbly wrought passages characteristic of Tchaikovsky; but it is the concluding Theme and Variations made familiar by Balanchine's ballet of that title that offers the most impressive manifestations of Tchaikovsky's invention, craftsmanship and taste. Unfortunately Boult does an extremely bad job of pacing the successive variations, in his performance with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra; and

though a few of Schuricht's tempos are slow, his performance with the same orchestra is nevertheless better than Boult's.

One of the pleasures of the Sadler's Wells Ballet revival of the original Fokine *Firebird* was hearing the beautiful Stravinsky score in its en-

tirety and in the original rich but precise and subtle orchestration. And this pleasure is offered now by the first recording of the complete score—a recording of a good performance by Ansermet with his Orchestre de la Suisse romande on London LL-1272.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE CHARACTERS of Paddy Chayefsky's *The Middle of the Night* (ANTA Theatre) are called "The Mother," "The Girl," "The Manufacturer," "The Neighbor," etc. In other words, they are broad types. Chayefsky is writing about "average" people—hardly distinguishable from thousands of middle-class people we rub shoulders with every day. The widowed middle-aged manufacturer, growing lonely, falls in love with a twenty-four-year-old girl who has just separated from her empty-headed jazz musician of a husband. There are sensible arguments against their proposed marriage: chiefly the difference in age. That is the story premise. The moral of the play is that people ought to follow the impulse of their normal instincts—provided there is affection and mutual need—and reject the petty considerations of customary prejudices. In short, Chayefsky stands for the simple virtues of honest folk.

This may be either very sound or very boring. Chayefsky has a knack of catching the surface color of humdrum American life. Though essentially a New Yorker, he seems familiar and pleasantly at ease with the rhythms and patterns of commonplace activity of national "Middletown." Since many—too many—playgoers are not this much aware of the humor or pathos of their ordinary behavior they respond to what strikes them as an almost photographic representation of their behavior with considerable pleasure. "That's right," they seem to be saying, "that's just what us folks are like. How nice!" On both sides of the footlights there is an atmosphere of commendable decency. It seems wrong somehow to be the least bit dubious of this community of sentiment.

The play is very well produced. Edward G. Robinson is a likeable, natural, virile, expert actor who does everything as it should be done—one who, given the chance, can do much more. We are glad to have him back on the stage. June Walker, Anne Jackson, Martin Balsam—almost all, in fact—are excellent. Joshua Logan's direction is smooth, secure, clean and clear. There is barely a shadow anywhere.

It is this clarity that troubles me. (It will not trouble the wide public to whom the play is addressed. That is why I feel a certain hesitation in going beyond these first comments: the production succeeds in its intention.) I am convinced that the most ordinary people in the world are not "ordinary" at all—if seen in the light of values beyond the description of their most superficial behavior. I feel that there is something demeaning—literally nihilistic—in the amiable naturalism which eliminates every nuance of difference between one kind of person and another within readily recognized "classes" or types. Artists must lend their characters some particular face, dress, or aura of their own which will create a distinction, a heightening of their meaning. We look at the characters of *The Middle of the Night* as through a pane of glass which presents them as we see them mechanically in the hurried glance we accord passersby. Under these circumstances, we label them at best with lazy designations borrowed nowadays from penny psychologists.

It is not a question of idealizing mediocre folk. For the artist there can hardly be any mediocre folk. Chekhov's frustrated fools are saints and poets compared to the nice people of *The Middle of the Night*, and Flaubert's wicked portraits of dul-

lards and super-idiot are salutary as well as memorable because they are born of the author's anguish and anger—not to mention a superior descriptive capacity.

To see the ordinary "nice guy" with the eyes of another "nice guy" is to reduce both to something less than human. The values here are at bottom only values for animal survival. I don't give a hang for men and women whose only happiness or goal is to be warm, comfortable and together in the companionship of safe cohabitation—cats and dogs want no more. That there are such people may be so—I don't really believe it—

but if so it is the function of the artist to disapprove of their mode of living for forfeiting their birthright or to make us weep for them that they are so lost to the fullness of life.

The ultimate impression I get from the people in *The Middle of the Night* is not only that there are no cultural appetites, pursuits or horizons among them, but that they have lost all real taste for bread or wine and that even their flesh is only a sorry accident. They appear entirely surrounded by a world without substance except in publicity. I for one cannot enjoy their sedative qualities.

Films

Robert Hatch

MY FEELING about William Inge is that he is more skilled at manipulating people than at saying anything about them. He is a great one for throwing pebbles into a still pool for the excitement of seeing what the bubbles may bring up. It is an engaging curiosity and since Inge is a skilled play mechanic he gives you a reasonable return for your money. It is only if you call him a dramatist that you must make niggardly reservations.

So I expected that Joshua Logan would have directed a lively and from moment to moment amusing, frightening, or touching film from *Picnic*. What I didn't expect was that he would set it on the scale and in the sweetpea colors of *Oklahoma!* Whatever Inge may make of them, the materials of *Picnic* are malevolent. The handsome, good-natured stranger is the kind of danger that keeps a responsible psychiatrist awake nights. The pretty daughter, trapped in her own obvious pretti-

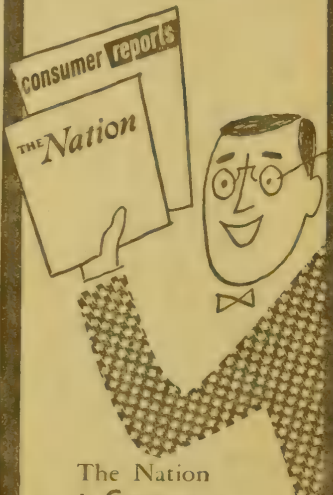
ness, and the aging schoolteacher, so desperate she will crawl on hands and knees toward the town's least eligible bachelor, are case studies in the frustration that breeds violence. Whatever are they doing in this sunny, babbling landscape, this wisteria make-believe?

I understand the effectiveness of horror acted out against careless laughter and the sound of birds, but that is not the case here. It is not really horror we are talking about, rather danger and bitterness, and the sweetness is not used for italics—it is the whole atmosphere of the film. I can only conclude that a *Picnic* is a picnic and is going to be sold as innocent merriment, however many people are gobbled up with the sandwiches.

The direction, as opposed to the style of the picture, is better than average and could be better still. William Holden, Kim Novak and Betty Field have a secure feeling for the people they are supposed to be, but Mr. Logan, mistrusting the acuteness of his audience, makes them spell out their roles in simple block letters.

A WORD of warning—do not go to *Lease of Life* on the mistaken notion that English sentimentality is somehow less cloying than the native concoction. You wouldn't believe how good and long-suffering Mr. Robert Donat is as the impoverished clergyman with no lease on life.

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Letters

Bikini Mystery

Dear Sirs: If Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the A. E. C., says that there is no such thing as a hydrogen-uranium fission-fusion-fission bomb, he must of course know what he is talking about. What amazes me is the reluctance of the American press to discuss the super-explosion in the Pacific two years ago, which, as Dr. Ralph Lapp pointed out in Life Magazine last June, makes all our civil-defense planning obsolete.

Before the Life article appeared, the New York Times had published on its front page the story by Anthony Leviero which is quoted in the article by Gene Marine in your issue of January 28. On June 24, 1955, at the Overseas Press Club, in response to a question by this correspondent, Admiral Strauss denied that there was a hydrogen-uranium bomb. That evening, I wrote to the editors of The New York Times and Life Magazine informing them that Admiral Strauss had denied their stories. Neither letter was acknowledged or published. After the brave start made last June in these two important organs of public opinion, a blanket of silence has been spread over this vital subject.

Incidentally, when I questioned Admiral Strauss at the Overseas Press Club, I made the mistake of referring to "The New York Times story by Bill Laurence." Mr. Laurence, who was sitting alongside of the Admiral, exploded wrathfully that it was not his story. It was, of course, Mr. Leviero's. My advise to the next reporter who is able to question Admiral Strauss about the Binkini explosion of March, 1954, is to ask about a hydrogen-uranium device, not a bomb.

JESSE ZEL LURIE

Pleasantville, N. Y.

[Mr. Marine's article in The Nation pointed up the overwhelming evidence which has come to light indicating the existence of the U-bomb. We sent a copy to Admiral Strauss with a telegraphed request for comment. No reply so far.—The Editors.]

Soviet Economy

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wiles's article on the strength of the Soviet economy was very informative, and especially effective because of the candid manner of its presentation. I was unsure, however, about which of the "free democratic countries" Mr. Wiles was alluding to when he wrote that the democracies need "... state power to ration-

alize: that is, to amalgamate enterprises, to enforce specialization upon branch factories, to standardize products. . . ." Surely these innovations would be strange bedfellows with American programs concerning government and industry.

Ashland, Va. ROGER D. YOUNG

No "Wild Fantasies"

Dear Sirs: We take exception to the implication by Joseph Dorfman in his review of Time for Living by George Soule (October 29 issue) that the Technocrats of the 1930's indulged in "wild fantasies" about "the magnitude and blessings of technological advance." Anyone who troubles to examine our official statements during those years will find that they stand up remarkably well—if anything they are on the conservative side.

DONALD BRUCE

Editor, Technocracy Digest
Vancouver, B. C.

Pulpit for Unionism

(Continued from opposite page 149)
cutor first asked if any present had ever invoked the Fifth Amendment before a grand jury. When West replied that he had, the prosecutor declared the oath would not be administered to him unless he appeared before the grand jury and answered all questions. West refused and appealed in vain to Reverend Pratt for support. Unable to take the oath, West resigned from the church.

The mill owners certainly appear to have won. West has been kicked out of *The Southerner*. The one small strike that broke out was ruthlessly smashed. An NLRB election at the largest chenille company was narrowly lost by the union in a poll which it is contesting on the grounds of intimidation and illegal voting by supervisory personnel. But many think this is only the first act. Following the election defeat, the union held its largest and most successful rally. The Dalton press is complaining bitterly that the area is still infected with "Westism." Furthermore, Don West is going full steam ahead with plans for a new *Southerner* as soon as the necessary funds can be raised.

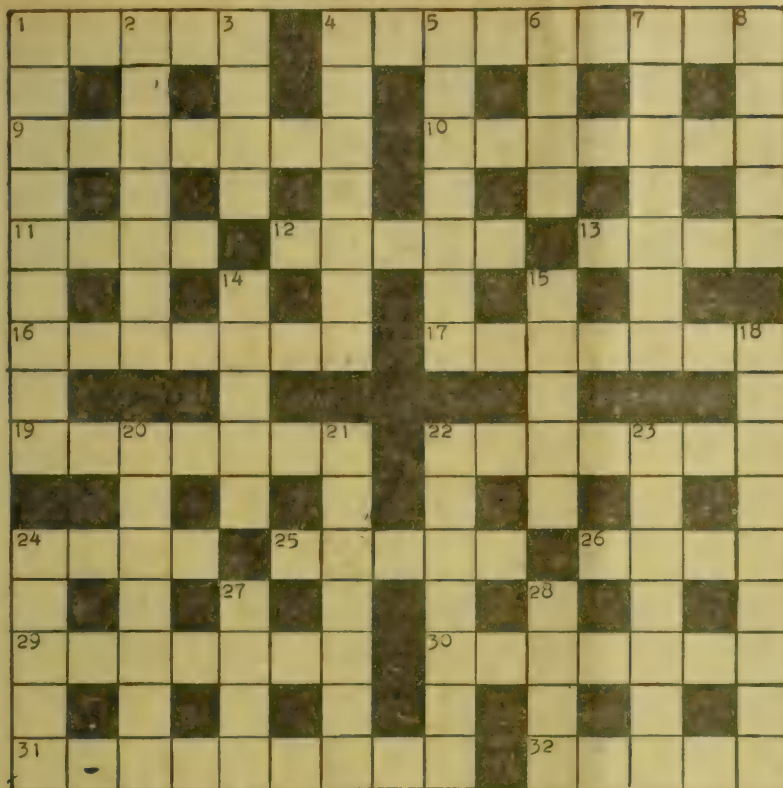
GEORGE L. WEISSMAN

GEORGE L. WEISSMAN is a freelance writer chiefly on labor subjects.

THE NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 660

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Fix up shelter in order to throw a ball? (5)
- 4 and 2 down Was this taken off the counter to make Alice's gown? (1, 4, 4, 3, 4)
- The poacher is hoping to find it inside, (7)
- 10 Out of place now that modern rooms don't put one in the corner. (7)
- 11 and 13 Might it imply good cheer due to its jaundiced complexion? (8)
- 12 Put forward like the extremes of 19. (5)
- 13 See 11 across
- 16 Releases from liability. (7)
- 17 Eat after this for the mother-in-law, jocularly. (7)
- 19 China's shaky condition has me just about like a political organization. (7)
- 22, 26, 31, 28 down, 29, 14 down and 5 down Introducing consecutive fall events? (4, 3, 4, 4, 2, 3, 4, 2, 5, 1, 4, 2, 5)
- 24 This is in with the spare part removed. (4)
- 25 Proving a cheap fabric might be rather loud? (5)
- 26 and 29 See 22 across
- 30 Since a sort of it is about, it might cause an accident. (7)
- 31 See 22 across
- 32 The persistent don't. (3, 2)

DOWN

- 1 He's bound to be thick-skinned. (9)
- 2 See 4 across
- 3 This fellow should be rather

- familiar (with ■ possible come-down associated with 30). (4)
- 4 The companion of Aeneas might take pains to get at the heart of it. (7)
- 5 See 22 across
- 6 This duck couldn't have made an early appearance. (4)
- 7 Quite recent, with the actual surroundings implying something already subscribed to. (7)
- 8 With something on the bridge or in the bell? (5)
- 14 See 22 across
- 15 Show a trace of the fishing boat. (5)
- 18 Prepares for mounting eventualities. (7, 2)
- 20 Sheer delight, when it comes to pastry? (7)
- 21 Does this make the listeners angry quite commonly? (7)
- 22 James seems to wander about in the plant. (7)
- 23 Filled with formic acid outside and caustic inside as a means of support. (7)
- 24 I won't be so taken when in need of help! (2, 3)
- 27 Near the islands of which it is chief. (4)
- 28 See 22 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 659

ACROSS: 1 FIGHTER PLANES; 10 PIERROT; 11 MILITIA; 12 GOLDSMITH; 13 NAVAL; 14 APPLES; 16 RESISTOR; 19 HUSTLING; 20 SCORES; 22 and 26 BOARD OF TRADE; 23 CHAPARRAL; 25 ATHALIA; 27 COMMON CARRIER. DOWN: 2 IDEAL; 3 HARD-SHELLED CLAM; 4 ENTAIL; 5 PAMPHLET; 6 ATLANTIC CHARTER; 7 ESTIVATOR; 8 EPIGRAPH; 9 and 18 down BALL AND CHAIN; 15 PISTACHIO; 17 RESOLVED; 21 DAKOTA; 28 BOAR; 24 READE.

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19. SAINT-SAENS: Violin Concerto No. 3; Havanaise; L. Kaufman, violin; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; Berg, cond.
20. MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 40 and 34; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; H. Swoboda, cond.
21. GOLDMARK: Rustic Wedding Symph.; Orch. Vienna State Op.; H. Swoboda, cond.
22. BEETHOVEN: Symph. No. 7; Zurich Tonhalle Orch.; Ackermann, cond.
23. CHOPIN: Sonata No. 2; Fantaisie-Improvisation; R. Goldsand, piano.
24. HAYDN: "Surprise"; and "Military" Symphonies; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; H. Swoboda, cond.
25. FRANCK: Symphony in D min.; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; Goehr, cond.
26. STRAVINSKY: Firebird and Piano Concerto; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; Newton-Wood, piano; Goehr, cond.
27. SCHUBERT: Symph. No. 3; and Fantasy and Rondo for Piano and Orch.; Hupperts, cond.; F. Pellag, piano.
28. PROKOFIEFF: Violin Concerto No. 1; R. Odnaposoff, violin; Hollreiser, cond. Piano Concerto No. 1; Richter, piano; Kondrashin, cond.
29. MENDELSSOHN: "Scottish" Symphony; Netherlands Phil. W. Goehr, cond.
30. DVORAK: "American" Quartet; Pascal Quart. Carnival Overture; Orch. Vienna Op.; Swoboda, cond.

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THE *Nation*

MARCH 3, 1956

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NEW SOVIET BLUEPRINT

Challenge to the West

Paul Wohl and Alexander Werth

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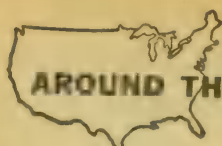
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AROUND THE U. S. A.

"We Will All Stand Together"

Montgomery, Alabama

AFTER they had been arraigned by the court in wholesale fashion, the eighty-nine indicted boycott leaders and their friends walked to the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church for a special prayer service. (And all over Montgomery other Negroes were shunning vehicles and walking in a pilgrimage of protest against the arrests.) With the spirit and ingenuity that has characterized the leadership of this historic movement, Reverend M. L. King offered a new hymn for the occasion, set to the tune of *Old-Time Religion*. The stanzas went like this:

We are moving on to victory
We are moving on to victory
We are moving on to victory
With hope and dignity.

We will all stand together . . .
Until we all are free.

Black and white both are brothers...
To live in harmony.

Indeed, the blending of "old-time religion" with a new determination to achieve racial equity is the essence of the boycott. The grand jury report accused the Negro Interdenominational Alliance of creating it; ministers became spokesmen for the avowed reason that it was harder to put "pressure" on them. But the role of the church has deeper roots than that. In the Deep South the church—the "colored" church, that is—is literally the Negro's only sanctuary. Only here can rare interracial gatherings be held; only here are mass meetings safe from police raids. The only language of protest that does not bring harsh reprisal from the white community is protest couched in Christian terminology, so here the Negro must come to air his grievances.

After the singing of the hymn, the meeting was thrown open to "Quaker-style" prayer, and those who responded also indicated in their speech and manner the blend of the old and the new. Said one

man with great gestures and rhythmic intonation:

I am brought to recollection of that plantation in Monroe County, where the sun never shined, where we were driven by hard taskmasters. I walked away from there to go to school. I walked to school for seven, eight years and nobody ever gave me a dime. Now I have walked from the jail house to the house of the Lord. I believe Jesus has led me in my travel and I believe he will lead me to that great river where the tide of segregation doesn't reach.

Reverend King, who is president of the organization coordinating boycott strategy and who has suffered the bombing of his home besides the present indictment, also contributed a prayer. He is a young man—only twenty-seven—and his dress is nattily collegiate. But he speaks with a dignity and articulateness that command instant respect. He said: "We have been exploited economically, excluded socially and dominated politically. But we are funny. The Negro is funny. He can endure. He can smile. He can keep hoping and striving." He then asked that the meeting close by singing *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*.

But before the hymn was started, another boycott leader rose to tell of a young minister and his pregnant wife who were stranded in Montgomery on their way to Pensacola, Florida. He asked for each person present to contribute a dime toward their bus fare. Dollar bills were immediately flashed. He then declared that any money over the amount needed would be placed in the boycott fund. But, out of the generosity of a people in trouble toward someone else in worse trouble, the cry went up: "Give it all to them, give it all."

As the group left the church, a magazine photographer led them to the state capitol building a block away to have them pose for a group shot on the lily-white steps. They obliged readily: ministers, doctors, dentists, insurance executives, clubwomen, postal employees, truck drivers, college professors and students, seamstresses, porters, cafe operators, air force sergeants—all standing unabashed and unvanquished in the shadow of Jefferson Davis' statue.

IN A prominent spot on the front page of the *Montgomery Advertiser* of February 24, the day of the ar-

raignments, the following story appeared:

Federal Bureau of Investigation agents are known to have secured a complete list of Negroes indicted and arrested on charges of boycotting the Montgomery City Lines.

FBI agents had no comment on the securing of the list.

It was understood, however, that the list was to be sent to the Washington FBI office for informational use.

I telephoned the FBI office to ask if this were true, and if it were, what was the bureau's interest in a state matter. I pointed out that the item seemed designed to intimidate people and that national concern over events here called for some clarification.

The agent I talked to said he couldn't tell me anything over the phone. When I offered to meet him at his office, he said he couldn't tell me anything more there than he could over the phone. Finally, after many expressions of regret, he declared: "No comment."

The possibility therefore exists that the FBI is screening the boycotters the way it scrutinizes political dissenters. Then again, perhaps the Department of Justice is pondering civil-rights action against those who drew up the indictments against the boycotters. Such a move would be a political masterstroke in this election year. ALFRED MAUND

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Miracle in Alabama . . by *Carey McWilliams*

THE INDICTMENT of a hundred or more Negroes in Montgomery for leading a peaceful mass protest movement against segregated city buses places not them but the American nation on trial. Whether we have the courage or candor to acknowledge it, the fact that is that the indictment calls in question every value—moral, political and constitutional—to which we so glibly pledge allegiance; here and now is a test which will determine the loyalty of the entire nation to its basic ideals and values.

Great issues are sometimes difficult to recognize. The issue in Montgomery is not whether this outrageous indictment will be upheld in the courts; one may safely assume that, ultimately, it will be set aside. Nor is it primarily a question of whether racial violence in some form or other will occur. This may or may not happen. Something far more important is at stake in Montgomery, "the cradle of the Confederacy." America is promises. At stake in Montgomery is the fidelity of every citizen to the promises which are America.

It is one thing to ask citizens to be patient in seeking a redress of grievances; it is something else again when the right to petition for a redress of grievances is itself denied. The Montgomery indictment strikes at this right; it is a crude attempt to intimidate an entire community. The Negroes of Montgomery are not asserting a narrow legal principle; they are proclaiming to the world their insistence on being regarded as members of the human race. The movement they have organized is peaceful. It is moral. It is constitutional. Not to support their modest proclamation is to repudiate one's birthright and heritage as an American.

What is happening in Montgomery is in the nature of a miracle, something that has never happened before in the history of the South. A community which only a few years ago, like most Negro communities in the South, gave the appearance of being inert and apathetic, without structure or form, has, without any outside help or assistance, organized itself into a disciplined, articulate, superbly confident community. This transformation represents a fulfillment of the American dream, achieved in broad daylight, in the full but uncomprehending gaze of the nation and the world. Not the false American dream of two-tone classy sports cars, kitchens laden with gadgets and "little" \$17,000 ranch houses (California-style) in the suburbs; but a realization of the real American dream of freedom and equality and the dignity and worth of every human being.

The South of the White Citizens Councils understands what has happened. It realizes full well that the Montgomery bus boycott is a major historic development with irreversible consequences. If the Negroes win, the same non-violent Gandhian resistance may spread throughout the South. Hence the "white" South is determined to suppress it. At first the opposition could not believe the boycott would be sustained. Now an effort is being made to intimidate the leadership. Should intimidation fail, physical violence and terror may be used. Violence, in fact, has already been used. Yet the South should have the wit to recognize that the Montgomery Negroes cannot fail for the simple reason that they have already succeeded. Knowledge once given, we have been told, cannot be recalled. By indicting the leadership of this movement, the "white" South has—most ironically—not only advertised the methods used; it has acknowledged their effectiveness. Win or lose in Montgomery, this type of resistance is likely to spread.

AT THE moment what is chiefly to be feared is not a failure of nerve or determination on the part of the peaceful resisters but of imagination on the part of the rest of us. The "white" South seems incapable of imagining how it looks to the world. The rest of the nation views the South as though it can hardly believe what it reads and hears. It acts as though the Montgomery bus boycott were merely another racial "incident"—a provincial noise that will soon subside. The "white" South stares incredulously at the Negro, the nation stares incredulously at the South, and the world stares incredulously at America. This incredulity needs to be banished all around. What is happening in Montgomery is not happening in the Union of South Africa. It is not a nightmare. It is not a television script or a movie. This is no "Communist" or any other kind of plot. What is happening in Montgomery is an American miracle. Here citizens, acting openly under leaders selected from their own ranks, in response to motivations which are religious and moral as well as social and economic, have banded together to insist that they be recognized as human beings. They ask for nothing more. For the nation not to lend them its moral support—and there will be opportunities to support them in other ways as well—would be tantamount to a repudiation of the promise of American life.

The miracle in Alabama, unheralded, without prece-

dent, has put the entire nation to the test. It is not merely that the Administration from the President down has been placed on notice that the lives and liberties of the Negro residents of Montgomery are endangered; this they have been told. The test is much broader. It is addressed to the trade unions, the churches, press, veterans' groups, civic organizations—to the entire nation. It is addressed with peculiar directness to American Protestantism. The twenty-six Negro ministers who are identified with this movement have given their brethren an example of Christian social leadership that is truly inspiring. "If we are arrested every day," the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr.—the name has a fine echo—told his fellow walkers, "if we are exploited every day, let nobody pull you so low as to hate them. We must use the weapon of love. We must have compassion and understanding for those who hate us. So many people have been taught to hate, taught from the cradle. They are not totally responsible." With prayers and chants, with good-will and self-confidence, the Negroes of Montgomery are determined to "walk with God" and shun the city's buses. Let it be noted, too, that at least one white Protestant minister in Montgomery is supporting them—symbol of the large and growing section of the "white" South that in one form or another supports this and similar protest movements.

AS WITNESSES to this magnificent demonstration, we cannot stand around, in John Jay Chapman's phrase, "like blighted things, like ghosts about Acheron, waiting for someone or something to determine" our destiny for us. If this dramatic demonstration of the potency of the American dream does not strike a response in the nation's conscience, then that dream has been corrupted. But what is happening in Montgomery is the most convincing proof that such is not the case. For here, in the heart of the "black belt" of the South, new hope and confidence and, above all, a new democratic leadership has emerged. An entire community has experienced a rebirth of freedom. The men and women who compose it now stand erect. Unafraid, in high spirits, without malice, they are walking with chants and prayers toward freedom's future in response to the American promise.

The Shape of Things

At Miami

The first executive council meeting of the AFL-CIO gave evidence—if any were needed—that disunity can exist in a merged labor movement. On the eve of the Miami sessions, a section of the Packard plant was being converted from auto to jet aircraft engine production. Auto workers claimed the jobs associated with maintenance; the building-trades group, formerly AFL, claimed those relating to construction. The claims

conflicted in the actual allocation of jobs, and the building trades put a picket line around the plant. Walter Reuther, for the Auto Workers, agreed to arbitrate the issue but refused to respect the picket lines. At Miami it was clear that James Hoffa, the ambitious Teamsters official, was supporting the building trades, foreshadowing a major struggle for power between himself and Reuther. After a few uneasy days, President George Meany intervened and an interim solution was agreed upon. But the flareup was significant, for it indicates that some of the craft unions are marshalling their forces behind Hoffa and Dave Beck in the struggle for power now in process.

At Miami, too, Beck reiterated his view that the merger had been too hasty. With Maurice Hucheson of the Carpenters, he declined to participate in the discussion of political action. The AFL-CIO, Mr. Beck observed, was not a political organization and ought not to be directly involved in national campaigns. He also announced that the Teamsters would not tolerate the interference of the Ethical Practices Committee in their affairs. The committee is not likely to function very effectively if the Teamsters continue to deny its jurisdiction. These rumblings do not, of course, mean that the AFL-CIO is faced with new divisions, but the struggle for power exhibited at Miami could be troublesome if it is permitted to continue. Before much time is lost the new labor movement must generate a sufficiently strong sense of unity to prevent the surviving loyalties and rivalries from the old regimes from finding expression in new combinations and factions.

Right at the Wrong Time

Pierre Herve, ex-propaganda chief of the French Communist Party, was "read out" of the party, according to the *New York Times*, only a few days before Moscow announced its new and "softer" line. What kind of spot this puts French party stalwarts in is anyone's guess. An article by Guy Besse, published in *L'Humanite*, official Communist daily, stated:

With the excuse of defending the revolution against fetishes, Herve takes pot shots at the party. A fine way to encourage the honest worker to join the party of the working class at the very moment when all Communists are in duty bound to close ranks! A fine way to work for the coming the Popular Front, to attack the party that is its soul, accusing it of calumnies which the bourgeois reactionaries have always used to block the unity of the workers!

These columns have given the outline of Herve's four-square offensive against what he considers excessive rigidity among the intellectuals who toe the party line (*The Nation*, February 11). But now that Moscow has attacked rigidity, what will happen to Herve, who still claims he is a Marxist? Can the Communists afford in this doctrinaire way to jettison one of its ablest men? As Alexander Werth says elsewhere in this issue, here is the classic example of a man who was right at the wrong time.

NEW SOVIET BLUEPRINT

The Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was the first since the death of Stalin. Herewith two veteran journalists with long experience in Soviet affairs analyze the results. Paul Wohl, Soviet news analyst for the Christian Science Monitor, is the author of several books on the Soviet Union; Alex-

ander Werth, The Nation's Paris correspondent, spent many years in Moscow and has also written several books on Russia. In a forthcoming issue, The Nation will deal with the effects of the decisions reached in Moscow on Communist parties outside the Soviet Union.

I. The "Practical Generation" . . by Paul Wohl

"THERE is a feeling of good spirits in the country today," said Mr. Malenkov at the Twentieth Congress of his party. This may well have been the keynote which the party Presidium had in mind. Later historians are more likely to characterize this Congress as the one at which for the first time the new Communist business spirit came to the fore, the spirit of firm believer in the superiority of the state Socialist principle whose approach to all problems is essentially practical. Coexistence for him has become axiomatic, a matter of enlightened self-interest, because he sees communism as a law of history as fixed as the stars. He no longer feels a need for theoretical justification. A sense of tactics, albeit tactics of gambling, has prevailed over strategy; expediency over Communist heroics; the "people of builders," to use Mr. Khrushchev's words, over the people of the revolution. White shirts and business suits have replaced tunics and national costumes.

The mood certainly has changed since 1952. But basic political patterns have changed less than generally assumed. Only tactics are new and the first batch of "practical people" is close to the helm. The top personnel has changed relatively little, although Stalin himself has been downgraded. At the opening of the Congress, First Party Secretary Nikita S. Khrushchev asked the delegates to rise in memory of Josef Vissarionovich Stalin, Klement Gottwald and Kyuitsi Tokuda. Only one tenth of the delegates may have known the latter's identity. The principle of collective leadership was retroactively applied. Otherwise Stalin was criticized only to the extent that his last opus, *Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.*,

is supposed to conflict with the new policy. Implicitly he was held responsible for all the evils of hero-worship and one-man leadership as well as for some of the many injustices of the great purge.



Khrushchev

If one or the other of Stalin's teachings has been declared inapplicable or "not correct," Lenin's teachings, too, were tampered with by Mr. Khrushchev. In the section of his report dealing with "Some Fundamental Questions of Present-Day International Development," he said of "Lenin's precept that wars are inevitable as long as imperialism exists" that "it was correct at the time it was evolved" but that "at present the situation has changed radically."

FOR THE time being Stalin's name remains engraved in golden letters of the same size as those used for Lenin on the front of the mausoleum on the Red Square. In a speech immediately following Khrushchev's report, Marshal Chu Teh of China

read Mao's greetings to the congress in which he referred to "the invincibility of the Communist Party founded by Lenin and fostered by Stalin and his close comrades-in-arms." Marshal Chu Teh and his impressive delegation arrived in Moscow on February 5. Moscow has long-distance telephone connections with Peking. It is most likely that Mao would have omitted the reference to Stalin had Mr. Khrushchev advised him to do so.

Sooner or later the spell which had attached itself to Stalin's name during his last ten years was bound to be broken. There is no room for a myth of infallibility in the new era of business-minded communism. Just as there is no room on Moscow's motorized Red Square for pilgrimages to the famous mausoleum which, according to a decision of the Central Committee of March, 1953, is to be replaced by a larger memorial on the outskirts of the city.

The real question is not why Stalin was downgraded but what the Soviets wanted to achieve with their congress, which met at least seven months earlier than required by statute. To get a clue we must hark back to last July, when the plenum of the party's Central Committee set the date for the Twentieth Congress. The Kremlin at that time was faced with four new developments: (1) the rapprochement with Yugoslavia and its implications in the East European countries; (2) Nehru's visit of June and the prospect of closer relations with the peoples of South Asia; (3) the forthcoming Geneva conference "at the summit"; (4) a severe drought in the newly opened grain lands of Asia and other disappointments on the "agricultural front." There was the additional problem of the synchronization of

the U. S. S. R.'s new Five Year Plan with the Five Year Plans of Moscow's European allies. By holding the congress early this year, the Kremlin was able to put the authority of the Communist Party behind the new Five Year Plan, which is also the master plan for the European satellites (the plans of the Asian people's democracies—Outer Mongolia, North Korea and North Vietnam—are synchronized with the Chinese Five Year Plan). At the same time the sessions would serve tactical purposes.

It offered an opportunity to draw Tito into the Soviet orbit and to improve his relations with satellite countries. At the very start of his speech Mr. Khrushchev listed Yugoslavia after China among the people's democracies. Many of his ideas and formulas so closely approached those of Belgrade that Marshal Tito decided to address the Congress as "Dear Comrades" and referred to the U. S. S. R. as Socialist.

The Congress allowed the heads of the Russian state to castigate "imperialist policies" in Asia and to contrast them with the official aims of the U. S. S. R. without violating diplomatic proprieties. At the same time Khrushchev flattered the Asian peoples by conveying to them a sense of destiny. "The new period in world history which Lenin predicted has arrived," he said, "and the peoples of the East are playing an active part in deciding the destinies of the world."

IT WAS clear in July that as a result of the Geneva Conference a new situation would emerge in Western Europe and in America. Soon after, Geneva statements by Thorez and Togliatti made it clear that the new Communist line would be another try at Popular Fronts in a manner similar to former Comintern head George Dimitrov's definition of May 1, 1936. Then Dimitrov denied "that war is inevitable and that maintenance of peace is impossible. . . . [All those who] say, so long as capitalism exists, it is impossible to avoid war, and . . . hopeless and useless to fight for the maintenance of peace . . . are out-and-out doctrinaires, if not ordinary imposters." Only this time it was to be a Popular Front not against fascism but "for the defense of peace" or, to put it more bluntly, to ward off any at-

tempt of preventive-war groups to interfere with Communist plans in Europe and Asia. Only a full-fledged Congress could give such a political realignment the necessary authority and make communism, or at least Soviet-communism, more palatable to Americans.

The domestic issue which awaited the Congress was equally important. At Mr. Khrushchev's bidding successive plenums of the Central Committee adopted bold agricultural reform plans and made sweeping short-term promises of more grain, more potatoes, more vegetables, more meat, dairy products, wool and cotton. Seldom have plans failed as lamentably. On January 30 the report of the Central Statistical Board of the Council of Ministers had to admit that the Soviet Union last year produced fewer potatoes, less vegetables and less cotton than in 1954. On February 10, with most of the Congress delegates already in Moscow, *Pravda* published a decree admitting a severe shortage of milk and dairy products and much higher prices in free markets. Stringent measures were rather nervously promised for the near future.

In July, when the Congress was called, the leaders must already have known how badly things were going in the countryside. Mr. Khrushchev's report to the Congress admitted repeatedly that his policies had been criticized. There are many such passages as "Some comrades may contest" or the oratorical question: "Was this a mistake?" His answer, of course, was invariably: "No, it was no mistake." Without the Congress, Mr. Khrushchev might have found it much harder to offer another rain-check instead of achievements.

The Congress also was to serve, and actually did serve, to prepare the party members and the people at large for the efforts and sacrifices which the new Five Year Plan entailed. This was largely Premier Bulganin's part of the show. Mr. Khrushchev's general report dealt mainly with agriculture and overall economic policies. However hazy and contradictory his exposition of agricultural achievements and prospects, he and the speakers who followed him on the rostrum, offered several new departures and promises:

(1) An era of legality with guarantees of personal security; rehabil-

itation of purge victims, even posthumous rehabilitations, not only of Soviet Communists but also of Communists leaders in Poland and Hungary.

(2) More material incentives and affluency for the individual worker and collective-farm peasant, material incentives for engineers, factory managers and even party officials, making for the rise of the most efficient and ambitious—the big and small Andrew Carnegies of communism.

(3) Higher wages for the lowest paid unskilled workers, higher pensions for the majority of pensioners, abolition of tuition fees and the promise to set up high-level boarding schools for talented children all over the country.

(4) A seven-hour day or a forty-hour week.

(5) New incentives for women, who are promised better canteens, restaurants and catering services, more kindergartens and household machines so that more of them can go to work in factories and shops. Politically, too, women are to be offered better opportunities.

(6) A strictly multinational policy, aimed at giving more leeway to the national republics, guided by a new Economic Commission of the Soviet of Nationalities, one of the houses of the Soviet Parliament. The history of the Asian republics especially will be rewritten and Czarist generals deprived of their ephemeral glory as bringers of Russian culture.

MANY of these new departures directly or indirectly reflected on Stalin. Yet Stalin must loom big in the thinking of his successors, if so few—and in most cases only veiled—reference was made to him in connection with these innovations.

It was different with regard to international issues. Stalin had to be downgraded in the interest of reconciliation with Yugoslavia. The full portent of the Kremlin's new course of building socialism along national lines in the people's democracies, and the significance of the rehabilitation of Bela Kun and hundreds of leading Hungarian and Polish Communists, could be brought home only at his expense. Stalin had to be revised and partly discarded for the benefit of West European and Asian Socialists. The Kremlin's public-relations specialists may even have anticipated that a critique of Stalin

would inevitably be blown up by the American press as a spectacular event which, in turn, might lead American liberals and business *real-politikers* to accept the Kremlin's new line as evidence of a definite abandonment of communism's more unpalatable practices.

Like most Communist policies, the new course was cleverly thought out. It sounds plausible because the new leaders probably are in earnest about most of what they offer. They need collective leadership of government by compromise because no one has the scope to take over where Stalin left off and because the alternative might well be the end of the party as the "ruling party," with dire consequences for the upper brackets of the hierarchy. But fear is not the only cement which holds the present combination together. Mr. Khrushchev appeared to be deeply sincere when he assured the delegates that dedication to communism gave dignity and meaning to their lives.

The new leaders are optimistic because they once again anticipate a capitalist crisis and see the masses of Asia and Africa flocking to their side. They are convinced that with-

out war they can build up so immense an industrial power in the fastnesses of Siberia that ten or fifteen years hence they will be invincible. They expect to be strong enough politically to allow the East European countries so much leeway that their regimes will begin to resemble more and more that of Tito's Yugoslavia, except that they must remain economically integrated with the Soviet bloc.

THE NEW Soviet leaders hope to soften and eventually to permeate a crisis-ridden capitalist world by means of new alignments with various social and political groups, through business overtures, tactical concessions and more genuine fair-play than they have granted their associates in the past. But on principle they stand firm. "Some people," said Mr. Khrushchev in one of his many replies to unnamed critics inside the party, "are trying to apply the . . . thesis of the possibility of peaceful coexistence of countries with different social and political systems to the ideological sphere. This is a harmful mistake."

It all sounds convinced and con-

vincing. Yet at bottom of it all is a bold gamble. So far none of Mr. Khrushchev's economic nostrums has worked. The sacrifices needed to carry out the new Five Year Plan and the corresponding plans of the satellites may be greater than the people are willing and able to bear. Despite the insistence on solidarity and collective leadership, there is evidence of deep differences inside the ruling Presidium which may not always lend themselves to a practical compromise. Mr. Khrushchev's report showed many signs of his country's economic confusion and internal strain which contrast grimly with his sweeping perspectives. Industrial progress is likely to continue in the Soviet Union, eventually even agriculture will be re-adapted to new conditions. But it may not at all be achieved. Mr. Khrushchev's way. Then the experiment may be taken up by another generation of Soviet leaders, less tied to the past, with real business experience and higher standards of truthfulness and compassion. Much that has been said at the Twentieth Party Congress indicates that a new generation is on the way.

II. Unsmiling Coexistence . . by Alexander Werth

Paris

THERE is no doubt that both the Soviet Union and the West awaited the opening of the Communist Party Congress in Moscow with interest and impatience. To Soviet newspaper readers it was represented in advance as an event of the greatest magnitude in the history of the Soviet Union; while the West hoped for some spectacular declaration of policy that would provide new hope and encouragement for the years before us.

For the present, however, there seems little to get excited about. The most that can be said is that in Western Europe the extracts so far published in the press have created a feeling of uneasiness and *malaise*. No doubt, Khrushchev often used the word "coexistence," but no longer with the smiling cordiality with which he used it a year or two ago. The *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, is furious at the "obituary notice of capitalism" contained in Khrushchev's speech; at his remarks

about England and France being sick and tired of the Atlantic Pact, and at his warning that the Soviet Union having already done all it could to improve relations with the West, it was now for the West to make the next step. The *Guardian* hopes that the Khrushchev speech isn't a rehearsal of the one he intends to make when he comes to England.

ONE OF the great mysteries of Soviet policy—and nothing in the Khrushchev speech clears it up—is the Soviet Union's attitude toward Britain. The Burgess-MacLean operation only a few days before, the truculent references to England in the Soviet statement on the Middle East, the various points in Khrushchev's speech which infuriated the *Manchester Guardian*, suggest that insofar as the Soviet leadership is interested in "coexistence" at all, it is first and foremost interested in coexistence with the United States. At the present juncture, the Kremlin

appears to care very little what its relations are with England, and whether, indeed, there is going to be a Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to England or not.

Significant was the insistence with which Khrushchev urged the United States to subscribe to the "five principles" of Bandung: (1) Economic cooperation; (2) Cultural cooperation; (3) Recognition of human rights and the right to national self-determination; (4) Right to independence of nations that are still dependent; (5) The quest for peace and international cooperation. It was as if Khrushchev thought that by harping on anti-colonialism, he could meet with some response in the United States to the embarrassment of Britain and France.

Apart from the Bandung principles, Khrushchev also enunciated five basic principles of Soviet foreign policy: (1) Strict observance of the Leninist principle of peaceful coexistence; (2) Consolidation of friendship with the people's democracies;

(3) Consolidation of friendly relations with nations that have refused to join aggressive blocs, notably India, Burma and Afghanistan; (4) Improved relations with the United States, United Kingdom and France in the economic and cultural fields; (5) The need to exercise great vigilance toward the enemies of peaceful coexistence.

The desire to drive wedges between the United States and its Western partners is obvious throughout Khrushchev's speech—be it in his criticism of the Atlantic Pact, his anti-colonialism (primarily directed at France and Britain), or in his emphatic announcement that the Paris agreements on German rearmament, perpetuating the division of Germany, must disappear.

The speech, insofar as we can judge from the highlights that have reached Western Europe so far, is, in the words of the *Paris Monde*, "orthodox" and "optimistic." Is it all that optimistic? It will probably be easier to judge when the full text of some of the economic surveys to be made at the Congress become available. Granted that industrial progress in the Soviet Union is faster and more spectacular than in any other country; granted that, at the present rate of increase, Soviet industrial production should equal United States industrial production in 1970 or 1975, it is still not certain whether Khrushchev has succeeded in breaking the country's agricultural bottleneck. This has been the main obstacle to the development of true prosperity in the Soviet Union in the last ten years, including the last few years during which Khrushchev himself was giving something like top priority to "the knottiest of all our problems: agriculture and stock-breeding."

APART from that, the speech shows that there has been immense improvement recently in Soviet technical processes; Khrushchev's forecast of the seven-hour working day and of a five-day week is a clear sign of this progress. But, as already said, we must wait for the detailed economic reports before passing final judgment on the extent to which Russia is succeeding economically not merely as a great industrial power but also as the leader of the Soviet bloc. For although Khrushchev had much to say about the



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Good place to establish a blockade

great auxiliary role played in the industrial might of the bloc by countries like Poland, Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany, it still remains to be seen to what extent the immense mass of 600,000,000 Chinese is an asset—and to what extent a liability. A remarkable series of articles on China by Robert Guillain in the *Monde*, though written in an admittedly critical, not to say hostile, vein nevertheless indicates quite objectively the immense complications and obstacles confronting China in its drive to become a great industrial power.

AS FOR Khrushchev's "orthodoxy," here perhaps is the feature of the speech that will cause the greatest amount of discussion in Western Europe. He does not, as Stalin did in 1952, forecast any wars inside the "imperialistic camp" between the United States and its Allies (perhaps Stalin said this merely to reassure a Soviet public opinion which was very nervous at the time); but he certainly places a good deal of reliance on the cut-throat economic rivalry among the capitalist countries; and the impression one gains is that he was rather rubbing his hands at the growing competition from Germany and Japan that England is beginning to suffer.

The single point in his speech that has aroused the greatest attention here is his remark to the effect that while world socialism remains one of the final objectives of Soviet policy, revolutions nowadays need not necessarily take the form of uprisings or civil wars. In this respect

Khrushchev almost confirms what was said by Pierre Herve, the French intellectual who has just been expelled from the Communist Party for having written a book, *La Revolution et les fetiches*, in which he also rejected revolutions of the "classical" type. What Khrushchev suggested was that a Socialist revolution could take place in certain countries by normal "parliamentary means"—a method which was foreshadowed by the French Communist leader, Maurice Thorez, as long ago as 1945. But whether, like Herve, Khrushchev also believes that the French (and Italian) Communist Parties must first pass through a stage of "reformism"—i.e. of close cooperation with Socialists and other left-wing parties—is not quite clear. What he rather suggests is that the successes of communism in the Soviet Union will be so great, and the chaos in the capitalist countries so demoralizing, that in the end the Communists of countries like France and Italy will win over the majority of the people. Whatever interpretation is given to Khrushchev's forecast of revolution in these countries, it is not likely to encourage any Popular Front movement among the potential partners of the Communists—unless, in the case of France, there is an immense offensive from the extreme Right, such as the Poujadists, or a large-scale colonial war in Algeria, either of which could produce revolt.

AS FOR THE capitalist countries where, Khrushchev suggested, capitalism was still very strong thanks to the army and the police at its command, revolution could wait presumably until after the collapse of the weaker members of the capitalist world. And in this context, too, the United States was treated as the state with which it was more important than any other for Russia to come to terms. England, on the other hand, seemed to show "promising" signs of economic weakness and distintegration.

It was a blustering speech in many respects. There seems little doubt that, insofar as there may be several policies inside the "collective leadership" of the Soviet Union today, it is Khrushchev's point of view which has so far prevailed. And what clearly emerges from his speech is that Russia, while praising the principle of coexistence, is at the same time miss-

ing no opportunity to cash in on the difficulties through which the capitalist world is now passing. A year ago the capitalist order in Western Europe (even apart from the United

States) seemed well established. Today England is suffering from growing economic difficulties; France is threatened with fascism and colonial wars; and as for Germany, there is a

lot of fishing to be done in its troubled waters. Khrushchev has probably rightly guessed that 1956 threatens to be a very uneasy year—at any rate in Western Europe.

SHADOW OF CYPRUS

The Greek Elections . . . by Emmanuel Marcoglou

DESPITE THE two billion dollars the United States has spent in Greece since the promulgation of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, communism today is stronger in that small country than it was nine years ago. The nation's mood is angry, leftist, neutralistic; the Greek people are turning increasingly from support of the Balkan Pact and NATO toward the idea of a neutral Belgrade-Athens-Cairo axis.

This is the lesson of last week's Greek elections in which the party of Premier Karamanlis won a slim parliamentary majority only by virtue of a "stacked" electoral law. The Leftist Democratic Union, in opposition, won an actual popular majority of at least 200,000 of the some three million votes cast.

What has turned Greece, once considered America's most dependable ally in Europe, into the Achilles heel of NATO? I believe there are three reasons: Cyprus, the Turkish anti-Greek riots of last September and the interference of the American Embassy in Athens in the country's domestic affairs.

Greek public opinion was affronted from the first at what it considered the State Department's equivocal attitude on the Cyprus question—an attitude which it saw as compromising America's moral position on colonialism. When the U. N. shelved the problem, American diplomacy was held responsible; it was considered that the Americans had come to the support of the British in exchange for British support on Amer-

ican China policy. The increasingly rigorous treatment meted out to Cypriotes by the British has never, Greeks have noted, aroused protest from Washington. The British jamming of Radio Athens did not improve the situation.

The September riots against Greeks in Constantinople and Smyrna resulted in the desecration of Greek cemeteries, the destruction of sixty Greek churches and the looting of at least 5,000 shops—Greek, American and Jewish. British correspondent Noel Barker, an eye-witness, reported:

At the church of Yenikov, a lovely spot on the edge of the Bosphorous, a priest of seventy-five was stripped of every stitch of clothing, tied behind a car and dragged through the streets.

At the church of Yenimahalle one priest was stripped and driven nude tied to the top of a lorry. They tried to tear the hair from another priest, but failing that they cut off his hair, as they did to many others. . . . In a swift attempt to appease an outraged world, the Turks have laid the blame squarely on the Communists. . . . There is not an atom of truth in this.

Turkey dragged its feet on paying promised damages and the British Foreign Office remained silent. The Greeks hoped that Washington, at least, would give them moral support. Ten days later Secretary Dulles sent identical notes to both Greece and Turkey. This equal treatment to the aggressors and to the victims brought an immediate protest from the Greek Ambassador in Washington, Mr. George Melas: "[The note] does not give the slightest touch of moral comfort to the Greeks who suffered this unimaginable attack at the hands of so-called friends and allies. It is sad that this is the out-

come of ten day's thinking at the State Department."

The third reason for the loss of American popularity in Greece dates back to 1952. In that year the late John E. Peurifoy, then American Ambassador in Athens, used the prestige of his office to get the Greek Chamber of Deputies to adopt a complicated electoral system which put to shame all previous "gerrymanderings." The law was passed and as a result the Greek Rally of Field Marshall Papagos managed to win 238 seats in the 300-member Greek Parliament, although it had won only 49 per cent of the popular vote.

Shortly before his death last fall, Premier Papagos designated his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Stefanopoulos, as his successor. But King Paul chose Mr. Karamanlis, the obscure Minister of Public Works in the Papagos Cabinet. Although the King's action was not unconstitutional, it was obviously not according to tradition. It was commonly believed in Athens, moreover, that Mr. Karamanlis had been appointed because the American Embassy felt that he was the only man in Greek political life who could be trusted not to take aggressive action on the Cyprus issue.

The King turned down the demands of the opposition for the formation of a "caretaker cabinet" and decided that Mr. Karamanlis should conduct the new elections on February 19 under the same electoral system which had proved so helpful to the Greek reactionaries in 1952. In the ballot, Mr. Karamanlis' National Radical Union faced the Democratic Union, a coalition of moderate conservatives, the democratic Center and the non-Communist and

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Communist Left. The highly unethical electoral system left no choice to Karamanlis' non-Communist opponents other than to make common cause with the extreme Left. Mr. Karamanlis, it should be noted, also took unto himself some doubtful bedfellows. One of his ministers, for instance, was the son of the pro-Nazi Premier John Rallis.

Mr. Karamanlis' party managed to get approximately 160 out of the 300 seats in the chamber in spite of the fact that the majority of the people voted against him. The opposition vote was amazing when one takes into consideration that traditionally liberal Northern Greece was blanketed on election day by snow storms which had killed about twenty

persons; the Southern Greeks, traditionally conservative, had no such handicap. The results were even more amazing considering that the 140,000 soldiers of Greece's army went to the polls in the knowledge that their officers were overwhelmingly pro-Karamanlis. Most of the newspapers were also behind the Premier; and American Embassy officials made no secret of their preference.

Life said editorially: "When Greeks hear U. S. foreign policy described as 'moral,' they want to throw up." Meanwhile the Soviet Embassy did not remain inactive. Ambassador Mikhail G. Sergeyev spent the weeks before the election touring Northern Greece in an effort

to convince workers that Soviet Russia was willing to purchase Greek's tobacco surplus, created when the German market was lost to Virginia tobacco. Greece's Soviet-bloc neighbors to the north did their best to be friendly. Albania, Rumania and Bulgaria proposed restoration of diplomatic relations and Bulgaria offered to settle the Greek claim of \$45,000,000 in war reparations. This subtle propaganda courtship, plus the extremely capable exploitation of the emotional situation created by British colonialism and American interference have brought results—not, to be sure, all that the Greek Communist Party had hoped for, but enough to encourage them in their long-range plans.

SHAKE TO SIZE

Slimming by Slenderella . . by *Walter Goodman*

SOME 35,000,000 Americans weigh too much. For a variety of social and anatomical reasons, most are women. The majority of them, out of consideration for their health, their husbands or their illusions, would rather not weigh too much. Gorging themselves on ads for high fashion while simultaneously nibbling cream puffs, the large ladies constitute a ready-made market for any merchant who can fit them into a ready-made dress—particularly for the fellow who pledges to accomplish this without straining the ladies' endurance, physical or psychic.

Such was the world confronting an enterprising young man named Larry Mack on his discharge from the navy (where he had served as a paymaster) after the war. Mack emerged from the service "determined to find a simple method to enable women to do something about their figures." The mimeographed sheet put out by David O. Alber Associates, Inc., who presently handle the former paymaster's public relations, does not reveal the cataclysmic

event which gave the young fellow his mission in life. Nevertheless, it was Mack's destiny to present civilization with the miracle of Slenderella International.

NOW, there were already a substantial number of business men in America who shared Mack's ambitions. They were making pills which performed the "Before and After" wonders celebrated in 5-and-10-cent-store windows throughout the land. (All are "Absolutely Harmless"; some are even tasty.) They were running health resorts and reducing studios where one could be manhandled into skinniness. (Exercise tends to make the exerciser hungrier than ever, but the punishment is thought to relieve the fat lady of some portion of guilt for taking that third bon-bon.) An innovation had reached the supermarkets in the form of calorie-less candy, calorie-less cherry soda, calorie-less sweeteners and a wide range of dietetic goodies—all of which permitted a woman to eat her cake without having it.

But our Mr. Mack was not satisfied with this formidable array of weapons directed at the tummies of the nation, and in 1946 he and three

friends invested \$1,250 apiece in a string of Midwestern reducing salons. The investment proved a happy one, and Mack himself moved to Toledo to take personal charge of the prospering chain. At about this time, fate drew him to Miss Eloise English, who had just been discharged from the WAVES. The mimeographed sheet on Miss English—now Slenderella's vice president in charge of operations—gives the genesis of her mission clearly, if less than grammatically: "Surrounded by trim, well-groomed men during her service duty in the navy, Miss English compared the ease with which men maintained their figures and the difficulty women had in doing the same."

Eloise was a graduate of Ohio State University, and it was to her alma mater that Mack went—"after months of consultation with leading authorities in the fields of medicine, nutrition and physical education"—and paid a professor of engineering at the university to build a table for him, hereafter to be referred to as The Table. He subsequently bought The Diet from a diet-maker and The Mint from a drug firm.

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Kaydenfrost



Thus equipped, in 1950 he and his three backers put up \$10,000 each and started five New York City salons called "Silhouette." Before the year was over, five more had been founded in the Midwest. Mack bought out his friends for \$100,000 in 1952 and, finding he could not use the name Silhouette nationally, switched to Slenderella—a title attributed to slender (size twelve) Miss English. In the past three years the firm's rise has been phenomenal. There are now ninety more Slenderella salons extant in thirty-five U. S. and European cities; Mack and Co. grossed \$12,000,000 last year and anticipate a healthier take in 1956.

How did it happen? Well, Slenderella, as morning disc jockeys around the country have been telling their audiences since 1953, is a "figure-proportioning" chain which "... sells dress sizes, not treatments ... achieves its results without steam baths, hand massage, dull exhausting exercise, starvation diets ... is relaxing, satisfying, makes you tingle and glow and leaves you with a sense of well being." (It also has the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.)

THE LADY sufficiently desirous of being tingled to pay a visit to a Slenderella salon finds herself in a carpeted anteroom furnished in a contemporary manner. Soft music (by Muzak) emanates from the pastel-colored walls. A wraith-like assistant manager escorts the lady to a cubicle for a sample stint on The Table. The customer lies down. (At first The Table was covered in a rather severe brown leather, but newer models are coming through in white foam rubber.) Her shoulders are agitated; she changes position; her hips get a working over; she shifts again; The Table goes into high gear and all of the lady gets shaken up simultaneously.

Throughout the forty-five-minute operation, the patient has remained completely clothed (although she was obliged to loosen girdle and brassiere). In this simple and relaxing way, The Table's "scientifically designed movements improve posture, firm and tone muscles, remove strain and pressure, stimulate the circulation and help in the general slimming process." The assistant manager will likely add that it is also guaranteed to raise the rib cage, reshape the pelvic structure and provide more exercise than thirty-six holes of golf.

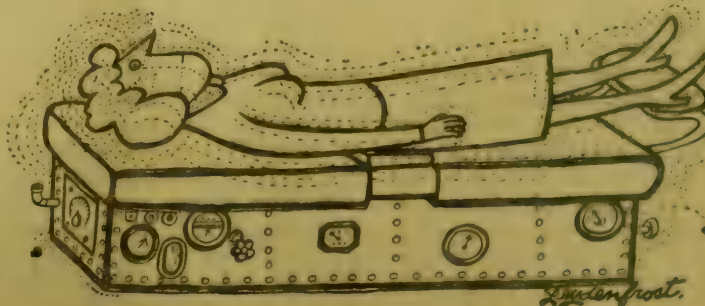
If the customer finds that this experience does indeed make her tingle, not to mention glow, she has the opportunity of signing up for a full course of treatments at \$2 a visit three times a week. The length of the course will naturally depend on her weight, measurements, bone structure and metabolism, on all of which the assistant manager is prepared to pass judgment. (My mother-in-law, who graciously consented to endure the courtesy treatment in the interests of *The Nation*, was assured she could slip from size 16 to size 14 in only 130 Table vibrations. She returned home somewhat disheveled and fretting over the wrinkles in the skirt they wouldn't let her take off.)

After receiving her complimentary figure analysis, the lady may make a

formal contract with Slenderella, in which the party of the first part pledges to follow The Diet religiously, take The Mint before meals and pay for the entire series even if she should falter mid-way. The party of the second part agrees to continue the treatments without cost after the allotted period has passed until the desired dress size is achieved. (There exists a certain suspicion around the Slenderella offices, it must be noted, that if the two inches haven't fallen away after a year, the lady probably hasn't been sticking to her diet with sufficient fervor. In any case, it's an improbable woman who, after having been shaken up 130 times to no avail, will insist on her rights to continue the treatments three times a week into eternity.)

Slenderella claims that some three million women have managed to fit into smaller dresses by keeping faith with the contract. The firm's records for 1954 report the disappearance in Slenderella salons that year of 36,000,000 inches and 4,500,000 pounds of subcutaneous fat. Franchise deals are imminent and soon better shops everywhere will be featuring Slenderella undies and Slenderella low-protein bread.

In order to continue this good work in 1956, Mr. Mack will spend three million dollars on advertising. In addition to the morning disc jockeys and the women's magazines, a series of strategically placed one-minute TV spots will be carrying the Slenderella message to America. There will be fashion shows as well, and the two Russian princesses in the Slenderella employ will put in personal appearances here and there. By voice and print, sheath-like fashions, women without waistlines and The Table will be duly celebrated. But The Diet, which bears a striking resemblance to the common insurance-company variety of diet, and The Mint, which contains very much



the same assortment of vitamins and minerals obtainable in large bottles at discount prices almost everywhere—these will be played down. This is because Mack does not sell dress sizes, as he claims; he trades rather in technical wonders amid elegant surroundings. The ante-rooms are *Harper's Bazaar* and the cubicles are *Popular Science* ("Fabulous Slenderella International, designed at a leading University out of advance modern knowledge of the body and how it works"). The memorized jargon of those wasp-waisted well-painted receptionists—with whom it is so flattering for the chubby lady

to identify—is cold, technical, impersonal. Despite Muzak and the promise of a soporific atmosphere ("It's like a caress"), the Slenderella salon and the phrase-repeating young women who run them bristle with energy. Switch on The Table and the energy becomes palpable.

Certainly the women who seek out Slenderella want smaller waistlines. But they have a million nameless and evanescent desires vaguely related to a size 12 dress. They want all the excitement they sense in the lithe figures flying out from the Slenderella ads and, hopefully, manufactured under laboratory condi-

tions in the Slenderella salons with the vibrating tables.

People have been going on diets for a long time now, to be sure, and losing weight and inches too in the process. Some even have been known to diet themselves into smaller dresses without the advantage of a hundred hours on a palpitating machine. But, for the ladies—and thus for Mr. Mack, who might just as easily have prospered as a used-car dealer, so universally applicable are his talents—such dull doings are irrelevant. Nobody's going to make \$12,000,000 a year by plugging that kind of thing.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT

The Melish Affair . . by David L. Weissman

THE DRAMATIC events of recent weeks involving Reverend William Howard Melish and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity of Brooklyn are only another phase in the age-old struggle for democracy and freedom of conscience. Reviewing earlier aspects of the case in his *Church and State in the United States*, Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes writes that it appears to "an outsider reading both sides of the controversy that in principle the stand of the Melishes is the one most in keeping with the general American tradition of freedom."

The affair involves two Melishes, father and son. The elder Melish, whose grandfather had been a friend and correspondent of Jefferson, became rector of Holy Trinity in 1904. Imbued with a strong sense of social mission and opposed to the hierarchical and aristocratic elements in the Episcopal church, the elder Melish in the early years experienced a series of trials with his then predominantly wealthy and conservative congregation. In the course of the years the neighborhood changed and by 1948 the church membership had become overwhelmingly democratic

and inclusive. The Melishes had succeeded in making theirs what is known as an integrated church—a church, that is, of different social stratifications, where the worshippers included Negroes, Puerto Ricans and working-class people. The vestry, or board of trustees, remained, however, in the hands of the conservative, wealthier elements.

In 1939 the vestry engaged the younger Melish as assistant minister to his father. Under the canons, or by-laws, of the church he could thereafter be removed only by the rector so long as there was one. The younger Melish, who had refused a call to Washington Cathedral as canon almoner to come to Brooklyn to assist and ultimately succeed his father, shares his parent's strong sense of social mission. He has several times testified under oath that he never was a Communist. He has, however, engaged in a variety of what has derogatorily come to be called left-wing activities. With the outbreak of the cold war he became a target of attack. In 1948 the vestry of Holy Trinity called upon his father, the rector, to dismiss him. The father refused, not, as he put it, because the younger man was his son, but because in his view the issue at stake was the freedom to bear "genuine Christian witness."

Nine of the eleven vestrymen thereupon petitioned the Right Reverend James P. DeWolfe, bishop of the diocese of Long Island, to remove the elder Melish as rector, one of the remaining two abstaining and the other opposing. The opposing vestryman told the others, "I am voting against this resolution not because I agree with the ministers but because I still believe the principle of liberty is of such importance that it must be upheld. . . . You gentlemen have no conception of the storm of protest that you will bring down upon your heads." The bishop nevertheless removed him.

The dissenting vestryman spoke prophetically. When the news of the vestry's action reached the members of the parish 70 per cent of them signed a statement expressing complete opposition to it and their affection for the rector and approval of his policies. A Committee to Retain the Rector was organized. At a special parish meeting, 90 per cent voted for the removal of the nine vestrymen who had approved the petition. When another special meeting was called to fill the vacancies, the nine vestrymen went into court to enjoin it and to be reinstated as vestrymen. These two special meetings were ultimately adjudged to have been illegally called. However,

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while the trial was proceeding, the regular annual parish meeting, at which five vestrymen were to be elected, was held. By a 75 per cent vote, a slate pledged to work for the retention of the ministers and the maintenance of parish policies was chosen. This reduced the previous majority against the Melishes to a minority. At the next annual meeting, in 1950, the minority dissolved completely. The four remaining anti-Melish vestrymen were replaced by pro-Melish vestrymen, one of them unprecedentedly, a Negro. In the meantime, the legal action was winding its way up to the Supreme Court, where 2,576 Protestant clergymen of all denominations appeared in a brief as friends of the court in behalf of the Melishes.

Though the congregation and the Melishes lost the court case, they won "The Holy Trinity struggle for freedom," as John Haynes Holmes described it. The courts had sustained the bishop's power to remove the elder Melish. The new vestry engaged the son as minister "until a new rector shall have been elected and installed." In addition, on March 19, 1951, they passed a resolution pledging that, inasmuch as the old vestry had been repudiated for failing to consult and reflect the wishes of the parish, they would make certain that any future action would have the full support and approval of the congregation.

NO NEW rector was chosen and the younger Melish continued to act as minister. Peace and harmony seemed to prevail. When the younger Melish in 1953 published his *Strength for Struggle, Christian Social Witness in the Crucible of Our Time*, the vestry hailed it in a prescript. "This book," they wrote, "is the record of the kind and quality of preaching that have marked the worship and thinking of the congregation of Holy Trinity. We believe that it is important for a preacher, as a Christian minister and a thoughtful American citizen, to say what in good conscience he believes needs to be said. To deny him this freedom of utterance would be to deny something essentially Christian and most essentially American."

Then, some seven years after the first, another eruption took place. The vestry of Holy Trinity consists by its charter of two wardens and

nine vestrymen. The two present wardens, though not then members of the vestry, were leading spirits in the Committee to Retain the Rector at the time of the first eruption. But they now joined four of the vestrymen in secretly selecting the Reverend Irving S. Pollard as rector and arranged to request the bishop's approval of their choice at a meeting of the vestry to be called by them. The notice for this meeting was the first inkling of their intentions to reach the other three vestrymen, the members of the church and the Melishes. A storm then broke out again. In his sermon on the Sunday preceding the meeting the younger Melish said:

Holy Trinity became a symbol of the people's struggle for freedom from coercive authority in the exercise of the life of the Spirit. . . . Do men who so lightly abandon principle understand a parish such as this has tried to be? . . . The instant the people of this parish in open meeting indicate, if they do so indicate, that they have lost faith in their minister, or express the conviction that the tradition of this parish would be better upheld, were he to go, you may have my instant resignation.

At a meeting assembled immediately after the service, unanimous opposition was expressed to the proposed action and a plea was made that a matter so intimately touching the congregation be left for democratic decision at the regular annual parish meeting to be held on April 2, 1956. The opposition and plea were communicated to the bishop and the two wardens and four vestrymen. Nevertheless, the latter proceeded with the meeting and nominated Reverend Pollard. The following day the other three vestrymen (there were two vacancies), who did not attend the meeting on the ground that it would violate their conscience to sit with men who proposed to disregard their solemn pledges to the parishioners, wrote to the bishop in behalf of themselves and the overwhelming majority of the parishioners that they considered the action a nullity for two reasons: first, they regarded it as a breach of faith that the two wardens and four vestrymen, in the face of the resolution of March 19, 1951, should have acted without consulting the wishes of the parishioners; second, they regarded it as illegal since there was



Reverend William H. Melish

no quorum at the vestry meeting at which it was taken. According to Section 42, of the Religious Corporations Law of New York, as construed in *Moore v. The Wardens, etc. of St. Thomas' Church*, they contended, a minimum of seven, including at least one warden, is needed for a quorum; in this instance, only six—two wardens and four vestrymen—attended the meeting. Under the canons of the Long Island diocese, though the bishop has the final and decisive say in the election and removal of a rector, only the vestry can initiate either action.) The letter concluded: "We look to you not to condone such breach of faith and not to confound our difficulty by approving an illegal act."

DISREGARDING the challenge to the move's propriety and legality, the bishop approved the selection of the Reverend Pollard, and the two wardens and four vestrymen terminated the employment of the younger Melish. Two days later they gave him notice of termination, required him to vacate the rectory premises (where the elder Melish, ill and incapacitated, also lives) within thirty days, and advised him that arrangements had been made through the bishop for the conduct of services by Reverend Robert Kollock Thomas until Dr. Pollard should be available.

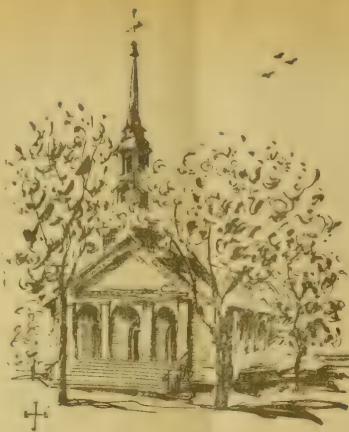
Under the canons of the Long Island diocese, the bishop has no power to supply a minister to conduct services unless the parish has failed to do so for thirty days. The pro-Melish vestrymen therefore advised the bishop that, aside from all other considerations, there was no canonical basis for his proposed

sending of Reverend Thomas to conduct services, adding: "There are peaceful means for resolving all differences. We look to you as our bishop not to take a step which will inevitably lead to disturbance in a house of worship."

On the same day Bishop DeWolfe wrote the younger Melish, admonishing him not to interfere with the conduct of services on the coming Sunday and to absent himself from Holy Trinity then and thereafter "since it is my judgment that your presence may create an unfortunate sensational incident which will cause unfavorable reflection in God's Holy Church. . . . I regret deeply that you have not long before now been in touch with your bishop." To which the younger Melish replied:

You suggest in your letter that I should have come to you. Unaware of what was being planned, how could I have done so? Will you permit me to suggest that a bishop, knowing that so serious a step was being contemplated with all its drastic consequences for one of his clergy and the congregation of an important parish in his diocese, and wishing to be pastor *pastorum* and shepherd to his people, might also have taken some friendly initiative in acquainting a priest and his people of what was afoot, thereby informing them sufficiently to permit them to come to their Father in God and seek his aid and advice?

The bishop and the anti-Melish vestrymen proceeded with their program. The locks on Holy Trinity were changed to keep the Melishes out, a detective was stationed in the church over Saturday night and Reverend Thomas was instructed to conduct services on Sunday. Members of the congregation removed the new locks, and Sunday morning the younger Melish conducted the early service. Reverend Thomas appeared a little later, but very few of the parishioners took holy communion from him. While the younger Melish, the father being present in the chancel, was leading the 11 o'clock service from the altar, Reverend Thomas tried to lead it from the pulpit. The younger Melish called for Psalm 28 and Reverend Thomas for Psalm 118. The congregation overwhelmingly responded to Psalm 28. When Reverend Thomas decided to abandon the competing services and left the church, only some forty of the about 450 worshippers followed him.



On the following Wednesday, Bishop DeWolfe announced that he had laid before a diocesan committee "grave and serious charges affecting the priesthood" of the younger Melish. (The canons provide for a trial before the diocesan court with a right of appeal to the church's regional court). On Thursday the anti-Melish vestrymen went into the state court to enjoin him from conducting further services and the pro-Melish vestrymen from interfering with those of the bishop's minister. Without notice to the pro-Melish vestrymen or to him, they obtained a stay until 2 p. m. Friday, when their motion for a temporary injunction was argued. At the end of the argument they were obliged to consent that the stay be stricken out and they withdrew their motion for a temporary injunction, agreeing to permit matters to remain in status quo until the disposition of the action. The younger Melish has continued to preach unmolested. Though both sides agreed to try the case on January 31, the trial has been repeatedly postponed at the request of the anti-Melish forces.

In the meantime Reverend Pollard declined the call to the Holy Trinity pulpit. Thereupon Reverend George V. Barnes of Los Angeles, California, Bishop DeWolfe's former assistant in the Midwest, was flown into New York, nominated at a meeting at which again only the six anti-Melish wardens and vestrymen were present, and was promptly approved by the bishop. A few days later he, too, declined the post. Finally, on February 8, Reverend Herman S. Sidener, chaplain of the school attached to the bishop's cathedral, accepted. Since he, too, had

been nominated at a meeting where only the two wardens and four vestrymen were present, it is questionable whether the "third man," as the *New York Times* referred to him, "will ever be installed or preach from the pulpit now occupied by the Reverend William Howard Melish."

The final effort directed at the congregation and the Melishes was the introduction by an upstate legislator, at the request of the Albany diocese acting on behalf of the Long Island diocese, of a bill to amend the quorum provisions of the New York Religious Corporations Law, tailoring them to fit the Melish situation. Aside from the fact that this would seem an acknowledgement that the vestry never had a quorum to legalize its nominations and other actions, there are six Episcopal dioceses and some 800 parishes in New York state. In May, 1948, the Long Island diocese had adopted a resolution not to seek any changes in the Religious Corporations Law without prior general agreement with the other dioceses. That was, of course, before the Melish case arose. But the resolution remains in force.

THE NEXT regular annual Holy Trinity parish meeting is scheduled for April 2. No matter what they may accomplish in the meantime through the courts, the threat of ecclesiastical punishment or legislation, it looks as if the two wardens and four vestrymen will at that meeting suffer the same fate they helped to mete out to the old vestry. For the congregation is just as strongly attached to democratic principles as before and even more determined not to allow themselves to be dictated to.

Writing of the Puritan Revolution in seventeenth-century England, Partridge, in his *Main Currents in American Thought*, warns that the whole movement is reduced to a crabbed theologians' quarrel "unless one keeps in mind the social forces that found it convenient to array themselves in Puritan garb." Much the same is true of the Melish case. For behind the quarrels about canons, quorums, laws and rules there stands out the areopagitic issue of freedom of conscience, expression and association that tests a democratic society in a period of change and tension comparable to those of that earlier revolution.

Historian on Horseback

MACARTHUR. His Rendezvous with History. By Major General Courtney Whitney. Alfred A. Knopf. \$6.75.

By Mark Gayn

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR has been one of this century's most controversial Americans. He has been extolled and vilified, and rarely has he been discussed without passion. Though he was a man of courage, the GI's and Marines called him "Dugout Doug," and sang riotous and obscene ditties about his return to the Philippines. Both here and in Europe he was likened to General Boulanger; and those who hailed President Truman's dismissal of MacArthur insisted it should have been done years earlier. In contrast, there was the image of a peerless soldier and statesman who, in the face of obstructions from fools and traitors in Washington, won the war in the Pacific, made Japan into a happy democracy, came close to crushing communism in Asia before he was thwarted and might have been President but for an unkind fate. One notable feature of this controversy is that—at least in books—the laudatory has been to the adverse as a torrent to a trickle.

General Whitney's is the latest, and certainly the most important, item in the MacArthur literature. Whitney himself is one of the abler members of the "MacArthur crowd"; for years now has been the the General's "man Friday." But more than that, there are signs that MacArthur has regarded this biography as his own last word. He has obviously given Whitney access to his famous files, for which the army historians have been yearning for so long, and if he has not written some of the passages himself, he has certainly gone over the book with extreme care. In other words, this is the portrait of a Man of Destiny as MacArthur himself would have wanted it done.

Whitney's—and, indirectly, Mac-

Arthur's—two basic premises are clear. This is not only an authorized biography; it is also a major piece of American history. (Whitney explains he has quoted MacArthur liberally "in order that those of this and future generations may accurately formulate... impressions of the titanic influence he has had and, if permitted, still might have upon the course of events in Asia.") The second assumption is that MacArthur has faced some of the toughest odds in history, fought some of the "worst [sic!] battles," scored some of the greatest victories and in the end been defeated by one of the most wicked conspiracies in American history. A Manila lawyer and stock promoter before the war, Whitney had known MacArthur in the Philippines. Yet, on meeting him again in a Brisbane office in 1943, Whitney wrote: "This, I thought, must have been what it was like in a tent in Gaul with Caesar; on the approaches to Cannae with Hannibal; on the plains before Gaugamela with Alexander the Great; on the banks of the Delaware with Washington." Napoleon appears elsewhere in the volume.

THE BOOK, thus, at Whitney's behest, must be weighed as history. In fact, it does include a detailed—and often first-hand—exposition of MacArthur's views on the cruel issues

that agitated us all just a few years ago. One learns that MacArthur had planned in 1951 to "make the south bank of the Yalu impassable" and to "sow across all the major lines of enemy supply and communication a defensive field of radioactive wastes, the by-product of atomic manufacture. Then, reinforced by Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan troops... he would close the gigantic trap." One learns of his feeling that Korea's was "the right war at the right place at the right time," and if it were not pressed to absolute victory here, it would demonstrate America's timidity and encourage the Communists to strike elsewhere in Asia. One learns of MacArthur's conviction that he could bring Red China to its knees at the cost of no more than 40,000 American casualties. And if one is numbed occasionally by long quotations from right-wing Republican publications, there are also many fascinating cables that MacArthur exchanged with Washington.

On the other hand, a great deal of Whitney's material has been told earlier, and sometimes in fuller detail. His account of MacArthur's meeting with Truman on Wake Island, for instance, is no match to the magnificent story told by Anthony Leviero in the *New York Times*. His report on the Battle of Leyte Gulf has been told better by the navy. And his story of how he and MacArthur wrote a democratic constitution for Japan was reported by this reviewer in the U. S. press in 1946 and in book form in 1948.

A reader soon discovers that Whitney plays tricks with his history. He opens his book with the outbreak of the Pacific war, and with that tragic episode in which most of MacArthur's air force was wiped out on Clark Field more than eight hours after MacArthur learned of the raid on Pearl Harbor. Whitney quotes MacArthur as saying that "no outside reconnaissance" was possible in view of his basic directives. Yet, there is on the record this urgent army message to MacArthur on November 27: "Hostile action possible at any time. . . . Prior to [it] you are directed to undertake such reconnaissance . . . as you may deem necessary." MacArthur is quoted as say-



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
I Have Spoken

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March 3, 1956

ing that "practical limitations made it unfeasible" to send his thirty-six Flying Fortresses against the Japanese air fields on Formosa. Yet, Whitney must be aware of the message MacArthur sent to Washington the day war broke out promising just such a raid the following morning. And when Whitney insists that "postwar . . . interrogation of qualified Japanese personnel [has] borne out the wisdom" of MacArthur's failure to raid the Formosa bases, he surely is misreporting. In fact, interrogation of Japanese officials (p. 80, *The Fall of the Philippines*, Department of the Army, 1953) showed the Japanese commanders on Formosa "filled with nervous apprehension" over the thought that MacArthur might send his bombers against Formosa. All this, of course, is old history, but the sins of omission Whitney commits in this episode recur again and again—in the story of the reforms MacArthur undertook in Japan; in the tragic tale of MacArthur's faulty Intelligence, which enabled the Red Chinese armies to surprise his forces in Korea; and especially in the whole story of the great debate on whether to strike beyond the Yalu or not.

AS A historian, Whitney employs crude tools. One of these is to commit to oblivion most of those who had served at MacArthur's elbow—General Dyke, who helped draft the land reform bill; Colonel Mashbir, an early crony; General Baker, who tended the busy publicity machine; and General Fellers, who supplied some of MacArthur's own political philosophy. Along with scores of others, they go ignored in this huge book. Like Stalin in some of the Soviet war films, MacArthur is a giant alone, communing only with himself or with Whitney, generating his own ideas, thinking only in global terms and ever pursuing his "mission."

The other Whitney device is to brand all those who failed to share MacArthur's ideas as fools, cowards or traitors. The book is studded with such expressions as "the anti-MacArthur coterie," "cabal," "conspiracy," "infamous plot." And in the gallery of villains one finds Truman and Acheson, Generals Marshall, Bradley, Collins and Vandenberg, a slew of admirals, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and

many, many others. If this is history, what is one to think of this passage: "It seems clear that when President Truman, Secretaries Acheson and Johnson, and General Bradley met in the White House office and decided to go into war, their intention at the outset was not to use American lives as pawns in lengthy bargaining sessions with the leaders of Asian communism. I cannot believe—and neither can MacArthur—that these men plotted among themselves to kill 31,000 United States soldiers and spend 22 billion dollars only to ruin American prestige all over Asia. But this was the actual result of the policies they adopted."

No, Whitney has served MacArthur ill in this book, and he has served history still worse. For this

volume is permeated with "the Spirit of the Dai-Ichi Building," MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo, where loyalty to "The Chief" was put above all other loyalties, where an American general functioned as if he were a Roman pro-consul, where any criticism was regarded as a Red plot and where men openly accused the President of the United States of "plotting" against his subordinate. If one wants petulant and bellicose pamphleteering, written in the "MacArthur Baroque," this is it. If one seeks an image of an American demigod, one can find it here. (Whitney's comment on MacArthur's dismissal: "This was, indeed, MacArthur's finest hour, the hour of mental crucifixion and martyrdom. . . .") But history, never!

The O'Neills

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT. By Eugene O'Neill. Yale University Press. \$3.75.

By Harold Clurman

EUGENE O'NEILL wrote this play in 1940. Since it is a painfully autobiographical work, he did not wish to have it published or performed until twenty-five years after his death. His wife, Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, to whom the play is touchingly dedicated, has consented to have it published here and performed in Sweden three years after his death. I believe she was right. Who knows what such a play—or any play—will mean twenty-five years after an author's death? At the present moment, the play is a precious gift to us—regardless of its ultimate value.

I say this, though on a first reading I cannot determine what I actually think of it as a work of art or simply as a play. I am moved and fascinated by it in a personal way. The fact that the Swedes were held by it and did not complain of its four and one-half hours of playing length indicates something about its theatrical viability. It is indisputable that O'Neill's plays are nearly always more impressive on the stage than on the printed page. I should very much like to see this play done on or off Broadway. If such a play is "impractical" for our theatre, so much the worse for our theatre. The play is the testament of the most serious

playwright our country has produced.

To say this is not to set oneself down as an unqualified O'Neill admirer. O'Neill was a faulty craftsman; he was not a sound thinker. Though he probably read more extensively and profoundly than most of our playwrights, O'Neill could not by any "universal" standard be considered a cultivated man. His view of life is circumscribed, he is often raw, naive, sentimental and pessimistic in a somewhat adolescent manner.

Yet to dwell on these shortcomings as if they negate the value of the man to our stage and to our culture is to confess one's own inadequate and bloodless response to the world we live in. For in a time and place where life is experienced either as a series of mechanistic jerks or sipped in polite doses of borrowed sophistication (when it is not dully recorded in a sort of statistical spiritual book-keeping) O'Neill not only lived intensely but attempted with perilous honesty to contemplate, absorb and digest the meaning of his life and ours. He possessed an uncompromising devotion to the task he set himself: to present and interpret in stage terms what he had lived through and thought about—a devotion unique in our theatre.

What do we discover in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*? Not only the specific sources of O'Neill's suffering: the father, whom he hated

and loved, an old-time star actor with the yearning of an artist and the confusion of an ignorant boy ruined by the stage and by the general environment of the gas-light era; the mother, an innocent woman, isolated and bereft of everything but conventional "protection" and finally resorting to the solace of drugs; an older brother whose only rebellion is in blasphemy and alcohol; O'Neill himself, a hypersensitive tubercular boy in quest of a God whose Word builds no true house and achieves no tangible body in the brick desert of the New York to which his father came from the famines of Ireland.

We find O'Neill trying to probe the meaning of all this, making an almost violent effort not only to understand but to forgive—to free himself from resentment, to fight the fate which, as in the Greek plays, seems to burden him unmercifully because of the antecedent crimes of his family heritage.

The family's Catholicism is not so much a faith as a guilt. Because he feels guilt, O'Neill shifts between a self-pity which he despises and a burning blame which he keeps trying in this play (and his whole work) to fight off. The accusation of his own guilt and obsessive desire to purge himself of it through blame nags at him: hence the repetitiousness of phrases and scenes; it is a planned repetitiousness, often wearisome to the reader (or the spectator) but organic to the author.

FROM THIS sense of guilt—all his characters suffer it in one form or another—and a corresponding sense that the guilt feeling is in itself a sin or at least a fatal blemish comes a constant alternation of mood. Every character speaks in two voices, two moods—one of rage, the other of apology. This produces a kind of moral schizophrenia which in some of O'Neill's other plays has necessitated an interior monologue and a speech for social use (*Strange Interlude*), or, as in *The Great God Brown* and *Days Without End*, two sets of masks. In this everlasting duality with its equal pressures in several directions lies the brooding power, the emotional grip of O'Neill's work.

There are unforgettable speeches and scenes in this play. One of them is the father's confession of how he was destroyed by the success of a

romantic melodrama which he felt constrained to play almost throughout his career because it guaranteed him thirty to forty thousand a year.

(The triumph and doom of James O'Neill's life was the endless run all over the country of *The Count of Monte-Cristo*.) This is deeply perceptive as well as moving, because it not only touches off the usual case of the artist damaged by commerce, but because O'Neill shows how his immigrant father's fear of poverty led to a concern about money ("stinginess" his family called it) for which his sons hated him and which led to many disasters ostensibly remote from their point of origin. This is a dominant American (O'Neill) theme which finds many symbolic variant expressions in the plays: *Desire Under the Elms*, *The Great God Brown*, *Marco Millions*.

The father's confession leads to the boy's (the author's) own confession of what his youthful escapades at sea have meant to him: it is a dream of beatitude, a seeking for God and wholeness—as direct, unabashed and truly soulful as any ever to be written by an American dramatist. To which his father replies "Yes, there's the makings of a poet in you all right" and O'Neill answers "The makings of a poet. . . I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do. . . Well, it will be faithful realism at least."

O'Neill's work is more than realism. And if it is stammering—it is still the most eloquent and significant stammer of the American theatre. We have not yet developed a cultivated speech that is either superior to it or as good.

Amour Sous Cloche

ASPECTS OF LOVE. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

By Maude Hutchins

IT IS NOT necessary to tell the story of *Aspects of Love* by David Garnett, beloved author of that *Lady Into Fox* that so delighted us all a score of years ago. It has been told by all the reviewers and as innocently as Mr. Garnett himself has told it. But just for the record: Alexis loves Rose; Rose loves Alexis; George loves Giulietta; Giulietta loves George. Soon Rose loves George; George loves Rose. After awhile Rose loves Vincent; Vincent loves Rose; Alexis loves Jenny; Jenny loves Alexis. That's all, except George used to love Delia; Alexis sleeps with Giulietta; Rose and Giulietta embrace passionately for a sentence or two. None of it is unpleasant; everyone is Mr. Garnett, as Emma, according to her author, was Flaubert. Perhaps it is confusing to bring in Flaubert; there is no realism in this story, and Flaubert felt like Emma, while in *Aspects of Love* all the characters talk like Mr. Garnett. Even the God-damns and bloody-hells are adorable. It proves perhaps how unim-

portant a "story" is to a work of art. It's like the trick of saying, *sotto voce*, "I just murdered my mother" as you go down the receiving line, and the president's wife will say, "Howdja do."

Alexis has pale gray eyes with black eyelashes; Rose large green eyes, and George is gray and Moorit wool. They are two-dimensional cut-outs as pretty as can be, paper dolls, and they all fit into one another's clothes with no alterations necessary. Alexis wears George's "fluffy tweeds" and Rose and Jenny both change into Delia's gown and look lovely.

There is absolutely nothing to trouble you in *Aspects of Love*, so read it and forget it, it's nice. Mr. Garnett tells us that these charming people do all sorts of things, but don't worry, they really and truly don't. No one will identify himself or herself with Alexis, or Rose, or George anymore than if, and one wishes it were: Alexis into Gopher, Rose into Praying Mantis, and George into Chinchilla. Fortunately no Censor into Eager Beaver will blue-pencil any of it, for the reason that it will not remind him of his own delinquency. "Do not on any account come to Paris, you are not wanted," Rose wires Alexis. Forget it, it doesn't mean a thing. One does wish that green-eyed Rose, premiere ballerina, would not roar with

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laughter so much, that Giulietta and Alexis would come out of the hay-loft less hay-ridden and without leaving the mark of their bodies as evidence, that TV and such contemporanea had been left out, that the electrician hadn't been called to make it so probable that Alexis really did get those meals—not so much meals as menus—we are told the two lovers consumed one after the other in George's villa directly after breaking in. "Croissants, curls of butter and a pot of Oxford marmalade." In no time at all after breakfast (remember they went there to make love)—a breakfast of "a jug of coffee and one of hot milk and toasted rolls"—they sit down to a luncheon consisting of "a *pate de*

campagne, half a cold chicken, a fresh salad and a bottle of Gaillac," which is a delicious, cool, regional wine. It is true that for dessert "they went upstairs silently" and afterwards "they were too full of speculations to sleep."

BUT EVEN the old gardener, "I'd rather have a stuffed leg of lamb," he says, than Rose, a vulgar touch. As for Alexis and the rest of us, we'll take "globe artichokes and vinaigrette sauce" and stain our lips with "Marc" and accept Rose, too. "Kisses or omelet?" asks Alexis, and "What about the pate of chicken?" says Rose.

Never mind, it's delicious; you'll like it, *Aspects of Love*.

tively little to say about the influence upon their thought of other intellectual and social movements. By far the best thing in the book is the account of the long inquiry into the causes of the Seven Years War—a revealing analysis of initially erroneous imputations and eventually successful acute detective work. But the book promises and suggests more than it actually contains.

Professor Butterfield's own reflections on the aims and methods of history appear only as judicious marginalia on the men he is discussing. He dissents from the stress they place on political and diplomatic history, and expresses his belief in the greater significance of the development of science for understanding the modern scene. He agrees with them in holding political action to be an indispensable framework for any adequate world history. He does not think historians can be held responsible for the political uses to which their work may be put; but he insists that the historian must employ a logic of evidence which pays no homage to political and religious commitments.

On one important issue Professor Butterfield does take a puzzling stand. He appears to hold that a providential interpretation of the historical process is not only an intelligible one, but is also in some sense a valid one, though he asserts that the technical historian cannot officially subscribe to it. For he suggests that in dismissing such an interpretation, the historian may be misled into supposing that there has been "eliminated from life" the things with which the technical tools of the trade happen not to deal. Such a standpoint, however, takes away with one hand what was previously offered by the other; and its effect is to offer a cloak of respectability for any interpretation of the past, provided only that the interpretation is advanced as the product of some special insight or some higher wisdom.

History of History

MAN ON HIS PAST. The Study of the History of Historical Scholarship. By Herbert Butterfield. Cambridge University Press. \$4.50.

By Ernest Nagel

THERE ARE many reasons why men write histories, but surely not the least important is the illumination of the present by exhibiting the operation of assumed causes in the past. On the other hand, there is no end to the writing of the history of even a single period. This is so, not only because fresh evidence may become available, but also because new standards of scholarship may be brought to bear and fresh perspectives may be found. The history of historiography is accordingly a fascinating, liberalizing and often humbling study. It reveals the frequently incongruous aims for which

historical inquiry is undertaken, the curious uses to which historical literature is sometimes put and the diverse notions of what constitutes competent evidence to which historians subscribe. It also displays the wide gamut of conceptions which men have had of themselves, and of the role which human effort, chance and necessity play in human affairs. The history of historical writing can thus serve as a safeguard against intellectual provincialism, as a reminder that the reconstruction of the past is full of pitfalls and uncertainties and as compelling evidence for the fact that the historical writing of a period is intimately related to other human activities of the period, and in particular to the state of other intellectual disciplines.

Professor Butterfield is fully sensitive to the liberalizing values of the study of historiography. His present volume, however, is in the main a heavily learned discussion of just one period in the development of historical writing, the period from the middle of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the present one, which marked the rise and spread of the modern German school of "scientific" historical scholarship. Indeed, his attention remains focussed chiefly on the work of Ranke and Lord Acton. Although he makes evident that the views these men held on the nature of history and its method were intimately related to the place of the European state-systems in world affairs, he has rela-

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EYE-WITNESS REPORTS FROM ISRAEL

First-hand coverage of the significant developments in Israel will be coming in March from *Nation* correspondent Dan Wakefield. A fine reporter, Wakefield is known to *Nation* readers for his on-the-spot coverage of the Till case and other stories.

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

April 14

John Dos Passos
by Maxwell Geismar

The Tolkien Trilogy
by Edmund Wilson
Essays, Reviews, Poetry

Paul Klee

PAUL KLEE. By Will Grohmann.
Harry N. Abrams. \$15.
**THE MIND AND WORK OF
PAUL KLEE.** By Werner Haft-
mann. Frederick A. Praeger. \$5.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

GROHMANN'S large volume may be considered the first draft of a definitive catalogue and analysis: it contains illustrations of nearly 475 works of all kinds and dates. This total bulks small in Klee's complete production of some 9,000 items, but the selection was made by Klee himself in the last year of his life and is thoroughly representative. Klee also helped his friend Grohmann to outline the seventy-five-page biographical essay. The book includes a 250-page discussion of Klee's work, a brief account of his teaching methods, a classified catalogue of all works reproduced, a chronological catalogue of these works, a complete bibliography and indices. Nearly forty of the plates are in color, and of exceptionally fine quality, and there is also a group of photographs of Klee and his circle.

Haftmann's book, first published in Munich five years ago, is a 200-page essay organized topically but in roughly chronological order. Less ambitious than Grohmann's, it is also less diffuse and it goes deeper into the labyrinths of its subject's mind. Perhaps its value can be suggested by thinking of it as a full-scale extension of Georg Schmidt's word-poems of ten years ago, and as a systematic ordering of their implications.

IT SEEMS ever clearer to me that Paul Klee is, with Picasso, the major genius in painting that the twentieth century has so far produced. Klee has been called, with reason, a great *minor* artist (Watteau and Simone Martini are others), but as one comprehends the scope of his imagination, the variety of his achievement, and the immensity of his total output—not to mention the life-and-death content of his bold late works—one can foresee a different judgment. Perhaps, after all, the epic

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exists in the small lyrical poem, Michelangelo in a little predella by Masaccio, Titian in a vaporous sug-

gestion by Giorgione, Rubens in Watteau, and in Simone even the mosaics of Hagia Sofia.

James in His Letters

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited with an Introduction by Leon Edel. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$4.

By Saul Maloff

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, the obvious way to assemble a selection of the letters of a great writer who was also a writer of great letters is first to include all those which resound with the famous phrases that have already become part of the literary tradition and the efficient vocabulary of criticism; and then to arrange them in chronological order. It is an affront to be denied the sweet pleasures of recognition and a tranquil journey along a smooth progression of time. Moreover, the method is eminently reasonable. But Mr. Edel, who has already given us in *Henry James: The Untried Years* the excellent first volume of what promises to become the definitive biography of his subject, is not a reasonable man; and in declining the strategy of convenience, he gives us now an imaginatively edited sampling of the massive correspondence and an illuminating introduction to some of the astonishing variety of ways the novelist had of being Henry James.

MR. EDEL has classified the letters (at least 7,000 have survived) into "types" or "categories"—of persons and of content: his friends, his fellow-artists (the terms "colleague" and "confrere" better reflect his sense of the community of letters), his "business" associates (editors, publishers, producers), his acquaintances; and for each category has supplied representative examples. With a mere 120 of these the editor is nevertheless able to afford us a steady look at the kinds of James's letters, an inferred glimpse at the entire body of work which they represent, and some real sense of the modes of his relationships and inti-

macies—as a man and as a man of letters.

Clearly Mr. Edel has had to sacrifice a good deal, and he is sharply aware of this: not merely in omitting some of the most famous (which are also some of the greatest) letters; but in discarding chronology for category, he has also sometimes to a disconcerting degree disrupted our sense of the continuous enrichment of style and sensibility which are beautifully revealed in the long course of James's correspondence, and which reflect the almost uninterrupted gathering of his powers as an artist. But if that loss is to be regretted, the abundance of James's epistolary genius and his remarkably consistent quality in part offset the famous omissions.

For what is most striking is that the letters are not what were left over when the energies of the day had been exhausted in his chief work: the feeling and tone, the intelligence and compassion, the insights and hard brilliance are characteristically, uniquely James. The note is lucid and infallibly right

whether it is the extended pirouette of the manner he called "the mere twaddle of graciousness"; whether he is bargaining with an editor or publisher, considering with a "confrere" the craft of fiction, or consoling a bereaved friend ("We have been sitting in darkness for nearly a fortnight, but what is our darkness to the extinction of your magnificent light?" he writes to Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson following the death of her husband).

WHAT we needed to be reminded of is his inextinguishable exultation in life and consciousness—even in 1914. (He writes in response to the "melancholy" and "unmitigated blackness" of a letter of Henry Adams: "Of course we are lone survivors, of course the past that was our lives is at the bottom of the abyss . . . (but) I still find my consciousness interesting. . . . Cultivate it with me, dear Henry.") Sustaining him always was the delicious Jamesian pleasure of being "interminably super-subtle and analytic," of being "a rapacious and shameless observer" (as he writes in the brilliant letter to Mrs. F. H. Hill). No matter what the occasion, he was always (as he wrote of himself in the great letter to Adams cited above) "that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility."

The Royal Pawn

THE GRAND MADMOISELLE. By Francis Steegmuller. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.75.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

The "glories" of the great court of Louis XIII and Louis XIV are a familiar story. So too are the wrongs it did to the people of France. Less has been said of the wrongs it did to itself, but that is really the theme of this lively biography. The life of the niece of Louis XIII was an almost complete frustration because the French nobles had imposed upon themselves a system of values about as foreign to human nature as any which ever dominated a European civilization. It is difficult to believe that the majority of them ever got much satisfaction out of their power, their wealth or their uncomfortable luxury and Mademoiselle was certainly aware that she did not. Too

important as a political pawn either to marry anybody or to do much of anything she ever wanted to do, she remained more sensible and more cheerful than most or than would seem possible.

Francis Steegmuller has told her story with large use of the memoirs she wrote to relieve her boredom and makes of it an extremely readable book. The contretemps on the occasion of her funeral seems a fitting symbol of the general failure of her age to maintain even the decorum it set so much store by. Saint-Simon describes it thus: "In the midst of the proceedings . . . the urn containing Mademoiselle's entrails exploded with a frightful noise and an intolerable stench. . . . The entrails had been badly embalmed."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is a well-known critic and writer.

SAUL MALOFF, a free-lance editor and critic, formerly taught English at the universities of Iowa, Michigan and Indiana.

Music

B. H. Haggin

I MUSICI, at their second Town Hall concert, played several unfamiliar pieces by Galuppi, Torelli, Giordani and Vivaldi that were not as outstandingly beautiful as the well-known Corelli Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 8 and Vivaldi Concerto Grosso in D minor from *L'Estro Armonico*. But even the lesser pieces were made attractive by string playing that was extraordinary in its precision of execution, its transparency and beauty of blended tone, its refinement of phrasing, its warmth and grace. During most of the performances the pianist Maria Teresa Garratti provided discreet realizations of the continuo parts; but as the soloist in Giordani's Piano Concerto in C she asserted herself with some of the most unpleasantly percussive sounds I can recall ever hearing.

At Eugene Istomin's piano recital at the Frick Collection, on the other hand, one admired the unfailingly considerate treatment of the instrument that made it sound well at all times. With this there was musical warmth and sensitiveness which worked best in Schumann's Variations on the name "Abegg," but produced performances of Chopin's F sharp major Nocturne and F minor Ballade that I found a little too mannered; and I would say Haydn calls for more incisive treatment than Istomin gave the Sonata No. 11. His playing had this incisiveness in Beethoven's *Waldstein* Sonata, and the middle movement gained in power from being played adagio instead of the usual andante—all of which encourages the hope that as he continues to play Beethoven's music Istomin will achieve even more of its power.

MUCH of the unfamiliar music that has been played by the Little Orchestra Society could have been left unplayed; but the Schubert Mass in A flat which it offered at a recent Town Hall concert turned out to be a work of the matured Schubert with many pages characteristic in their loveliness and others characteristic in their grandeur. Moreover, Scherman achieved a fine-sounding and effective performance of the work with the excellent Trinity Church

Choir and Radio Choir and a group of first-rate soloists consisting of Janet Southwick, soprano, Madelyn Vose, mezzo-soprano, Grant Williams, tenor, and Salvatore Collura, baritone.

OF THE two Oiseau-Lyre records entitled "Masters of Early English Keyboard Music," 50075 begins with seven organ pieces which date from about 1325 to 1624—the first engagingly archaic, the third strangely dissonant in its ostinato-like wanderings over an ostinato bass, the seventh a richly sonorous *Fancy* by Gibbons. Then four harpsichord pieces, of which a *Pavon* by Newman, a *Galiardo* by Bull, and Gibbons' *Pavin* and *Galiardo the Lord of Salisbury* are very fine. On the reverse side are four moderately engaging pieces for clavichord, and several additional harpsichord pieces, of which a Fugue by Roseingrave is richly sonorous and an Allegro by Arne in a style reminiscent of Domenico Scarlatti is charming. One side of 50076 has several fine harpsichord pieces by Byrd, including two other Pavans and Galliards in addition to the best-known Pavan and two Galliards called *Earl of Salisbury*. The other side has several good pieces for harpsichord and organ by Tomkins, including a beautiful Pavan and Galliard in A minor. Thurston Dart's performances of all this music on the three instruments are excellent.

Oiseau-Lyre 50041 offers several concertos for oboe and strings and a couple for strings alone in five parts by Albinoni, played by an instrumental group under Froment with Pierlot as oboe soloist. One can hear in these pieces that Albinoni was a contemporary of Vivaldi, but they are engaging and lovely in their own right. Pierlot's tone and phrasing are very beautiful, and the string group plays well.

Arne's masque *Comus*, a charming musical setting of the text of Milton with additions by John Dalton, is on Oiseau-Lyre 50070/1, sung well by Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morrison and William Herbert with chorus and orchestra under Anthony Lewis.

And finally Oiseau-Lyre offers two

works of Handel—his opera *Sosarme* on 50091/2/3, and his oratorio *Semele* on 50098/9/100—of which most of us know only the beautiful aria *Rendi il seren al ciglio* from *Sosarme* and the famous *Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me? and Where'er you walk* from *Semele*. The writing in *Sosarme* is good, and on occasion as lovely and touching as *Rendi il seren al ciglio* and the other music given to Elmira. But it doesn't rise to the inspired level of the radiant arias and choruses of Act 2 of *Semele*, or of some of the things in Act 3: the extraordinary orchestral evocation of the cave of sleep at the beginning, Jupiter's agitated *Ah, take heed* later on, his mournful *Ah, whither is she gone!*, *Semele's* moving *Ah me! too late I now repent*, the chorus' powerful *Oh terror and astonishment!* I find Alfred Deller's countertenor incongruous in *Sosarme*, and Margaret Ritchie's voice



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dry, but they sing well, as do William Herbert and Ian Wallace; and *Semele* has excellent singing by Jennifer Vyvyan and Herbert. Anthony Lewis conducts effectively in both performances.

Letters

Witch Hunt in Ohio

Dear Sirs: Last summer I came to Tiffin, Ohio, with my family. The State of Ohio, through its director of Psychiatric Social Service in the Department of Mental Hygiene, and that community via its director of the Mental Health Clinic, had asked me to assume the position of Chief Psychiatric Social Worker, convinced that I had the qualifications they were seeking. Six weeks after I came, a Mr. Isaacs, now of the state attorney general's office and formerly counsel to the Ohio Un-American Activities Committee, visited me. Hinting broadly of what he "had" about my past, he asked that I inform on friends. I flatly refused to turn informer.

Rumors about me began to circulate in Tiffin. Pressure was exerted on the clinic, then undergoing its annual campaign for funds. On November 29 I was asked to resign. There were no grounds given, and my request for a hearing was denied. Only two alternatives were offered: either I resigned or the position would be abolished. The latter course was eventually followed.

I am determined to do all in my power to gain reinstatement. I see this as part of the fight necessary to regain civil liberties for all Americans. My family, wife and three children, and I would appreciate any suggestions and support your readers can offer.

HERMAN P. SCHUCHMANN

430 E. Market St.

Tiffin, Ohio.

"Dugout Doug"

Dear Sirs: Life Magazine's recent attempted deification of General Douglas MacArthur ("Dugout Doug" to the Veterans of the Bataan-Corregidor-Philippine Island campaign) is a pompous fraud. As one of 4,000 survivors of approximately 32,000 Americans captured in the Philippines, I believe he is indirectly responsible for the 28,000 who died. The captain of a sinking ship is bound to stay with his vessel until all hands are rescued. An army officer, I believe, has the same responsibility.

"Dugout Doug," however, preferred to take a powder just before the surrender of Corregidor. In four months, 20,000 American and Filipino troops perished in Camp O'Donnel, where I attempted to practice medicine but

spent most of my time separating the living from the dead. If "Dugout Doug" had accepted surrender, our lot would have been more tolerable and many of my men would be alive today.

In my opinion and that of other students of the war, victory in the Pacific was delayed by "Dugout Doug's" colossal blundering. An order for the by-passing of the Philippines had been drawn up by General Marshall and Admiral Nimitz. Plans called for an attack on relatively weakly held Formosa, leaving hundreds of thousands of Jap troops stranded in the Philippine Archipelago.

"Dugout Doug" feuded with Roosevelt over this plan. The President reluctantly over-ruled General Marshall. The invasion of the Philippine Islands took place with the resultant death and disability to hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, sailors, aviators and Filipino civilians. As a pay-off "Dugout Doug" got his staged picture taken wading ashore while spouting his characteristic purple rhetoric: "I have returned!" Veterans of the Pacific will see through the "malarkey" printed about "Dugout Doug" in Life Magazine.

ALFRED A. WINSTEIN, M. D.

Atlanta, Georgia.

[The reader's attention is called to Mark Gayn's review of Major General Courtney Whitney's book, *MacArthur*, on page 181 of this issue. Mr. Gayn's views differ in some important respects from those of the letter writer.]

Peace Without Prosperity

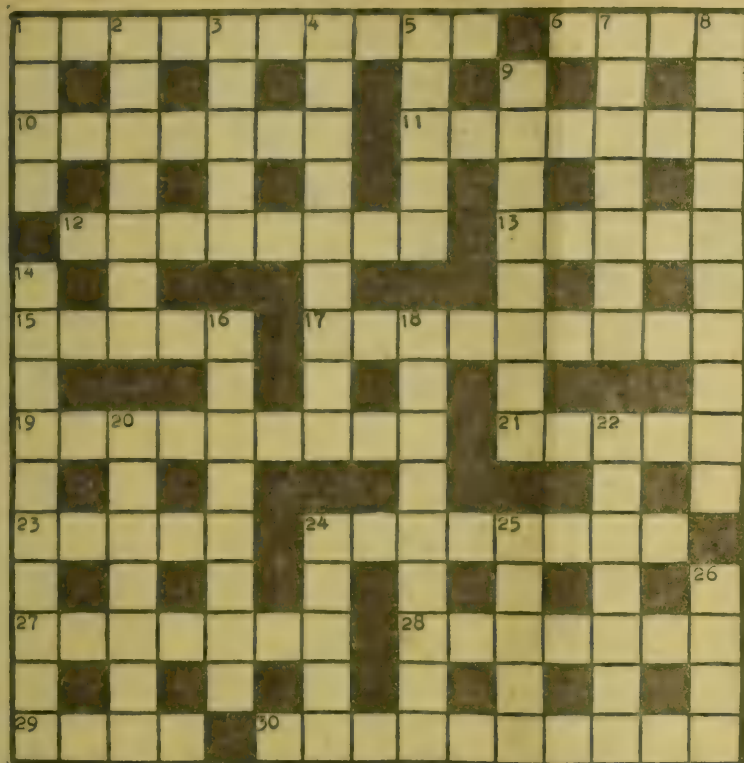
Dear Sirs: A nice piece of writing, John Bauer's Peace Proposal in the issue of November 26, but to what end? There'll be no agreement, there'll be no enforcement. Why? Because Mr. Bauer's plan would cause peace to "break out," and once that begins what happens to our economy? The policy now being carried out by the State Department, based on prosperity by military spending and whooping up the thirty-five-year-old Red scare, makes for an economy of absolute waste but results in tremendous prosperity. Is John Bauer ready to wreck that economy? Our leaders probably feel they are sufficiently adroit jugglers to keep it up for a long time.

ROBERT KARGER

El Cajon, Calif.

Crossword Puzzle No. 661

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 See 30 across
- 6 See 1 down
- 10 Such things get around a bit with men running through. (7)
- 11 A girl belonging to a foreign foreign country? (7)
- 12 Atoms from a 3 plant, and plenty of them! (8)
- 13 One would expect to find a Royal one in Colorado, rather than at Henry the Eighth's table. (5)
- 15 First and last, the author of this puzzle might show it in all modesty. (5)
- 17 Tied it in a knot, to get started! (9)
- 19 What a firefly has is certainly not top-heavy. (9)
- 21 Rue the place to find such an Arab! (5)
- 23 Not exactly a whooping cough. (5)
- 24 How kind, O fool! (8)
- 27 Acting like Tom, or one of his chicks? (7)
- 28 Would such a person be rather choosey? (7)
- 29 The young man referred to in 27 lost the use of his. (4)
- 30 and 1 across Teller's entry—possibly by means of 9 and 14? (3,7,5,1,4)

DOWN

- 1 and 6 across They probably don't believe directions for cooking chicken! (8)
- 2 Some people give the former a latter to get the oil off before using. (7)

- 3 and 26 down Should be rather close to "gun-metal." (5,4)
- 4 Drumming on one's chest, perhaps. (9)
- 5 Raises were given to servicemen quite patriotically. (5)
- 7 Taken out of context (except for the major part of it)? (7)
- 8 Temporarily stopping, or just holding on to things which are? (10)
- 9 and 14 Not necessarily part of a suspended sentence. (8,10)
- 16 Sometimes indicated thus ---- (8)
- 18 Such a person shouldn't turn out well. (9)
- 20 Men go crazy, that is to extremes, when she shows up! (7)
- 22 A person with a driving point of course! (Still might be in deep!) (7)
- 24 Lodge (not necessarily related to the Ancient Order of Hibernians!) (5)
- 25 One answer to the question might be self-evident, when decapitated. (5)
- 26 See 3 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 660

ACROSS: 1 PITCH; 4 and 2 A BOLT FROM THE BLUE; 9 CHERISH; 10 WHATNOT; 11 and 13 YELLOWED; 12 STATE; 16 EXEMPTS; 17 RUMBLES; 19 MACHINE; 22, 26, 31, 28 down, 29, 14 down and 5 down JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER; 24 ISIS; 25 CRASH; 30 ICINESS; 32 LET UP DOWN; 1 PACHYDERM; 3 HAIL; 4 ACHATES; 6 TEAL; 7 RENEWAL; 8 MUTED; 15 SMACK; 18 SADDLES UP; 20 CHIFFON; 21 EARSHOT; 22 JASMINE; 23 ALIMENT; 24 IN TOW; 27 ATTU.

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"I was pickin' pansies in Belleau Wood"



THEY WERE only a handful of dirty, haggard Marines. Paralyzed, they hugged the earth outside Lucy le Bocage as murderous German fire poured at them. And then they heard their little, middle-aged sergeant:

*"Come on, you ---- - - - -!
Do you want to live forever?"*

That yell, and the charge that followed, made Sergeant Dan Daly famous. But he wanted no glory. He already had *two* Medals of Honor, one earned in Peking, the other in the jungles of Haiti.

And when reporters asked about his World War I decorations, he said: "I was out in Belleau Wood pickin' pansies for my girl one day. And the officers said: 'Let's give the poor guy a medal.' Well, sir, they give me the DSC . . ."

No hero to himself, Dan Daly was a fearless and expert professional soldier—one of a breed some folks don't expect of a wealthy, peaceful land like America. Yet America's ability to produce men like Daly is a more important clue to her strength than all the gold at Fort Knox.

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EISENHOWER'S GREAT DECISION

THE *Nation*

MARCH 10, 1956

20c

New Facts

Does the Death Sentence Prevent Crime?

by Fred J. Cook





AROUND THE U. S. A.

It Glitters and It's Golden, Too

Charlotte, North Carolina
A TALK with Harry Golden, editor of the *Carolina Israelite*, gives you something of the feeling of watching the telephone poles flip by the window of a speeding train. His newspaper is a faithful reflection of this vibrant, rotund little man whose ideas pour out in fusillades. The *Israelite*, a monthly, thumbs its nose at all journalistic conventions—fancy layouts, bright headlines, typographical tricks, even continuity. Yet the quality of the writing is such that its faithful subscribers include such persons as Adlai Stevenson, Edward R. Murrow, Thomas E. Dewey, Chief Justice Warren and a host of Congressmen.

Harry describes his paper as a kind of *causerie*, or informal chat; the tabloid contains, in his colorful phrase, "a hundred editorials and a hundred ads"—the ads all of the classified or non-display variety. The editorials follow no discernible pattern. Something on "What are Pickled Pig Skins?" may be followed by a quote from Goethe, and a twenty-word item on "How Samuel Johnson Prepared Oysters" may top a 3,000-word article on "Sweet Daddy Grace, the Southern Father Divine." There are no pictures, and the largest headline is about the size of the type you are reading (in capitals.) There are no news items. "The last obituary we've carried was Caesar's death in 44 B. C.," says Harry, "and the last social item was about Cleopatra's visit to Rome."

Harry credits the success of his paper (8,000 circulation) to the fact that "personal journalism" has all but ceased. What he does not add is that many people are hungry for the words of a highly literate, aston-

ishingly well-read editor who lets his thoughts free-wheel through his columns.

With the exception of a few "letters to the editor," Harry writes everything in the *Israelite*—25,000 to 35,000 words. This he does by seating himself at his typewriter and pounding out about 100 double-spaced, typewritten pages. He sends seventy-eight pages downtown to a print shop and the editorials are placed haphazardly, between the ads. Usually he writes "straight through," at a single sitting.

Harry worries a little these days that occasionally he has to consult a reference book to pinpoint a date. Until recently he was able to rely upon a prodigious memory which has been fastened onto books and more books since he first learned to read on the lower East Side in New York, where he was born fifty-two years ago. But Charlotte politicians will tell you Harry is no intellectual caliph poring solemnly over his books. They will tell you he can give a precinct-by-precinct analysis of an election outcome.

HARRY admits to one infatuation. He loves the South. He sees the region's faults and injustices and writes about them—but in his own paper. "The guy who throws a brick over the wall and runs back to New York—that's no good." Since he moved to Charlotte in 1942, he has collected a widening circle of friends who accept him as homefolks. Thus when he raised hell and got a toilet in uptown Charlotte for Negroes, he was not regarded as an agitator but as a public-spirited citizen.

Looking out the window of his two-story frame house, which also is his office, Harry told me reflectively, "In the twenties, Mencken was our God. We found he was leading us to a dead end. When Mencken had us laughing at the Yahoo—the Southerner—who runs out into the woods and cries 'Jesus Saves,' the joke was on him.

"The fellow he called a Yahoo was a liberal, an old Populist, expressing himself. Mencken didn't realize it was an expression of protest in its finest form. The Southerner was not an educated man, and he was protesting against the feudal system—his own hopeless position—in the only way he knew. Some day the Southerner, I believe, will de-

mand social legislation and he'll demand it in the name of Jesus. Nothing can stop that. . . ."

Harry taught a couple of years after graduating from City College of New York and then worked in promotion departments of New York newspapers. He was with a touring promotion outfit when he put down his anchor in Charlotte.

Besides single-handedly supplying copy for his newspaper, Harry is a voluminous letter writer. An expert on music, he corresponds with former Governor Dewey on Caruso records, which Dewey collects. Other noted personages pack his correspondence files.

Harry used to talk to the late Dr. W. P. Few, former president of Duke University. He smilingly recalled that one day the subject of Jacob Mordecai, the first Jew to come to North Carolina, came up.

"Ah, yes," said Dr. Few, "he was a great Jewish educator." Several times, Dr. Few referred to "the great Jewish educator."

Always the direct one, Harry said good-naturedly: "Dr. Few, how long do you have to be here before you become a Tar Heel? Mordecai came here in 1702."

Dr. Few laughed. He got Harry's point.

JAY JENKINS

[Jay Jenkins is Raleigh bureau chief of the *Charlotte Observer*.]

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NEXT WEEK

A fellow-scientist pays tribute to Albert Einstein (b. March 14, 1879; d. April 18, 1955).

by J. BRONOWSKI

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1956

VOLUME 182, NUMBER 10

THE *Nation*

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Great Decision

THE PRESIDENT has made his decision. He has agreed to run out of a sense of duty and because the American people want him to run. There is no doubt that the decision-making process has been skilfully exploited by the Republican Party but purely partisan pressure did not prompt the President's final word. We have never doubted that he would make "the great decision" solely in terms of his duty, as he sees it.

The Nation is glad that the President has decided to run again. We would much prefer Mr. Eisenhower as the Republican nominee to any of the other possible nominees who have been suggested. Little purpose would be served in itemizing the traits and qualities of the President which prompt this preference. For the most part they have been stated in these pages on other occasions. Suffice it to say here that the President is not only the strongest candidate the Republicans could select: he is the best.

It is, of course, unfortunate that the President's health has been impaired, but we still prefer him to some of the more robust Republican specimens. Nor is his health quite the limiting factor it has been described. The Presidency has become burdened with tasks, responsibilities and functions which should be reduced in scale in any case, if only to permit the incumbent to concentrate on high policy matters and to display the leadership that is, perhaps, the chief responsibility of the office. We have never been concerned, as some of the President's critics have been, because he likes to play golf or has been absent frequently from Washington for sizable periods. Any man in this office, no matter how robust, must step back from its daily routines and responsibilities and find time, as often as possible, for reflection and contemplation.

More disturbing than the question of Mr. Eisenhower's health is the fact that he has been compelled to make broad delegations of power in a highly informal manner. It is no answer to this problem to suggest that there is nothing new about it. The mere fact that the Presidential practice of delegating power informally has come into being over a period of time—and more by default than design—does not mean that it is proper or constitutional. It may be that Sherman Adams exercised much the same powers before the President's illness that he has since exercised; the question of how much power the President can delegate in this fashion, and what powers, cannot be determined on the basis of custom or practice.

In this instance it is quite possible — it has been reported as fact — that individuals who should see the President have not been able to secure appointments. If true, then over a period of time these same individuals will accept the practice as one of the facts of life and start making appointments directly with Mr. Adams or other assistants and advisors and the power of these individuals will grow accordingly. This is a problem which should concern everyone, but it is not one that can be easily remedied. Other Presidents, the robust as well as the physically handicapped, such as Franklin D. Roosevelt, have made broad and sweeping delegation of power to individuals who did not hold constitutional office. The practice stems as much, perhaps, from the nature of the office as it does from the fact, in the present instance, that the President's health has been impaired. In the last analysis there is no specific safeguard against the tendency of Presidents to delegate power unconstitutionally; it must be constantly resisted by a vigilant public, press and the nation's officials—executive, legislative and judicial.

MORE serious than the issue of the President's health or the growth of the so-called "regency" is the question of the Vice-Presidency. There would be reason for concern on this score, given the President's age, even if he had never suffered a heart attack. If credence is to be given to the informed impressions of the veteran political reporter Walter Davenport (*Collier's*, March 2, 1956), is it hard to find anyone in the country, Republican or Democrat, who believes that Richard Nixon measures up to the Presidency. From north to south, east to west, the comments Mr. Davenport jotted down in the course of nearly six hundred interviews in twenty-two states were uniformly the same: "Too young"; "Lacked stature"; "Just another opportunist"; "Didn't look the part"; "Just another slick politician."

The people's perceptions are accurate: the President just as naturally commands their confidence as Mr. Nixon does not. Only the professional Republican politicians are interested in Mr. Nixon and it is his skill and ruthlessness as a campaigner that they admire—not the quality of his character. The nation simply cannot afford the risk that Mr. Nixon should become President. Neither the Republican Party nor the President has a right to ask the people to accept this hazard. It would be grossly unfair to permit a subsidiary issue to become a dominant factor in influencing the American

people's decision in voting for the high office of President. The Vice-Presidency is always important and, as such, necessarily influences any intelligent voter's decision, but it should never be permitted to become as important as the Presidency itself.

ONE FINAL reservation should be noted. There is, we believe, an underlying explanation of the President's increased popularity. A great many Americans are troubled by the fact that the foreign-policy outlook of both parties, if closely examined, assumes the imminence of war. At the same time, the people see no alternative to the bipartisan outlook on foreign policy since neither party is, for example, advocating a policy of peaceful coexistence. Yet they shrink from the implications of the situation in which they find themselves; the people are, in brief, the captives of the logic of their current beliefs. They do not want war. Nor do they want anything to happen that might disturb their enjoyment of the boom which, as they sense, is based in part on the maintenance of a high level of armament expenditures. Their liking for the President has increased because they believe that, despite anything his advisors say or do, he is less likely than any other Republican nominee to commit the nation to a disastrous decision. This belief may be illogical or mystical but, it is understandable. It is also more than a bit disturbing.

The most significant single aspect of Mr. Davenport's remarkable report is his statement that, in the course of his lengthy cross-country trek interviewing all kinds of people, he could find "no issue meriting the 'na-

tional' tag,"—none, that is, as voters view the campaign. Civil rights could be an issue but it probably won't be. Other issues have bipartisan implications. Foreign policy, as the voters see it, and for reasons suggested here, is not an issue. It may well be, then, that we are faced with a campaign in which there will be no major national issues and in which the choice will be between two men, between Mr. Eisenhower's philosophy of progressive conservatism and, say, Mr. Stevenson's moderation-but-not-stagnation. This is not an exciting prospect. On the other hand, it is not terrifying either. It may well be that the nation needs what a great many Americans seem to want: to be let alone, to assimilate the tumultuous experience of the cold-war years, to mark time until a new leadership merges. Should it be the case that the nominees turn out to be Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Stevenson, as in 1952, then the nation can be grateful that both parties selected fine candidates.

IN THE meantime, *The Nation* continues to reserve independence of judgment, the better to examine issues, candidates and platforms with a critical eye. In the course of the campaign, we intend to compare the record of both parties, to examine the stand taken by the various candidates for the Democratic nomination, and to point up significant issues being ignored by both parties and all candidates. After the conventions, when both parties have selected their candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, we will indicate our preference and the reasons for it.

Capital Punishment: The Debate Continues

THAT THE ISSUE of capital punishment should suddenly have gripped the attention of the British public at a time when, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the United Kingdom has a sufficient store of nuclear explosives "to destroy every large city in the world, and probably most of the large towns as well," seems at first blush hard to explain. On an average, the death penalty claims only thirteen lives a year in Great Britain; a war fought with nuclear weapons would claim millions.

Yet Britain's current interest in the issue is quite logical. For one thing, capital punishment has been on the British conscience for many years—it has a peculiar history in British law—and a number of recent cases have focused attention on it in striking fashion. More important, the threat of nuclear warfare, far from detracting from the significance of capital punishment as an issue, actually enhances it. No doubt a majority of the British electorate would sanction, albeit with grave misgivings, the use of nuclear weapons to defend their freedoms. But one gains the impression that it is in part because a defense strategy has been accepted which is based on mass destruction that a section of the public is anxious to reaffirm its belief in the sacredness of human life. For the state to take human life, as a matter of

official policy, by a deliberate act, is to weaken the resolve of those who insist that the new weapons should be used only in defense of a civilized way of life. And the measure of the acceptance of a way of life is the people's attachment to its basic values. "Anything," writes Victor Gollancz in his fine recent pamphlet on capital punishment, "done officially in a democratic country is done in your name; because, unless you protest, it is as if you were doing it in your own person; and because a man who does something to another without facing what it is, has failed to learn the first rudiments of decent living."

But there is, of course, more to the British public's aroused protest over capital punishment than this suggests. A people's attitude toward the death penalty is one measure of its political rationality, of its ability to resist demagoguery. Fear and revenge are among the oldest and surest appeals of the demagogue. As Fred J. Cook points out in this issue (p. 194), the basic argument for capital punishment—that it is an effective deterrent to crime—is not supported by the evidence. Years ago *The Nation* pointed out that "a total of 288 murders in 279 days in Cook County would seem to indicate that as a deterrent capital punishment was somewhat lacking" (October 21, 1925). Yet the argu-

ment for capital punishment continues to persuade for the reason that it appeals to deep-seated emotions and fears. It has taken years of investigation and repeated demonstrations to develop a strong public opinion in Britain against it.

In Canada a committee of the Canadian House of Commons has been studying the question for several years but has not yet issued a report. An impatient Saskatchewan government recently requested that Ottawa relieve it of the responsibility for hanging any murderers who may be sentenced in Saskatchewan courts to suffer the death penalty.

In this country the movement to abolish the death penalty also has a long history. Among the early reasoned appeals against it were those of Benjamin Rush (1787), William Bradford (1793) and Edward Livingston (1821), with Michigan being the first state to abolish it (1847). In the reaction that came in the post-World War I period, four states that had abolished the death penalty re-enacted it. Actively supported by *The Nation*, a new national movement for abolition was launched in 1925 and, with some fluctuation in public interest and support, has continued since. It is significant that today the strongest opponents of the penalty are to be found among the officials who administer it. The long-term trend, in fact, appears to be against capital punishment as a matter of practice if not of formal abolition. Executions of sentences are commonly delayed and frequently set aside by pardons or commutations. The homicide rate is falling and with it the number of executions: from a recent high of 199 in 1935 to seventy-six in 1955.

But there is an appearance of regression in some states. For example, in California six crimes are currently punishable by the death penalty and it is now proposed to add a seventh: sabotaging an airliner. Representative Hillings, from California, has introduced a bill in Congress which would have the same effect on a national scale.

Although there is no accurate listing of capital offenses presently available, many crimes other than murder carry the death penalty (although not always mandatorily). Among them are kidnapping, with variations, in thirty-six jurisdictions; rape, in Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, District of Columbia, West Virginia; treason in twenty-five states; robbery of some types in seven states; lynching, in seven states; "extreme danger to life," such as bomb-throwing etc., in seven states; train-wrecking even without resultant death, in three states; burglary of some types, in four states; assault with intent to commit certain crimes, in many states; forcibly freeing a prisoner convicted of a capital offense, one state; and, strangely enough, desecration of a grave (Georgia) and castration (Georgia).

Many of these statutes, of course, are legal anachronisms. And even in California, which has been adding capital offenses to its statute books, the case of Caryl Chessman, the writer, and the execution last year of Gloria Graham have aroused widespread sentiment in favor of abolishing capital punishment. Not long after, a Los Angeles TV commentator, George Putnam, presented a series of programs on capital punishment with arguments for and against, at the conclusion of which his viewers were given a chance to register their opinions. "In the avalanche of letters that followed," wrote Charles Curtiss, "some 9,000 opposed capital punishment, while 6,000 favored it."

OVER A century ago, John Bright summed up the case against capital punishment about as well as anyone: "A deep reverence for human life is worth more than a thousand executions in the prevention of murder; and is, in fact, the great security of human life. The law of capital punishment, whilst pretending to support this reverence, does in fact tend to destroy it."

In the new and more urgent setting of today, with world attention riveted on the degree of the West's attachment to its basic values, including the reverence for human life, *The Nation* once again raises its voice in support of the movement to abolish capital punishment. The editors intend, moreover, to keep the issue in the foreground of public attention. In an early issue *The Nation* will carry a moving and dramatic account by Gene Marine, West Coast correspondent, of the Abbott case which has held the attention of a large audience in California for many months. Through the year, the magazine will return to the subject in one form or another and will endeavor at some point to make the series available to readers as a pamphlet.

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NASSER OF EGYPT

Africa's Aspiring Messiah . . by Egon Kaskeline

FORTUNE has smiled upon Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser, head of Egypt's military junta or—as it is more decorously called—the Revolutionary Command Council. Unusual luck but also high-power tactics have helped the young officer, who a short time ago was only an unknown lieutenant colonel, to succeed where more experienced political leaders had failed dismally.

"The Nasser regime," American Ambassador Jefferson Caffery has said, "has done more for Egypt in two years than all its predecessors put together did before them." The junta's record is indeed impressive. It succeeded in getting the British to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone, ending sixty-four years of foreign occupation of Egyptian soil. Nasser's arms agreement with the Czechoslovakians has forced the West to bid against the East for Cairo's favor and, at the same time, has opened new outlets for Egypt's surplus cotton. And finally, Nasser is, on his way to getting \$200,000,000, maybe more, from the World Bank for building dams which are destined to open new vistas for his country's economic future. Jordan's ousting of Glubb Pasha also redounds to Nasser's credit with the Arabs.

Nevertheless, there is an atmosphere of tension in Cairo. According to many foreign observers, those who have approached the Egyptian Premier lately feel that, despite his apparent optimism, he is a harassed man who knows that he is running against time. The mystic of the National Revolution seems to be wearing thinner and the opposition is mounting. An indication of this is Nasser's present project for the enactment of a censorship law.

The Premier's quarrel with the press is of long standing. Shortly after he seized power, Egypt's largest

newspaper, *Al Misr*, and all its subsidiary publications were confiscated and its owner prosecuted on charges of corruption. Today, all Egyptian publications are heavily censored on an unofficial basis. The government apparently wants to make press control part of the legal structure.

The fact is that Egypt's new leader has apparently not succeeded in grounding his regime on a large popular following. True, he was successful in curbing the old and deeply corrupted political parties, including the once all-powerful Wafd, which had fallen out of favor with the people. He also made short work of the extremist Moslem Brotherhood, an early ally of the National Revolution, and is keeping Egypt's Communists well under control. But the political vacuum left behind by these segments of the populace has not been filled. There is only one organized group supporting the Nasser regime; the Egyptian army. It is the army which installed the government and which could quickly destroy it. This is the major reason why it was so vitally important for Nasser to obtain arms—even at the expense of Western good-will.

"The army is the basic factor in Egyptian life," the Premier told C. L. Sulzberger of the N. Y. *Times* a few weeks ago. "Our revolution was stimulated in the army by a lack of equipment. If our officers feel that we still have no equipment, they will lose faith in the government."

According to many correspondents on the scene, Nasser has failed to reconcile either the old political party chiefs or the wealthy landowners, who fear that the government's program of social reform will eventually sweep away their privileges. He is also out of favor with Egypt's intellectuals, most of the university youth and their professors, who oppose the growing influence of the army and the resultant trend toward the militarization of Egyptian life.

But the Premier's failure to rally the millions of Egyptian farmers and

tenants behind his regime will probably count more in the long run than the grumbling of small though influential minorities. Nasser, himself of peasant origin, is well aware of Egypt's number one problem: the utter despondency and hopelessness of the Egyptian *jellaaheen*. His proclaimed goal is to end the rule of the big landowners and to liberate the peasants from the hands of usurers.

OF ALL the Arab countries, Egypt's social problems are the most desperate. Congestion marks all Egyptian life: in its largest city, Cairo more than 2,000,000 people live within eight square miles; the agricultural population in some of the Nile Delta areas runs almost 2,000 to the square mile. Three-fourths of the country's 22,000,000 inhabitants depend for their subsistence upon a green strip of earth, only eleven miles wide, bordering the Nile. During the period 1897-1952, Egypt's population grew by 118 per cent, its arable surface by only 18 per cent.

The distribution of land is more inequitable than anywhere else in the Middle East. Just before World War II, 12,232 large landowners held 2,168,514 feddans (feddan = 1.038 acres) of a total cultivated surface of 5,841,011 feddans. One hundred and eighty-eight people owned more than 400,000 acres of the best cotton land, while more than 2,000,000 peasants had to depend on less than one acre for their livelihood.

Nasser has promised sweeping reform. The most drastic step in this direction was the decree of September 9, 1952, limiting individual land holdings to 200 feddans, with an additional fifty feddans for each child (but the extra land not to exceed one hundred feddans). Compensation was to be paid in Egyptian government bonds redeemable in thirty years and bearing an annual interest of 3 per cent.

Has this reform become reality? During the two years following the decree, 656,139 feddans were ear-

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defendants maintained that a liberal interpretation of the Bible was permissible. They insisted that belief in the divinity of Christ could not hinge directly on proof or disproof of the Virgin birth. Mr. Crist argued that heaven and hell are not "geographical locations"; when the Bible mentions them, it is as "imagery" which has a deeper meaning than reward or punishment of the individual. No one has any proof, the pastor said, that Jesus Christ actually rose from the dead or that He ascended bodily into heaven: "Ascend means to go up. Where is up?" He suggested that the miracle of the loaves and the fishes (Matthew 14:15-21) could possibly be explained this way: "Perhaps Christ prevailed on those who had brought lunch to share it with those who had not."

After his trial, Mr. Crist said: "They asked me how I received the first three chapters of Genesis. I told them it was mostly poetry and that was that."

Mr. Wrigley contended that the charges proved the synod was "more concerned with proclaiming a fundamentalist, literalist interpretation of the Bible" than with "defining and proclaiming Christian faith." He added:

Neither the Scriptures nor the creeds nor the Lutheran confessions declares that "the historicity and actuality of the Virgin birth" is a matter of faith. The Biblical stories of Christ's birth are witnesses to the faith of the writers; that is, the stories could not have been either received or written down unless the writers already had the kind of faith that is expressed. . . .

Argued Mr. Gerberding: "The Lutheran church has no cut and dried manner for receiving the Scriptures. . . . The Bible is quoted by everyone from crackpots to Billy Graham and the Pope. Surely they do not all have the same idea."

The defendants maintained that there was a basis for their teachings in the expressed beliefs of many Christian leaders, including many Lutherans (especially seminary instructors). On this point Gerberding remarked after his trial: "When I quoted one eminent Lutheran theologian, it was suggested that if he were a member of the synod he, too, would be read out."

In its verdict in the Crist case, the trial jury charged the defendant had



... Abandoned the fundamental principles of Scripture interpretation which guided Martin Luther in the Reformation and which were adopted and applied by the formulators of the historic Lutheran confessions. . . . To deal with Scripture and the confessions as does the defendant makes him, in our judgment, an unreliable interpreter of the Written Word and an untrustworthy witness for the faith once delivered to God's people.

To Mr. Wrigley's claim that the Biblical writers sometimes used legendary elements to express their faith, the trial committee gave this answer: "Actually all the teachings of God's Word are so intimately interwoven with one another, that if one be denied, all the rest are likewise affected. . . . That is to say, one error produces another."

ONE RESULT of the trials has been an allegation that the issues have pointed up the need for a restatement by the ULCA of its theology. The Reverend Dr. Joseph Sittler of the Chicago Lutheran Theological seminary, a widely known professor and writer, commented on the Wrigley trial:

Among the published statements of Pastor Wrigley there are many things which I would have put differently—but—I have read nothing which indicates doctrinal deviation of a gravity to deserve the charge of heretical. . . . Pastor Wrigley's individual studies have seemed to me to be his honest effort to come to grips with the problem which is solved in many ways within the Lutheran family.

The Reverend William B. Downey, a prominent Lutheran clergyman in

Milwaukee, while insisting that it was in fact heresy to question the doctrine of the Virgin birth, declared that "in a real ~~way~~ I think it perhaps necessary for a genuine restatement of our theology." He added:

The fundamentalist is insistent that the Bible is true about whatever it refers to, and although admitting it is not a scientific handbook, yet he will insist upon the accuracy and correctness of those parts of the Bible which cover the same ground as science. Since these documents are held to be written under the direct and unique guidance of the Holy Spirit, they are alleged to be free from any error or discrepancy and to speak infallible truth on every matter with which they deal, non-religious as well as religious.

There are many in our church who reject this position of fundamentalism of an errorless book.

A leading Lutheran spokesman, Dr. G. Elson Ruff, editor of the ULCA's official magazine, *The Lutheran*, suggested that misunderstandings were at the root of the heresy trials. "The early Christians, like everyone else in their day, thought they were living in a three-story universe," he commented. This idea of the universe, he continued, is reflected in the Apostles' Creed. But "Many Christians today realize that in speaking of our Lord descending into hell and ascending into heaven, we are using picture language, intended to convey truth which is beyond human reasoning."

Reinhold Niebuhr, eminent Protestant theologian and professor at Union Theological Seminary, New York City, described the issues in the trials as "peripheral articles of the faith." He remarked that "if it rests upon scientific myths which can only be believed by those not sufficiently cultured to understand the world that modern science has unfolded, no thoughtful person can take the Christian faith seriously."

Doctrinal variations within the ULCA are possible because the 2,000,000-member church body—the largest Lutheran group in America—is a federation of thirty-two separate, autonomous synods organized mainly on geographical lines. What may happen in view of the heresy dispute is a matter of conjecture but one ULCA official has said: "Heresy may be a bigger issue in 1956 than it was in 1955."

American Poetry: 1956

By M. L. Rosenthal

AMERICAN poetry today, says Malcolm Cowley in *The Literary Situation*, "seems to be retreating." (This is almost the only thing he says about poetry in his book, apart from complaining of the "critical overestimation" of Eliot.) Only fools talk sense *all* the time, and so perhaps Mr. Cowley will forgive us for suggesting that what he says in this instance is not really sensible. Yet it is a common enough accusation. Often—as in articles by David Daiches and W. H. Auden in the first number of the *Anchor Review*—it is implied in allusions to a supposed tame conformity and a reliance on technical competence rather than on imaginative daring. Hence it is worth our aroused attention. "Which poets?" we may ask. And: "Retreat from what to what?"

Whether he likes it or not, anyone who claims we are in the midst of a poetic Caporetto has to talk about particular poets and poems—the whole range of them, in fact. For a start he would do well to consider the writers displayed in John Ciardi's *Mid-Century American Poets*, published six years ago. This anthology includes Richard Wilbur, Peter Viereck, Muriel Rukeyser, Theodore Roethke, Karl Shapiro, Winfield Scott, John Frederick Nims, E. L. Mayo, Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, John Holmes, Richard Eberhart, Elizabeth Bishop, Delmore Schwartz and Ciardi. To this list we should now have to add Louis O. Coxe, W. S. Merwin, Howard Nemerov and a number of other comers. Say that we omit the vigorous new writers as yet published only in magazines, and of course the unpublished but promising young poets known to many teachers and established literary figures. Still we must concern ourselves also with the older poets—Williams, Cummings, Greg-

ory and so on—whose work increaseth yet and begetteth good work all around them!

Now what does it mean to say these writers are in retreat? Presumably it means that, singly or *en masse*, they are surrendering the gains of the twenties and thirties. It is almost forty years since Pound wrote: "When a creative act occurs in America, 'no one' seems aware of what is occurring." Probably the observation is true of any country; at least, by now it is hardly more apt for us than for any of the European countries with which Pound meant to compare us. And yet, how apt it is, after all, when we consider the names in Ciardi and the others, and then remember the vague talk about Eliot and Pound and "obscurity" that still passes for discussion of "contemporary" poetry. Even more, Pound's observation suggests a further turn: When a creative act oc-

Cause and Effect

Am I the bullet,
or the target,
or the hand that holds the gun,
or the whisper in the brain
saying: Aim, Fire?

Is the bullet innocent
though it kill?
Must the target stand
unblinking and still?
Can one escape, or the other s.o.p.,
if it will?

Will the trigger-finger
obey through force?
If the hand reverse command,
can the pregnant gun
abort its curse?

The brain,
surely it can refrain,
unclench the gun,
break open the pod of murder,
let the target rise and run?

First the whisper must be caught,
before the shot,
the single wasp be burnt out,
before the nest, infested,
swarms to a multiple shout,
each sting a trigger pressed!

RAY SWENSON

curs and is, at last, noted, "no one" remembers just what it was that happened, or when.

It is true that the most powerful impulses in modern American poetry still derive from Pound, the later Yeats and Eliot, together with a few other important figures. But the real grounds of their influence are largely ignored. There is, for instance, an itch of alienation in them all, despite their "positive"—and genuinely affirmative—projections. It is not merely that one of them remains, when all is finally said, an unassimilated Celt, that another is transpatriated, and another quarantined. More to the point, they are all passionate cultural critics. They have all, from the standpoint of liberal, secular thought, taken absurd, and in at least one instance notorious, stands.

NEVERTHELESS their appeal has not been whimsical or perverse, is not negation for its own sake. It is because of them, in a way, that the Whitman of identification with the mass receives so little credence, while Whitman the sensuous responder and discoverer of his own separateness has received so much. If we do not know them we will understand Lawrence the less, and Hart Crane, and the revolutionary voyages of the thirties; the absorption with translation, the re-examinations of classical, Provencal and certain other traditions, the impact of French poetry will be less comprehensible. There is a continuity between the world of these guiding older figures and the assumptions upon which their juniors have operated: a common landscape of problematic values, a heightening of craftsmanship, a psychology of symbolic statement.

The "modern" sense of reality and of form has been shaping up for a long time. Those who participated in the breakthrough earlier in the century were in luck—there's little doubt of that. But those who followed haven't given up their wits and their spirit, let alone the assumptions of the poetic world they inherit. All that rich gaiety which informs the older poets—Williams dancing naked before his mirror celebrating the knowledge of his own

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isolation, Stevens making jokes about death, Eliot's loving ear and eye for the crudely comic—is not lost, nor is the absolute, unblinking candor behind it.

MOST of all, though this is hard to put succinctly, what is not lost is the cultivation of a special kind of subjective truth, not the same thing as what is generally called imagination; a way of looking at things so as to get out from under the illusions fostered by "normal" associations. Between Eliot's *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* and Nemerov's brilliant sequence *The Scales of the Eyes* there exists the continuity of this kind of cultivation. (In each, under the spell of an exacerbated sensibility, life's normal associations are distorted, dissolved in a kind of nightmare terror and re-grouped in the light of a tragic vision.) At certain times in the past various thresholds of "morbid-ity" have been crossed over so that the multiple meaning of experience might be further explored. The Romantics, Whitman, Yeats, Lawrence, looking right at death, prepare us for the direct attacks on the subject by, say, Eberhart and Lowell. The latter are not, simply by virtue of their advance into a certain kind of candor, poets of equal stature; judgment of that sort is a matter of total

energy and mastery. But they are heirs, moving in similar directions. In the younger writers generally, the naked exposure and exploitation of the subjective re-ordering of experience is no longer something to be fought for; it is there to be used. As a result they are faced with new questions of formal control, as a study of Schwartz, Rukeyser, Roethke and numerous others will show.

But it is not my purpose here to do much more than name the poets and suggest that they are real, that they go far beyond the merely correct competence recent comment has attributed to them and that they are no more in retreat than they are moving sideways or in spirals. They have an actual history, but the metaphor for it is not necessarily military or political. It would be easy and interesting to show all sorts of relationships between our poetry and the leading issues of the day. But the point is that the main directions are personalist, a development that follows from the widespread realization that poetry transforms the meaning of these issues as it brings them into the orbit of its concerns. New journeys more daring, it may be, than we had supposed are already under way, and we shall soon perceive their true bearings.

The Good Europeans

THE GOLDEN HORIZON. Edited with an Introduction by Cyril Connolly. University Books. \$6.

By Louis O. Coxé

INEVITABLY, one hopes for great things from such an anthology as this collection from the late and lamented *Horizon*. Distinguished literary magazines have been few in our day, and when *Horizon* expired in 1950, those of us who care about such things knew a black time. Somehow the names of many of the great of contemporary literature seemed to cluster about the name of the magazine; in retrospect one tended to class it with the *Dial*, the *Southern Review* and other magazines long

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since gone wherever these great ventures go when they die. All the more welcome, one thought, for this anthology.

But now I am disappointed. True, some of the great names are there, some vivid writing breathes again in the 596 pages, but I confess I felt sold. If, as Mr. Connolly warned me, the best-known prose was excluded because it was well known, I might have put it to him why he wanted to make an anthology of lesser work only, but apparently this criterion was not observed in the case of poetry. Let me say at once that such fiction as is reprinted here is mediocre, and with the exception of a poem by MacNeice and one by Dylan Thomas, not much can be said for the poetry. Auden shows up with some second-rate work, Spender with an acutely embarrassing eroticism, Dame Edith Sitwell with a sybilline utterance duly footnoted

for the vulgar and other more or less well-known poets have their various says—none of them remarkable.

Mr. Connolly calls one poetic section of the book a "Personal Anthology." It does not encourage a high opinion of his taste. A recent and cursory investigation of *Horizon's* volumes proves the magazine to have printed better work than one might have supposed, judging by this representation. I felt, at first, that perhaps I was wrong; perhaps the magazine was never as good as I had supposed, but I could not get round the realization that the big fault lay in Mr. Connolly's sensibility: i. e., it does not agree with mine.

MORE specifically, what seems to interest the editor most is what I might call cultural politics and literary gossip and recollections. We have reminiscences of Valery, Kafka, Tolstoy, Joyce, Woolf and others, including musicians and painters. There are various analyses of Europe at war, of the state of Vichy France, of Germany immediately following defeat. I found these accounts among the best in the book, both for style and matter. The gossip did not interest me and the notes on culture I found fairly dull when they were not rather dated; but the gruesome account of Belsen and many another in the large portion of the book devoted to the war have power and interest.

The last section of the book has some critical essays of worth, notably Mr. Quennell's and Mr. Geoffrey Wagner's; the latter, a study of Beddoes, seems to me of relatively lasting importance.

The final and abiding impression this reader took away with him was twofold: in the first place, one sensed the "Europeanness" of the volume, and in the second, one felt a humanness uncommon in the American literary periodicals of our time. In the first case, I found an interest on the part of Mr. Connolly and presumably on the part of *Horizon's* readers and contributors in all artistic matters wherever found; no chauvinism or provincialism narrows the scope. Good Europeans all, these *Horizon* folk, one feels, and if perhaps there is a touch of the infatuated Francophilia that seems to infect all sorts and conditions of men, from Mr. Connolly to Mr. Gil-

bert Miller, this is better than cultural jingo any day. As to the humanness, I can best characterize this negatively by remarking its absence in most American journals of the type. So leaden, so Freudian, so humorless and solemn. If the essays in

Horizon are not "great," they show urbanity, humanity and a civilized sense of the fact that a writer need not, as it were, seize one by the lapel and bethump one with words and ambiguities. For this we can be grateful.

The Power of China

THE SURE VICTORY. By Mme. Chiang Kai-shek. Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.

CHINA. New Age and New Outlook. By Ping-chia Kuo. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.75.

By O. Edmund Clubb

SINCE 1950, distempered controversy has swirled around "The China Question" in American politics. Some partisans have labored untiringly to establish it as an article of orthodox faith that "the loss of China" was due to no Nationalist shortcomings but came about through betrayal—even *American* betrayal. East Asia's appearance has been distorted, for Americans, by the fears and hatreds incidental upon this intramural vendetta. That circumstance is a national danger, which will be eliminated only when informed intelligence recovers control from zealotry. Of these two new books at hand—both by Chinese—one contributes substantially toward that end.

The thin volume by the wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was condensed by the *Reader's Digest* under the title "The Power of Prayer." The author projects her religious conviction into the arena of political strife. She half-lifts the veil from Chinese Communists posing as agrarian reformers, and from "fellow-travellers in the government and representatives of our former powerful allies," and intimates that the Nationalists suffered defeat in 1949 due to "smear tactics" and Machiavellian intrigues. The Christian forgiveness she extolls is obviously qualified by her final emphasis that "Christ was no appeaser. . . . He lashed out against 'Ye generation of vipers.' He took a whip in His hand

and used it against those who had defiled His Father's house."

Jesus took up the whip to scourge money-changers from the temple; and it was John the Baptist who addressed the Pharisees, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" To what money-changers, what wrath, what flight and what Pharisees, does Mme. Chiang now refer? She does not say. Presumably, those versed in their political scriptures would know without the telling.

DR. PING-CHIA KUO, a war-time counselor of the Nationalist Ministry of Foreign Affairs, calls for no political crusade. He begins by rejecting the "unconsidered premise that regards the ferment in China as incidental to the foreign policies of the Western nations." He seeks causes for that ferment in China itself. The 1911 Revolution had confronted the nation with the task of creating a new basis for government. China got on with the matter only when the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists in 1924 joined forces behind a revolutionary program based upon wide mass appeal. After their 1927 split, the Kuomintang lost contact with the awakening peasantry; the Communists, for their part, "took upon themselves the role of championing the much needed economic and social revolution." The two parties contended with each other over two bitter decades. Then, in the end, the village gentry and town merchants deserted Generalissimo Chiang's cause as had the peasants and intellectuals before them. How did it happen? "Mao's triumph over Chiang was due to the fact that he marched with the forces of revolution while Chiang marched against them."

Kuo finds that the political regime headed by Mao Tse-tung is effective, and probably durable. Looking at China in its political and economic aspects, he estimates that the nation

may in the future develop even greater strength than did Japan after the Meiji Restoration (1868). A vigorous new power raises itself up challengingly in Asia.

This all has major significance for the world's future, for China in 1950 allied itself to the Soviet Union. The author thinks that the Chinese Communists probably did not seriously consider cooperation with the West after winning power in 1949: hard facts of geography joined with ideological factors to cause Peking to "lean to one side"—the side of Moscow. Now comes the critical part of the book's argument. For, noting certain shifts in Peking's strategy after the Korean War, Kuo suggests that for reasons of self-interest China now apparently inclines toward greater independence of action in Asia. He states that "the key to undermining the Sino-Soviet alliance . . . is not direct pressure but the indirect method of economic assistance," and proposes that the West—and the United States in particular—make political and economic concessions to China with the aim of maneuvering it into a middle position between the U. S. S. R. and the United States.

But Kuo himself dashes cold water on the hope of the "neutralism" he evokes. He acknowledges that Moscow can be expected to adjust its relationship with China to meet changed circumstances as they arise. And there's the nub of the matter. There are in fact forces making, as Kuo suggests, for China's "independence" and the development of an Asian bloc. But the U. S. S. R., by discarding the narrow rigidity of "Stalinism," has skillfully moved to forestall separatist urges within the Communist camp. And the U. S. still blindly persists in its self-imposed task of building a Chinese Wall of guns and bombs around Asia for the "containment" of revolution—its fiery sentiments, contagious ideas and political forces. Entangled in the network of its own alliances, the U. S. lacks the freedom of action necessary for re-formulation of its Asia policy. The Sino-Soviet alliance still neatly serves both Soviet and Chinese ends. At this stage of its development, it is unlikely that China would renounce benefits in hand and promised for such political and economic goods as the U. S. might grudgingly con-

O. EDMUND CLUBB, a retired American Foreign Service officer, spent twenty years in Far Eastern posts.

cede. The fostering of an Asian bloc that would exclude the U. S. S. R. is more complicated than Kuo suggests.

The author advises that, in grappling with the problem posed by the new China, "the first approach of the Western powers should be to afford China the opportunity to work out her own destiny." This raises nostalgic memories. It is the American policy evolved by Secretary of State Hay in 1900 and maintained for the first half of the century. The present crucial issue before the U. S. is what policy shall govern its relations with China henceforth. Ostrichism clearly is not enough; nor is a primitive "anti-communism." But neither is the Open Door doctrine of a colonial age. For in Asia "the old order changeth, yielding place to new. . ."

If Dr. Kuo's prescription for future policies is challengeable, his general analysis of China's economic and social revolution is perceptive and enlightening. He puts that revolution in its proper setting—in Asia.

Books in Philosophy

JOURNEY THROUGH DREAD. A Study of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre. By Arland Ussher. Devin-Adair. \$3.75. These interesting reflections on three among the founding fathers of existentialist philosophy do not constitute a systematic exposition of their outlook, but convey forcefully the sense of their problems and predicaments. Mr. Ussher's philosophizing is charged with the spirit of poetry, full of insights and occasional sparkling epigrams and presents to the last fine shade the qualitative differences in the shuddering of its subjects.

BERGSONIAN PHILOSOPHY AND THOMISM. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by Mabelle L. Anderson in Collaboration with J. Gordon Anderson. Philosophical Library. \$6. A translation of Maritain's first work (1913) in which he argued spiritedly with Bergsonian vitalism and anti-intellectualism—which had freed him from "materialistic idols"—on behalf of an intellectualistic Thomism. To this are added Maritain's appreciative estimates of Bergson and a long introduction to the second edition. These are useful documents, both for the interplay of ideas and aspirations in the early twentieth century and for Maritain's development—how he is led to the conclusion: "the best a philosopher can do is to humble philosophy before the wisdom of the saints."

REASON AND EXISTENZ. By Karl Jaspers. Translated from the German by William Earle. Noonday. \$3.50. The leading features of existentialist thinking are surveyed by one of its major contemporary spokesmen. Although technical in expression and reference, the book does convey successfully the fundamental existentialist conception of philosophical activity as primarily

an alteration of our consciousness of being and our inner attitudes. It also shows Jaspers' own attempt to hold together philosophical opposites in the tension of a religious consciousness which refuses to lapse either into revealed religion or a scientific materialism, achieving "authenticity" by a constant orientation to "transcendence."

ABRAHAM EDEL

LETTER FROM ITALY

William Weaver

DURING the past week or so, there have been two main topics of conversation in Rome. One of them is the snow: four times in ten days Romans woke up to see palm trees blanketed white. The younger inhabitants of the city had never seen such a sight before, and even some of the older citizens were completely carried away by the beautiful, unheard-of spectacle of baroque facades with snow-filled crevices and Bernini statues wearing capes of snow. Grown people joined in hysterical snowball battles in the middle of the street; and children, who had never seen snowmen, learned how to make them, using ilex leaves to make slanting green eyes.

The other big event recently was less frivolous, but no less sensational. Though it concerns things that happened twenty-five or thirty years ago, it is still news. Recently a minor publisher (Feltrinelli) brought out a little volume called *Una spia del regime* (A Spy of the Regime), edited by a distinguished liberal economist, Professor Ernesto Rossi. The regime referred to in the title is, of course, fascism; and the spy is a man named Carlo Del Re, who is currently a member of the Roman bar and has been practicing law here for the past two years without any difficulties.

Except for Rossi's brief introduction and some explanatory notes, the book is simply a collection of documents from the files of the Italian police, which Rossi (who was an under-secretary in the Parri government) managed to photograph, as he explains, "during the great confusion of the immediate post-war period." The first of these documents is a letter to Mussolini from his chief of police, dated September 27, 1930.

It explains how Del Re, who had been a Fascist before 1922 and had then become an anti-Fascist, was willing to sell out his anti-Fascist comrades. His motive was a simple one: money. He had embezzled the equivalent of \$20,000 and the accounting was about due. He made his deal. The letter ends with an annotation: yes, and the initial M, for Mussolini.



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Until then Del Re had been, his former colleagues still believe, a convinced anti-Fascist; now he became an equally ardent *agent provocateur*. No mission was too daring for him, it seemed; and no sooner was it accomplished than he sent a complete report to his new bosses, who in turn arranged his legal and financial difficulties. The documents of Del Re's file, despite their occasionally bureaucratic language and the confusion of unfamiliar names (doubly unfamiliar to a non-Italian reader, who was barely of school age when the events took place), read like a novel—a novel of a fascinating, Dostoevskian character. Only a Russian novelist would have had the nerve to invent a man like Del Re, who is, as he half admits, a “graphomaniac,” who writes long, rambling memoranda, and when his *coup* is made and the anti-Fascist leaders (including Professor Rossi) are jailed, doesn't hesitate to blackmail his employers. When one of Del Re's victims—the thirty-year-old chemist Ceva—commits suicide in prison, Del Re takes advantage of this as a pretext to extort more money from the police, at the same time—in true, Italian-tenor fashion—constantly making pathetic references to Mamma. A few days after his second marriage—when he was evidently short of anti-Fascists to incriminate—he sent the police a report on his mother-in-law and his wife's brother (the N. Y. *Times* correspondent Camillo Cianfarra).

The last document in the book is a letter from the Gestapo chief in Italy, Herbert Kappler, trusted friend of Himmler. The letter closes: “. . . at the moment he (Del Re) is working for the German Security Police as an informer, so he is, after all, working for the common cause. . . .” It is a perfect, even artistic conclusion to the story of Del Re's activities.

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

April 14

Graham Greene
(including *The Quiet American*)
by Walter Allen

Postwar German Novels
by Kay Boyle

The surprising thing is not that Del Re existed (in a corrupted country like Fascist Italy, it is surprising that there were not more of him), but that he has gone unpunished, that he should still be free and living in the same city with some of his prominent victims, one of whom (Socialist Senator Emilio Lussu) pointed out this anomalous situation to the Senate last week.

ROSSI (who spent nearly fourteen years in jail or confinement thanks to Del Re's work) is only one of Italy's eminent anti-Fascist writers who are now making valuable contributions towards the definitive history of those black years of Italy's life which, at the same time, produced a group of heroic figures like the Rosselli brothers (killed in France by Mussolini's agents) and like Umberto Ceva, the chemist mentioned above, who, rather than betray a comrade (by a terrible irony, he was none other than the spy, Del Re), committed suicide. Ceva's story is told by his sister Bianca, a former member of the Resistance, in another recent book, *1930—Retrospectiva di un dramma* (1930—*The Background of a Drama*), which gives the other,

tragic side of the story bluntly outlined in Del Re's file.

Still another recent book, edited by Rossi, along with Gaetano Salvemini and the prominent Florentine lawyer Piero Calamandrei, is called *Non mollare* (*Don't give in*), the title of an underground newspaper published in Florence in 1925. In the issues of the paper, here reproduced, and in the editors' introductions, one gets a fascinating, day-by-day account of fascism's early years, and of the gradual formation of the anti-Fascist movement which, five years later, Del Re's activity did so much to impair.

These are books that will probably never be translated into English (to make them intelligible to a foreign reader would require reams of footnotes), and yet they bear mentioning abroad. They are a sign that in Italy's present political apathy—when former Fascists can sit in Parliament and make public apologies of the regime—the same men who bore the right standards thirty years ago are still active, an impressive example for the generation now growing up, who can learn only from books about the fateful years from 1922 to the landing at Salerno.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THOUGH *The Ponder Heart* by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, from a story by Eudora Welty (*Music Box*) is not a completely satisfying play, it is frequently entertaining. Its characters have a certain picturesqueness or at any rate a sufficient difference from the people we usually encounter on our stage to make them appear quaintly original. As we laugh and gape with amused curiosity, our minds begin to wonder and to query.

The material resembles Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell viewed as farce. But the balance between the tragically grotesque and the amiably laughable is difficult to maintain for the full length of a play. In *Tobacco Road* when the boy bit by bit wrecks the new car he has just acquired we are convulsed with horror and hilarity at the same time. The attempt to eliminate the queasiness inherent in *The Ponder Heart* is less suc-

cessful: we are not entirely convinced, we are in fact somewhat troubled. We do not know what the authors mean, what they want to make us feel.

Is Mr. Ponder a pure fool of innocent benevolence, a saintly simpleton in a sorry world or is he in middle age a retarded adolescent, a freak of nature? He marries a pathetic, almost cretinous child in whom he perceives nothing but brightness of mind as well as loveliness of person. He marries her without any apparent desire for her, as a little boy might treasure a stray cat. There is something funny in this, but we are strange people ourselves if we do not see that there is also something distinctly unpleasant—that the situation is symptomatic of an environment which is not necessarily idyllic or charming.

What the authors have done is to look the other way: toward some-

The NATION

thing which has a bit of Mark Twain in it but much more of the vaudeville of rural comics sprayed with sentiment. Up to a point this works. We then become restive. There is more commerce than creation in the synthesis. A comment, a point of view, is evaded, the gag prevails.

The production is ably staged and well cast in line with the pattern I have indicated. David Wayne is facile and theatrically winning but he is not really a character: the points are made as neatly as possible, but they seem to emerge from stagecraft rather than from any source of life. Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Ruth Hall, Talbott Holland, John Marriott are particularly effective.

STRINDBERG'S *Miss Julie* is not an easy play to understand, to stage or to write about. That it is a landmark in European drama and a work of undeniable power and superb craftsmanship makes it worth the hazard of production by such an organization as The Phoenix.

The difficulty and fascination of the play reside in a complexity of which the author was thoroughly aware, a complexity arising from the contradictory drives and preoccupations within the dramatist himself—a man of genius in whom there raged, without ultimate resolution—all the psychological, social, intellectual battles of the late nineteenth century. Strindberg was an ardent romantic poisoned by the prick of rationalism, a traditionalist whose rebellious mind could not abide the answers tradition gave, a misogynist who mistrusted men, a revolutionist with autocratic impulses, a man of many marriages who was possibly homosexual. His plays are thus dense with explosive material and not readily assimilable. The realist Strindberg wrote the first and most enduring expressionistic plays; this sick man had the energy and creative force to produce more than fifty plays, sixteen novels, seven autobiographies and nine other works—and he is still a stranger to us.

In *Miss Julie* the web of complexity is drawn from two separate strands: the deep need of the young countess—whose mother, a rabid feminist, taught her daughter contempt of men—to satisfy her sexual cravings which she experiences as a form of abasement, and the conflict of classes in a still strongly stratified

society. In the play, the aristocracy is corrupt and the cowed working class is stricken with a venomous sense of inferiority. The girl wants to be loved but she also wants to be dominated. She begs to be mastered, but she finds reason in her man's vulgarity and base origin to revile him. She no longer has the support of any religious faith but she desperately needs something to believe in, to cling to. She must destroy herself, but her valet lover, with his craven fear and envy of his master, will undoubtedly escape, and by virtue of materialistic shrewdness will find prosperity.

The play is no mere woman-hating melodrama. Strindberg embodies himself more in *Miss Julie* than in her lover. There is no question here of "sympathy." The play is a dramatization of the author's inner life in which his turbulent subjective emotions are objectified by his ferociously realistic mind in acutely observed figures from the society of his

day. The play—written in 1888—is psychoanalysis and sociology—lucid nightmare and impassioned treatise. It is a horrendous masterpiece.

We should not be too severe if the production fails of a commensurate impact. I have suggested how formidable are its problems. As director George Tabori's touch is too delicate, as actress beautiful Viveca Lindfors' approach too soft, too perfumed-poetic. Miss Lindfors must learn to consider the structure, muscle, bones or plain facts of her parts and to concern herself less with their esthetic aura. For example, though Miss Julie is an aristocrat, she has about her a definite coarseness: she was vindictively brought up as a boy. The performance of such a play needs to be more rugose, even rank. It has to have either a relentless hardness (as in the case of the excellent Swedish picture version) or an ecstatic violence. A nice intelligence and a genteel sensibility are not enough.

Music

B. H. Haggin

AFTER a recent Metropolitan performance of Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov* it seems to me that one must say of this work—and indeed of his entire output—what Tovey said of Schubert. Tovey warned against regarding Schubert's weaknesses and inequalities as evidence of his being an artist of less than the highest rank: "Even if the artist produces no single work without flaws, yet the highest qualities attained in important parts of a great work are as indestructible by weaknesses elsewhere as if the weaknesses were the accidents of physical ruin." And I contend that it doesn't matter, in *Boris*, that much of the scene in Pimen's cell is boring, or that much of the scene in Marina's garden is tawdry: they don't alter the quality of what is heard in the two scenes of the Prologue, the scene in Boris' apartment, and above all the three scenes of the last act. Here one is moved not only by the moment-to-moment invention as such, but by its demonstration of extraordinary powers operating with an incandescent adequacy for every dramatic point they are called on to deal with. They are

the powers which, for example, transform the brutal four-note ostinato figure accompanying the bailiff's entrance in the first scene into the lamenting ostinato figure of the introduction to the St. Basil's scene, and which then give us the Simpleton's song and the chorus' plea for alms. And I believe that if we had

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only this scene to judge by, or only the scene of Boris' death, or only the final scene in the forest of Kromy, we would have to say the man who produced it was a great master.

I speak of these scenes as written by Musorgsky himself, which one now hears at the Metropolitan in place of the ubiquitous Rimsky-Korsakov revisions. And I must add that at the Metropolitan they triumph over various handicaps. One's hearing of the music is disturbed much of the time by John Gutman's pedestrian and awkward English words, which it would be better not to understand; and by the confusion and obscurity that Dino Yannopoulos produces with his manipulation of large groups. With Mitropoulos conducting in place of Stiedry one hears more finished playing by the orchestra and complete shaping of the music; but in the performance I attended the principals and chorus were too frequently out of step with the orchestra. One reason for this may have been the interval of two weeks since the previous performance; but I suspect that another was Mitropoulos' slowing up to fuss over details in an unpredictable way that was difficult for the singers to follow, even though they kept their eyes on him to a degree which hampered their movements. This must have created especial difficulty for George London, who was appearing in the title role for the first time this season, and may account for the lessened dramatic effectiveness of his performance—though it doesn't account for the lessened beauty of his singing.

When I say Musorgsky's music triumphs over the handicaps of the Metropolitan's production I have in mind the fact that on the night I was there it drew a capacity audience which continued to applaud after the St. Basil's scene until Paul Franke came out to take a bow for his performance of the Simpleton, and most of which stayed until the end. This was almost at midnight; and the Metropolitan achieved that only by making a number of cuts in what I think are the wrong places: the opening scene, the Duma scene, the Kromy scene. I suggest instead, cutting, or even omitting entirely, the inferior Polish scenes—which would enable the Metropolitan to present the rest uncut and finish an hour earlier.

THE NEWEST recorded performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Cetra-Capitol 1253, has several impressive assets: the singing of Taddei in the title role, of Tajo as Leporello (except for his hamming of the second part of the Catalogue Aria), of Zerbini as the Commandant, of Valletti as Don Ottavio; and the conducting of Max Rudolph. But he conducts the undistinguished Radio Turin Orchestra; and the other singers are Maria Curtis Verna, an unimpressive but not unacceptable Donna Anna until she comes to the florid passages of *Non mi dir*, which she cannot sing accurately; Elda Ribetti, a Zerlina without charm; Vito Susca, a rough-voiced Masetto; and Carla Gavazzi, whose tremulous and strangled yelping blights not only Donna Elvira's arias but the great ensembles.

THE performance of *The Abduction from the Seraglio* recently issued on Decca DX-133 and the older performance on London records—the one conducted by Fricsay, the other by Krips—are both superb, and each has points of superiority over the

other; which makes choice between them difficult. Wilma Lipp, the London Constanze, delivers the florid passages of *Ach, ich liebte* and *Martern aller Arten* with a degree more of security and vocal beauty than Maria Stader; and one is aware occasionally of London's Vienna Philharmonic being a finer orchestra than the RIAS Symphony. On the other hand, Josef Greindl, the Decca Osmin, has a more richly sonorous bass voice than Endre Koreh and uses it with more dramatic effect; the leaner tenor voice of Ernst Haefliger, the Decca Belmonte, lends itself to more refined and subtle phrasing than Walter Ludwig's; the singing of Rita Streich, the Decca Blonde, is even lovelier than Emmy Loose's; and Decca's RIAS symphony is heard in better balance with the singers than the Vienna Philharmonic. Under these circumstances the decisive factor for me is the fact that London omits the middle section of Constanze's *Mir ward Traurigkeit zum Loose* whereas Decca gives the aria in its entirety—and this although London uses three records and Decca only two.

Films

Robert Hatch

THE MORE I see of Shakespeare on the screen, the more I think the screen is not the place for him. The arguments for filming his plays are evident. Aside from the authority of his name and the graphic simplicity of his great themes, his plays flow with an unbroken and rising momentum that would seem to translate well into the sight stream provided by the camera. But in practice it does not work so.

The continuity of Shakespeare is verbal—in the poetry. The staged scenes are elliptical and fragmentary; they are crammed with hazard and action, but words, not deeds, carry the drama forward and the real purpose of the scenes is to personify and italicize the unbroken pageant of the verse.

The motion picture, though it speaks, cannot be used successfully as a background for speech. It cannot stand in respectful support of a drama that moves forward without need of its special abilities. If you

try to use a camera so, it begins to stutter hysterically like a propeller out of water, jumping about nervously and for no dramatic purpose, resorting to intrusive trickery in an attempt to employ itself. A stage is passive—good space waiting to be filled. But a camera is a participant—selecting, arranging, juxtaposing in time and space, injecting its own comment by what it lingers on or passes over in a glance. It communicates through an ordered kaleidoscope of snapshots; that is an excellent narrative method but it is not Shakespeare's.

A director could, of course, photograph the replica of a stage production, holding rigidly to some satisfactory interpretation of one of the great plays. That might be a valuable service, like good reproductions of great paintings, but it would not earn any artistic comment as a movie, and few directors care to be so modestly useful.

Or he could take one of the themes

—as Shakespeare himself took them— and construct a movie on it entirely in terms of the screen. It might work well, and the screen needs such great topics for its great technique. But the picture could not be called Shakespeare.

What directors in fact do is straddle the alternatives; preserving as much as possible of the text and the "moments," but recasting the narrative, filling in the visual ellipses, adding transition scenes and throwing the narrative burden on sight, allowing the verse to "explain" what we see. Shakespeare is a miserably inefficient caption writer; he stops a camera in its tracks. What happens is most strikingly illustrated by the soliloquies. The camera cannot tolerate a man who stands and talks to himself; it is not even well served by one who paces with measured tread, which is the way men pace when they muse. So the screen soliloquy is habitually orated by a performer who unaccountably chooses to discourse with his soul while performing a dazzling series of mimic rushes, pirouettes, leaps and curvettes in a large empty room. It never looks serious.

This doubling up and piecing out of the narrative slows the action. The film adaptations of Shakespeare have a leaden quality, however brisk the staging and direction and however severe the pruning. The verse gets in the way of the action and the action renders the verse superfluous. The timing goes so awry that climaxes misfire and behavior loses plausibility. It is not good theatre nor good motion picture and no one watching it could guess that Shakespeare was the greatest poet and dramatist of our language.

Lawrence Olivier's *Richard III* is a respectable attempt at this sort of compromise. Except for the color—that is not respectable and all the faces, young and old, male and female, kind or malevolent, look like masks of faded purple suede.

It begins with the coronation of Edward IV, some ten minutes being devoted to pomp and parade before we come to "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York." Olivier delivers this speech spinning, as noted above, and with an echo box added to suggest menace. The film script supplies Mistress Shore in the flesh, played with mute insinuation

by Pamela Brown. It adds the murder of the princes in the Tower, but eliminates the colloquy between Clarence and his assassins and the sickening repentance of the second murderer. It reduces the role of the great and terrible Queen Margaret to a cipher, omits the shocking scene of the three queens in lamentation and rage. It breaks Richard's grotesque wooing of Lady Anne into two sections, inserting between them the encounter of Richard with Clarence under arrest. Finally, though by no means lastly, it has Richard die at Bosworth Field by the sword of Stanley, Henry Tudor being otherwise engaged. And it cuts the new king's final speech. Shakespeare's interest in the thread of royal succession may no longer interest us and we may not care, as he had to care, that Elizabeth was a Tudor, but the design of the play does not complete itself in this new ending.

For the most part, I do not see why Olivier edited the text as he did, but he is an honorable man of the theatre and I shall suppose that he had good reason for what he did. Perhaps, for example, he thought the seduction of Anne would appear less outrageous if a little time were allowed to intervene half way through the process. In fact, it is even less tolerable, for now we must suppose that a measurable space for reflection could not show her the black disloyalty and misery into which female weakness was leading her. I do not protest the changes on the ground that Shakespeare is sacred writ, but they sadden me because in every instance the new invention is a poorer device than the original situation, and yet out of the great play they do not fashion a movie that can claim any lasting importance in its own medium.

Olivier's *Richard* is colloquial, shrewd and vivid. It is a rascal villainy, though, with no royal scope to it. I thought of Iago and could not believe the torment of the dreams on the eve of battle. Men like Iago and this ambitious clerk of a Richard do not dream. Gielgud as Clarence was pale and sweet as a nun, Richardson as Burlingham was solemn as a Victorian lawyer. Norman Wooland, playing Catesby, was perhaps best in the cast: a memorable impersonation of the efficient, amoral, personally amiable lieutenant of crime. Unfortunately, it is

always proof that the main vision has failed when a minor character makes the most vivid impression.

THE NEW Alec Guinness picture, *The Ladykillers*, is one of the now-familiar japes: a concoction of improbable plot, hilarious narrative dexterity and make-up so elaborate that it becomes an end in itself. It is a good deal broader than either *The Lavender Hill Mob* or *The Man in the White Suit*; goes in more for belly laughs, less for satire. But it is also better sustained than *The Captain's Paradise*. Guinness' interpretation of the "professor of crime," who rules his mentally restricted henchmen by lightning cerebration and an under-threat of terror, is a competent addition to his gallery of eccentrics. Katie Johnson, playing an idiotically prim and unsuspecting "front" for the gang, is one of the best foils Guinness has had.

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Letters

On Heinrich Heine

Dear Sirs: Mina Curtiss, in her illuminating article on the poet Heine in your February 11 issue, leads the reader to believe that the dying Heine actually made the flippant remark that God would forgive him because that was his "business." There are two versions of this highly apocryphal anecdote. Heine's Boswell, the imaginative writer Alfred Meissner, claims that the words were addressed to a friend who had rushed in to ask the sinner whether he had made peace with God. According to another source—Frederic Baudry, as reported in the Journals of the brothers Goncourt—Heine thus consoled his wife who was at his bedside praying to God that he would forgive her husband ("N'en doute pas, ma chère, il me pardonnera. . .") Two versions is more than one too many and throws doubt upon the authenticity of both. It is probably an invention of those who wanted Heine to appear "heroic" to the very end. A similar dictum, incidentally, has been attributed to Voltaire.

Heine himself did not share Mrs. Curtiss' opinion of Gerard de Nerval's translations as "superb"—he called the French renderings of his poetry "moonbeams packed in straw." Miss Curtiss is correct in stating that the first edition of *Buch der Leider* did not sell out for ten years. But in 1837, with a changing taste, it became a best-seller, and by Heine's death in 1856 no fewer than thirteen large editions had been sold. The book continued to sell extremely well until 1933.

ALFRED WERNER

New York, N. Y.

Orchids for Cort

Dear Sirs: My congratulations on the fine savage piece about Mr. Luce in your February 18 issue. It occurs to me that Mr. Cort is out of his mind if he doesn't expand the piece into a book.

COREY FORD

Hanover, N. H.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Mr. Cort's beautiful job in your February 18 issue. Such gracious prose, seldom seen these days, itself constitutes a capital accusation of Time and Life's nauseating drivel. Mr. Cort's writing is full of insight, he sinks his shiny blade in lovely spots. Perhaps he does not drive it in far enough. I missed reference to what must be the fascinating story of Mr. Luce's financial ten-

dencies and dependencies. That might reveal another Frankenstein.

IRVING IGNATIN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Plaudits for giving us David Cort's superlative essay in the February 11 issue on the grave and urgent problem of conserving our nation's dwindling water resources. Not only does everything he says make irrefutable sense but, in addition, he espouses his cause more succinctly and, at the same time, provocatively than any author I have read for a long, long time. By all means, let's not have heard the last from this level-headed patriot.

DAVID PATEK

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: David Cort's *Tragedy Writ in Water* is one of the most beautiful things I have read in a long time. I am writing to the Columbia Broadcasting System to urge them to make a TV documentary based on his article.

Articles like Cort's fortify my feeling that *The Nation* is the best-written, best-edited magazine in America.

HERBERT ORRELL

Albertson, N. Y.

Secrecy is the Weapon

[On January 28 *The Nation* summarized already widely-published proof that the Bikini bomb of March, 1954, was not an H-bomb but the more deadly U-bomb. A copy was sent to the chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, with a request for comment. His reply follows.]

Dear Sirs: I am obliged for your telegram of January 25, receipt of which was acknowledged by my office on January 26 during my absence.

In the interest of national security and in conformity with the statute, I cannot comment on the composition of weapons.

LEWIS L. STRAUSS

Washington, D. C.

Work Camp

Dear Sirs: Service Civil International was formed after the first World War to organize international teams to share manual work in repairing the devastation of war. Today there are S. C. I. branches in nine countries of Europe, as well as in Algeria and India. Recent work projects include building a school in Calabria, Italy; repairing avalanche damage in Austria; clearing up flood damages in Holland. People of all nations, races and beliefs

share in the tasks of the work camp. Volunteers receive food and shelter (no pay) and do eight hours of manual work each day. Work campers also take part in community activities as well as holding camp discussions and entertainments.

The first S. C. I. workers camp in the United States will be held from March 30 to April at Planner House, Indianapolis, Indiana. We will be helping to construct homes in a Negro self-help building project designed to eliminate slum conditions. Details about this work camp are available to anyone with a real interest.

ROBERT AND ANN STOWELL
Cabot, Vt.

Civil Liberties Docket

Dear Sirs: A long-felt need has at last been met by the Civil Liberties Docket, which is published by the National Lawyers Guild of 40 Exchange Place, New York 5, N. Y. Well indexed and complete, this is a cumulative table of cases which cannot help but keep lawyers and other interested persons informed of the current status of legal proceedings throughout the country in which constitutional liberties are involved. It is published five times a year from October to June and is a necessary tool in the library of everyone interested in civil liberties. Those of your readers who have an active interest in this area will surely want to send for a sample copy.

PHILIP WITTENBERG

New York, N. Y.

Peace Pamphlet

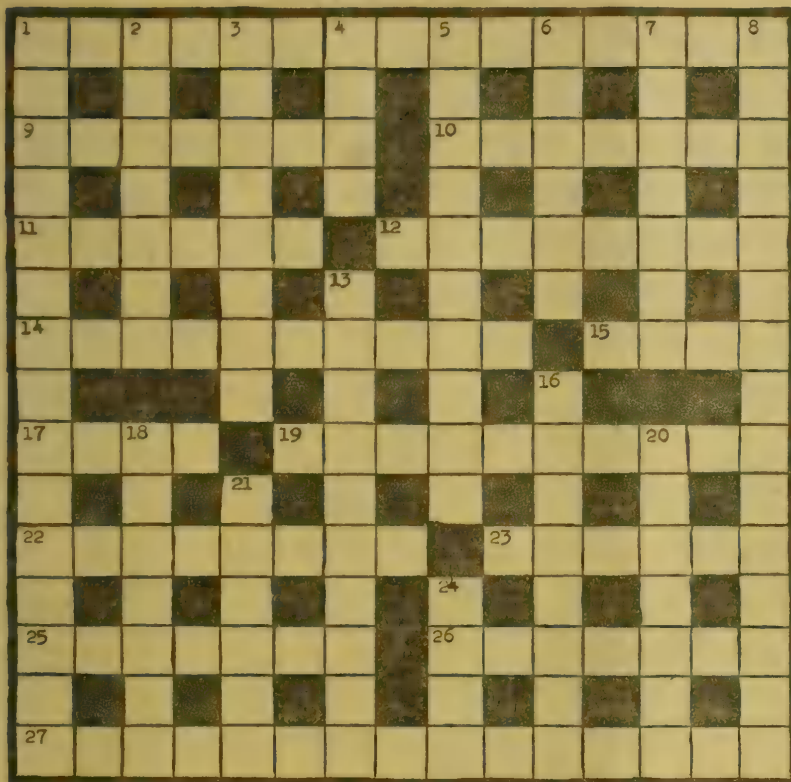
Dear Sirs: American press insistence upon the "failure of Geneva" has unquestionably proved a setback to the cause of peace. Journalistic misinterpretation of the foreign ministers' October conference has dimmed the hopes of well-disposed but poorly informed citizens and has intensified the cold war. The case for swollen military budgets and the continuance of the arms race has been strengthened.

The Peace Committee of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles decided to launch a corrective—a nickel pamphlet which could be circulated locally and throughout the nation. It is a brief but eloquent plea for continuing negotiations among the Big Four and in the United Nations, and for an unyielding try for a people's peace. It is entitled "Geneva and Peace, an Unfinished Drama."

REUBEN W. BOROUGH, Chairman
4202 Latona Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Crossword Puzzle No. 662

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Implying an Eton-Harrow stand-off? (3,3,6,3.)
- 9 Foreign grasses are confused with 17. (7)
- 10 Obviously a tale of reckoning. (7)
- 11 Not necessarily one for the G string. (6)
- 12 Impassiveness. (8)
- 14 I never got a more unusual stuff! (10)
- 15 Lardner was famous for "You know this!" (Some ground for it, too.) (4)
- 17 The best form of 24? (4)
- 19 Fix up 14 about it, without over correcting. (10)
- 22 You see with these, they might imply 'orses necks! (8)
- 23 Every lexicon or dictionary contains it. (6)
- 25 It's hard to find a barrier when meeting a social creature. (7)
- 26 "I have had my labour for my -----" (Troilus and Cressida) (7)
- 27 Sometimes matched by a sterling sense of tact? (6,9)

DOWN

- 1 Not necessarily a national song. (3,3,2,3,4)
- 2 In the interest of one side only. (2, 5)
- 3 Nary a sort of it in broken legs, but their lack is rather dumbfounding. (8)

- 4 A likely place for 17, in a way. (4)
- 5 Even listening to about half the score isn't discouraging. (10)
- 6 Given when one praised a person, alternatively scolded. (6)
- 7 Equivalent to T. Roosevelt's favorite enthusiastic interjection? (Concerning part of April and May, too.) (7)
- 8 Buggy? In somewhat such manner, though men, too, reasonably conclude it. (15)
- 13 Must it lead to getting all worked up? (10)
- 16 The place that made father take his leave more than once. (4,4)
- 18 More than one writer predicted the truth shall. (7)
- 20 Help to get it up in an extremely awkward state. (7)
- 21 Mother will take to a novel by Zola sooner or later. (6)
- 24 Bar made from 17. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 661

ACROSS: 10 AMBIENT; 11 FRANCES; 12 MILLIONS; 13 GORGE; 15 ANKLE; 17 INITIATED; 19 TAILLIGHT; 21 GAMIN; 23 CROUP; 24 HOODWINK; 27 PEEPING; 28 ELECTOR; 29 EYES; 30 and 1 across AND THEREBY HANGS A TALE. DOWN: 1 and 6 HEATHENS; 2 NIELICK; 3 and 26 STEEL GRAY; 4 TATTOOING; 5 LIFTS; 7 EXCERPT; 8 SUSPENDING; 9 and 14 DANGLING PARTICIPLE; 16 ELLIPSIS; 18 INTROVERT; 20 IMOGENE; 22 MANATEE; 24 HOGAN; 25 WHERE.

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THE *Nation*

BURLINGAME
MARCH 17, 1956

20c

Report From Israel

Guns of Galilee

by Dan Wakefield

TV and the '56 Campaign

by C. A. Siepmann

Truman's Memoirs: A Cold-War Analysis

by George Dangerfield

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by EDWIN A. GROSS



The Brokers Liked Ike

San Francisco

"BOY, if Ike doesn't run now I'm gonna be a Democrat," says one investor.

"If he doesn't run he doesn't get my vote," declares another customer, more waggishly.

It is 7 A. M. on February 29 in a brokerage office in a swank suburban college town in the San Francisco Bay area. It is the day President Eisenhower will reveal whether he will accept renomination. Normally only one or two employees would be on hand. This morning to catch the opening of the New York Stock Exchange (it is 10 A. M. in the East) there are already eight men facing the blackboard in front of the room. Their eyes are on the magnified projection of the moving ticker tape. Two employees are hurriedly chalking quotations on the board.

An uncommon tension is in the air. Conversation seems a bit freer than usual and a little louder. At 7:14 A. M. one of the firm's most active stock-market traders, well-tailored, well-barbered and bow-tied, strides in. "By jingo," a broker calls, "you're up early."

"By jingo," says Active Trader, "for me I really am. Didn't go to bed till midnight. Tape late?"

"Yep. Has been several times."

"Well, I think that's to be expected. Put in for 300 You-Know-What at market, limit to one-half. Better still, put it in till tomorrow. I think that'll do it. It'll be a hectic day, today." Sinking into a cushioned chair, he reacts to the tape. "Eastern Air Lines 49½. My goodness!"

The tension grows. Only two more minutes and Eisenhower will begin talking to reporters in Washington.

At 7:30 the broker is on the phone again. "He might not make the announcement for a half hour or so. And he might say he'll give his answer in a radio speech tonight—something like that."

At 7:40 a customer asks, "Are the averages on the wire?" They are. The Dow-Jones industrial average is

up 2.70. Active Trader blares, "A new high by one cent! Is that right?" A broker nods.

Suddenly several stocks, among them U. S. Steel and Curtiss-Wright, drop a few eighths in price. A worried voice asks, "Did Ike say no?"

By 7:50 stocks seem down a little more. A trader guesses, "Some signal's gotten out he ain't gonna run."

At 7:52 the teletypewriter clatters an announcement. "Flash!" a broker reads off "Eisenhower Will RUN!"

"There she goes!" trumpets a thin, gray trader. "Look at Bessie!"

BESSIE (Bethlehem Steel) is up to 155. U. S. Steel to 58. Anaconda Copper is rising. Someone says happily, "Crazy, isn't it?" Someone else says apprehensively, "Now the market'll go down. Everyone'll take a profit."

"Seventy-eight and three-quarters on Anaconda," bellows Thin Gray Trader. "Ike's runnin' now. Chalk that three-quarters up there," he directs the man at the board. He slips a broker a written order.

"Ike's coming in now!" someone rejoices.

"It won't mean anything," says an unshaven man next to him. "It's just a psychological reaction. It'll sell off tonight."

"Hello," a broker gasps into the phone. "He's running!"

Volume to 11 o'clock on the New York Stock Exchange is announced as 900,000 shares compared to 420,000 the day before.

By 8:11 all the seats are filled. Onlookers are standing three-deep in the rear. "Let's take a coffee break," says Active Trader, rising. Three friends file out with him.

By 8:21 someone asks, "Do you know if Ike said anything about Nixon?" No reply is heard.

"Uh uh," says a broker worriedly. "Looks as though it's running out of gas. But the tape is sixteen minutes late on the upside."

At 8:41 when the Coffee Breakers return the tape is eighteen minutes behind.

Active Trader pounces on a seat that empties. He surveys the board. "It certainly isn't acting very strong . . . on that voume," he says a bit nervously. "A lot of bouncing in there. They're not acting the way they should at all. Got to get the profit-taking out of the way. Very disappointing . . . on the volume."

Not good—I don't think—unless it turns around. By the end of the day we'll have a pretty good idea."

"Certainly a disappointing rise," a septuagenarian agrees with him.

"You might also say they're taking it up well," interposes a man in a heavy leather jacket. "They're taking the offerings very well. What do you think, Charley?"

Charley, in a double-breasted suit, mutters, "Can't expect a miracle. You can't stretch a balloon farther than it'll go."

"The brokers are the ones making money today," comments someone.

"If it won't go up if he's running," says Active Trader, "what would it do if he'd said no!" He shudders.

"Well, I still contend it's a good time to stay out of the market till after the national conventions," says the septuagenarian. "A lot can happen till then."

"The market is churning," mutters Active Trader. "It's fighting that all-time high. There's profit-taking."

By 9:30 the tape is on time.

"Well, the big storm is over," says Active Trader. He settles back and lights a cigarette.

"And it came to pass . . ." says a broker. "Now what's the next major uncertainty?"

EDWIN A. GROSS.

[Edwin A. Gross makes his money as an author and spends some of it in brokerage houses.]

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The Nation, March 17, 1956, Volume 182, No. 11

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Armaments Control: A New Start?

WITHIN the past few weeks there have been two important moves toward the international control of armaments. One, President Eisenhower's letter of March 1 to Marshal Bulganin, hit the front pages all over the world. The other, the start of a serious study of disarmament by a special Senate subcommittee headed by Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, has been noted on the back pages when it has been noted at all.

The President's letter is an encouraging sign of a new interest and flexibility on the part of our own government in his central problem of the contemporary world. Yet of the two, the Senate study may well have the greater and more lasting effect. Much prominence has been given to the President's new proposal to consider excluding the future production of fissionable materials from weapons stockpiles. But when Admiral Strauss appeared before the Senate disarmament subcommittee on March 7, he took pains to point out that this proposal was conditional upon the prior adoption and satisfactory operation of the Eisenhower "open-skies" inspection plan. A good many of our free-world allies have indicated privately, and a few publicly, their belief that the Soviets will never accept inspection in advance of agreement on substantive measures of arms control.

The Senate disarmament subcommittee, authorized last July, began its public hearings on January 25 with Harold Stassen, the President's special assistant on disarmament. The Senate caucus room was largely vacant and the nation's press carried hardly a line about it. Somewhat more notice was given to Secretary Dulles' appearance for two hours on February 29; but the press coverage was based primarily on a routine State Department release rather than upon the Secretary's more revealing and significant answers to extensive questioning. Chairman Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Senator Flanders, accompanied by Colonel Richard S. Leghorn, testified on March 7; but the Admiral, unlike Secretary Dulles, ducked many of the most penetrating questions or put them off to a secret session.

Although technically only a special subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, this is no ordinary subcommittee. By deliberate design its membership includes, in addition to Chairman Humphrey, five other members of the Foreign Relations Committee, four members of the Armed Services Committee and

two members of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Such membership insures that all important aspects of the subject will be covered—international relations, military and atomic energy. It is already apparent from the first two hearings that the subcommittee, and particularly Chairman Humphrey, are not looking for headlines, but neither are they shying from an examination of the important central problems in this area.

As a nation we have been drifting along since the U. N.'s "majority plan" for atomic-energy control was evolved in September, 1947, distracted by day-to-day developments in the international field and unconsciously hoping that if the problem of atomic control were ignored it might go away. But far from disappearing, this problem has become more and more unmanageable as stocks of fissionable materials for bombs have grown in this country, the USSR and Great Britain. The destructive power of these stocks of fissionables has been multiplied by a factor of at least 100 and probably closer to 1,000 by the development of the fission-fusion-fission bomb. The scientific correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* has estimated within the past month that the accumulated stockpiles are now sufficient in Great Britain for 2,000 to 4,000 bombs, in Russia for 10,000 and in the United States for 35,000. That these estimates are not unreasonable is suggested by the recent U. S. announcement that 40,000 kilograms of U-235 would be made available over a period of time for atomic-power development. That is enough for 8,000 bombs at the five kilograms-per-bomb figure used by the *Guardian*.

IN THEIR testimony Mr. Stassen and Mr. Dulles both stressed the point that all previous U. S. positions on armaments control were formally "reserved"—in other words withdrawn—at the U. N. discussions last September, when it was shown that no effective technical method is now known for accounting fully for all past production of fissionable materials. Thus at the moment the United States has no arms-control plan of any kind before the U. N. President Eisenhower's "open-skies" proposal of last July is only a scheme for a warning device; it includes no plan for reduction of armaments, atomic or otherwise. The present Administration deserves some credit for bringing this question of accounting for past production into the open, even though, as Senator Humphrey pointed out on March 7, it was done

two and a half years after the Administration came into office and the problem has been known to exist at least since the Soviets tested their first atomic bomb in September, 1949. The problem has been present in its crucial form ever since this country exploded the first hydrogen bomb in November, 1952, since it was then demonstrated that the destructive power of fissionable stocks must be re-calculated by a factor of at least a hundred.

Senator Humphrey urged Secretary Dulles to develop and present a complete new arms-control plan adapted to the present situation, and the Secretary admitted that this finally might be done. Indeed he went further to indicate—as Mr. Stassen has also done on other occasions—the form that such a plan would have to take: the limitation and control of carriers of fission and fusion weapons, primarily planes and missiles. The Secretary gave no indication, however, that any such

proposal was in the immediate offing, and the realistic prospect—despite the President's March 1 letter to Marshal Bulganin—is another more-or-less futile session of the five-power disarmament subcommittee of the U. N., which is to resume its meetings in London on March 19.

The Senate disarmament subcommittee has announced that, after hearing Secretary of Defense Wilson, it will hear non-governmental witnesses in Washington and subsequently in the field. Various university scientists and technicians have been invited to submit their views. The country will certainly benefit from these hearings—at the very least by bringing the essential facts on the subject out from behind the foggy curtains of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Pentagon, and perhaps by prodding officialdom into doing what Mr. Stassen was appointed to do a year ago—develop a comprehensive U. S. plan for arms control.

THE GUNS OF GALILEE

An Eyewitness Account . . by *Dan Wakefield*

Tiberias, Israel

THERE ARE nights when the fishermen of Galilee work in the face of cold rain and high waves. And there are nights when they work in the face of bullets from the Syrian side of the shore. When the small fleet of two-oared boats pushes off every afternoon from Tiberias its sailors never know what the evening will bring—for the weather, the fish and the Syrians are all unpredictable.

Last December 11 the Israeli army made its now famous raid on the Syrian post in retaliation for the frequent firing on fishing boats from Israel on the Sea of Galilee. According to terms of the Israel-Syrian armistice agreement of '49, the lake (which is known to Christians as the Sea of Galilee, to Arabs as Lake Tiberias and to Israelis as Lake Kinneret) was to be in Israel territory. Israeli fishermen were to have the rights of the water, plus a ten-meter strip of shoreline that bordered on Syrian territory in the northeast quarter of the lake. But boats going into the northeast sector (which is one of the richest fishing grounds of the lake) were fired on and shelled by Syrian army installations, and more than thirty-five Israeli fishermen were killed or wounded there

Correspondent in Israel

Dan Wakefield, whose articles in *The Nation* have created wide-spread comment, has been sent by us to Israel to cover the dramatic events now unfolding in that young country. This is the first of a series he will be dispatching in the coming weeks.—THE EDITORS.

since 1950. Israel's raid of retaliation brought a strong motion of censure from the United Nations on January 19—but the guns from Syria were quiet for a while. They started again on February 23, and three times in twenty-four hours fishermen were forced to leave their nets and head for safety. Last week three Israeli policemen were killed on the lake.

It was two days after the Syrian firing had begun again that a stranger from America asked Nasim, a Tiberias fisherman, to let him go out in his boat. Nasim's great gold tooth showed in a smile that lifted his broad mustache, and he pointed across the lake.

"We go over there," he said,

"where the Syrians are. The fish are there too."

The stranger agreed, and at four o'clock he got in the blue wooden boat with Nasim, Ali and Abraham. The fourth member of the regular crew didn't show up, and after a while Nasim gave the order to pull away, and turned to the American.

"You like to fish? I think you get a lesson in fishing tonight."

Ali, a square-built twenty-year-old boy with a constant smile, pulled the rope of the small outboard motor and boat 107 headed toward the green mountains of Syria. Nasim began to sing, and Ali leaned forward and spoke to the stranger.

"You go to the movies in America?" he said.

The stranger turned around in surprise, and said he thought Nasim was the only fisherman in Tiberias who spoke English.

"I learn in school and the movies," said Ali. "I know all the stars. Audie Murphy. *To Hell and Back*. You know Audie Murphy?"

"This boat," Nasim said proudly, "the only one on the lake, has two men speak English. I learn in the British army, in the war with Germany. You remember that war?"

Abraham spoke up from the front

March 17, 1956

of the boat in Arabic. His dark face was frowning, and the green knit cap that was pulled down over his ears made him look like a pouting child. Nasim laughed and told the American that Abraham felt bad because he knew only Arabic and Hebrew and couldn't tell what was being said. Abraham began to sing in Arabic, and Nasim and Ali winked at the stranger and laughed and joined the singing. The sun was getting low as the boat veered toward Capernaum, on the northwest coast of the lake. The fishermen stopped to let out the nets for testing before getting close to the Syrians.

"You hungry, eat now," said Nasim when the nets had been folded in again. He pulled up a canvas bag from the bottom of the boat, took out a huge loaf of bread, broke it in two and handed half to the stranger. Ali's hand reached over the stranger's shoulder and put a dozen slices of sausage in front of him. The men ate quickly, without speaking, and Nasim stood up and rubbed his stomach.

"Now we fish," he said.

The boat hummed back on its course toward Syria, and cut off the motor at sight of a grey launch that looked like a landing craft sitting out in the lake off the Syrian coast. It was the Israel armored police boat that had come to watch over the fishermen because of the shooting.

Nasim stood up and said "Shalom." The Israeli police, sitting on the edge of the deck with their legs dangling over the side, waved back. Three more fishing boats were rowing in from the south, and the four of them nestled up against the armored launch like baby ducks beside a mother. The police officer in charge stood up and took the names of the fishing-boat captains, and gave orders for them to head straight to Tiberias and yell identification as they passed the police if the Syrians started shooting.

The police and the fishermen joked with each other, and then the voices fell off, one by one, and the lake was quiet. The officer in charge lit a cigarette and waved off the boats. They scattered slowly, turning into black silhouettes in the last grey light after sunset. The darkness came suddenly. Sounds of wooden mallets beating the bottom of the boats to attract the fish as the nets were let out drummed across the



lake from several directions. A man's voice made a call like an owl from the Syrian side of the shore.

Nasim shoved one of the long wooden oars toward the stranger and instructed him to pull or push a stroke at the commands "forward" and "backward." Abraham who was manning the other oar, would be given his commands in Arabic. Nasim sat in the stern with Ali and the two of them handled the nets. The boat was about one hundred yards from the shore—and the Syrian guns.

"Hey American," Ali said. "You ever been to Paris?"

"No," said the stranger.

"I want to go to Paris," said Ali. He leaned across his oar, and his eyes grew large. He spoke in a whisper, as if he were telling a dark and mysterious secret.

"I want to see the world," he said.

Nasim and Abraham had finished letting out the nets, and the boat headed back toward the floating gasoline can that marked their beginning. Nasim gave quiet commands of "forward," and "backward," as he and Abraham gathered in the nets. Occasionally there was the "swish-swish" sound of a fish pulled up and a silver shape twisted for a moment in Nasim's hands. When the empty can that marked the last of the nets was brought in, Nasim gave the order to row down the shore for a try at another spot. The stranger asked where the Syrians were.

Nasim pointed to a spot somewhere north of the lights of kibbutz Ein Gev—the last Israeli settlement along the lake before the Syrian border cuts in.

"There," he said, and his arm moved in an arc that took in the shore facing the boat and stopped at the northernmost tip of the lake. Then his arm moved back and stretched toward a spot about fifty yards north of the boat.

"The other night they shoot from there," he said.

The boat was about a hundred yards offshore, but beyond a line of trees by the water, everything was dark. Two small orange lights stared out from the hills like a pair of eyes that were watching the lake. Ali bent down in the boat and lit a cigarette.

"How you like the fishing?" he asked the stranger.

"Fine."

"Fishing is not for me," said Ali. "You know what I want? I want to be an adventure man. Did you see the movie—*The Tall Men*?"

Nasim pushed the empty gasoline can in the water again. Ali and the stranger pulled on the almost shapeless oars that were attached to the boat with ropes that fitted over wooden pegs. The ritual of laying and gathering the nets was repeated again and again until the stranger felt the very momentum would keep the little boat and its fishermen moving on the lake for eternity, laying and gathering nets.

AFTER several hours Nasim lowered the outboard motor and the boat headed back until the image of the block-shaped police launch appeared. An officer called from the deck behind the light of a cigarette. Nasim gave his name and his thanks, and the small boat bobbed on ahead toward the center of the lake.

"Fishing not so good tonight," Nasim said. "We try another place."

"I thought this place was best," said the stranger.

"Tonight not so good. So we leave," Nasim said.

His gold tooth appeared in the dark and he said "We go there for fish—not Syrians."

Abraham, pulling his cap down over his ears to shut out the unknown English, began to sing again. Directly ahead, the 2,000-year-old city of Tiberias pointed in a V-shape

of lights toward the north. It was almost midnight.

The water was rough when the boat stopped off the northern shore for more fishing, and after putting out the nets several times there was rain in the wind. Nasim said this was a good time for sleep. Old coats were tugged from the back of the boat for blankets. The men lay down in the boat and pulled the coats around them.

"Hey American," Ali said. "How many hours does a man in America work—a working man?"

"Forty hours," the stranger said.

Ali raised up and brushed his hand back over his bushy black hair so it stood up higher.

"Forty hours a day?" he said.

"A week," said the stranger. "Eight hours a day."

Ali sat still for a while and then he said, "I think I want to go to America."

"Ah," Nasim said, "You are young."

"You are crazy," said Ali. "We work from the sun goes down to when the sun comes up."

"But the summer," Nasim said. "We have the summer."

"What happens in the summer?" the stranger asked.

"No fishing," Nasim said.

"What do you do?"

"We go to Tel Aviv, Haifa, have a good time. We fix the boats, walk in the town. We sit and talk."

"This summer," said Ali, "I will work and make money to go see France. I have an uncle in Paris."

Nasim pulled the blanket up over his head and said, "The boy is young."

It was four o'clock when Nasim stood up in the boat and called the others to wake for more fishing. His hands were on his hips, and his legs were bowed at the knees. In his high black boots and the white Arabic *kafia* that was wound around his head and face to protect it from the wind, he looked like a veteran pirate. All around him, the world was heavy grey. When the sun finally bulged above the Syrian mountains Nasim and Abraham pulled in the nets with the last catch, and the boat was prepared for home.

HOME meant the "old town" part of Tiberias, that has sat along the waterfront since before 20 A. D., under rules of Romans, Arabs, Turks and Jews. It is scarred by its years and the dynamite of Israel's war of independence in '48 that left many of its buildings in near shambles. This is where the fishermen live and sell their catch. Behind it the "new city," started in 1912, reaches up the hills to the north. There were bare-foot children waiting for the fishing boats, and an ancient man on a donkey cart who hauls the boxes of fish to the markets.

Two other boats were already in when Nasim's boat reached the dock. The fishermen on shore had spread their nets from a series of trees, and were kneading them with their hands, pulling out seaweed and tangled places. A tall, bearded young man in a yellow-and-black checked shirt ran over to Nasim, spoke quickly, and tugged at his sweater. Nasim only smiled and the man ran off to tug at other fishermen, and finally capturing one, hurried to a

house about twenty yards away.

"What's he doing?" said the stranger.

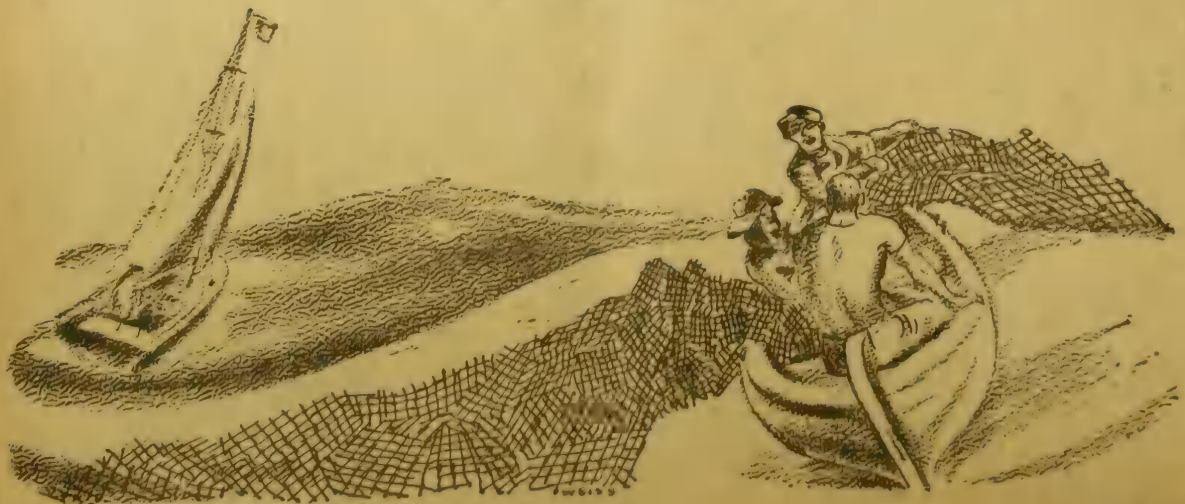
"He heard about his boat being shot at over the radio two days ago," Nasim said. "Now he runs in to hear the news every day to see if it talks about the fishermen."

Ali filled two long boxes with the fish from the night's catch, and they were loaded on the old man's donkey cart for the trip of some fifty yards up the dirt road to the market. Another boat's fishermen were there in the barren "market" with their catch, settling the fish on the small scales until the weight on the other side was tipped to the floor. The buyer sat on a stool in the middle of the room, making marks with a pencil on the margin of a torn sheet of newspaper. The fishermen stood in a circle around him, watching, and some drifted out to sit on the edge of the open storefront and talk.

There was yelling down the street, and in a moment the young bearded man who had wanted to hear the news broadcast ran in the room and spoke excitedly. The fishermen nudged each other and laughed and talked. No one watched the scales for a while. Nasim came over and explained to the stranger.

"He says we were on the radio again. The radio says we weren't shot last night."

The young bearded man ran out in the street again, evidently on his way to tell the rest of the town. Ali, who was chewing on a hunk of bread that was left from the night before, motioned Nasim to the scales. It was time to weigh the day's work.



ALGERIAN DILEMMA

The Risks for France . . by Alexander Werth

Paris, March 12

NEARLY half of the thickly-inhabited parts of Algeria (most of them are along the Mediterranean coast) are "entirely controlled by the Algerian insurrection" or are considered as either "a zone of intense military activity" or "a zone of relative insecurity." The armed rebellion has not yet assumed vast proportions, but if there were 2,000 armed rebels a year ago, their number is estimated to have risen to 20,000 or 30,000. And, as Mendes-France forecast in his election campaign, their numbers may rise to hundreds of thousands by summer. They are no longer composed of small units armed with knives and some old rifles; they wear uniforms and are armed with machine guns and even some heavier equipment. Practically the entire Moslem population of Algeria is on their side, cooperating with them actively or passively.

Writing in *France-Observateur*, H. de Galard, an authority on Algeria, says that "you cannot fight with tanks against the state of mind of eight million people." Yet that is precisely what the French government is proposing to do. Now that the Algerian troops in the French army are no longer considered reliable (the government was badly shaken by the fifty Algerian soldiers who recently defected to the rebels), the question has arisen of sending to Algeria hundreds of thousands of French soldiers. The matter is far more serious than in Indo-China, where the fighting was done by the Foreign Legion, various colonial troops and highly-paid French volunteers. In Algeria, the government will simply use the conscript army—a step which will have the gravest repercussions in France itself. There will be the danger of military mutinies of the kind that took place last summer at Rouen and elsewhere when conscripts demonstrated against being sent to North

Africa "to fight for big business"; the danger of financial chaos as a result of a long-drawn-out war (Indo-China cost France about ten billion dollars); the danger of a civil-war atmosphere developing inside France with the majority of the people clamoring for a peace settlement while a financially powerful minority, comprising Poujade and other fascist elements, demand an all-out war, complete with napalm and mass-bombings; the danger of an anti-French revolt spreading through the whole Arab world, especially to Morocco and Tunisia, where extremist feeling would swamp men like the Sultan of Morocco and Bourguiba, the Tunisian Nationalist leader, who are at present still willing to cooperate with the French.

IN THE present state of insecurity the "truly democratic election" in Algeria that some Frenchmen have been advocating seems out of the question; but, in view of the pressure brought to bear on the Guy Mollet government by the panicky one-million-strong French community in Algeria, the only rational solution—i. e., negotiating with the rebels—has been cast aside. There is a grave possibility that the government's Socialist leaders will make the same mistake as other Socialists made at the beginning of the war in Indo-China, when under the pressure of the diehard "Saigon clique" they refused to negotiate with Ho Chi-minh, hoping to crush the rebellion in a short time. One argument today is that there are no "representative" Algerians with whom to negotiate—which means that the existence of two moderate Algerian Nationalist parties, Messali Hadj's MLDT and Ferhad Abbas' UDMA, both of which could be of great help, is being deliberately ignored.

On this issue there appear to be grave differences of opinion inside the government. It is known that Mendes-France is deeply worried about the way the settlers and big

business have won over Premier Mollet and Foreign Minister Lacoste. It is significant that *Express*, the Paris daily founded last October and which represented the views of Mendes-France, should have closed down this week to reappear later this month as a weekly. With a circulation of 120,000, the paper almost made ends meet, and its "suicide" as a daily is not due to financial difficulties but is rather a confession of failure on the part of the former Premier's followers. There is much speculation in Paris on whether, and at what moment, Mendes-France will resign from the present government, or whether he will continue to consider the present Republican Front a lesser evil. Yet if the Algerian situation continues to deteriorate, the regime will have to forego Communist support for that of the Right. On the other hand, there may well be a rebellion inside the Socialist Party.

At the other extreme, the search for scapegoats has led some French business interests to consider the United States the real villain in North Africa. The business newsletter *Perspectives* says:

Ultimately, everything in Morocco depends on the United States. The Americans want to play a leading part in North Africa, and especially in Morocco, just as they are doing in South Vietnam. They want to turn the Sultan or his son into another Diem, another Syngman Rhee, and take our place. If they persist in this game, they will break with France. There are already strong anti-American currents in France, and if we lose North Africa through the fault of the Americans, it will be the end of the Atlantic Alliance as far as we are concerned. American bases in France will be set on fire; American convoys will be destroyed. American officers will be murdered. France will be thrown into the arms of Russia. America must choose between 42,000,000 Arabs and 43,000,000 Frenchmen.

This is the kind of thinking which last week led to the anti-American riots in Tunis.

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's Paris correspondent.

March 17, 1956

EINSTEIN'S INFLUENCE

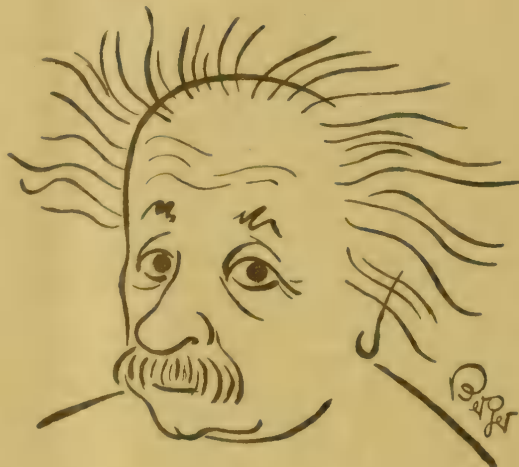
A Fellow-Scientist's Tribute . . by J. Bronowski

THE life of Albert Einstein, who was born on March 14, 1879, marked a heroic age in two senses. In his lifetime, in great part by his works, were formed the new concepts of large- and small-scale physics which have profoundly affected man's thinking. And also in his lifetime the unwritten tradition of free and open speculation on which for him all science rested was often challenged and with his aid defended.

The world has long seen in Albert Einstein something greater than the originator of scientific theories. It has seized in Einstein's thought some gift of imagination which has leaped from his mind to ours, and which in one lifetime has shown us nature, not as a ready-made machine, but as an exciting and largely unread book filled with endless unforeseen speculations. Einstein remade the outlook of his generation and of those that will follow as I think it has been remade only twice before in the history of Europe since the Renaissance—by Newton and by Darwin.

Of course the world is also full of people who are blind to the powerful influence of science in exploding and re-creating the whole intellectual outlook of modern men. They are people to whom science is nothing but a heap of gadgets, who, still educated in a language in which science is not understood, regard the work of scientists only as a crust on our commonplace living. But what Newton did, what Darwin did, what Einstein did is to penetrate our lives to the core by a process of intellectual discovery more radical than the invention of printing.

J. BRONOWSKI, Senior Lecturer at University College, Hull, England, has a distinguished reputation both as scientist and writer. Among his books are *The Commonsense of Science* and the controversial *The Face of Violence*, a humanist's interpretation of the role of violence in our society.



The great revolutionary minds in science have been thinkers rather than inventors, rather than experimenters. And it was not the complexity but the simplicity of their thought which made it a challenge to everything that the rest of the world had taken for granted; which enabled it three times to conquer the thinking world.

Newton, Darwin and Einstein were none of them in any sense brilliant thinkers. Not one of them was quick at academic research or crackling with the fireworks of invention. In fact, all three were fairly slow boys at school and college. All three made their discoveries outside the universities, in solitary and rather forbidding study. And all three brought to the study of nature the searching simplicity which hermits once turned on their visions.

Albert Einstein was born in a Jewish family in a small South German community. His father never did well in business and moved to Switzerland and later to Italy, always in search of better luck. The boy Albert was left behind at school in Germany and ran away. Later he went to college in Switzerland, and he describes the difficulties he had in doing well in his courses, largely because he could not be interested

in the university curriculum, even in his own subject, which was physics. After getting his degree he had no university prospects and had to take a job as a minor official in the Swiss patent office. He did his own thinking in the evenings, and he was still working in the Swiss patent office when he published his first great papers in 1905.

This was the *annus mirabilis*, the year in which the young man of twenty-six wrote three papers which made tremendous advances in three separate branches of physics—the theory of light, the theory of those small movements on the trembling surface of liquids or in tobacco smoke which are called the Brownian movement, and the Special Theory of Relativity. To the world at large Einstein's name is linked with relativity and nothing else. This is not unfair, because certainly relativity is his largest single achievement, both in the scale of the revolution he made and the solitariness with which he worked in this field. By contrast, his other work, which is essentially related to the new quantum physics, was based on ideas which had been published rather tentatively by Max Planck in 1900 and on which, then and ever since, numbers of bright young physicists

were working. And yet, although the most adventurous and the most monolithic of Einstein's contributions has been concerned with relativity, we must not forget that at this time and until 1920 or so he was also a leader in framing the concepts of quantum physics. Everything Einstein did that year has the same simple intellectual grandeur. It looks into the heart of physics.

Let me play the doctor as well as the historian for a moment and lay bare the heart of physics as it was in 1905. The heart seemed sound, but it had developed a small murmur which was nagging at the peace of mind of thoughtful scientists. The heart was sound in the sense that the triumphant laws in which Newton, more than two hundred years before, had suddenly given order to nature could still be tested, day in and day out, and found right almost everywhere. But only *almost* everywhere. There was a small murmur of exceptions: the planet Mercury was not quite keeping time; the speed of light refused to behave as classical physics expected; and the electrons which had been discovered a few years earlier, in 1897, seemed to change their mass as they changed their speed. These could be taken as three minor irregularities, and physicists were trying to think of minor ways of tinkering with Newton's laws to make them cover these exceptions.

THE minor adjustments were not getting physics forward, and it is characteristic of Einstein that he never had any truck with them. From the outset he looked for no ingenious gloss on the laws of physics, and for no minute error of formulation. He set himself to look at the unwritten assumptions on which the laws themselves were built, and asked whether it might not be there that the flaw in the nineteenth-century physics was hidden.

These unwritten assumptions had been clear to Newton back in 1666, when he had made his own great discoveries as a young man of twenty-three. I have always said that Newton had just that directness of mind which Einstein now exercised, and Newton knew what assumptions he was making: he had simply found them unavoidable. The lesser scientists who followed him, however, had

rarely spared these assumptions a thought. Put in scientific terms, the assumptions were that space and time are given to us absolutely. They are, as it were, fixed boxes in which the events of the world occur, and they are the same for every observer. Put more generally, the assumptions take for granted a sharp division between the observer and the natural world that he observes. Classical physics saw nature as a chain or network of events which unrolls itself in imperturbable sequence, and of which the observer is a witness but not a link. The observer since Newton's day had been a god, altogether outside the machine of the physical world.

What Einstein, from the beginning of his thinking, asked about this majestic view was not whether it was true in some abstract sense, whether it could be metaphysically held, but whether it was practical. Does science in fact record impersonal events? Can it distill the event from our observation of it? Once the question is asked, the answer is plain, and the answer is no. Physics as we practice it does not consist of events; it consists of observations. And between the event and those who observe it there must pass a signal, a ray of light, perhaps, a wave or an impulse, which simply cannot be taken out of the observation. Event, signal and observation: this is the relationship which Einstein saw as the fundamental unit in physics. Relativity is the understanding of the world not as events but as relations.

Something like this had been said by philosophers for some time—that science must get rid of abstractions and make its system only out of what is in fact observed. Einstein himself acknowledged his intellectual debt to philosophers of science—



Partymiller in
York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily

Ernst Mach in Vienna, Henri Poincaré in Paris, and the first and greatest skeptic about our habits in and outside science, the eighteenth-century British philosopher David Hume. But it is a long cry from laying down a philosophic law on how science should or should not be carried out and actually persuading the man at the bench, or the man who has to work with a slide rule and pencil and paper. Einstein was the first practicing scientist who took this kind of philosophy seriously, as something more than a pious impractical hope. He put it into equations, and within a few years physicists were astonished to find that it explained the erratic behavior of Mercury and predicted the bending of light near the sun. It had linked mass and energy from Einstein's first papers.

I WANT to underline the content of these ideas, because they go beyond the field of physics. This is a view of science, and indeed of all knowledge, not as a mechanical record but as an activity. Einstein had not asked himself what space and time are; he had asked how physical observers carry out the process of measuring them. For example, how do two observers at a distance apart compare their times? They can do so only by sending a signal from one to the other, and the signal itself takes time to travel through the space between them. It follows that there is no way in which we can define "now" for all observers everywhere, at once. Every observer has only his own "here and now." In our experience of the physical world space and time cannot be wholly separated from each other; each is part of a single reality.

And this is not an abstract conception like Euclid's space. Einstein's space-time is a real medium in which physical processes act and are observed. It is given its structure by the matter which it contains, and this matter bends and shapes it because the function of space and time is just this—to inclose matter.

These are the deep and challenging ideas with which Einstein revolutionized both large-scale and small-scale physics from 1905 onward. And it will now be plain why their influence has been so much wider than science. They are universal ideas; they reach below the

artifices of mathematics and the laws of physics to the basic conception of the relationship between man and the world.

They do not apply only to space and time. I have already said that one of the problems since 1897 had been the relation between the mass and the energy of a fast-moving electron. Einstein had the answer in 1905. Again he asked, "Can we define the mass of a body without allowing for its motion and therefore for its energy?" And the answer, again, is no. The two no's, that about space and time and that about mass and energy, are related. Our physical experience is more of a piece than our pigeonholing minds had let us think.

The new concept of mass has become famous because it happens to lie at the basis of everything that has since been done on atomic energy, right down to the explosion of the atomic bomb. But I am impressed by Einstein's equation—energy is equivalent to mass multiplied by the square of the velocity of light, that is, $E=Mc^2$ —not because it has blown over a hundred thousand people to pieces but because it gives a unity to nature no less deep than that which any imaginative artist or poet has tried to find. Energy is mass; mass-energy is a unity of the same kind as the closing lines of Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn,

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Einstein's preoccupation was the search for these unities, and the one which turns on the problem of mass is of particular interest. Few people talk about the mass of a body, and indeed Newton had the greatest difficulty in framing a definition of mass, and failed. We always talk about the weight of a body. And for the next ten years Einstein asked himself a new question: Why is it that mass and weight are always related? Why do we experience mass as weight? When I throw a ball, I overcome its mass; when I lift it, I overcome its weight. Why are the two always linked together? Einstein finally produced an answer to this question in 1915 in the General Theory of Relativity, and I draw attention to the fact that the date is early in the First World War and the place Germany.

For answer, Einstein gave a new picture of the field of gravity around a body. A massive body, he said, distorts the space-time in which it lies: it forms, as it were, a hollow around itself. When I drop a ball and it falls, it is really rolling like a marble into the hollow made by the earth; and the earth itself is like a larger marble which flies round the hollow in space-time made by the sun.

THIS is an attractive picture which can be seized immediately. But if it is an effective picture, if what it describes is truly a distortion of space and time, then everything which crosses the sun's hollow must be drawn inward—not only a ball, but a ray of light as well. So in 1919 two expeditions went out to watch the eclipse of the sun in the spring of that year in order to see whether light which passes near the sun curves its hollow. The expeditions, headed by Arthur Eddington, announced their findings in November, 1919, at one of the most dramatic meetings ever held at the Royal Society. And the findings tallied with Einstein's forecast: light does bend toward the sun, and by approximately the amount which Einstein had forecast. Einstein had made gravitation a behavior of space and time.

I have drawn attention to one date and I ought now to underline the other. These spectacular successes of the General Theory of Relativity in forecasting the unexpected curvature of light within space were announced to the world in 1919. This was barely a year after the end of the First World War, and when the peace treaties were still being wrangled over at Versailles. The accident of this date had, I think, a great bearing on Einstein's outlook and later career. So before I pass on to the scientific work of his last years, I should return briefly to his biography, which I left when he was twenty-six, in 1905.

In the next ten years, he became a leader and an *enfant terrible* of physics. He first appeared before a large gathering of physicists in 1909, and here and at the famous Solvay meeting of 1911 he impressed his contemporaries with his ability to unite his new ideas of relativity with those of quantum physics, which were then being hammered out and which he did so much to shape. He

became a professor in Prague, then back in Switzerland, and by 1914 what was in effect a special post had been created for him as Director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Research Institute for Physics in Berlin. This was the moment when the First World War broke out; and the German government, anxious to find intellectual support for its imperial ambitions, put great pressure on its leading men. It persuaded ninety-three of them to sign a manifesto in support of Germany's entry into the war. The list of those who signed makes sad reading: it includes Paul Ehrlich and Gerhart Hauptmann, Max Reinhardt and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, Planck and Roentgen, Sudermann and Humperdinck and Siegfried Wagner. Einstein did not sign. He and three others issued a counter-manifesto against militarism. This is one of the crimes for which a later generation of German chauvinists never forgave him, but it is consistent with his actions always.

As a young man Einstein had chosen Swiss nationality and had renounced German nationality when he had the chance, because the Prussian Germany of that day had angered him with its regimentation. He chose to become a German only after 1918 as a gesture of support for the new Weimar Republic. But the Weimar Republic exposed him to attack from 1919 on, when his theories had made him world famous, and to attack from two directions.

On one side were the rising Nazis. To them he and his theories were, in the phrase of that day, simply "un-German"—an epithet which has an unhappy ring, for similar critical epithets have since been applied to any kind of intellectual dissent the world over.

AND while, to the Nazis, Einstein was a Swiss Jew with un-German ideas, to men across the Rhine with bitter memories of the long and bloody war Einstein was a German scientist about whom too much fuss was being made. Shortly after he received the Nobel prize in 1921—in a citation in which the cautious awarding committee made no reference to relativity—Einstein paid a visit to Paris to lecture. There he had to be hidden away from French nationalists who threatened to demonstrate against him as a German.

The Nation



Herblock in Washington Post

Twenty years later the demonstrators were collaborating with the Nazis, and Einstein had had to flee across the Atlantic out of reach of both. I ought to add that those who remember his visit to Paris in 1922 recall with pleasure, when they speak of it, that Einstein brought his violin and played quartets with his fellow-scientists.

He went to America when life was made intolerable for him in Germany in 1933, and he worked at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton ever afterward. Up to this time he had been a pacifist. Now it seemed to him that, like other doctrines, pacifism had to be looked at to see whether it fitted the facts of the world as it then was. And on August 2, 1939, Einstein broke with a lifetime of pacifist beliefs as only he could have done. He wrote to President Roosevelt to tell him that recent work in atomic physics which had been disclosed to him privately

made it probable that an atomic bomb could be constructed. And he advised Roosevelt that since this work had been begun in Germany, it must be feared the Germans would try to make such a bomb.

A NEW war did not stop him from thinking, speculating, working. He went on with an ambition which had been with him from the outset: to braid together not only some strands of experience, time with space, mass with energy, gravitation with space-time, but to braid together the whole of our physical experience in a single theory. He was looking for the unity within all nature. There remained one field in physics which still stood apart, the field of electric and magnetic forces; and Einstein spent his life, after the 1920's, in trying to link this with the field of gravitation.

It is interesting to recall that when he wrote about his boyhood, there

were two experiences which he recalled as turning points. One was when, at the age of four or five, he saw a magnetic compass-needle turn in the earth's field, and realized that the laws of nature are universal. The other was when, at perhaps the age of ten, he learned enough geometry to be able to prove the theorem of Pythagoras for himself. This mixture of magnetism with geometry became in a sense the guiding principle of his later work.

There have been other attempts to introduce a unity of electric and magnetic phenomena into a general picture of the world. Einstein himself made several. He made the last early in 1953. It was essentially an extension of the work of Clerk Maxwell in the 1860's, which linked electricity, magnetism and light. Einstein's own work had already connected gravitation with light, and indeed had implied that gravitation travels at the speed of light.

EINSTEIN'S attempt to forego this universal link differed from others' really in this: that what he looked for was not merely a formal combination but a fusing together of the two different kinds of symmetry which Maxwell's equations and his own have. He looked once again for an underlying structure, below the equations, to give unity to all the physical phenomena of the world.

In one respect Einstein's recent theories differed from those of other physicists. Physicists who have spent their life working with quanta have for the past twenty-five years abandoned the hope of producing a picture of the small-scale world in which every effect has a cause. Instead, they have accepted a principle of uncertainty which says that there is essentially a limit to all possible predictions about minute events, and that we can never know exactly which of two alternative paths one of the tiny units of nature—an electron, a light quantum, or part of a nucleus—will take. Einstein is almost the only great physicist who has continuously opposed this view, not altogether on intellectual grounds but perhaps on the kind of basic conviction which as a young man he might have called prejudice. The theories which Einstein proposed are all strictly causal theories. Rather oddly, his last equations can be shown to lead to contradictions

when applied to very small units of matter if these units can be chosen arbitrarily. Einstein held that the contradictions must resolve themselves because the units must somehow arise out of, and be fixed by, the equations themselves.

That is, if Einstein's last field equations are to be true, somehow they must contain within themselves conditions which make them applicable only to matter in the precise sizes in which matter ultimately occurs. Einstein held that the fundamental units of nature have not been fixed arbitrarily. True, his equations are continuous—they contain no basic jumps or units. Yet in his seventies he cheerfully set about the task of finding how the quantum jumps are to be fixed out of his continuous equations, and how the electron and the proton and all the building bricks of matter, of energy and of electricity in the world are related to their actual

natural sizes by the continuous equations.

In his own words, he would have no truck with discontinuity and chance in the equation. The occurrence of chance, he held, is only a confession of our own failure to see right to the heart of things, because at the heart of things there must lie, in his view, a rational god and not a god at dice. It is a powerful idea, but I ought to say that it is shared by almost no one, and I suspect that younger physicists think it as old-fashioned, smacking of the nineteenth century, as Einstein once thought his own elders.

Einstein lived quietly in a suburban house in a suburban street in Princeton. Not long ago he refused the presidency of Israel because, he said, he had "neither the natural ability nor the experience to deal with human beings." Yet he was endlessly good-humored and modest with them. He was patient even

with the many strangers who sneaked up to his front porch and had their wives photograph them as if they were just coming out of the great man's house. If Einstein had any impatience left, it was to the end, as it had always been, impatience with authority.

Einstein was one of the intellectual heroes of history; and such heroes, like Newton and like Darwin, are always rebels in their work and heretics in society. He prized the integrity of man's personality as much as man's science. Back in the 1920's he said, in some desultory interview, that two discoveries might destroy mankind—nuclear energy, and universal thought-reading. The wry prophecy sums up Einstein's passions. He knew the bodily threat of weapons; and to his last days he saw and resisted equally the threat to control men's thought. Einstein never thought silence the lesser evil.

TV AND THE CAMPAIGN

Equal Time for Candidates . . by C. A. Siepmann

PRIOR TO the nomination of Presidential candidates in 1952, the Columbia Broadcasting System was several times approached by a Mr. William R. Schneider. Convinced that both Republicans and Democrats were dangerously left-wing, he demanded air time in which to expound his own brand of political salvation. Very sensibly CBS turned him down. But Mr. Schneider was not one to be put off. He promptly announced himself a candidate for nomination to the Presidency by the Republican Party, filed in the New Hampshire and Oregon primaries and thus became a national candidate.

CBS now found itself on the spot. Not long before, it had invited prominent candidates for nomina-

tion by the Democratic and Republican parties to broadcast in two series given on sustaining time (i. e., CBS footed the bill). Mr. Schneider, as a bona-fide candidate, now claimed a like privilege, took CBS to court and before the Federal Communications Commission, the latter ruling that Mr. Schneider was within his rights. So Mr. Schneider now had himself two nationwide half-hour broadcasts at CBS expense. He was not, as you may remember, nominated. Indeed, he later failed to get a ticket to the Republican convention.

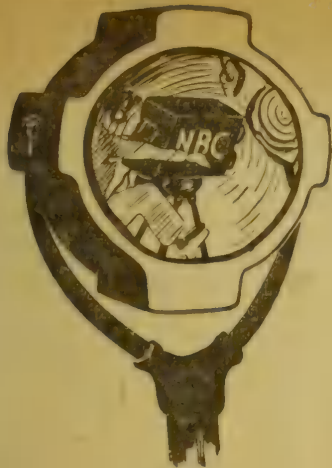
The Schneider case nicely illustrates a problem which no one yet has been able to solve. In an election year how can radio and TV (charged under law to serve the public interest) best meet the needs of the electorate? Which of the candidates—for President, Senator, Congressman—has a rightful claim to air time, and to how much of it?

The broadcaster's only guide in

this matter is Section 315 of the Communications Act which requires that, if a candidate for political office is granted air time, every other candidate for that office must be given equal time. On its face this seems a fair rule, and more than once in the past it has in fact saved candidates from unfair discrimination by radio stations with less than a proper sense of their public responsibilities. Broadcasters, however, claim that the ruling actually prevents them from offering the kind of service that would best familiarize the public with the candidates and platforms of the various contending parties. To see why, and how, let us confine ourselves to the relatively simple problem of Presidential candidates and their appearance on the air.

Consider first the pre-nomination period in which we already find ourselves. It looks as though we may have quite a number of candidates for nomination to the Presidency in

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the Republican and Democratic parties alone. To expose them once (to say nothing of twice or three times) to public view on television is going to consume a lot of air time at the expense, inevitably, of popular programs and (if they are offered free time) at considerable cost to the networks. For a half hour in the evening is worth some \$50,000. But, though for all practical purposes ours is a two-party system, democratic theory requires us to acknowledge the claims of other parties too—and in 1952 there were eighteen of them in the field. Taking such claims into consideration, the problem of air time becomes unmanageable and the cost to networks prohibitive.

BUT we are still only at the beginning of our troubles. For Mr. Schneider's shrewd recourse to Section 315 to get himself time on the air opens the door to every crackpot and political adventurer to do likewise. Clearly this puts the networks in an impossible position. Seemingly the networks have only two alternatives available—either to refuse the free use of their facilities to every candidate, which is manifestly not in the public interest, or else to sell time at the going rate, trusting that only parties with ample campaign funds will come forward as buyers. But this, too, is self-defeating—at least if we hold to the principle of "fair" representation of the candidates of all contending parties.

Let us move on to the final six or eight weeks of the Presidential campaign. Interest now centers on the candidates of the two major parties. Our sense of fair play demands that

each be given equal access to the public under conditions calculated to bring out the conflicts of outlook between them. With this in mind, the president of CBS has made a constructive suggestion. He proposes that we revive the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, but this time on TV, for all the nation to hear and see. He proposes two or three such debates, each of an hour's length, each at a peak listening time and each provided at no cost to the contestants. It is an intriguing proposal but, as things now stand, it is also still-born. For Section 315 would require that equivalent time be granted, free, to the candidates of the Church of God Bible, Poor Man's Party, Spiritual Party, Vegetarian Party and all the other sixteen parties in the fight.

Note also that Section 315 severely limits those who, either before or after the conventions, can come to the microphones to speak in support of Presidential candidates. All Congressmen, except those retiring, all Senators and all governors standing for reelection come under this ban. For to invite them to speak, or even to be interviewed on, say, Meet the Press, would make networks liable to claims for like time by each and every rival candidate.

It will be small wonder if, in the light of such frustrations, networks this year reduce yet further the number of sustaining programs designed to acquaint the public with those who seek their votes.

Worse still, this ruling provides convenient cover for stations which prefer to make no contribution at all to public enlightenment during a political campaign. For Section 315 does not require a station to provide time for political candidates. The FCC can and should. But for ten long years now it has studiously avoided any consistent concern with the overall character of stations' program services. The result of such negligence was already evident in 1952, when three of every four television stations and four of every five radio stations gave no free time to candidates or their supporters.

What is wrong, surely, with Section 315 is its assumption that *all* parties (and the ideas they stand for) have an *equal* right to be heard and seen over the air. This seems to us a false and foolish egalitarianism, as questionable in theory as we have

seen it to be unworkable in practice. For the fact, surely, is that opinions and ideas do *not* all have equal weight! Their weight, rather (if we think at all realistically), is a function of their popular acceptance. This is not to argue that, in general, we should only hear opinions expressed over the air which are already widely accepted. Quite the contrary. One of the grave defects of radio and TV for years past has been its meager provision of ideas of any kind, and more especially of unpopular and unorthodox opinion. But we are concerned here with the practical exigencies of a political campaign (when time is short) and of the use of a particular mass medium.

AT such a time it seems sheer sentimentality to allow concern for political minorities to blind us to the fact that ours, at present, is a two-party system and that, in an election year, clarification of their conflicting policies is, from the point of view of public interest, the paramount consideration. But total exclusion of lesser parties is not contemplated. We suggest only that the condition of a claim to air time be evidence of some significant degree of popular support. We need a floor, some minimum of registered membership (say one million: the precise figure is here immaterial) before any claim is honored—and even then only on a basis of representation roughly proportional to the membership of other parties. Admittedly this is but a partial solution of the problem for it does not take care of the pre-nomination period when registered membership, of course, doesn't help. Worth consideration here is a bill, now being discussed by a Congressional committee, which while keeping Section 315 intact as it applies to set campaign speeches and political rallies, is made inapplicable to broadcast news and "public service" programs on sustaining time originated by networks or stations.

With the embarrassment of a multiplicity of parties thus disposed of, there remains the question of how much electioneering we want on the air. Apart from satisfaction in a job well done, provision of air time offers the networks no reward and a lot of headaches. There are listeners who will not thank them for displacing a popular program by a political harangue. The networks stand

to gain nothing financially, and (especially toward the close of a campaign) they become liable to last-minute requests for time involving readjustments of programs.

What seems indicated here is not a floor but a ceiling, some agreed maximum of hours to be allotted to broadcast electioneering. Whether such a ceiling should be arrived at by mutual consent of the parties, or of the networks and their affiliated stations, or through regulatory fiat issued by the FCC, need not detain us here. It is consummation of this end—some agreed limit to political fireworks on the air—that is, surely, devoutly to be wished for.

WE believe such a goal to be consonant with the desires of the public. It may also offer some insurance against a conceivably sinister eventuality. For TV, politically speaking, still remains an untried medium. Perhaps the social scientists are wrong when they suggest that its use is unlikely to swing the vote to any significant extent. One would like to believe that the formation of political opinion is an ongoing process, rooted in principle, disciplined by reflection and continuously tested by judgment of day-to-day events. But if in fact it is no better than a game of chance, if elections represent little more than whimsical response at the eleventh hour to political histrionics, then surely we need to be protected against ourselves.

There are disquieting signs that politicians, at any rate, do thus conceive of us. Thus, though no one can prove it, many believe that votes *were* swung in 1952 by Mr. Nixon's soap-opera "family reunion," that Mr. Eisenhower's spot announcements and the singing commercials of the Republican Party (slick slogans sub-

stituted for reasoned and reasonable appeals) did work their insidious way into the subconscious of political illiterates. And we have since witnessed the President of the United States subjecting himself to lessons in posture and deportment by Robert Montgomery. Millions of TV viewers have witnessed a blatant piece of party propaganda, speciously disguised as a meeting of the Cabinet, and were conceivably fooled into believing that the gap between governors and governed was thus closed. And it now appears that even Adlai Stevenson has thought better of again "talking sense" to the people and plans to trim his once-white sails to the winds of political expediency.

All this should give us pause. The appeal to reason, never popular in an election year, may now find itself at a further discount as the Madison Avenue boys move into political headquarters and seek, through TV, further to convert serious discussion of life and death issues into a political road show, a series of theatrical "spectaculars." Do we want more of this or less? Would it be a good or a bad thing to limit TV time to a few major addresses (or debates) by the rival candidates, and to ban altogether the use of jingles, spot announcements and such cheap and vulgar "arguing for victory" as Mr. Dewey's TV marathon in 1952?

One final question remains for discussion. Should networks be permitted to charge the going rate for air time to politicians? Why shouldn't they? They are not, after all, in business for their health. To insist, as some propose, that they give a certain amount of free time to political parties solves no essential problem, even given the "floor" and "ceiling" we have proposed. For all that is thus achieved is to release

party funds for use in other ways on other media. To put radio/TV at a commercial disadvantage over against competing media seems no part of the public interest we would have them serve.

That government should put its hands into our pockets by making public funds available to parties with which to buy time is no solution either. We have argued that "equal" opportunity for all parties constitutes no true equity, that parties, rather, must "pay their way" to the microphone by first mustering a significant body of registered supporters. Given a million supporters (or whatever the agreed figure is) they are in a position to buy time, should it seem worth it to them.

IT IS convenient but naive to attack networks as here guilty of usury. It is also to distract us from the essential problem. The Republicans, admittedly, are financially well-heeled, though we might remind ourselves that in the past this has not always assured them the support of voters. But the Democrats are not, or at least need not, be paupers. Neither they nor any party of a size to warrant consideration need lack funds with which to purchase time within the maximum limits we have proposed. For their relative indigence, properly diagnosed, stems from the indifference of their supporters—an indifference that in fact constitutes the bane of American politics. A Gallup poll in 1954 showed that only a third of all families in the United States were willing to contribute \$5.00 to the party of their preference. Only one family out of twenty (or two out of every 100 citizens) actually made any contribution whatsoever to any party, thus leaving it to racketeers (in 1948 the numbers operators in Washington raised \$100,000 to be spent against two Senators who had tried to investigate local gambling) and to pressure groups to exact their toll on the integrity of politicians.

These, then, are some of the knotty questions in which we are presently involved. They will not be answered this side of November. But some ultimate solution must be found. For more than the interests of broadcasters and parties is here at stake. The problems we have raised probe to the very heart of the democratic process.



The Man Who Rode a Tiger

YEARS OF TRIAL AND HOPE.
Memoirs by Harry S. Truman.
Volume Two. Doubleday and
Company. \$5.

By George Dangerfield

ONE OF the major single developments in twentieth-century world history has been the movement of the United States from a withdrawn to an active and from an active to a leading role in international affairs. In the same time one of the major developments in American history has been the increasing significance of the Presidency in the federal system. The two developments were originally concurrent rather than interdependent, since each derived from a different aspect of economy. They first intersected, in a dramatic and inescapable form, when President Wilson took his Fourteen Points to Versailles. The effect of his disastrous experience there was to give us three negative Presidents and a great depression; and if the two volumes of the *Truman Memoirs* tell us anything, they tell us that our federal system cannot again endure a negative or inactive President. The President's initiative may be thwarted or corrected by the other two branches of the general government, but if he does not continually exercise his initiative the whole system is threatened with stagnation, muddle and collapse.

No democratically elected personage has such greatness thrust upon him as has the President of the United States; and since the President is a symbol, as well as a policy-maker, executive and a party leader, greatness is thrust also upon the American people. What was once a cliché has become a challenge. Our way of life has been internationalized; our faults and our virtues are subject to a constant and anxious

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inspection. The final volume of the *Truman Memoirs* points out—rather by what it does not say than by what it does say—how painful our dilemma may become if we ignore the connection between domestic life and foreign policy.

IF THE first volume was a self-portrait, the second volume—impetuous, episodic, unmagical, unadorned—is by way of being self-caricature. I do not think that it is any the less valuable, or its author any the less worthy of respect, because of that. But the aspect of Truman as a kind of jinni—an ordinary man miraculously and genially raised to the power of *n*—which he presented during his whistle-stop campaign in 1948, or at any rate presents in retrospect—becomes a little wearisome after a prolonged exposure to the printed word. Truman occasionally likes to talk of himself as a student, a man who never makes a decision without searching for precedents in the near and distant past; but his temperament is not primarily studious. Nor is he, on the evidence of his *Memoirs*, either subtle or philosophical or sensitive or impassioned or profound. He is sharp, irascible, self-confident and self-assertive; a man of sincere and strong convictions, but not a man of imagination, or a man who can engage it.

Years of Trial and Hope lives up to Truman's simile that "being a President is like riding a tiger." It is a rough and bumpy book. There are times, however, when the author looks less like a man riding a tiger than one fleeing with the tiger at his heels. He deals with great and momentous events—Iran, the Truman Doctrine, the Berlin airlift, the Marshall Plan, NATO—but he usually deprives them of most of their context, as if he were stripping them for fast and dangerous pursuit. He does this partly because he is (as seems obvious) composing his book at breakneck speed, partly because he is compressing a vast amount of material into far too small a space, partly because he is forced to withhold a great deal of

classified information, but chiefly, I believe, because his style of thinking is unreflective. He cannot abide to stand still and look around. To do so might be to discover that ~~one~~ had been wrong, and it is not in the author's character—it is not, perhaps, in the character of political memoirs—to make discoveries like that.

For example, in a discussion of the Marshall mission, Truman says: "I am not one to believe in the value of hindsight. Whether or not I was right in sending General Marshall to China does not depend upon what some think they know today. It depends only upon what we were able to know in 1945." This is a style of thinking, not thinking itself. All history is a kind of hindsight, unless we reduce it to that empirical semi-knowledge which the Greeks called "opinion." The *Truman Memoirs* are somewhat opinionated in this sense; but they too depend on hindsight, if not for the discovery of error, then for the assertion of success. And hindsight is bound to protest that Truman may well have been wrong, not in sending General Marshall to China on the strength of what he was able to know, but in sending him there without a policy.

It is interesting to contrast his account of the Marshall mission, which is ingenuous and uninformative, with his account of the Korean War at the other end of the book. In the Korean War he had a policy, the premises of which no candid mind will dispute. He believed that the North Korean invasion was a challenge to the United Nations which, if successful, would make the United Nations historically obsolete. He has an almost superstitious reverence for decision, as something with a virtue of its own regardless of its causes or its consequences; but here his decision will stand the test of both. He devotes nearly two-fifths of this volume to the Korean crisis, and allows us for the first time to see him in his moments of indecision. Only when he deals with the fateful permission to cross the 38th Parallel in the fall of 1950 does he become argumentative and implausible.

Whether Truman's memory is trustworthy as to details, or his judgment above reproach in the interpre-

tation of fact, are questions which will be threshed out for years, not always to Truman's advantage. But as regards his controversy with General MacArthur it certainly seems that Truman has got the better of it, now that both sides have entered their briefs. MacArthur's counter-charges are very grave but very cloudy: they cannot be dispelled because they cannot be substantiated. Truman's main charge of insubordination is centered upon MacArthur's statement of March 24, 1951, in which — in qualified but fearfully ominous language — he offered the enemy commander a choice between surrender or all-out war on the Chinese mainland. MacArthur calls this "my emphasizing the enemy's weakness"; he does not mention that it was a direct defiance of the President's order to refrain from uncleared statements on foreign policy, and in direct opposition to the policy of the United States and the United Nations.

The emphasis in the rest of this volume is also on foreign policy, one side of which is summed up in these words: "It was our policy to strengthen the weak spots in the defense of the free world. Iran, Greece, Berlin and NATO all stand as landmarks in the fight against communism." And so they do. It would take a very brash hindsight to state categorically that this policy of containment (Truman does not like the word, but that is what it is) was a wrongheaded way of meeting the threat of Russian expansion, since a threat there was and since it had to be met. Of course, it was an imperfect way; and if Truman had given its various episodes a fuller context, we should see how imperfect it was. As it is, we find that we are riding the tiger in the strangest company—Greek rightists, oil cartels, Syngman Rhee—and that we are not supposed to know that they are there.

Truman himself contends, with perfect justice, that the threat of Communist expansion was so clear and immediate that he was forced to counter it with temporary expedients; and that he is not content with the temporary and expedient. He looks beyond NATO to the Atlantic Community, and he looks beyond Marshall aid to Point Four. Point Four is the keystone of the arch of his foreign policy, or rather of a foreign policy as yet only fore-

seen; and Point Four brings up the dilemma which he fails to acknowledge in *Years of Trial and Hope*.

POINT FOUR is a great policy, or a complex of policies reaching far into the future and calling for great and immensely difficult decisions. But one aspect of it is quite simple—it is a policy of example. If it is to be accepted as more than largesse—and that is where Truman has left it—there has to be some feeling of trust and sympathy on the part of those who receive it. In this respect the dynamics of Point Four lie in the help which the giver is giving to himself—in other words, by the example he sets. It seems to me that Point Four is one of the poles—the other is the Full Employment Act of 1946—upon which, ideally, the Fair Deal program was intended to turn. But the Fair Deal — full employment, fair employment, civil rights, public health, public housing, public power, conservation, reclamation, repeal of Taft-Hartley—is not really present in this second volume, although it was hailed with such triumph in the first one.

In *Years of Trial and Hope* the Fair Deal is little more than a "transient and embarrassed phantom"; it is represented as something which was stifled by the Eightieth Congress. Truman never gets around to explaining why it was so inadequately revived by the Eighty-First Congress, which was elected along with him and gave him working majorities in House and Senate; or why it was so coldly ignored by the Eighty-Second. Was it because he himself was more a fighter than a leader? Or too ingrained a conservative politician to be a social progressive? Or

was it because a combination of Republicans and Dixiecrats proved to be too much for him? The Fair Deal was a sweeping program of social legislation, more sweeping than the New Deal, and he never stopped fighting for it. It seems likely that the cause of its defeat lay more outside than inside the White House and the Congress. When a consumers' boom is followed almost immediately by a military expenditure boom, the atmosphere is not one in which social legislation can flourish. Yet a socially progressive America is the only America which can dispense a Point Four policy; and a Point Four policy may well be the hope of the world.

The dilemma is that social progress and huge military budgets appear to be mutually exclusive: and it is certain to remain with us so long as the answer to aggressive communism is supposed to lie only in the realm of foreign policy, or can be stated only in terms of dollars and armaments. Truman ignores the dilemma in this volume, presumably because he failed to solve it—as if it could be solved by one Administration or one generation or by the kind of world in which we now live. If he had admitted and examined it, he would have added another dimension to what is—merely by being what it is—a most valuable book. Anything Truman writes is apt to look like a campaign document; and what a campaign document this book might have been for the year 1956—a document which was written, in the era of pollsters and public-relations men, by an ex-President who had once defeated them, and which based its valiant hopes for peace on a frank analysis of failure!

Louisville Dervish

HENRY WATTERSON. *Reconstructed Rebel.* By Joseph Frazier Wall. Oxford University Press. \$6.

By Walter Davenport

IT HAS BEEN SAID of Henry Waterson that he could soar simultaneously into two or three towering rages and have choler enough left

WALTER DAVENPORT, formerly editor of Collier's and now a columnist for the magazine, is the author of a biography of Boies Penrose.

over for smoldering umbrage at several less inflammable irritants. Moreover, it was not regarded as remarkable that this singularly-gilted editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* could lambaste the more infuriating and scold the minor rufflers of his journalistic feathers all in one day in a single column of purple prose. As a writer of editorials his sigh was a hullabaloo, his whisper a horrible yell. But as a politician, whether a candidate's champion, sponsor or volunteer Warwick,

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Marse Henry remained a writer of sulphurous editorials.

This all-too-pin-pointed summary of the talents of Mr. Watterson is not wholly the product of the exaggerated romancing with which we clothe our departed great. Its truth becomes reasonably clear to readers of Joseph Frazier Wall's sympathetic, painstaking and over-long, but readable biography of the Kentucky thunderbolter. Marse Henry was brimming with righteous idealism and cunning, but suffered from a deficiency of political savvy.

As you trudge through Professor Wall's 337 fact-packed pages, you meet Presidential aspirants, from Tilden to Wilson, cautiously courting and getting Watterson's initial support but learning at mid-campaign that he was a devout believer in the theory that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. Marse Henry, a short, rotund gentleman, half blind, with a globe of a shaggy, goateed head and a high-pitched, often irritable voice, was hard to hitch. When things went his way he could swamp a hallful of strangers with charm. But he could and did stamp out of amicable conferences with his own candidates, vowing never to return. And often merely because the aspiring one had incidentally voiced an opinion that Mr. Watterson did not at the moment share. But it was not unusual that having unloaded his pique into the editorial page of the *Courier-Journal*, he would return to party headquarters feeling much better and go to work with increased zeal.

APART from his adored and adoring family, Marse Henry had three enduring loves—the United States, free trade and Samuel J. Tilden, the pinch-penny, timid Democratic candidate for President in 1876. When Rutherford Hayes was declared the winner over the defrauded Tilden, Watterson called for 100,000 outraged citizens to march on Washington. Nothing of the sort happened and to his amazement the public responded with laughter and denunciations of the bloodthirsty demagoguery. Mr. Watterson's was not an impressive intellect; his emotions were too swift for thinking. He has been called a gadfly, but he wasn't. Rather a bumblebee.

Financial expediency occasionally dictated his spoken and written

word — even his editorial policy. When his attacks on Bryanism and the Populists so enraged his Kentucky readers that the *Courier-Journal's* circulation fell almost to the disaster line, he surrendered to the readers, struck an uneasy truce with Mr. Bryan but privately prayed for the hour when it would be safe once more to pour hot invective on all that Bryan stood for and on.

Professor Wall has deftly interwoven the life of Watterson and the American political scene, 1860-1920.

The Intense Joiner

GEORGE MOORE. A Reconsideration. By Malcolm Brown. University of Washington Press. \$4.50.

By John R. Willingham

SINCE HIS death in 1933, George Moore has been considerably neglected. It has been hard for literary historians and critics to "place" him among the pigeonholes of literary schools and movements, and a later generation that takes itself (if no one else) too seriously has thought of him almost solely as the source of those delightful but trivial "Mooreisms." Furthermore, his spiteful nature, his epigrammatic but half-truthful dismissals of his contemporaries still offend the partisans of Yeats, Zola, Synge and all the others. But, as Malcolm Brown makes quite clear, Moore is an important link in the still imperfectly understood evolution of contemporary art and letters.

For almost fifty years, Moore mined various and sometimes completely opposed areas of late Victorian and early twentieth-century esthetic speculation and achievement. He digested the viewpoint and purpose of the Parisian bohemia of the 1870's. Then, scarcely pausing, he took up the banner of naturalism and tried to become the Zola of England. Huysmans, Balzac and Pater contributed to the development of his style and intention; Gautier and Flaubert furnished authority for his increasing concern for the distinction between form and content. In the early 1900's, as if he had never acknowledged "an original hatred

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is associate professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

The casual reader of his book, if such there be, will add without pain to his understanding of American political-party dervishings. And he may be surprised to note how little political dodges and skulduggeries have changed since Watterson lambasted and swayed the voter with uninhibited denunciations garnished with a furious sauce of mixed metaphors. He lived vociferously, wrote in shrill crescendo and died as doubtless he wished — suddenly — aged eighty-one.

of my native country and a brutal loathing of the religion I was brought up in," Moore happily embarked for Ireland and tireless labor within its literary renaissance. After rather effectively alienating his Irish co-workers to the tune of *Hail and Farewell*, Moore finally (after 1911) turned back to England and forward to his famous later style.

But for all these successive allegiances and inevitable breaks, Moore's career reveals an astonishing organic development. The movements he had joined, the writers he had known and admired, all contributed to the emergence of an unmistakably fresh manner in the late style. It was as if from the 1870's on he had thoughtfully laid out a rigid training program. Wilde's judgment that "Moore conducts his education in public" suggests the intense impression Moore's quest for esthetic integrity made upon his contemporaries. Like Henry James, Moore considered the writer's office as essentially religious; art was the province in which the discrepancies of a chaotic world were ordered and stilled.

Almost twenty years have passed since Joseph Hone published his biography of Moore. Brown does not retrace that pioneer ground; he writes of the growth of an artist's mind.

SPRING BOOK ISSUE April 14

Samuel Beckett
by Kenneth Rexroth

Sean O'Casey
by John O'Shaughnessy

Severest Friends

THE JAZZ AGE REVISITED. By George Harmon Knoles. Stanford University Press. \$3.

By Janet Sheps

THE SUBTITLE of this book is British Criticism of American Civilization During the 1920's; essentially it is a descriptive bibliography of the field so described. The twenties were the heyday of the visiting celebrity and the woman's club lecturer, and Mr. Knoles' sources range from John Strachey to Dean Inge and include such trenchant observers as Harold Laski, Margot Asquith, G. B. Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Aldous Huxley, Eric Linklater and Ford Madox Ford. Although some are dated, the quotations from these and other reporters make lively reading. E. V. Lucas, for instance, records how he was taken aback when, on an American steamship, the room steward said to a cabin boy, "Show this man number 231." "I had no objection to being called a man," Lucas says, "far from it; but after years of being called a gentleman it was startling." Speaking of American businessmen, Llewellyn Powys says, "These lick-pennies have not the mental development of a set of professional golf-players . . . Most of them hardly realize they are alive, before their routine days, their routine thoughts, their newspaper-magazine-clubmen thoughts, come to an abrupt end, and they are carried away to a hideous vault, in a hideous cemetery, their coffins covered with ostentatious hothouse flowers, all wired together by commercial hands . . ." It is hard to see, at this remove what he had against professional golfers.

Judging from the excerpts given in this volume, one of the more scathing British critics of the United States was C. E. M. Joad, who, when he wrote *The Babbitt Warren*, had never been to the United States and didn't care. But not all distinguished British visitors were critical: Chicago reminded Ford Madox Ford of a cathedral, and of course Galsworthy was sympathetic.

Although it is an intelligent and scholarly job (Mr. Knoles is a pro-

fessor of history at Stanford University) the most it can do is to whet the reader's appetite for the original sources. Even after thirty years Americans might find Ford's two friendly books of essays illuminating and enjoy Eric Linklater's *Juan in America*, a novel written, incidentally, after he had been a Commonwealth fellow in this country. Certainly the satiric comedies of contemporary critics like Huxley and Waugh have taught us almost as much about ourselves as about their authors. Beside such vivid, cranky writing, the solemn books about national differences are pale.

Sade Again

NIGHT. By Erico Verissimo. Translated by L. L. Barrett. The Macmillan Company. \$2.95.

By Charles Shapiro

ERICO VERISSIMO, the highly-touted Brazilian author, has made the big jump into the no man's land of tortured symbolism. The hero of *Night* has lost his memory but has retained a haunting sense of guilt. Alone, in a nameless city, stumbling "with a dazed glitter of fear like the eyes of an animal at bay," he wanders in a teasing world of perpetual fear and phoney values.

Driven by his search for identity, the "stranger" plunges through a night of horror, accompanied by two new-found buddies, a chuckling, hunchbacked dwarf who must have taken postgraduate work with M. de Charlus, and a pimp who is known only as "master." These three boy scouts of sadism go out on the town, torturing, raping and talking philosophy: "Stinking bourgeois! You light a candle to God and another to the devil and end up with neither God nor the Devil. Men like me at least have the Devil!"

THEIR tour of degeneracy includes several bars, a wake, a carnival, an emergency hospital, houses of sick repute (predictable screams from the

CHARLES SHAPIRO, a member of the Department of English at Wayne University, edited with Alfred Kazin *The Stature of Theodore Dreiser*.

next room, where the dwarf is making avant-garde love), and a homosexual night club. This ludicrous, kaleidoscopic fantasy is uneasily reminiscent of the early Frankenstein and Dracula movies in which the intended grotesque becomes laughable.

Modern man's loss of individuality, his important search for decent roots are vital materials for any novelist, and as we become increasingly like one another in our solitude they become almost necessary parts of any honest writer's critique of our lives. Kafka's bewildered, one-lettered wonderer, Dostoevski's urbanized underground man, Ralph Ellison's fleeing Negro are all literary embodiments of aloneness, but only because they have been created with imagination, artistry and love. Mr. Verissimo's slim allegory of Mr. Average becoming Mr. Abnormal is merely invented and thus no more than a bold, ridiculous failure.

Books In Brief

Biography

HUE AND CRY. By Patrick Pringle. William Morrow. \$4.

HOGARTH'S PROGRESS. By Peter Quennell. Viking. \$6.50.

Political corruption, the mores of the underworld and the rate of consumption of gin are among the interests which these two special studies of eighteenth-century England have in common. Mr. Pringle's book tells how the great novelist, Henry Fielding, and his blind brother, John, founded England's first police force in order to combat the crime and disorder that provided Hogarth with some of his liveliest subjects. The Fielding brothers' strongest foe was the incredible, but deeply-rooted fear that an official police force would threaten individual liberty. Although his subject often leads him into horror and sensationalism, Mr. Pringle's major interest is the gradual emergence of modern, humane crime control.

Mr. Quennell does not succeed in making Hogarth interesting as a personality; he seems to have been a man of energy, vanity and theories. But it is impossible to understand Hogarth's work fully without a knowledge of his times, and Mr. Quennell wisely devotes much of his book to a thorough annotation of

JANET SHEPS, formerly with the State Department Information Program, is now working for Collier's.

the artist's most famous pictures, and a vivid re-creation of the civilization they represent.—JACOB KORG.

Politics

THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN LIBERALISM. By Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. Longmans, Green. \$7.50.

Taking as his standard the classical conception of liberalism as an attitude and including belief in limited representative government and economic freedom for the individual, Arthur Ekirch traces its decline from the beginnings of our national history.

There is a certain air of unreality about this approach because liberalism, as rigidly defined here, could not survive the industrialization and urbanization of society. It would seem to have as little meaning for modern society as the tenets of philosophical anarchism. Therefore the author, professor of history at American University, is undoubtedly justified in holding that the Revolution marked the starting point of liberal decline in America. It is less apparent that this observation has any particular relevance. Despite this reservation, Professor Ekirch has contributed a stimulating interpretation and survey of American development. His chapters on the growth of the garrison state and the cult of national loyalty are a devastating commentary which has the virtue of relating these developments to long-term trends in this society.—H. H. WILSON.

Fiction

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE. By Paul Bowles. Random House. \$3.95.

Paul Bowles, the American novelist living in North Africa, has earned considerable popularity as a specialist in violent, exotic stories of Moslems (those depraved by civilization and those with the "pure" fierceness of tradition still intact), and nihilistic American wanderers who are raped, castrated or hypnotized, depending on their circumstances and temperament.

Despite his preoccupation with the baroque, Mr. Bowles has demonstrated a sensitivity to the nature and people of the land he has chosen as his home. In his new novel he not only demonstrates sensitivity, but uses it; his portrait of a changing

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society, losing none of the narrative richness of his earlier books, directs this richness to a wider and more mature perception.

The Spider's House is a novel of the brutality and self-defeating rigidity of two extremes which between them grind down an ancient culture and replace it with political and ideological slogans. The scene is Morocco: Bowles's portrait of French colonial policy—its informers, secret police and mass reprisals against native populations—will shock the Francophiles in his audience. The native nationalists, on the other hand, operate with like fanaticism,

attempting to impose half-digested European political dogmas on an ancient system of religion and thought.

With this new awareness of realities, Bowles retains his power to evoke locale. He not only "describes" North African civilization, he places his reader in closest possible relation to it. He uses point of view superbly and perhaps daringly, since the terms of the mind processes he recreates are often far removed from Western readers. *The Spider's House* is in many ways his most powerful, certainly his most convincing volume.—STANLEY COOPERMAN.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE AMERICAN Opera Society ended its season with Offenbach's *La Perichole*, which reminded one of the remarkable gifts this composer employed to entertain his public. Offenbach may not be "the founder of the modern school of musical comedy" that the society's program notes say he was (the *Harvard Dictionary of Music* gives von Suppe as his contemporary), but he was one of the first composers of the genre and remains one of the most brilliant to this day. His delightful melodies and amusing lyrics—with an assist from skillful orchestration—work together as effectively as those of Gilbert and Sullivan, the Gershwins, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter and other such accomplished practitioners.

In dealing with serious opera the society has modified concert performance to the extent of having the singer make entrances and exits and do a little miming; and I once mentioned the fact that having singers stand in front of an orchestra and act characters of antiquity in present-day tails and evening gowns produced results that sometimes were embarrassing or absurd. With Offenbach's opera bouffe, comic effect was one of the objectives of the production that placed the orchestra on one side of the Town Hall stage and the chorus on the other, leaving a cleared central space for the singers to act their parts in fuller detail. And comic effect was achieved by things like the stylized movements

of the Three Cousins, or the disguising of the Viceroy dressed in tails with a huge mustache and a market-basket full of vegetables. But Jennie Tourel's excessively low-cut gown and excessive coquetry were embarrassing in the absence of the allure which they presumed. She sang well, however; Leopold Simoneau sang beautifully and did an amusing impersonation of an amiable drunk; there were good performances by Martial Singher, Shirlee Enmons, Janet Southwick and Saralee Liss; and the orchestra and chorus were conducted effectively by Arnold U. Gamson.

AS AGAINST the old Glyndebourne Festival *Marriage of Figaro* that Busch made mercurially swift and light, suave and elegant, the new Glyndebourne performance conducted by Gui on the four records of Victor LHMV-6401 is slow-moving and sharply pointed up for dramatic sense. But Gui not only lessens the effect of the section of the second-act finale beginning with the Count's *Vostre dunque saran questa carta* by pacing it too slowly; he also destroys the effect of the Count's and Countess' spellbound amazement, which Susanna comments on with her *Signore! Cos' e quel stupore?* by playing the passage too fast. The most beautiful singing is Jurinac's as the Countess; Cuenod creates an outstanding Basilio with his remarkable inflection and coloring of his voice; and Ian Wallace's Bartolo and

Monica Sinclair's Marcellina are good. But Graziella Sciutti's Susanna is a little sharp-edged; Bruscantini is a dry-and rough-voiced Figaro; Calabrese is a rough-sounding Count; and Rise Stevens is a plushy-voiced Cherubino. A feature that calls for mention is the dramatically pointed and witty harpsichord accompaniment of the recitative by Raymond Leppard. But another is the dry recorded sound. The performance is, then, not without attractive features; but as a whole it is one I advise against.

On the other hand Gui's conducting makes the Glyndebourne Festival performance of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* on the two records of Victor LHMV-600 one of the most extraordinary examples of the combined operation of operatic performance ever put on records. De Gabarain, in the title role, produces an occasional shrill high note and hasn't all the agility needed in *Non piu mesta*; but otherwise her voice and style are superb, and so is the singing of Oncina, Bruscantini and Wallace. It is Gui who is responsible not only for the singers' style but for the orchestra's beautiful tone and sharp-witted phrasing, the clarity of the ensemble of voices and orchestra, the sustained tension and exciting cumulative effect in the concerted numbers, and even, I am sure, the remarkable accompanying of the recitative by Bryan Balkwill. And luckily the performance is reproduced with marvelous clarity and beauty.

THE FOUR records of London XLLA-37 offer an outstanding performance of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*—one, that is, with enough beautiful singing by Tebaldi, Simonato, Bastianini, Siepi and Corena to make one willing to put up with del Monaco's unattractively and at times unpleasantly dry, tight and rough voice. The excellent orchestra and chorus of the Saint Cecilia Academy are conducted by Molinari-Pradelli, who paces and shapes the performance well. The recorded sound is excellent with a 10,000-cycle cut-off.

The three records of London XLLA-39 provide an opportunity to hear Donizetti's unfamiliar *La Favorita*, and to discover that it is characteristic not only in several outstandingly beautiful melodic struc-

tures but in its other effective writing. This time Simionato's voice, in the title role, is clouded at times by strong vibrato; but far more damaging to the performance is Gianni Poggi's combination of unattractive tone, quaver and strain in the higher tenor range. The singing of Bastianini and Hines, however, is excellent; and the orchestra and chorus of the Florence Festival perform well under Erede's direction. The libretto accompanying the records provides ■ text which is largely different from the one that is sung.

As it happens, a few of the most beautiful melodic structures are among the excerpts from *La Favorita* on Angel 35322; and the unfamiliar young singers who are heard on the record include ■ tenor, Dino Formichini, whose resonant, easily flowing voice is a pleasure after del Monaco and Poggi. The mezzo-soprano of Vittoria Garofalo is dry and has a strong vibrato; the baritone of Otello Borgonovo and bass of Paolo Washington are fair; and Glauco Curiel conducts the unidentified orchestra and chorus acceptably.

there was no farm problem, implied that the program was a false documentary. Could it be that what seemed so real, so inescapable, was, in Benson's word, the work of a "demagogue"? It is obvious that the material presented was edited to a coherent point of view, as is the work of any correspondent. But in light of the Murrow-Friendly reputation for responsible and honest journalism, their conclusions could not be refuted so crudely.

Apparently, Benson himself felt this and therefore requested his portion of the air. The subsequent rebuttal was an uncomfortable half hour. Some of it Benson devoted to ■ stilted question-and-answer period, with Senator Thomas Martin of Iowa playing the straight man, and to filmed shots of the Senator on location in Corning, Iowa, one of the towns *See It Now* had visited. Although Martin explained that he was so concerned by the Murrow-Friendly report that he had made

TELEVISION

Anne Langman

TELEVISION is roundly, and often justly, whipped by serious folk for its low aims and lower achievements. But every now and then TV promises, even as the bad boy of the story books, qualities of maturity which belong peculiarly to this medium: freedom to move around in space and thought; ability to respond quickly and sensitively to the concerns of the audience, to make people and issues close and real.

This was well demonstrated by the recent discussions on the Columbia Broadcasting System, starting with a *See It Now* program entitled "The Farm Problem — A Crisis of Abundance." This was followed several weeks later by what has been affectionately called the double rebuttal: first Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson requested and received

a half hour of "equal time" to reply; then the Democratic Senators Clinton Anderson and Hubert Humphrey were given the same to rebut Benson. This was not a planned series; it came about simply because the interest compelled it.

THE *SEE IT NOW* program was ■ documentary report. Its producers, Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly, dug into the complexities of the farm enigma and came up with a sweep of film from the wide ranges of the Middle and Far West. Murrow talked with small farmers, big farmers, bankers, mortgage holders, grange members. There were unforgettable moments: the solemn face of a staunch young farmer watching his equipment being auctioned off—and with it his hard-fought struggle to stay on the land; the thoughtful gravity of three neighbors leaning on a rail fence, trying to figure out how they could make ends meet; the great line of silent ships of the "mothball fleet," now storage bins for excess wheat.

There were also a good many facts in this program, succinctly explained by the men who have to live by them. Surpluses, parity, price-fixing, rising costs — it would have been difficult to misunderstand the words the farmers said, particularly difficult when the earnestness of their faces was so close.

Secretary Benson watched this show with Murrow, and at its close was invited to comment. His remarks were confusing. He said that



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ANNE LANGMAN has worked in radio and television, both as a producer and as a reporter. She came into the area originally as a continuation of her profession of social worker, being for some time Health and Welfare program director for WNYC. As a consultant for the Benjamin Rosenthal Foundation, she produced a film, *Home Care*, which brought her to the attention of officials at the American Broadcasting Corporation. Last year ABC asked her to go to the Far East to record on tape interviews with a number of political and social leaders in that area of the world. She completed that assignment just before Christmas of last year.

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this trip to check up in person, his behavior in Corning was strikingly inconclusive. The film simply showed the Senator walking down Main Street, shaking ■ occasional hand—■ though he had nothing in mind but the good wishes of the voters.

Some of his time Benson used to explain that if there was a farm problem, it would be because he had inherited high and unsound price-fixing practices from the previous Administration. There is no crisis of abundance, he said, just an imbalance between production and consumption! The comment: "We will use the surplus to eat up the surplus" did nothing to settle the confusion.

Benson was not helped by insufficient preparation and poor technical production. Both he and the Senator appeared ill at ease, missed their cues, seemed frightened and nervous and were poorly lighted.

IN THE LAST round the Democrats took the ring. Senator Anderson of New Mexico gave figures to show the change in the farm picture during the last two decades, concentrating on the last four years. He used half a dozen charts to demonstrate his points; a particularly vivid one showed farm vs. national income in two lines which struggled up and down together until, at the 1952 mark, farm income plunged downwards and national income soared up. "And these are the pincers in which we are caught," said Anderson, pointing with his pencil.

Senator Humphrey of Minnesota took Anderson's place behind the desk with his charts, and caused a moment of alarm with the by now too-familiar statement: "There is not a farm problem." He hastened to add that it is instead a national problem. He was effective when he held to dispassionate and lucid explanations (the parity theory he handled with especial skill), and was less than effective when he attacked Benson: the atmosphere favored the expert over the politician.

See It Now is the intelligible and intelligent product of two of the most highly-skilled and completely professional documentary producers in the business. Where Secretary Benson chose to compete with them on their own ground, he was a dismal, amateurish failure. When he made his own statements, he made

them from the point of view of personal defense and political passion. He seemed to use TV to sell himself, ■ parry punches, to win a fight.

Anderson and Humphrey, on the other hand, were for the most part impersonal, objective, their almost professorial attitude being heightened by the use of charts and pointers. Explanation and clarification took the place of special pleading. If there were tricks of production, they were not evident. Each man seemed determined to use every second of his time to say what needed to be said.

The way in which men in politics use television will be important to them in the months to come. The devices of the medium can and must be used, but used selectively and with great caution. Those who are seduced into becoming performers run the risk of being discarded as such. And they are liable to find that "sincerity," by which the trade means a calculated air of honesty, is not enough for the honest air.

Television Forecast

March 17 through 21

(See local papers for time and channel).

Sunday, March 18

OUT OF DARKNESS (CBS). A 90-minute documentary on the prevalence, characteristics and care of mental illness. Narrated by Dr. William C. Menninger and Orson Welles; filmed at Metropolitan State Hospital, Norwalk, California.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Maurice Evans is directing and will star with Lilli Palmer.

Monday, March 19

SPRINGTIME—USA (ABC; The Voice of Firestone). A musical pageant tracing the development of America through its music and (for the first time in the 26 years of this program) including jazz. With Rise Stevens, Patrice Munsel, Paul Whiteman, Ray Middleton, Brian Sullivan and the jazz men Peanuts Hucker, Vernon Brown, Bobby Hackett. Helen Hayes, moderator.

Tuesday, March 20

FIVE WHO SHOOK THE MIGHTY (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). A play based on the seizure last year of the Rumanian Legation in Berne by five anti-Communist Rumanians. The men will be tried by the Swiss in April.

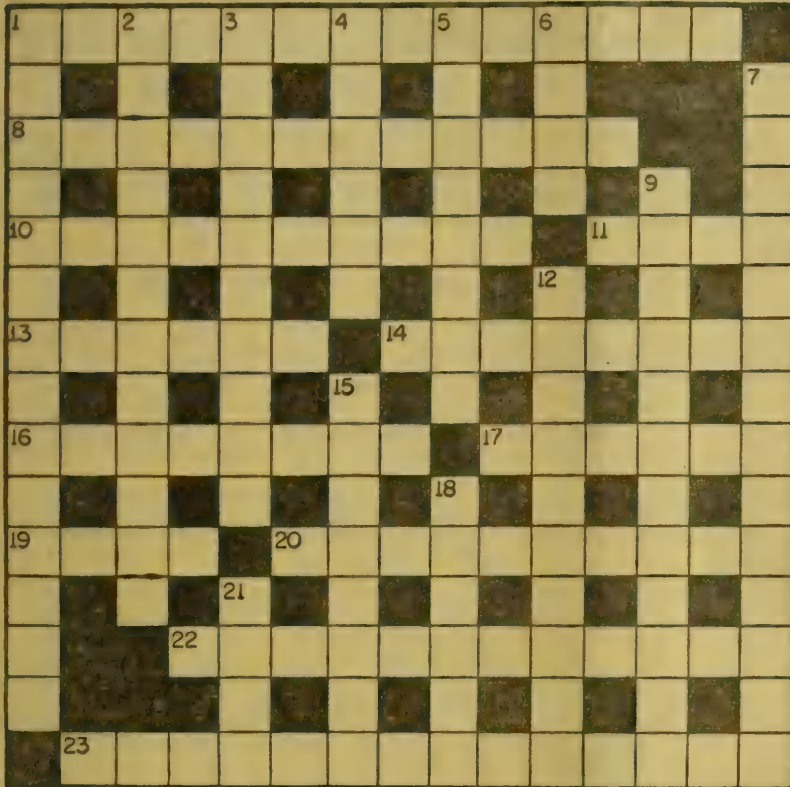
Wednesday, March 21

LOST WEEKEND (NBC; Kraft Television Theatre). Adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel, with Jack Lemmon, good recently in The Day Lincoln Was Shot.

March 17, 1956

Crossword Puzzle No. 663

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Implies a constant line, rather than reciprocal affection. (4,6,4)
- Seen at the "Folies" (by those with designs in mind?) (6,6)
- 10 Look at the drawer! You might get advance notice here. (5,5)
- 11 and 21 Don't look so hard—it implies the futility of searching for a match. (8)
- 13 Katherina needed it. (6)
- 14 Not a particularly high wind. (4,4)
- 16 Implying digits are carried. (8)
- 17 Dr. Foster found it only middling. (6)
- 19 Quite easy to notice in the animal kingdom. (4)
- 20 Adequately report an incident in either cricket or lacrosse. (5-5)
- 22 Evidently only half advertising. (12)
- 23 The swell feeling a good scrubbing might give. (10,4)

DOWN

- 1 Daytime play? (4,4,6)
- 2 He might take things as he sees them. (12)

- 3 Doesn't mean returned (unless at court?). (10)
- 4 A little check goes wrong about the creatures. (6)
- 5 The Lares displayed by Carolinians (8)
- 6 This way one might look like 5 without hats. (4)
- 7 He doesn't sound like a very slack writer (but might fall behind)! (8,6)
- 9 A professional fiddler is likely to have one, even though he plays first. (6,6)
- 12 Probably a rather tricky expression. (5-5)
- 15 Some mind this, but it's a devilish thing to believe. (8)
- 18 A pair of mine confused in private, perhaps. (6)
- 21 See 11 across.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 662

ACROSS: 1 THE OLD SCHOOL TIE; 2 ESPARTO; 10 ACCOUNT; 11 AIRING; 12 STOICISM; 14 OVEREATING; 15 MEAL; 17 TOPS; 19 EMBELLING; 22 EYE-BALLS; 23 NORDIC; 25 ADAMANT; 26 TRAVAIL; 27 DOLLAR DIPLOMACY. DOWN: 1 THE LAY OF THE LAND; 2 EX PARTE; 3 LARYNGES; 4 SPOT; 5 HEARTENING; 6 ORCHID; 7 TAURINE; 8 ENTOMOLOGICALLY; 13 STIMULATED; 16 PAGO PAGO; 18 PREVALE; 20 INDIANA; 21 MANANA; 24 STOP.

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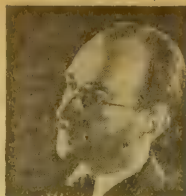
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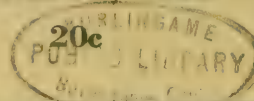
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THE *Nation*

MARCH 24, 1956



Battleground for Peace

by Mark Gayn

Letter From Paris . . *by Gerald Sykes*

Mississippi Rebel on a Texas Campus

by William W. Morris

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Flying Disk Jockeys: An Imaginary War

Centralia, Ill., Feb. 27 (UP)—Allen English, an Oxford, Miss., disk jockey, flew to within thirteen minutes of Chicago today to drop Confederate flags on the city, but was turned back by a snowstorm. Mr. English planned his "raid" in retaliation for a flight sponsored by Al Benson, a Chicago disk jockey, last week. Copies of the Constitution were dropped on Mississippi in that flight.

March 20, 1957

PLANS FOR dumping tons of watermelons from airplanes on Chicago radio transmitters were announced in Oxford, Mississippi, today by the Mississippi Disk Jockey League (MDJL), in retaliation for what a spokesman termed the "increasingly outrageous anti-white propaganda" of Radio Free Mississippi (RFM), a non-profit Chicago station supported by private donations, long known to be a thorn in the side of Mississippi broadcasters. It will be recalled that the present undeclared war between the Mississippi and Chicago disk jockeys was touched off last year when Al Benson, a Chicago jockey, dropped copies of the Constitution on Mississippi.

It was unofficially admitted that the real reason for the drastic measure was the jamming of Mississippi stations by RFM transmitters, recently become so effective that Mississippi jockeys have been virtually silenced for over a week. Use of a directional antenna has permitted MDJL radio engineers to locate the area from which the RFM transmitters are operating—they are somewhere in southern Illinois, just north of the Ohio River.

"If this thing spreads," the Mississippi spokesman said, "it will be entirely the fault of RFM. We here in Mississippi have always considered the jockeys of downstate Illinois as friendly to us, but if they persist in permitting these unscrupulous, pusillanimous sowers of hatred from Chicago to erect anti-Mississippi

transmitters, then those downstaters can only expect to be drawn into the conflict."

"Our disk jockeys," the Mississippi spokesman continued, "have each of them completed a thorough course in pilot training; the watermelon bombing will be only a warning, to show the accuracy of our bombardiers." It was commonly acknowledged in Oxford that main targets would be transmitting towers of any and all Chicago stations who employ members of the enemy Chicago Disk Jockey Association (CRJA), main supporter of RFM.

"We'll impale those melons right on the tips of their towers," the spokesman said. Asked as to the danger to humans involved, he said, "Our melons are overripe. They're actually rotten—can't do any harm to people."

In Chicago, meanwhile, officials of RFM dismissed the watermelon threats as "just a lot of talk." They gloated over their success this week in causing the defection of a Mississippi jockey-pilot, Bill "Magnolia" Jones of Chitlin, Mississippi, who flew his Confederate-flag-laden Piper Cub into Midway Airport in response to the \$5,000 offer RFM had posted for the first MDJL plane to be landed voluntarily in Chicago. Jones has accepted an announcing position with RFM.

The plane will be put on the "Constitution run," according to officials, who added that loudspeakers may be installed to permit use of the plane in stepping up "Operation Ellington." This offensive has consisted of circling over Negro areas in Mississippi, where it is reported many residents do not tune in RFM for fear of reprisals. The planes use their loudspeakers to play recordings by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Nat "King" Cole and others who have been banned by Mississippi disk jockeys since the beginning of the conflict. So far retaliatory measures in Mississippi have been limited to little white boys with mirrors who flash them in attempts to blind the Chicago pilots, but observers fear the watermelon threat may portend severer defense measures to come.

Observers elsewhere in the nation saw in the watermelon threat the greatest danger to peace since the "weather balloon" episodes last summer, when Rafe Needle, MDJL pres-

ident, accused the Chicago jockeys of "outright spying" by sending camera-carrying balloons over Mississippi transmitters. Chicago jockeys replied that, significantly, Needle had never produced a single camera for inspection by neutrals.

Chicago officials had no comment on rumors that at least one RFM jockey had succeeded, by using an assumed Southern accent, in gaining employment on an MDJL station. But a usually reliable Southern source said that an extensive security program is underway in Mississippi to root out and banish all but 100 per cent Mississippians in sensitive disk-jockey positions. Suspects are allegedly being tested on long lists of Southern colloquialisms, and familiarity with Northern customs, personalities and places—especially, of course, Chicago—is reported to be grounds for dismissal.

In New York, radio circles saw little hope for an early peace. Last month mediators from NBC, CBS, ABC and MBS called for a meeting of leaders on each side, but their efforts were met only with mutual accusations of lying and hypocrisy by each camp.

ROY BONGARTZ

[Roy Bongartz, short-story writer, took time out from his current labors at Yaddo, New York, to take this quick glimpse into a crystal ball.]

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VOLUME 182, NUMBER 12

THE *Nation*

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Battleground for Peace . . . by Mark Gayn

THE Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow was, in Mikoyan's words, "the most important party congress since Lenin." The fact is that the sessions represented a turning point comparable only to the Fifteenth Congress of 1927 at which Stalin formally took over the party, expelled his foes and put into effect his doctrine of "socialism in one country." This isolationist concept was the product of a series of international defeats culminated by the debacle in China, and of Stalin's conviction that the Soviet Union could—or had to—go it alone. In precisely the same way, the policies expounded at last month's congress represented

In this guest editorial Mark Gayn, distinguished author and foreign correspondent, deals with the international rather than the internal significance of the downgrading of Stalin.

a new course, dictated by a new set of circumstances. What emerged was a brand-new foreign policy hand-tailored for this day and hour.

Under Stalin's doctrine, the key words were "capitalist encirclement." It could be argued that they correctly represented the political picture of 1927, or even of 1939. But Stalin held on to his policy long after history made it obsolete. "Capitalist encirclement" was still his cardinal principle when the Cominform was set up in Warsaw in 1947, and even when the hostilities broke out in Korea in 1950. Yet, by this time, "capitalist encirclement" was already a myth. The Communist world stretched from the Brandenburg Gate to the South China Sea, and it was absurd to think of anyone enveloping the great bulk of Eurasia.

The foremost of the factors that helped to shape the new policy (as practiced in the past year and enunciated last month) was the physical growth of the Red world. Mikoyan put it this way:

The time is gone when the Soviet land of socialism was isolated, when we were an oasis in a capital encirclement. Today, there can be no talk of this. At present, alongside with the system of capitalist states, there is a system of Socialist states. . . . Now the great Western powers can no longer settle any major issues on their own, without considering the opinion of the Soviet Union, China and all the countries of socialism. . . .

Dimitri Shepilov, one of the younger leaders (and engineer of the Egyptian arms deal), supplied the detail:

Up to World War II, the Socialist system accounted

for 17 per cent of the area of the world, about 9 per cent of the population and only 7 per cent of the the world's industrial production. At present, the countries of the Socialist camp cover more than 25 per cent of the area of the globe; include more than 35 per cent of its entire population, and account for about 30 per cent of its industrial output.

As Red acreage expanded, economic power kept pace. A point had been reached where the Soviet Union could compete with the West as an exporter of capital and machinery. Khrushchev estimated Moscow's credits to the People's Democracies at the moment at twenty-one billion rubles (nominally about five billion dollars), and the cost of the 156 industrial undertakings it was supplying to China at an additional 5.6 billion rubles. Nor was this all. The Communist bloc was now in a position to make economic aid one of its most potent weapons in the struggle for the "uncommitted" countries of Asia. These, Khrushchev has said, "no longer have to go to their former oppressors hat-in-hand to seek modern equipment. They can now get it in the Socialist countries, with no political or military strings attached."

The second major factor in the shaping of the new policy was Moscow's success in making new friends. In the odd image created at the congress, the world was made to look like a layer cake, with the Communist bloc forming the cream on top. Right beneath it came "fraternal" Yugoslavia, and then the neutral nations—some, such as India, described as "our allies in the peace camp," and most others, including Egypt, Syria, Afghanistan and Indonesia, pictured as close friends. Still lower came the neutrals, such as Finland, Austria and Sweden, and finally the hostile world, from Iran and Pakistan to the United States. Khrushchev himself called the top three layers "the peace zone" whose 1,500,000,000 people were joined in opposition to the "warmongers."

The third factor was Moscow's obvious feeling that the Red bloc has finally achieved military parity with the West. Mikoyan, for instance, declared that "those great capitalist monopolies" in the United States "which wouldn't mind starting a war" are deterred by the knowledge that "not only the Americans but the Soviet Union as well has the atom and the hydrogen bombs, and the means of delivering them to any part of the globe in aircraft or rockets."

The final major premise in the shaping of the new policy maintained that while the Communist world was

now strong enough to shed its old fears, the capitalist world was facing serious trouble. The crumbling of the colonial empires had hurt some of the Western powers badly. As the remaining markets shrink, the struggle for them grows. The Germans and the Japanese are pushing the British and the French out of the pastures they took over after the war; the Americans are displacing the French in Indo-China and the British in the Middle East.

Since the war, the Moscow thesis went on, the capitalist economies had been supported by temporary stimulants, such as the military expenditures. But the point had now been reached when the effect of the drug was running out. Khrushchev argued that the United States had already experienced these recessions since the war, and last year, "according to official figures," 12,000,000 Americans were wholly or partly out of work. There had been "a relative shrinking" of the domestic market in some Western countries, a wheat glut, a piling up of inventories, soaring consumer credit, inflation. In one sentence, the West was headed for a great, stunning, painful crash.

WHAT then is the shape of the new Soviet foreign policy as it was outlined at the Kremlin's Great Palace? To use the familiar American terminology, Stalin's heirs have abandoned his isolationism and have assumed "a position of strength." If there was one dominant note at the congress it was that of confidence—in the great and growing size of the Red bloc, in its economic and military strength. In some of their more fiery passages, Mikoyan and Marshal Georgii Zhukov sounded oddly like John Foster Dulles in his "massive retaliation" moments.

The word with the thickest calluses on it, however, was "peace." For there can be no doubt of Moscow's conviction that time is its ally; that without war the Communist bloc can only prosper and the Western world can only decay; that the best common denominator for the people of the world is not communism, nor free enterprise, but peace; that the side which can appear as a champion of peace can win over the "uncommitted," or even the hesitant, nations of Asia and Europe; and that every effort must be made to persuade the world that Communist revolutions need not be violent and war between the two rival worlds need not be inevitable.

The great goal of the new policy, thus, is peace, at whatever cost in dogma, pride, cash or material sacrifices at home. If Social Democrats have been reviled for thirty years, now an olive branch is offered to them, along with a plea "to unite for peace." The Communist parties in the West are told quite bluntly to work no longer in a defiant isolation but through parliamentary channels and within a "united front." If special care is to be taken to woo the heart of the strategically-placed Yugoslavia, energetic efforts are also to be made to dangle trade opportunities before Turkey and West Germany, or to persuade France that Russia is its ally,

America its rival and Germany its foe. The biggest and the costliest effort of all, however, is to be exerted in the "uncommitted" countries of Asia—even if extending aid there means tightening the belt somewhere within the Red world itself. Parallel to this, and still in the interests of peace, every device is to be employed to increase the strains within the Western bloc (as by the sale of arms to Israel's neighbors), and to estrange, or even isolate, the United States from its Western allies. The formal objectives of the new foreign policy are defined as disarmament and collective-security pacts in Asia and Europe. But, for the sake of relieving tensions, Moscow is ready to settle for far less. If total disarmament, for instance, cannot be arranged now, the Russians say, why not just agree to halt the tests of nuclear weapons and bar the use of atomic arms on German soil?

THE reappraisal in Moscow has made a similar reassessment mandatory in the West. The Russians have had to formulate a new policy because the shape of the world had changed. But it had also changed for the United States, Britain and France. Dean Acheson's doctrine of "containment" was outdated in 1948 by the enormity of the Red land mass. Mr. Dulles' "massive retaliation"—which never made much sense in application to local wars or to relatively minor Asian revolutions—was invalidated by the progress in weapons both in the West and in Russia. If pressed to its logical conclusion, this concept could only lead to the annihilation of the world, including Mr. Dulles' own. In fact, the entire Western strategy of the past decade lost its point the day Stalin died, for it was in the first place formulated to counter his moves. The sad little pacts that the Western statesmen are now slapping together all over the map of Asia are also a throwback to the Stalin era; today, they have almost no political excuse and even less military justification.

For the West, the great problem in Asia, and even in portions of Europe, is presented not by possible Soviet or Chinese military moves, but by the profound social, economic and military turmoil which the Communists can exploit. This historic challenge cannot be met by military force, by threats of atomic retaliation, by SEATO's or by the activities of various oddly-named and reticent American organizations. One of the answers, obviously, is economic aid; a sort of a Marshall Plan II, but more subtly conceived, more intelligently administered and, if possible, as richly financed.

A new policy for the West must be shaped to cope with the realities of the new world—in which perhaps a third of the population lives under the Red flag, and perhaps a half has little affection for the Western man and his nuclear punch. No magazine editorial, of course, can venture to outline such a policy; all it can do is to suggest some of the concepts that should be considered. It is plain, for instance, that in the face of Soviet military power the West can no longer make a retaliatory or a punitive war the rock-bottom of its

foreign policy. It is also clear that—unless it wishes to identify itself further with war in the minds of the “uncommitted” millions—it must halt the present constant and exuberant talk of military preparedness.

The policy-makers should consider whether the West, if it does not fight the Red world, should not learn to live with it. They must also recognize what Moscow has long known—that the real political battlefield today stretches from Casablanca to Saigon, and that the weapons to be employed in this contest must, above all, be economic and psychological. If the West allows the current ferment in this enormous area to go on much longer, the chances are it will wake up one morning face to face with a wholly Red Asia. The Big Three must study anew the reasons why such great nations as India, Burma and Indonesia are not among the friends, and Washington, at least, must reconsider its policy of ignoring and sometimes snubbing them.

The Big Three should also take another good look at their Asiatic allies, and re-examine their usefulness, their progress and the type of aid they should be given. Does Thailand, for instance, need more paratroopers, paramilitary police and cannon, or would it resist communism more effectively with a genuine land reform, more schools and clinics, markets for its glut of rice, a measure of democracy and an honest government? Washington must urgently revise its entire propaganda program, bringing it down from Madison Avenue to the dusty level of an Indian or an Egyptian

village, or, if you please, to the earthy level to which Khrushchev and Bulganin brought it in their Asiatic journeys. That such a new look is urgently needed has been shown by some of the foolishness heard in Washington and elsewhere since the Kremlin congress last month. For it is as silly to argue that nothing has changed in Moscow as it is to insist that the new Soviet policy represents an admission of Communist weakness and Western strength.

Such a reassessment need not necessarily be pessimistic. If Washington has blundered awesomely, so, the Soviet leaders now admit, has Moscow. If the Soviet gun-running in the Middle East has been tragically effective, it has also borne with it seeds of trouble for the Communists themselves, for Moscow has now associated itself—in fact, and in men's minds—with a military junta in Egypt, a semi-feudal government in Spain, and a primordial regime in slave-trading, oil-soaked Saudi Arabia. But the fact remains that the new Soviet policy presents a historic challenge which the West must reassess its own policies to meet. In the past fortnight, at least three European statesmen have called for such a reappraisal and have voiced doubt of American leadership. If President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles do not take the lead in reviewing the foreign policy of the United States, and of the West, the creative leadership of the free world might easily slip out of their hands by default. For the hour is late, the need is urgent and delay is fatal.

New Hampshire Prologue . . . by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.

Laconia, New Hampshire
AS IN 1952, New Hampshire's "first in the nation" primary provided a pair of surprises: the shoo-in victory of Estes Kefauver over Adlai Stevenson and the phenomenal showing of Richard Nixon, who garnered 23,000 write-in votes for Vice-President. The vote was light. These developments indicated that political prophets would have to go through an agonizing reappraisal. And the Granite State maintained its reputation of being if not bellwether, at least Cassandra.

Factionalism dominates this small and traditionally Republican state. There are the liberal (Eisenhower) Republicans and the old-line (Taft, now Bridges, née McKinley) Republicans. The "left-wingers" are headed

by Presidential assistant Sherman Adams, former governor; the old-line group claims as its mentor Senator Styles Bridges. After the President's decision to run there was an ostentatious show of harmony. The plain, unvarnished truth, however, is that Bridges has no love for Adams and vice virtue, as a dairy farmer up here was heard to say.

The Democrats' main strength lies in the urban industrial workers and the French Canadians. Senator Kefauver made his chief appeal to these groups, insofar as economic issues played a part in his campaign. He stressed his vote against Taft-Hartley, discussed the plight of the farmer, deplored Big Business and Giveaways and decried the shape and direction of our foreign policy.

Kefauver blamed New Hampshire's unemployment on the Administration. Political observers did not miss the irony of this. New Hampshire has lost some of its industry to Southern states who promise,

openly, tax write-offs and, covertly, cheap labor. Among the beneficiaries has been the state of Tennessee. And none has been louder in his hosannas of welcome to this new industry than that state's senior Senator. In spite of this he seems to be the man New Hampshire Democrats like.

His real strength lay in his method of campaigning. While he is more dignified now than in 1952 (he eschewed his coonskin cap), he is still downright folksy. He visited every part of the state, shook every hand in sight, kissed babies, exchanged pleasantries and complimented ladies on their looks and cooking. His charming wife, Nancy, captivated the ladies tea and church-supper set. He needed an impressive win in New Hampshire to stay in the running. He won going away. His success once again showed that American voters, despite television, like to see and hear their candidates in the flesh. Earl Long was recently elected Governor of Louisiana by a

NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR., an observer of the American political scene, is currently working on a book about the Long family in Louisiana politics.

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landslide vote after utterly disdain- ing the medium and stumping the state. Happy Chandler's victory in Kentucky was largely *sans* TV. These instances may serve to plant the seed of doubt in the minds of Republican sachems, some of whom have felt that the President could ~~run~~ successfully merely by standing in front of a camera.

Stevenson had little to lose but he lost it. He did not officially enter the primary, did not give his blessing to the slate entered on his behalf and did not visit the state. If he had taken as many as four of the delegates, his supporters could have claimed victory. He did accumulate about 4,000 write-in votes, but his slate of delegates, including some supposed powers in the state, was swamped. It was an unexpectedly poor showing.

On the Republican side it was all Eisenhower, Peace and Prosperity, although this state is no cornucopia. The big news, of course, was the unprecedented number of write-ins

for Vice-President Nixon. This spontaneous demonstration of popular support was obviously a reaction to reports that he was to be dropped from the ticket.

IT WAS rumored here that there was a deal on to ditch Nixon and replace him with Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter. Implied, according to the rumor, were former New York Governor Dewey and the omnipotent Sherman Adams. If Herter had scored a write-in victory, that would have ended things for Nixon—Checkers, St. Patrick's Day and the Respectable Republican Cloth Coat notwithstanding. But the boy wonder of American politics again demonstrated, conclusively, his amazing knack of turning adversity to advantage. There is no doubt that many New Hampshire voters thought he was being picked on. There was considerable opinion that the party, if not the President, was being publicly ungrateful for his considerable partisan services.

In addition there was Governor Lane Dwinell, a strong Nixon supporter.

The Nixon write-ins seem to have stirred the President from his watch-and-wait policy. He told his press conference last week that he would be delighted to have the Vice-President as a running mate again.

Other conclusions to be drawn from this important primary: Contrary to expectations, Senator Kefauver may give Adlai Stevenson a real run for his money. A strong showing by Kefauver in this week's Minnesota primary, plus Kefauver victories in either California or Florida, might seal Mr. Stevenson's political doom. It also looks as though liberals and segments of the Eastern press have again succeeded in making a martyr out of Richard Milhous Nixon. There is just the bare, unpalatable possibility that this Epworth League Machiavelli may turn out in 1956, as he did in 1952, to be a definite asset to the Republican ticket.

MISSISSIPPI REBEL

On a Texas Campus . . . by William W. Morris

Austin, Texas

THE CURRENT controversy between my newspaper, the *Daily Texan*, and the University of Texas Board of Regents goes much deeper than one might believe. This newspaper has always been one of the nation's finest college dailies; its editorial prerogative has always been something to be admired; and in times of stress for the university it has risen to heights that would do credit to the mature profession. The controversy transcends the locale. It represents a typical intrusion of state politics into education. It underscores the coercion exercised by economic interests whose endeavors to mold conformity and stifle dissent are rather prominent in our country today. And it calls attention to one of the less noble of our American traditions: the tradition of a "kept" college press, badgered by state legislatures, college administrators and

About the Author

The fight for press freedom waged by William W. Morris, editor of the *Daily Texan*, campus daily of the University of Texas, has been front-page news for weeks. Mr. Morris is one of the university's outstanding students, a Phi Beta Kappa and winner of a Rhodes Scholarship (he goes to Oxford in October). He is also a Southerner born and bred. He writes: "I spent the first seventeen years of my life in Yazoo City, Mississippi, ninety miles south of Hodding Carter's Greenville, 120 miles south of William Faulkner's Oxford and forty miles north of Eudora Welty's Jackson."

students themselves, and all but ignored by professional journalism. It was six weeks ago that the uni-

versity regents, appointees of Governor Allan Shivers, announced they were tightening up on *Daily Texan* editorial policy. Obviously they had been highly disturbed by certain aspects of the *Texan's* categorical defense of student press freedom and its editorial comments on "controversial" state and national issues. The *Texan* had gone on record against the Shivers administration. It had deplored scandals which had rocked Texas in past months. It had asked that the state's oil and gas interests pay more taxes. It had sought intelligence, good will and enlightened gradualism in the university's desegregation problem, and had lauded Texans for their moderate but tolerant approach to integration. It had stood firmly against the Harris-Fulbright natural-gas bill, one of the few Texas papers to do so. In short, it had committed the crime of being vigorous and out-

spoken, naively idealistic and exuberantly but not radically liberal in a predominantly conservative state.

Many times previously members of the board of regents had shown their disapproval of the paper's policies. Prior to the executive session in which they unanimously drafted the censorship edict, they advertised—perhaps far more than they intended—their political and economic allegiances. At an official meeting with student body representatives, they angered some of the campus' outstanding young leaders, including the student president and vice-president, by asserting that the *Daily Texan* should not discuss controversial state and national topics, by announcing that college students were not interested in such topics, by saying that the *Texan* had gone far astray in criticizing the Harris-Fulbright bill and by accusing the editor of being a "mouthpiece," supposedly for Texas liberals.

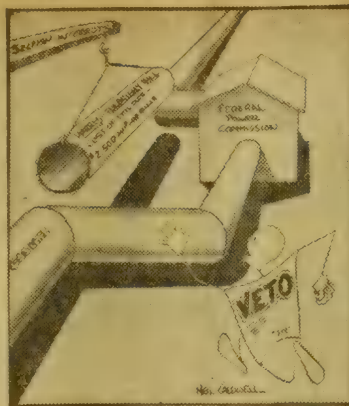
Describing their censorship edict as based on legal considerations rather than principle, they cited the rider on state appropriation bills, which says no state money "shall be used for influencing the outcome of any election, or the passage or defeat of any legislative measure." Advancing a step further, they announced that "editorial preoccupation with state and national political controversy" would also be prohibited.

The edict was promptly tested. Two highly critical editorials outlining the implications of the order were submitted to the editorial director and the acting dean of the School of Journalism, the regents' delegated representatives. A guest editorial from the *New York Times* attacking the Harris-Fulbright bill was also submitted, as were several paragraphs by Thomas Jefferson on press freedom, written under the guise of a personal column. All were rejected. The editor then called a meeting of the student-dominated Texas Student Publications board of directors, quasi-publishers of the *Daily Texan*. The students approved the editorials, and they were printed in the next day's paper. The controversy was underway.

IN THE days that followed, the *Texan* editorialized vehemently against the move to suppress. The student body, for the most part, was sympathetic. Roland Dahlin, the

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Cartoons like this got the *Daily Texan* in trouble



Whoa!

student president and an advocate of campus press freedom, helped organize the resistance. He authorized a brilliant young law student, William Wright, to represent the students legally. Wright, conferring with some of Texas' most respected attorneys and legal scholars, refuted the applicability of the appropriations rider by pointing up the *Texan's* financial independence (its funds are derived from two sources: student activity fees and advertising). He said the regents' interpretation of the rider had "terrifying implications" and reasoned it could be used just as logically, or illogically, to stifle legitimate comment among students, faculty and quasi-independent corporations housed on the campus: the Ex-Students' Association, the *Texas Law Review* and others.

The student legislature by a 25 to 1 vote, passed a free-press resolution. Later the Texas Intercollegiate Students' Association, representing most of the state's colleges and universities, approved a similar resolution. Campus organizations, including the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans, lined up with the *Texan*. On the other hand, the faculty—publicly at least—kept silent.

Certain regents fought back. Claude Voyles, a ranchman and oil operator, told the *Austin American*, "We feel the *Daily Texan* has gone out of bounds in discussing the Harris-Fulbright bill when 66 per cent of Texas money comes from oil and gas." He also said, "We are just trying to hold [the editor] to a college yell."

J. Frank Dobie, the Texas his-

torian and folklorist, attacked the regents: "They are as much concerned with free intellectual enterprise as a razorback sow would be with Keats's 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.'" The *Texas Observer*, a courageous liberal weekly edited by former *Texan* editor and Oxford-educated Ronnie Dugger, forged a major editorial campaign in our behalf. The *New York Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Denver Post*, the *Raleigh News and Observer* and the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* editorialized favorably. But the *Dallas News*, Texas' most articulate newspaper, criticized the *Texan's* stand, as did the magazine *Editor and Publisher*. Some twenty-five college papers sided with us, two were critical. "The staff of the *Texan* (Managing Editor Carl Burgen wrote, "I stand with the editor") resisted censorship; many said they would walk out if the editors were fired.

AT THE moment the situation is quiescent. President Logan Wilson, a capable administrator caught in the crossfire, has shuttled the issue off to the Texas Student Publications board, which recently upheld the *Daily Texan's* right to discuss state and national issues. A more substantial "reclarification" of *Daily Texan* editorial freedoms will be prepared for the regents' consideration at their April meeting. At the moment the intentions of the board are rather dubious. There are only three journalism professors on the eleven-member body, and they are caught in the same crosscurrent. If the board does believe in student press freedom, and I am certain its members do, they nonetheless are beginning to look with much disfavor upon the individual prerogatives of an editor. There seems to be a trend toward a collectivism in thought and policy, in which the editors may be stripped of their rights on controversial topics and the board itself will frequently edit, subdue or censor. Up until now the board has officially possessed that power, but has never used it. I fear strongly that the individualism of future editors (they are elected yearly by popular vote of the student body) may be the price paid for our defiance of the regents. As the North Carolina *Daily Tar Heel*, one of the few free college papers, has editorialized:

"The *Daily Texan* summoned its legal and philosophical resources and claimed uneasy victory over the regents. . . . But it was a Pyrrhic victory, almost." If the victory is Pyrrhic, it is still victory. The *Texan* is still a student newspaper, and free conscience at this university has at least won for itself a stay of execution.

THE *Texan* case is nothing new to college journalism. Today the trend on American campuses is toward absolute censorship of college papers. This seems particularly true in state universities, where the power of the legislative purse string can be used to silence legitimate comment. The preponderance of censored college papers is an affront to the dignity of the nation. The "kept" ones pour into our office from all corner of the land, speaking their shameful, tongueless idiom. They hide their shame by imploring students to turn over a new leaf at the start of a semester, give blood to a blood drive, support the football team, use their leisure more wisely, collect wood for a bonfire. They are by all rights dead, victims of an educational hypocrisy worse than treason, and their meaningless editorials tear young men's guts with a frustration they cannot express.

Such seems to be the temper of the times. The First Amendment, of course, does not apply to college

journalism. Institutional governing boards are autonomous, as the recent Lucy expulsion at the University of Alabama illustrates. These boards are hypersensitive to criticism from state politicians and moneyed interests. To appease legislatures, the easiest way is to suppress. Ergo, censorship; and ergo the relative few campus voices that still speak bravely. These are centered in the Ivy League, where the absolute freedom of papers like the *Harvard Crimson* and the *Cornell Sun* is taken for granted.

The current plight of college journalism can, in turn, be integrated into an even broader whole. Throughout the land, the threat to constitutional liberties is greater than ever, simply because conformity has never been so completely sanctioned economically, legally and morally. Most American educational institutions seem to have surrendered to these official and unofficial pressures. I have lived with this stifling conformity on my own campus, and I have been frightened by it. The desire here to side with the majority has never been more manifest. One sees it everywhere: in the classroom, the coffee session, the committee meeting, the Greek lodge. The great goal at my university today is an easy and profitable job, two cars, a pretty wife, three children (two boys and a girl), two weeks' vacation with pay, and a 21-

inch-plus TV with at least six snow-free channels. As a consequence we are turning out accomplished non-entities, faultless and safe and more than able to please the corporation or the boss; but we are failing to turn out individuals competent and willing to test new ideas and sometimes criticize old ones. Yet it was such as these who made America.

MY generation has been labeled the "silent" one, which indeed I think it is. But the generation which came before us was the lost one, until it found itself; unhappily it too has suddenly become quite silent. I am rather ashamed of our silence, and sometimes I regret we have never been lost, because we are so smugly certain of our crass goals.

A silent press is the manifestation of a silent age, and I have no other honest choice than to set the newspaper that is briefly mine against the tenuous fabric of national, institutional and personal conformity. The sporadic reactions, as seen in my fellow students' defense of press freedom, provide a foundation of hope. I believe that on the campuses of our universities and colleges, traditional guardians of our basic liberties, must be found the solution to the dilemma that faces the American man as he moves closer and closer toward collective security and farther from individual responsibility to himself, his nation and his God.

JAMMING THE AIRWAYS

Britain on the Spot . . . by Saul Carson

United Nations, N. Y. IF THE GREEKS and Cypriotes were angry last week when Great Britain announced it would resort to "experimental" jamming to drown out the "dreadful effects" of Radio Athens broadcasts beamed to Cyprus, hackles also arose elsewhere. Washington, long the champion of anti-jamming resolutions, must have

SAUL CARSON, veteran U. N. correspondent, has written extensively for and about radio.

squirmed. Those Russians who have recently rediscovered their sense of humor must have doubled up with laughter. British spokesmen who so often condemned Russia's "considered interference with radio signals" in debates and talkfests here must have been looking for holes to crawl into. And U. N. correspondents were absolutely incredulous as they refreshed their memories, by reference to U. N. archives, to Britain's past pious characterization of jamming as a "flagrant violation of the prin-

ciples of freedom of information."

Jamming is the broadcast of noises for the purpose of drowning out other broadcasts. When the Nazis invaded Albania in 1939, the Albanians transmitted over their radio stations frantic appeals for help. But these calls never got through because Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister, had anticipated such an international SOS. He had arranged for a large number of radio transmitters to blanket Albania's cries, feeding into his transmitters such sounds as



New Statesman and Nation (London)

*"Of course I'll be as successful here
as I was in Suez."*

the whirring of electric motors, recordings of fierce wind storms and transcriptions of the screaming of sea gulls. The device worked. Jamming was a proved technique.

In the pink twilight of war's aftermath, when the International Telecommunication Union convened at Atlantic City in 1947, all of the representatives looked with horror at radio jamming. Solemnly they declared:

All [radio] stations, whatever their purpose, must be established and operated in such a manner as not to result in harmful interference to the radio service or communications of other members or associate members.

Among the members who voted for the resolution were the Soviet Union, the United States, Great Britain—and Greece, whose radio is now being threatened with jamming by another member of the I. T. U.

A little over a year later, in 1948, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the General Assembly in Paris, declared that "everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression." The Economic and Social Council of the U. N. interpreted that right as one including "freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers."

It was no time at all before the Soviet Union began disregarding the

resolution which it had approved at Atlantic City. Dissatisfied with what the Russian people might have heard—had they possessed short-wave radios and tuned in on broadcasts transmitted over the Voice of America and BBC—the Soviet Union began to jam these foreign Russian-language programs. Edith Sampson, U. S. delegate, addressing the U. N. Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee in 1950, said that "radio engineers who had studied the problem estimated that more than a thousand jammers" were being used then by the USSR. That network of jammers, she declared, was "more elaborate and more costly than the entire international broadcasting service of the United States."

Washington and London protested against the Russian jamming at every opportunity—and, at the same time, took certain counter-measures. Some of these counter-jamming techniques are, even now, "classified" governmental secrets—although there is little doubt that the Russians know the gimmicks used. One obvious—and frequently publicized—measure is to transmit propaganda aimed at the Russians from stations as near the Soviet borders as possible, using perhaps 150,000 or even 250,000 watts of power (for comparison, the highest power permitted any American commercial radio broadcaster is 50,000). Another device for fighting the jammers is called "cuddling." Under this system, the station expecting to be jammed broadcasts on a frequency close to the wave length used by one of the big Soviet transmitters; the Russians, then, don't dare blanket the "offender" for fear of drowning out their own voice.

The late Andrei Vyshinsky called

America's and Britain's Russian-language broadcasts "nonsense and trash." And he found ingenious reasoning for his country's jamming. Moscow, implied Mr. Vyshinsky, jammed the foreign radio broadcasters for their own protection, lest the Russian people, pained by "lies and slander . . . rise up in anger." Logic, as well as the principles endorsed by Russia in Atlantic City in 1947, seemed all on the side of the West. So were the U. N. voting majorities in the Economic and Social Council and the General Assembly, where Russia's negative ballots could not amount to vetoes.

In August, 1950, ECOSOC adopted a resolution noting that "duly authorized radio operating agencies in some countries are deliberately interfering with the reception by the people of those countries of certain radio signals originating beyond their territories." It continued:

The council declares this type of interference to be a violation of the accepted principles of freedom of information; condemns all measures of this nature as a denial of the right of all persons to be fully informed concerning news, opinions and ideas regardless of frontiers.

Mrs. Sampson pushed this resolution before the General Assembly the following autumn. She pointed out, among other things, that jamming was a technique perfected during the war by the Nazis, the Fascists and the Japanese enemy to keep their people from learning of Allied, including Soviet, victories. She drew a chuckle when she told how, one day, the zealous Soviet jammers drowned out a Russian-language broadcast coming over Voice of America without realizing that they were blanketing their own Yaacov

Ides of March

(44 B. C.—A. D. 1956)

From out my tomb of twenty centuries,
Excuse me if I blow a braggart horn
And tell you that I look with prideful scorn
Upon your arms, your states, your luxuries.
Was I not free to spend the treasures
Of Rome? Did not my tyranny adorn
The world? Had not to Hell my legions borne
More hordes than I in death had injuries?

And I've a mind, besides, to be amused,
How little all has changed since Caesar died,
Comparing wealth and senates as you will;
For though I see that laws have multiplied,
Morality is equally abused,
And fear and wars and bribery with you still.

JOHN O'KEARNEY

Malik, whose voice was being fed into the American transmitters directly from the U. N. Security Council.

But Mrs. Sampson was not out for laughs; her address was stern, well-documented and based solidly on profound principle. She left irony and sarcasm to her British colleague, Lord MacDonald of Gwaenysgar, K. C. M. G. His words fairly cut the Lake Success air when he argued against jamming. He did not blame Russian listeners who might "object to the character of the broadcaster." "Who," he asked, "wants to listen to an objectionable broadcaster? . . . All that was needed was to cut off the electric current." And fortunately, he added, all radio sets were equipped with switches for the purpose. So, "why prevent the people from hearing lying statements made—statements which they, from their own experience, know are lying?" Was radio being employed as part of psychological warfare? The British government knew "nothing of such a psychological war." Its radio broadcasts merely tried to make the

truth "about events in various countries known to the people of the Soviet Union."

Of course the anti-jamming resolution passed. And the British came back to the subject in the U. N. at every opportunity. Ivor Pink told the Russians in 1953 that they could help "lift the iron curtain" by stopping radio interference. C. A. G. Meade took up the cudgels again in 1954. Britain's position against radio jamming was clear.

Britain could point to its record. Not only had it never jammed the Soviet radio; during World War II it had not even tried to drown out the voice of the infamous "Lord Haw Haw" who was spewing the Nazi line into the ears of British listeners night after night.

For the British government, then, to turn about and resort to jamming seemed incredible. Yet the first announcement that preparations to drown out Radio Athens broadcasts beamed to Cyprus was made in Commons by the Colonial Secretary himself, Alan Lennox-Boyd. Labor members rose to denounce the jamming

plans as "ill considered . . . ineffective . . . humiliating." Perhaps that is why, two weeks after Lennox-Boyd's announcement, Britain took pains to issue a prompt denial when the *New York Times* printed a story from Nicosia asserting that jamming of Radio Athens had been put into practice. But the jamming order stands, and was implemented on an "experimental" basis a fortnight ago as the British expelled Archbishop Makarios and violence swept Cyprus.

Evidently neither Lennox-Boyd nor Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, know that it was Britain which introduced an amendment here in 1954 to an earlier agreement on international broadcasting. The amendment, which was adopted—again in spite of Soviet opposition—provided that "each high contracting party shall not interfere with the reception in its territories of foreign broadcasts."

"But the British have no time to read the minutes," said an angry Greek correspondent. "When anti-colonialism rumbles, they must play the game by ear only."

GENEVA STALEMATE

The Issues at Stake . . . by *J. A. del Vayo*

Geneva
THE SINO-AMERICAN talks here are now in their eighth month and have apparently degenerated into a stalemate for which each side blames the other. The talks started last August under favorable auspices. At the outset, Mr. Wang was able to announce the release of eleven American airmen whose detention in China had aroused considerable indignation in the United States. For their part, the Americans quickly agreed to the Chinese request that the talks not be limited to the repatriation of civilians from both sides but should also include "other practical matters at issue" between the two countries. An agreement to exchange civilian detainees was reached by September 10, and although Ambassador Johnson still occasionally asks about thirteen Amer-

icans who have not yet been returned by China, it is generally agreed that the real difficulty does not lie here. Rather it lies in the "other practical matters" at issue: Formosa, the American trade embargo of the Chinese mainland and Peking's admission to the U. N.

Fundamentally it is the mutual distrust characteristic of all East-West diplomatic encounters which is keeping the Ambassadors here. The Americans see the great "humanitarian" declarations of Mao Tse-tung as a facade for Communist expansionism in Asia; they interpret Peking's rejection of Washington's proposal for a "renunciation of violence" as a tactical trick designed to keep Red China's hands free for "liberating" Formosa—by force if necessary. The primary responsibility for the deterioration of Sino-

American relations is Peking's, in the United States view, because of the Chinese Communist refusal to accept, in January of 1950, the Korean cease-fire suggested at the time by the U. N.

PART of Peking's distrust of the United States arises from its memory of an era of Western imperialism in Asia which the Chinese believe is far from closed. Their reading of contemporary events does not serve to allay their suspicions. They were unfavorably impressed, for instance, by American press reports that President Eisenhower, during the recent visit to Washington of Prime Minister Eden, assured the British that he was just as adamant as Secretary Dulles in opposition to Peking's admission to the U. N. They have been reading, moreover, of the visit of

various high-ranking American officials to Formosa, and take due note of such items in the American press as the Alsops' column in the New York Herald Tribune of February 11 (Paris edition):

Chiang Kai-shek himself has obviously become convinced that the United States will have no choice but to support him if serious fighting over the islands begins. Especially in the last week or so, Chiang's forces have become increasingly aggressive. They have been shelling the mainland opposite the islands. They have been patrolling the main estuary, which is a bit like a hostile force patrolling Chesapeake Bay.

One can assume that Mr. Wang raised the question of U. S. support of possible aggressive action by Chiang Kai-shek. What Mr. Johnson replied can also be guessed: "Accept the American formula for 'renunciation of aggression' and you will no longer have to worry about an attack from Formosa." But this is not easy for the Peking regime to do; it is already on record with its people that "Formosa is Chinese" and must be liberated—by peaceful means if possible, by war if necessary. True, Peking spokesmen recently have been emphasizing negotiation rather than force. But it is one thing for the Chinese to try to avoid war over Formosa, and quite another for them to accept a formula which, in their opinion, would trap them into a renunciation of their rights of self-defense as well as into indirect recognition of the American pact with Chiang signed in Washington on December 2, 1954.

This pact is a greater obstacle to U. S.-Chinese rapprochement than most people realize. True, Article 5 of the treaty provides that Congress must approve American military intervention. But the Chinese recall that President Truman acted first, and asked Congressional approval second, at the outset of the Korean War. And they give weight—merited or not—to the words of Chiang's Vice Foreign Minister, Sen Chang-huan, who told the Formosan legislature that the President could take direct action "without Congressional approval" by virtue of the principle of self-defense.

In the course of the current conference here, Mr. Wang has repeatedly urged a meeting on ministerial level as a possible approach to the Formosa deadlock. The American

reply is that two conditions must first be fulfilled: Peking must complete the liberation of American civilians; the conference must follow, not precede, mutual agreement to renounce force, particularly in regard to Formosa. Thus the vicious circle in which most East-West talks get trapped.

Both Washington and Peking seem to be assuming that time is on their side. For China, U. N. membership is no pressing matter; and as for Formosa, the longer the talks go on, the older grows Chiang's army. The Americans believe that the Chinese are intent on an aggression plan encompassing Formosa as the center and Korea and Indo-China as the flanks. The Chinese can do nothing on the flanks, Washington is convinced, so long as the center is vulnerable. So Washington is in no hurry to come to agreement either on Formosa or on the offshore islands, despite British insistence.

There remains one area where compromise is possible: trade. It had been expected that Sir Anthony, while in Washington, would press the British view that it was unrealistic to ban from China goods which the West was willing to export to the USSR and Eastern Europe. "If Sir Anthony Eden," wrote the London Daily Express on the eve of the Prime Minister's departure, "can knock some sense into American policy toward China" his trip would be "worth while." But the impression here is that all he won from Washington was an agreement to disagree about various items on the embargo list. The Americans conceded to the principle of "periodic revision," yet

no one expects that they will consent to eliminate more than a few small items.

British nostalgia for the Chinese market has been sharpened by Peking's latest Five Year Plan, which opens possibilities for the export of all kinds of heavy equipment. On January 25, Viscount Klibank raised the question in the House of Lords; the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs replied that "the scope of the China trade controls is under study in consultation with the U. S. authorities." The following day H. Wilson, Laborite and former president of the British Board of Trade, asked in Commons whether the government was aware that "for about three years we have never given a clear answer to the question of the government's attitude with regard to trade with China." He added: "Now, nearly three years after the end of the fighting in Korea, is it not time that this boycott was relaxed?"

THE French share the British view. Recently a Chinese delegation of technicians, touring French factories, made the point that because of trade barriers only 4 per cent of French-Chinese business contracts made in 1953 have ever been executed. A group of French manufacturers and bankers, headed by M. Rochereau, president of the Commission of Economic Affairs of the Council of the Republic, has just returned from a visit to China much impressed with the possibilities of the Chinese market.

In the meantime Peking continues to cement its trade ties with the USSR and Eastern Europe, including



It seems that there were a couple of traveling salesmen . . .

East Germany. And even West German manufacturers are clamoring for opportunity to re-create an industrial *Drang Nach Osten*. The sixth Soviet Five Year Plan, announced at the Communist Party Congress in Moscow a few weeks ago, significantly provides for the development of the Far East port of Vladivostok and the construction of a new railway running from Alma Ata in Soviet Central Asia to the Chinese border. Under such circumstances, it is observed here, there is no real possibility of isolating China economically; and the closer China is pushed trade-wise into the Soviet orbit, the less effectively can the United States use the trade embargo as an instrument for prying China loose from its position on other issues—the Formosa one, for instance.

From this point of view the Chinese have good reason to exercise patience. They hope that America's "common sense" will overcome its shock at the emergence of a revolutionary new China and new Asia. They believe that a Sino-American rapprochement in the economic field is entirely practical and possible. The realistic Chinese do not exaggerate the immediate possibilities of Sino-American trade. They simply point out that China is a country of 600,000,000 people whose per-capita purchasing power is steadily rising, and with that rise goes an increase in the country's ability to buy goods abroad.

Despite the lack of progress in these long months, it would be wrong, I believe, to condemn this conference as useless. For one thing,

it may be laying the groundwork for a new big-power conference which many Europeans consider inevitable after the American elections. For another, the position of both countries has been revealed in stark terms: the Americans are trying to soften China on Formosa, the Chinese are trying to soften the Americans on the embargo question. It is only when debate is reduced to the underlying issues that compromise becomes possible. Moreover, both East and West seem committed to painful and prolonged negotiation in preference to war. Observers at Geneva watch the progress of the Sino-American talks with the same patience and hope as the world shows in following the exchange, at higher level, of the Eisenhower-Bulganin letters.

THE IRREGULAR RIGHT

Britain Without Rebels . . by C. P. Snow

London

THE OTHER night I was standing in the bar of a London club and someone mentioned a book about the Spanish Civil War. The club happens to be one for professional men, in particular for writers: most of those in the bar that night had been friends or acquaintances of mine for a long time. As we talked, I was thinking what we had been doing politically twenty years ago. Without exception—there were half a dozen men present, all between forty and fifty—we had been passionately on the Left in that war. One had fought in the anti-Franco armies; the rest had worked on committees, lobbied M. P.'s, marched in what used to be called "Demo's"—all of us totally committed.

Now, twenty years after, there was

a change. It was not so much that they had denied their past; they believed they had been right, and in the same circumstances would have done the same again. But, as it was, in the England of 1956, the dividing line had vanished; there did not seem to be a fighting-point any more. Several of these men had last year voted Conservative for the first time in their lives. Not with enthusiasm, not with the ruthlessness of converts; it did not seem to matter much.

Well, there is nothing surprising in middle-aged men moving to the Right. In itself that is just commonplace and would not be worth mentioning. What is surprising is that my acquaintances are still the last relics of the radical intellectuals. Despite their changes, despite the softening effect of the English official embrace (the most subtle, the least conscience-disturbing, of all the official embraces in the world), these men are still far more radical and opposition-minded than the intellectuals who have grown up after them. In England the middle-aged may have moved to the Right: but

the young have started there. At the moment the intelligentsia is less rebellious than it has been for two centuries.

I do not mean anything so trivial as that a large proportion of young intellectuals would now call themselves Tories, though that is true. The major point is that they accept the Establishment and on all fundamental issues feel in their fibres that it is both satisfactory and certain to persist. It is because this state of affairs is so manifest that the concept of the Establishment had to be invented. One has to live in the English air to know by instinct and in detail what the Establishment means—but broadly, it is an agreement, entire, unspoken and very largely unconscious, to preserve substantially the present web of power-relations. It extends at least as much to the cultural and educational status quo as to the political; prominent agencies of the Establishment are both Front Benches, the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, vice-chancellors of universities, anyone engaged in running public (i. e., private) schools, the BBC, the adminis-

C. P. SNOW, noted British novelist and playwright, started out as a scientist. His latest novel, *The New Men*, created wide interest: it deals with the paradox of atomic scientists who believe in man's future and who nevertheless are caught up in a scheme for its obliteration.

trative class of the civil service, all bodies and persons connected with what, twenty years ago, was *avant garde* art, the entire respectable press.

Like all Establishments, ours reveals itself more clearly in little things than big. You can tell it when, without any prearrangement, it does not argue so much as sing in unison. There was a curious example last year. That old malcontent Richard Aldington—who is not the easiest of men, and has always been an anti-Establishment writer—produced an intemperate and denigratory biography of T. E. Lawrence. Before it was published, any of us could have written the reviews—the moral indignation, the seemly rebukes, the herding-together round the cultural totem against this rude voice from outside. That was the public voice everywhere. The Establishment voice. Yet in private, it is now tacitly assumed that in least 80 per cent of his case, Aldington was right.

ONLY three sizeable groups of intellectuals stand outside the Establishment. The first, and by far the most important in functional terms, are the scientists, or at least a sizeable slice of them: but their curious place in English intellectual life is another subject. Then there is a collection of young literary people, often teachers of English, brought up under the influence of F. R. Leavis, who do not exactly oppose the Establishment so much as passively contract out. In literature they are building up a new school of analytical criticism, at the same time high-spirited, puritanical and disrespectful (they also include at least two creative writers of real talent, Kingsley Amis and Philip Larkin). Culturally they are very far from negligible; but politically they go in for a kind of rough-neck neutralism, mitigated only by outbursts on questions of social manners: for example, the abolition of hanging.

The only genuine anti-Establishment group comes, however, from the irregular Right. Henry Fairlie, the political columnist of *The Spectator* (which used to be the staidest of the Conservative weeklies and has suddenly gone in for a wild eccentric fling) is the most bitter enemy of all the Establishment stands for. So is Malcolm Muggeridge, the anarchical editor of a similarly renovated



Punch. Another enemy is John Raymond, the most brilliant of the young journalists. Yet he, with some ambivalence, and Fairlie and Muggeridge without any ambivalence at all, would claim to be men of the Right. Now I do not believe much in any kind of irregular Right. People starting there are liable to finish at best in the seedier kinds of invitation-hunting, at worst in Maurrasism and its crueller counterparts. Nevertheless, the interesting thing is that men like Raymond possess a generous social feeling; in temperament and outlook they are much more like the left-wing rebels of twenty years ago than any other group of their contemporaries.

It is time someone examined why the Establishment has come to sit so firmly, why the English intellectuals have suddenly become domesticated. I suspect it is the pattern of intellectual behavior in a social democracy, particularly in a social democracy which is getting internally tidier at a time when its external power is, relative to the outside world, going down. From the little I know of Sweden, I believe something not dissimilar happened there earlier in the century.

There are, of course, advantages in a society where the intellectual differences have been damped down: a lot of frictions and fears disappear when there is such a homogeneity of mood. The English society of today is probably more miscellaneously tolerant than any large one has ever been, particularly (not in law but in climate of opinion) in sexual matters. In the autumn debate of Burgess and Maclean, the speeches both of Harold Macmillan and Eden were models of tolerant humanism. There

was nothing surprising in that from Macmillan, who is exceptionally intelligent and liberal-minded, a good deal of a sport among Tory politicians. But to hear a Prime Minister speaking in the gentle accents of E. M. Forster was something I, for one, never expected in witness.

But what we have gained on those swings we have lost on other roundabouts. Our transition to the welfare state has sometimes been called a peaceful revolution; but in a profound sense it was the reverse of a revolution. It has not loosened the social-power relations, but stiffened them; the forms of society have been rigidifying under our eyes. Any revolution triggers free the energy of an emerging class; in our transition, far from any such energy being released, it has been confined and has only found an outlet in a kind of play, a newly-invented fashion of triviality.

THERE is one example which shows how intellectuals have shifted to the Right and how they are driven to occupy themselves. For months past, one topic of conversation has been springing out all over the place: which speech usages are Upper Class (U) or non-Upper Class (non-U)? You will hear intelligent men from the social origins of Newton and Rutherford and Dickens hurriedly correct themselves after saying "mirror" (which is non-U) and substitute "looking-glass." I have several times recently been asked to "lunch-eon" by people who have never before used the word in their lives. In the kind of home where I was brought up, no one would have dreamed of talking of anything but a "mantlepiece" but I find acquaintances from identical homes—who ought to know better—proving their social knowledgeableness by bringing into the conversation "chimney-piece" (which, according to the researches of Professor A. S. C. Ross, is most emphatically "U").

It is a joke, but it is not a very good joke. In the twenties and thirties, intellectuals would have had something less ant-like to talk about. There are plenty now, of course, who are getting impatient. We are writing some good books. But I am looking for a cruder sign of returning health. The one I should welcome most is a serious intellectual row.

The Anatomy of Patriotism

THE LOYAL AND THE DISLOYAL. By Morton Grodzins.
The University of Chicago Press.
\$4.

By Frederick L. Schuman

OUR AGE is rich with instances of Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." We have more difficulty, despite our reverence for Jefferson and Washington, Patrick Henry and Robert E. Lee, in perceiving that treason is sometimes the last refuge of a patriot. When told that the world is grey, those who are convinced it is black and white see red.

Of eulogies, dissections and denunciations of patriotism and of case studies of traitors and ex-traitors we have had a surfeit. But apart from scattered passages in the writings of Harold D. Lasswell, Sebastian de Grazia, Gabriel Almond, Erich Fromm and David Riesman, plus some shreds and patches of insight in the series of studies of civic training directed a generation ago by the late Charles E. Merriam, no one has grappled with the nature and motives of allegiance and defection as phenomena susceptible of objective scientific inquiry. This gap in our comprehension of the human world is now filled by a brilliant new book from the pen of one of the most perceptive of our younger social scientists.

Morton Grodzins, a worthy bearer of a great tradition, is currently chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago. His first book, *Americans Betrayed*, was a sensitive and shocking account of the forced evacuation of the Nisei from the West Coast during World War II. He was editor of the University of Chicago Press, 1951-1954, and previously dean of the Social Sciences Division, consult-

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ant to the Hoover Commission and free-lance journalist.

The Loyal and the Disloyal is a "depth" analysis of the psychic and social roots of the faiths men live by and sometimes reject, and a subtle and provocative attempt to explore the why and the how of these processes. The relevant concepts and data are drawn from the current literature of all the social sciences, evaluated in forty-four pages of notes. The method—that of generalization and hypothesis drawn from empirical evidence—is in the grand manner of Machiavelli, Aristotle and Plato. The style is wholly free of jargon. Lucid, witty and graceful, it is a model which all social scientists would do well to follow. The tone is that of a scholar who is also a philosopher and a passionate apostle of democracy, disposed to regard as sterile all scholarship that refuses to face controversial current issues.

Grodzins' argument is so suggestive and variegated as to make vain any curt summation. In skeletal form, it comes to this: since all men are social

On Knowing Nothing

Others have seen men die
Or heard a woman scream
One last word Never!
How do I know the horror
That breaks the dream,
Hateful yet clung-to
As the image hugs the mirror
With such a silver shiver
As chills and almost kills?

I know: but how or why
Out of this savory fatness I
Should suck the sure surmise
That strangles dying eyes
I do not know. What have I done
To bring the Angel round my head
That I can smell his pinion
—Bond or wing?—
Whom I must hate and love?

The surgeon's prick, a woman's thigh
Bring blank surcease
For short or long.
I cannot let the hollow
Interval alone,
But pick it like a scab
To probe the wound within—
As deep, as nothing, as the grave.

A. J. M. SMITH

animals, all have loyalties. Modern loyalty to the nation-state as the encompassing symbol of identification with the group is a fusion of other loyalties to other groups. Victims of alienation readily prefer the lesser to the greater (or vice versa) and thus become "disloyal" to the nation. No one, being human, is ever disloyal to all possible objects of loyalty. The disloyalty of treason is loyalty to a cause other than that approved by most of one's fellows. The American dream of the melting pot and of constant climbing toward "success" involves successive disloyalties to the groups and classes left behind. "No person is a complete patriot or a complete traitor. All are traitriots. Just as all men have a little neurosis in them, so it is that all have a trace of the traitor."

Grodzins has much to say, of absorbing interest and contemporary value, regarding the differing qualities of loyalty and disloyalty in totalitarian and free societies. All liberals have long suspected that the current American mania for loyalty-security checks, clearances and purges is self-defeating. Grodzins shows why. The strength of democracy is diversity. Loyalty is the stronger for being qualified and shared among the many groups comprising the whole. Civic apathy and indifference, within limits, are not vices but virtues, since these attitudes preclude extremism, "soften the bitterness of political warfare" and reflect confidence in the polity as constituted. This paradox, among many others in these pages, suggests the seminal quality of this stimulating volume.

ONE could wish that Grodzins had explored more fully the "social boundaries" and prerequisites of the emergent trans-national loyalties whose further development is essential for the survival of our world society. One might wish that he had availed himself more generously of the findings of psychoanalysis and cultural anthropology. This book, nevertheless, will long endure as a masterpiece of social science, meriting the attention of all citizens concerned with the central dilemma of our century.

The NATION

Portrait of A Mathematician

I AM A MATHEMATICIAN. By Norbert Wiener. Doubleday and Company. \$5.

By James R. Newman

IT MAY NOW be accepted that Norbert Wiener was once a child and a prodigy. A full brief covering these matters was presented in the preceding installment of his autobiography, *Ex-Prodigy*, and the main points are recapitulated in this volume. If he had nothing more to talk about, *I Am a Mathematician* would be a tiresome book. But it is not a tiresome book. Professor Wiener has a many-sided mind. He is admirably independent and has wide sympathies. Despite severe handicaps of heredity, upbringing and physical constitution he has had a creative, and even a happy life.

Wiener has taught at M. I. T. since 1919, and now at the age of sixty he is still a very active member of the staff. This fortunate connection has given him financial security and, more important, has provided a scientific atmosphere congenial to his special capabilities. M. I. T. is primarily an engineering school and Wiener is primarily interested in the application of mathematics to physical problems. I would not wish this characterization of him or of the university to sound intellectually snobbish. The universe of M. I. T. is not confined to expert knowledge of engines, valves, reinforced concrete and circuits, and Wiener is no virtuoso on the slide rule. And if an engineer is a man who can put things together, Wiener fails on that score too. He speaks of himself as being so marvelously inept in the laboratory that one suspects he could be electrocuted trying to repair a doorbell. He is an engineer only in an exalted sense.

One of his principal researches has been in the field of harmonic analysis. All kinds of natural phenomena—molecular motions, heat radiations, electromagnetism, fluid

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flow, brain waves, atomic systems—can be studied as if they were quivering banjo strings. This is the approach of harmonic analysis, by means of which complicated motions are broken up into sums of simple oscillations. With great skill and imagination Wiener has extended the use of this powerful mathematical tool to an amazing range of problems. Moreover, the statistical point of view anticipated in his generalized harmonic analysis has been a fundamental element in his contributions to communication theory, cybernetics and automatic computers, and to an improved understanding, slowly being won, of the human nervous system.

Unfortunately, Wiener is not very adept at explaining for ordinary readers the mathematical and scientific theories underlying his work; he will begin an elucidation simply and clearly but evidently loses interest as he goes along and lapses into obscurities and jargon. He is apt to be impatient with non-prodigies. But no one can fail to appreciate his exceptional gift for using mathematics as a language, for *seeing* and even *feeling* the world in mathematical symbols and rhythms. Once when he lay in bed with pneumonia and high fever "it was impossible for me to distinguish among my pain and difficulty in breathing, the flapping of the window curtain, and certain as yet unresolved parts of the potential problem on which I was working. . . . When I reflected on this matter later, I became aware of the possibility that almost any experience may act as a temporary symbol for a mathematical situation which has not yet been organized and cleared up."

A large portion of this book describes the author's travels, his family life, his friendships and quarrels, his emotional difficulties, his social, political and cultural opinions. He was a pupil of Bertrand Russell and G. H. Hardy, lectured at Göttingen, at Cambridge and in India, and spent a year teaching mathematics and electrical engineering at Tsing-Hua University in China. In a continuing study of electrical brain waves he is joining efforts with Arturo Rosenblueth, a physiologist at the University of Mexico.

His prickly independence is exhibited in his resignation from the National Academy of Sciences. Having been elected to membership—the highest accolade for a scientist—he got out when he had satisfied himself that the organization was too frock-coat for his taste. A few Englishmen, among them that precious eccentric Augustus de Morgan, have shown the same kind of delightful independence toward their own honorific group, the Royal Society, but Wiener is to my knowledge the first American scientist to thumb his nose at the National Academy.

NOR IS his forthrightness confined merely to opposing pretentiousness and denouncing the "popes and cardinals" of science. His opinions, for example, on the young intellectuals who in the 1930's joined Communist-dominated organizations because there seemed to be no other way of advancing just causes, and who have since been destroyed for obeying their decent impulses, are distinguished for clear-headedness and moral strength. I call attention also to his views on the deadening effect on scientific creativeness of industrial research, too much money and the "team" approach to scientific problems. We may need more engineers, but whether or not we get them, the present day "feudal system of the intellect," is certain to transform many able young men into "intellectual lackeys and clock punchers."

Wiener has an easy, readable style whose pace is sometimes slowed by digressions and often enlivened by anecdotes. My favorites include the description of Wiener and his friend J. B. S. Haldane swimming in the Cam, Wiener with cigar and glasses, Haldane puffing on his pipe, the two looking like a long and a short walrus bobbing up and down in the stream. Also, I enjoyed the story of the famous French Jewish mathematician Hadamard who, during the most heated days of the Dreyfus affair, was being examined for his doctorate by the great Hermite. "M. Hadamard," said Hermite, opening the proceedings, "you are a traitor." The young man, terrified, mumbled something in confusion, and Hermite went on to say, "You have deserted geometry for analysis."

It is true that Wiener has a high opinion of his scientific achieve-

ments. He has had a hand in many things, and he has entertained grand ideas, some of which others have not only entertained but have worked out. He is very and diversely learned—which, I believe, is the definition of a polymath—but he is not

quite as prodigious as he sometimes would have you believe. In fact the most remarkable thing about him is that he has so successfully thrown off the awful shackles of prodigiousness that he can function both as a scientist and as a human being.

more like the kind of thing a child would hear from a Scotch-Irish aunt, which the subject has.

Obviously such hypnotized subjects as this who have also the latent talent to create a whole new personality are real hypnotic "finds." These are the kind of "liars" out of which Flauberts are made.

Taking the material at its own value, I have never understood why such phenomena as this are not ascribed to the almost equally revolutionary hypothesis of a genetic memory. Certainly the human mind is mysteriously and unpredictably powerful, and in rare cases these powers may be brought to the surface.

It is sheer bedlam to insist that a human being, already in some confusion with his heredity, environment, past forms and conditions in this life, and various conflicts, is also motivated by one or more dead people who have taken roost inside his head to find sanctuary from the spirit world.

Conversations With a Ghost

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY. By Morey Bernstein. Doubleday and Company. \$3.75.

By David Cort

AN EAGER young Colorado business man discovers hypnosis. This leads to telepathy, then to clairvoyance. He hears of the experiments in extra-sensory perception. At each step he begins with a model skepticism, quickly passes on to reluctant belief and then indignation that the rest of the world does not believe too. Morey Bernstein is the perfect convert.

But what he calls The Big Step in his exhilarating three years is yet to come. He reads the books about the career of Edgar Cayce, the Kentucky farm boy who in his lifetime gave at long distance 30,000 more or less accurate diagnoses of unknown, unseen patients. The patient had only to be in a designated room at a given time for Cayce to be able to "see" him through and through. If he left the room too soon, Cayce knew it, a hundred miles away.

The explanation for his talent was given as the reincarnation of a dead monk in Cayce. One must suppose—though it is not stated—that the monk's disembodied spirit whipped to the scene, crawled inside the far-away patient's body, looked around and telegraphed his observations back to Cayce.

And so Morey Bernstein hypnotized a neighbor's wife, a young lady of Ulster-German descent. In trance, he took her back to the age of seven, five, three, one. Where next? Into the womb, to the language of amphibian and fish? Certainly not. Back to the year 1802 and a four-year-old Irish girl in Cork named Bridey Murphy—the previous incarnation of his subject's soul. The transcript of the trance conversa-

tions with Bridey Murphy, who died at sixty-six of a fall downstairs, are the body of this book.

THE pseudo-scientific pretensions of the book depend on footnotes, appendices and the claim that the subject hypnotized could not have known what Bridey Murphy knew. Item: that Plaz is an Ulster corruption of the popular Ulster-German Saint Blaise. Item: the legend of Cuchulain. Item: names of some unmapped Irish crossroads. But in fact, for a soul that spent sixty years in Ireland, Bridey Murphy recollects very little. The material sounds

No Place for a Gentleman

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE TIGER. The Autobiography of George B. McClellan, Jr. Edited by Harold C. Syrett. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$6.

By M. R. Werner

NEW YORK CITY'S mayor from 1904 to 1909, George B. McClellan, Jr., was the son of the Civil War general who was in bitter military and political controversy with Abraham Lincoln. The son was engaged in bitter controversies on a lower level. Growing up in genteel atmosphere and with some wealth to maintain his dignity, he chose the avenue of politics for his ambitions after an apprenticeship in New York journalism. He wrote this sad account of his disillusionments and left the manuscript to the New York Historical Society with the proviso that it was not to be published until after Mrs. McClellan's death. He himself died in 1942 and his widow in 1952. Professor Harold C. Syrett, of Columbia University, has ably edited a manuscript which consists of two-thirds of the original, the rest being considered of little interest either to the general reader or the specialized student.

There is plenty to interest the student of American politics in general and of New York City's Tammany politics in particular in this book. McClellan played the game, was obedient, first, to the orders of Richard Croker, Tammany's most powerful and ruthless boss, and then to those of his successor Charles F. Murphy, a more silent but equally corrupt man.

Croker let him go to Congress, which he loved, and Murphy drafted him to be mayor, which he was reluctant to become. By continuing to obey orders, more or less, he won a second term as mayor and then showed too much squeamish independence for Murphy's ego and prosperity. After Murphy got rid of him in 1909, McClellan was unable to earn a living as a lawyer because Tammany judges owned by Murphy blacklisted him. He became a professor of economic history at Princeton University, where he found the back-biting, the knifing and the ward politics just as disgusting as he had in City Hall, and his words about

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DAVID CORT, formerly foreign editor of *Life*, is the author of *The Big Picture* and other books.

Woodrow Wilson both as president of Princeton and candidate for President of the United States are as scathing as those he uses about Charles F. Murphy.

One comes away from this account with the depressing feeling that it is the unconscious confession of a failure. McClellan, a realist, was willing to do too many of the things necessary in politics ever to become effective in government. He did not turn bitter, but he did turn caustic, and his comments on men of that era of cynical thrust for the main chance are enlightening as well as depressing. Unfortunately, McClel-

lan in retirement from politics did not pay enough attention to accuracy, and his editor is compelled to correct him in footnotes many times in every chapter. Also unfortunately, he became an ardent admirer and writer in defense of Mussolini's brand of fascism. Perhaps his experiences in New York politics disillusioned him with democracy, though he never admits it in so many words.

McClellan came to the shopworn conclusion that when "the right men" get into politics, politics will improve, and like all such autobiographers he regarded himself as one of the right men.

Law in Their Own Hands

VIGILANTE JUSTICE. By Alan Valentine. Reynal and Company. \$3.50.

By John W. Caughey

ALAN VALENTINE'S vigilantes are the men of the San Francisco committees of 1851 and 1856 who undertook to give the regular courts an object lesson in effective trial and punishment. The first committee was protesting a court that was inadequate; the second supplanted one that had become corrupt.

From page one through his next to the last paragraph Mr. Valentine concentrates on retelling this dramatic story. He gives it in much less detail than is available elsewhere, but he tells it briskly and in part by reproducing contemporary letters, news reports and editorials. He tells it from the vigilante viewpoint and with frank admiration for the decorum and restraint of the second committee.

On the background he makes some errors that shake confidence in his

expertness. A more serious criticism is that the view is restricted. The contrast with the earlier popular tribunals in the mines, where a real governmental void existed, is not brought out. Nor is account taken of the widespread and long-lasting influence of the example of the San Francisco committees. One point will illustrate: He praises the second committee for disbanding permanently, but does not note that its chief, William T. Coleman, was a vigilante again in 1877. When labor unrest threatened the status quo, he headed the Pickhandle Brigade which, at the cost of a few lives, subdued the demonstrators.

By way of preface Valentine cites modern examples of shortcutting legal justice in vigilante-like fashion. He lists the Nuremberg trials, "Congressional inquisitions, legalized wire-tapping, lists of subversive organizations, guilt by association, character defamation by innuendo and pressures for conformity in the name of security."

This theme lies fallow throughout the book, but the concluding paragraph reasserts the doctrine that free men, sufficiently harassed, will assert the right of revolution. Wise leadership, Valentine asserts, can moderate such overruling of government, but only an alert and active citizenry can intercept the causes and thus prevent such outbursts. Here is one lesson that can be and has been drawn from the San Francisco story. It is a surprise conclusion after the tone of the narrative and considerably short of the evaluation that the preface seemed to forecast.

Books On Psychology

JUNG'S PSYCHOLOGY AND ITS SOCIAL MEANING. By Ira Progoff. Grove. \$1.25. A judicious clarification of the theories of one of the most adventurous and suggestive minds of our time. If the psychologists have, for the most part, shied off from studying Jung's parabolic speculations, Jung is not without responsibility—and this, the author admits. Freud's discoveries were based on a conventional philosophy and a conventional sociology. Jung constantly invites his readers into uncharted metaphysical realms. Therefore, his insights have often been neglected. He opened a great mine, brought great quantities of crude ore to the surface. The refining process is left to others—as in this volume.

THE DOCTOR AND THE SOUL. An Introduction to Logotherapy. By Viktor E. Frankl. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf. \$4. The author, a practicing psychiatrist in Vienna, develops a system of existentialist analysis that owes much to Jaspers and a little to



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SPRING BOOK ISSUE

April 14

The Ruins of Memory
by Josephine Herbst

Abstract Expressionism
by Gerald Sykes

Sartre. The book acknowledges that psychiatry has become a "medical ministry," a surrogate for the confessional and the "wise man and woman" of other cultures. Therefore, the author insists, problems of value and ethic must be confronted by both analyst and patient. The accent is on intellect as the curative agent may make the theory of logotherapy

dubious in cases of acute neurosis, since these usually fall below the threshold of mental control. But the book is another welcome instance of the present trend to substitute a conscious philosophy for the unconscious (and invalid) philosophical assumptions of the Freudians and Adlerians.

WALDO FRANK

Letter From Paris

Gerald Sykes

A PERIODIC communication on "cultural" activities abroad should begin, I think, with a brief weather report on recent changes in the French moral climate. American visitors almost invariably comment on the great difference between the atmosphere now and the atmosphere before, during or just after the war. Aside from their own loss of youth, which might account for most of their disillusionment—schoolboy ruefulness such as Fitzgerald expressed in 1931 in *Babylon Revisited*—there are some important new developments, and I shall try to single out one which I consider significant and try to indicate its effect on the arts.

It is this: the quiet French belief—perhaps unfounded, perhaps not—that France, despite its much-publicized division, its painful past defeats, its inevitable future disasters, will not only go on but will do better than anyone expects in the modern world to which it seems so badly maladjusted. There is a toughness and resiliency in its fabric that will stand up even against the worst storms that lie ahead. France is continuing a way of life that may appear tragically outdated to pragmatic or revolutionary eyes—and will certainly need drastic revision sooner or later—yet this way contains a subtle understanding of the true dynamics of existence, even technological existence, that is the best augury for national survival. According to such reasoning it is better, in a time of violent and unpredictable change, to have psychological roots than any

other kind. Insofar as any national heritage can provide these, the French are the recipients of a hard-headed tradition that is by no means the handicap that most American tourists, straining at the gnat of poor sanitation or fumbling management or excessive individualism, consider it.

This is why there is now so little of the guilt that was so plainly in evidence here during and just after the war. It may be disconcerting to the kind of American who expects a personal note of thanks for the Marshall Plan every morning from his hotelkeeper, but the old self-denunciations are as scarce today as the girls who could be had for a pack of Luckies. The old self-denunciations have now been replaced, in an unfortunate type of person, by the new anti-Americanism, which is probably still more disgusting and certainly less justified.

A literary friend of mine said the other day, "In France when one is anti-American one risks nothing." There has been so much pressure, he said, on French intellectuals to identify the United States with every kind of bourgeois meanness, to transfer their own philistinism to Uncle Sam (in exactly the same way that some Americans transfer their own evil to "furriners"), that those with a stake in French public opinion—writers, artists, scientists, scholars—are now afraid to say anything that could be interpreted as mildly pro-American. They would immediately be denounced, perhaps marked for life, as "lackeys of Wall Street." A rich scapegoat is more satisfactory than any other kind to this xenophobic and bohemian terrorism, which has had more than one assist from our own government and our own citizenry.

But to get back to the Frenchman's new confidence in France's durability. He has seen many foreign people lately in apparent ascendancy, and on the whole he is not as impressed as he let himself be for a while. He has returned to his famous lazy, complacent insularity. God may be on the side with the most intercontinental guided missiles, but that is not sufficient reason for trying to behave like an American or a Russian. He couldn't compete with them anyway, and besides it's too much like hard work. There may also be hidden virtues in taking things slowly, in installing machines and typewriters in the Audit Office only after the last war, in announcing each banality as if it were worthy of Montaigne, in eating and drinking so much that one is obliged to talk continually of one's liver. What do these trifles matter beside the continuity of a great tradition and the most closely reasoned way of life in the West?

In the arts this soon leads to a museum curator's attitude, and a great many fuddy-duddies and worse are hiding behind it. No one could seriously claim that France, any more than any other country, is in the midst of an esthetic blossom time such as followed its defeat in 1870. On the other hand, here as elsewhere, if no groundswells are discernible, exceptional individuals go on doing exceptional work, however much inveterate handwringers mourn the aridity of the times and proclaim the futility of any artistic action at all. And since the "Hollow Man" reprise has been sung so often, so gloatingly, in so many languages by the "Waste Land" quartette, tribute should be paid such individuals.

Respect is especially due those Frenchmen who have avoided the besetting national sin of insularity. Having taught recently at the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies (one of the most encouraging of all our activities abroad, liberal in the best sense of the word, and without government ties) I can report that French students there, though not as used to international discussion as most of the representatives of thirteen other nations, are travelling more and reaching out more than ever before. This is part of an important new development, a reaction against provincialism, which is best symbolized perhaps by four excep-

GERALD SYKES is the author of *The Nice American*, *The Center of the Stage* and *The Children of Light*. His home is in East Hampton, Long Island, but he is at present living and working in Paris.

tional Frenchmen who have contributed notably to *rapprochement* with other lands: André Malraux, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Henri Michaux and Hubert Benoit.

American readers are already familiar with Malraux's superb *Psychology of Art* (Bollingen) and *Voices of Silence* (Doubleday). Now three volumes of *Le Musée Imaginaire* have appeared, and once more an extraordinary intelligence, which in his twenties was grappling with the problems of revolutionary China—*Man's Fate* (Modern Library)—has produced what may be the best art criticism of our century.

Cartier-Bresson's photographs of many countries, shown recently in a wing of the Louvre, demonstrated how *un-insular* this far-travelling Frenchman is. Indeed, it is possible that his globe-trotting has spread his amazing gift a little thin and that he follows the headlines too much. But here is real world citizenship.

Michaux's *A Barbarian in Asia* (New Directions), which may be the best book by an Occidental about the Orient, came to mind lately when I saw his bookshop exhibition of paintings and drawings done under the influence of mescaline. He is not primarily a painter, and these drugged works lack the tension of earlier ones, but any reminder of his literary masterpiece is welcome.

Benoit is a psychiatrist whose recent book *The Supreme Doctrine* (Pantheon) is a study of Zen (Japanese) Buddhism and obliquely a profound critique of the works of Freud and Jung. Sooner or later every serious psychologist will have to read this radical attempt to give the West a new psychological norm.

Other names might be added to these four. The best things in France are not on page one. This country is somewhat like a huge lichenous boulder which refuses to be dislodged—or even washed—by the rushing torrent of the twentieth century. Slugs hide under it, and navigation is menaced, but if you are not possessed by the demon of practicality you can still find much that is more than merely nostalgic.

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Films

Robert Hatch

IT HAS often been said that if the corporate state comes to America it will be in a form so American that we may have some difficulty recognizing it. *Patterns*, a movie made from one of television's most successful dramas, suggests the shape that native totalitarianism might take.

That is by no means the intent of the picture. *Patterns* is another reverent exploration into the currently-fashionable romance world of big business. Its main setting is the tower of a Wall Street office building where Everett Sloane, president of a corporation whose business is swallowing other businesses to improve their efficiency, rules with the firm hand of terror. The carpets are thick in this fortress tower and the chandeliers cast a rich light. Each executive office is period decorated and each executive's secretary spends more with her hairdresser than the run of secretaries can afford for rent. These chambers provoke an intoxication of impersonal power.

The particular target of the president's gloved fist is a senior vice-president (Ed Begley) who, raised in the gentler era, has never been able to grasp the principles of human engineering. The old man finds a champion in an athletic newcomer (Van Johnson), brought in from somewhere west of the Hudson to replace him. It would seem wise that the old man should retire (surely firms of stature have pension schemes for just this situation), but he himself passionately rejects the suggestion and certainly it is no part of the president's scheme to shelve him. The baiting and taunting continue, the old man's nerves pull tighter and tighter; one day, during a screaming session in the board room, he starts from his chair, clutches his chest and dies.

The young man from the West, horrified, frightened, angered by guilt, marches on the president with clenched hands and spits a resignation at him. But then at last this friendless, taciturn, violent man speaks what is in his soul. We few, he says, who sit in these offices do not own the firm. We are its custodians and we shape its destiny as

long, and only as long, as we are the strongest. Others have been before us, others will come after; only the corporation endures and the corporation alone is what matters. Do not resign—that is the easy, the faithless way. You hate me; you would like to kill me? Stay here and hate, stay and try to kill. Use every wile and strength you have, as I will use all I have against you. Let us resolve to be deadly enemies, to kill each other for the glory of the firm. And the young man at last understands. A light of dedication comes into his eyes and he turns from the encounter with his shoulders back and his stride the march of a crusader. Instead of the total state, we are offered the total firm—a concept too American, apparently, to be called un-American.

IN THE simple days before the war a really major example of Hollywood recklessness was advertised as a "million-dollar production." But the dollar is not what it once was and TV spectacles have terribly numbed the public's response to the glamor of ill-spent money. So *The Conqueror*, Dick Powell's "biggest production ever" for Howard Hughes and RKO, cost six million dollars. For this the parties concerned got a sub-standard horse opera featuring John Wayne as Genghis Kahn, Susan Hayward as his hot but reluctant bride and almost all of Utah beyond the municipal limits of Salt Lake City as the Gobi Desert. History has not been well served and neither has the popcorn public. A good hoofbeat and bloody dagger show is a social benefit; it tones up the system and relaxes present cares. But this *Conqueror* drags through the motions of excitement, and loses itself in contemplation of its own budget.

DOCTOR AT SEA, from England, is a sequel to *Doctor in the House*. It demonstrates the axiom that sequels—particularly farce sequels—are vulnerable to the law of diminishing returns. And *Doctor in the House* was no masterpiece of tomfoolery.

TV Forecast

March 25 through 30

(See local papers for time and channel)

For the present, Anne Langman's television department will appear in alternate issues. But every week she will offer a listing of forthcoming shows. The listings will include programs that promise to be interesting as phenomena as well as those selected for their intrinsic merit.

Sunday, March 25

PUBLIC DEBATE (CBS TV and radio). A debate between Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Paul Butler, chairman of the Democratic National Committee; Walter Cronkite, moderator. This is part of the 10th Annual Philadelphia Bulletin Forum and will originate from Congress Hall.

FREEDOM TO READ (ABC). The Very Reverend James A. Pike, Dean of St. John the Divine, Diocese of New York, will conduct an information discussion on censorship with Don Lacey, executive director of the American Book Council.

OMNIBUS (CBS). A live telecast from Harvard University will examine the role of the modern university-college. Dr. Pusey and members of his faculty will guide the program through the university's various schools—law, medicine, divinity, business.

COLLEGE PRESS CONFERENCE (ABC). Senator Clifford Case (Republican, New Jersey) interviewed by students.

PALM SUNDAY CATHOLIC MASS (NBC). Telecast from the Basilica of Our Lady of Perpetual Health, Boston.

Tuesday, March 27

UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY (NBC; Playwrights '56). An original play by J. P. Miller about a man who is searching for something good to say about someone, somewhere. Cyril Ritchard and Nina Foch star in this continuation of an interesting dramatic series.

Wednesday, March 28

THE THIRTY-YEAR MAN (CBS; U. S. Steel Hour). Pat O'Brien heads the cast (Jocelyn Brando is the only woman) in this play about a career soldier.

Friday, March 30

THE SHROUD OF TURIN (ABC). A "documentary" discussing the authenticity of the cloth which has been claimed for centuries to be Christ's shroud and to bear shadowy markings of his body.

Music

B. H. Haggin

AT A Boston Symphony concert in 1930, after a performance of the *Ode* that Aaron Copland wrote for the orchestra's fiftieth anniversary, I was amused to hear a sweet old Jewish woman exclaim: "And when we do get a Jewish composer he shames his race!" If she was in the audience to hear his revision of the piece for the orchestra's seventy-fifth anniversary when it was played in New York recently I would guess that she felt no happier about it. For it is still an unattractive and inaccessible work in the angular and harsh idiom that Copland has continued to use in instrumental music at the same time as he has used a simpler and attractive idiom in his engaging and often lovely scores for stage and films.

This writing of music in two different styles has been paralleled by Copland's two different lines of thought about the music. On the one hand he has—for example in his book *Our New Music*—attacked the idea that modern music is emotionally arid, over-complicated and ugly, and has described and explained the changes in expressive content and the extensions of vocabulary in the music in order that we might hear in it *our* music, as natural and acceptable to our ears, as interesting and significant to our minds, as people a hundred and two hundred years ago found *their* music. But *Our New Music* was published in 1941, three years after *Billy the Kid*, the first of the ballet and film scores which Arthur Berger, in his book on Copland, tells us represented Copland's decision not to go on writing only esoteric music for a small special public, but to write simpler, accessible music that would interest the general music public. Berger quotes Copland's own statements to this effect—statements which imply his recognition that music like von Webern's in Europe or his own *Ode* here was *not* as natural and acceptable to our ears, as interesting to our minds, as people a hundred years ago found their music.

At the first performances of its spring season the New York City Ballet has exhibited its clear, beau-

ful and brilliant dancing, and has presented the first of three new works, Balanchine's *Allegro Brillante*, a setting of the one completed movement of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 3. This piece, composed in the last year of Tchaikovsky's life, begins magnificently and excitingly with some of his most arresting ideas, and continues with effective writing to the end of the exposition, but becomes aimless and diffuse in the development. And it is interesting that in Balanchine's piece, another of his recent "concentrated essays in . . . extended classic vocabulary," it is the beginning, too—the placing of the dancers on the stage, the establishing of the style of their dancing—that is most impressive. After that what is interesting is the resourceful ingenuity that keeps things going with coherence even to music which is diffuse and aimless, and that makes beautiful use of the individual capacities of the dancers—in particular Tallchief's capacity for movement of marvelous delicacy in quiet.

I must add that this is a capacity which Tallchief shows off with the same disregard for momentary fitness as other dancers betray in their more spectacular exhibitionism. The finale of *Swan Lake* begins with agitated movements of the corps, which are interrupted by Tallchief's demonstration of her delicacy in quiet in a progression diagonally across the stage. This is as unsuitable here—though not as destructive and absurd—as the great smiling hello to the audience, instead of to his companions on the stage, with which Eglevsky makes his first entrance in that ballet.

UNABLE to attend one of the early performances of the Metropolitan's new production of *The Magic Flute*, I listened to the Saturday afternoon broadcast, and was struck immediately, during the overture, by the lack of lightness, grace, vivacity and brilliance that I continued to be aware of in the work as it was paced and shaped by Bruno Walter—notably in Pamina's *Ach, ich fühl's* and

the trio *Soll ich dich, Teurer, nicht mehr sehen*, which plodded on sog-gily in tempos that would never have led anyone to suspect Mozart's direction of Andante. Next I was struck by the inadequacy of much of the singing: after the beautiful and suitably youthful voices of the Tamino and Pamina in the recent NBC-televised *Magic Flute* it was disturbing to hear the voices of Brian Sullivan and Lucine Amara, which were neither youthful nor even beautiful; though Roberta Peters produced brilliantly crystalline notes in the Queen of the Night's high florid passages, her voice was unattractively rough and edged in the melodic passages of the Queen's first-act aria. But Theodor Uppman (Papageno), Laurel Hurley (Papagena), Jerome Hines (Sarastro) and George



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London (First Priest) sang well. Finally the English translation: even at the close range of radio most of the Martins' words in the arias and ensembles couldn't be understood;

and the spoken dialogue that could be understood was flat and tasteless after the literary distinction, charm and wit of the Auden-Kallman words in the televised performance.

Letters

Israel Crisis

Dear Sirs: Harold Greer, in his article, Eden Visits Washington, in your issue of February 11, 1956, purports to write as a liberal. Yet his outlook on the Israel-Arab relationship is no different than that of the British Foreign Office or that of our State Department. This is manifested in his last two sentences: "The immediate problem is to stop the violations and let things simmer down without entrenching Israel's claim to the territory it now holds. If the military factor can be removed, a settlement on the basis of acceptance by the Arab world of the fact of Israel and of fairly substantial territory concessions by Israel may be possible."

How much concession can be expected of Israel with its 8,000 square miles in an area of 57,000,000 square miles held by Arabs? Why should Israel be expected to be on the giving end in all discussions; to cede land after it had defeated its aggressors and after an armistice was signed by them? HYMAN MORRISON
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Many observers of the Israel-Arab scene talk about the necessity, as does Mr. Greer, of an acceptance by the Arab world of the fact of Israel and they continue to recommend "fairly substantial territorial concessions by Israel." There is an incompatibility in these two simultaneous recommendations which can be illustrated by the use of a little simple arithmetic. The "fact" of Israel, geographically speaking, is approximately 7,800 square miles (about the area of New Jersey). The approximate size of Egypt is 386,000 square miles, while the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan has approximately 37,500 square miles. If one defines "substantial territorial concessions" as a 5 per cent reduction in area, Israel would be left with an area of about 7,410 square miles. A "substantial reduction" in Israel's tiny area would certainly result in a substantial reduction of the "fact" of Israel in the eyes of Nasser and his newly-found friends in the Kremlin. The fact of Israel would register fully on Nasser and his friends if Mr. Dulles were to advocate vigorously and publicly rushing defensive arms to Israel without

delay—and only then, I think. Finally, what can a 7,410-square-mile Israel settle that a 7,800-square-mile-Israel cannot?

WILLIAM BENDER
Vermillion, S. Dak.

Mr. Greer's Reply

Dear Sirs: I find nothing incompatible in suggesting that settlements are usually reached by concessions by opposing sides. Dr. Bender says the specific concessions in this issue—acceptance by the Arabs of the fact of Israel and surrender by Israel of significant territory—are geographically incompatible. But there is no agreed-to geographic definition of "Israel." There is at best a piece of real estate, parts of which Israel conquered during the Palestine war—a war Israel did not start—and it therefore does not feel bound to return this territory to aggressors. Much of this real estate is identified by armistice lines rather than boundaries, and efforts to convert the 1949 armistice agreement into a peace treaty have so far not been successful.

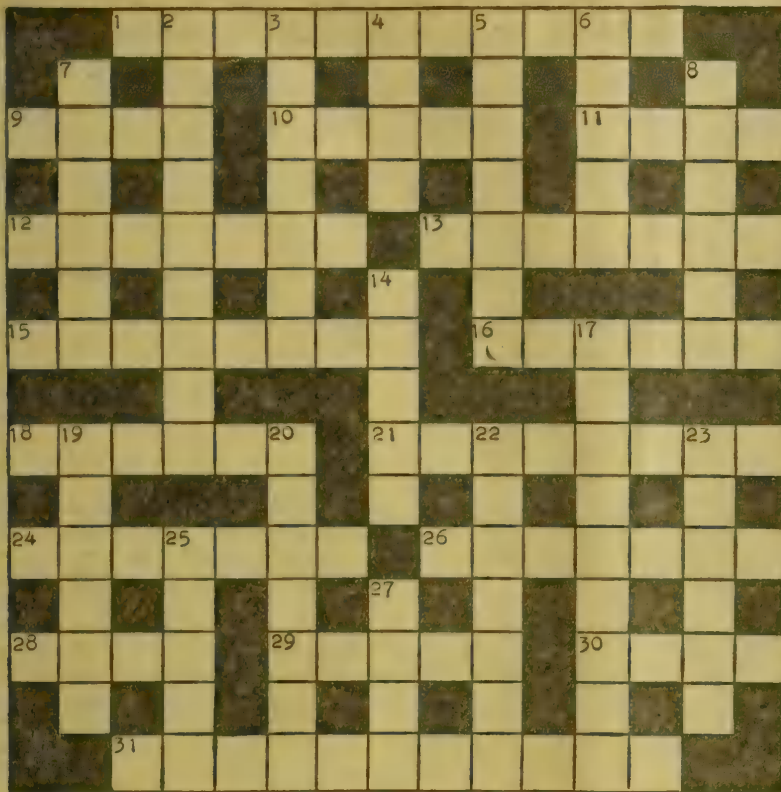
By acceptance of the fact of Israel I meant rather that the Arabs must reconcile themselves to the fact of the existence of Israel as a state, and particularly as a Zionist state. It is true that any diminution of the territory Israel now holds would probably be heralded in the Arab world as a great victory. But the Arab leaders thus far have been seeking the emasculation and erosion of Israel's statehood by insisting upon the 1947 partition plan and by seeking to have the expelled refugees returned to Israel.

By "fairly substantial territorial concessions" on Israel's part, I meant something more than the frontier modifications which Israeli leaders have indicated a willingness to negotiate. This is undoubtedly the most difficult aspect of the matter. No victim of aggression wants to give up ground it has won from its aggressors. However, the same problem in essence had to be faced in Korea in the interests of peace, and unofficial reports from Israel have indicated the Israeli government is prepared to negotiate on the point at a peace conference.

HAROLD GREER
Washington, D. C.

Crossword Puzzle No. 664

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Styles might be portrayed if you do! (11)
- 9 See 11 across
- 10 and 14 down A clarinetist might, when he goes from B-flat to A. (5,5)
- 11 and 9 across Evidently the cigarettes grew stale, long after they were. (8)
- 12 Farmery, perhaps. (7)
- 13 A lost cause to be wrong, that is about separate. (7)
- 15 Letter-men who seem to have a capacity at one combination. (8)
- 16 Not quite as dry as to keep things soft. (6)
- 18 Not all who are hung are necessarily this (6)
- 21 Not able to make a buck around it, but good for a drink! (8)
- 24 A famous harpist waited for him to be 3 and 31. (7)
- 26 A good institution might be—well, very loud instead, sort of (7)
- 28 Not quite all there. (4)
- 29 Made up out of tuille, gorget, tasse, cuisse, etc. (5)
- 31 Has to be filled by 14 to be very effective. (4)
- 31 See 3 down

DOWN

- 2 Sometimes followed in the air a matter of course. (5,4)

- 2 and 31 across You should be able to rock someone here! (6,1,6,5)
- 4 The solver almost certainly can, but 16 is extremely backward this way. (4)
- 5 Put on in the past . . . (7)
- 6 . . . and put out. (5)
- 7 This animal has trouble, even though in first-class shape. (6)
- 8 Tom, when she is about, might create damage. (6)
- 14 See 10 across
- 17 Such a declaration makes some faint. (9)
- 19 Fixed, unless up this. (6)
- 20 25 takes little notice with a sort of this, as you might at the end of a line. (7)
- 22 The complaint of a sailor in a ruined arch. (7)
- 23 Look at the top of the can—you can't see through it! (6)
- 25 Motionless interchange? (5)
- 27 The politician in the middle of 16 is about to make them, but they're probably not very good. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE

ACROSS: 1 LIKE BEGETS LIKE; 8 FRENCH CURVES; 10 WATCH TOWER; 11 and 21 PEERLESS; 13 TAMING; 14 ALTO HORN; 16 FINGERED; 17 PUDDLE; 19 TOAD; 20 COVER-POINT; 22 SEMI-CIRCULAR; 23 HOUSEMAID'S KNEE. DOWN: 1 LIFE WITH FATHER; 2 KLEPTOMANIAC; 3 BACKHANDED; 4 GECKOS; 5 TARHEELS; 6 LEER; 7 LAURENCE STERNE; 9 SECOND VIOLIN; 12 HOCUS-FOCUS; 15 DEMONISM; 18 GEMINI.

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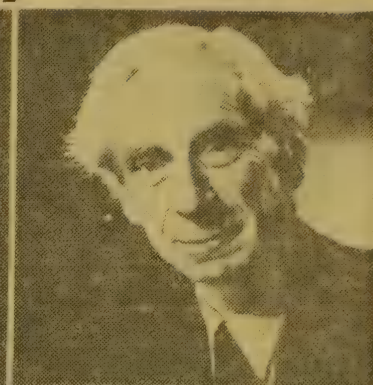
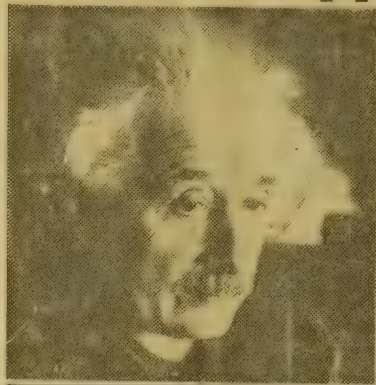
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THE *Nation*

MARCH 31, 1956

20c

ROBERT MOSES King Of Babylon

by David Cort



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Letters

The Case for Deterrence

Dear Sirs: I have just read *Billions for Insecurity* by Matthew Josephson in your issue of January 28. Although I would agree with the title, the facts on which he bases his analysis are wrong, incomplete or irrelevant, and I believe that his conclusions are false.

I shall not quarrel with his statements about high cost and waste. There have been plenty of costly mistakes, but they are not in themselves the basic reason for insecurity. What do the "hundreds of obsolete planes" moldering on the desert have to do with the argument? These planes would be significant only if they could replace the new planes being ordered. The B-36 was, of course, a mistake—though an honest one. It was still not capable of competing with jets. Moreover the necessary crew was large whereas a modern B-52 requires but three.

The author complains about the rise in cost of our military effort. Modern jets are expensive! But anyone who claims that our current military program is a "public-works program in disguise" doesn't know the facts. Of course, government funds directly affect the economy, however they are expended. But "disguise" implies concealment. Surely no one can argue that our military program is a deliberate substitute for public works, at home or abroad. If the author really believes that spending equivalent sums for raising living standards elsewhere can promote security more effectively than building a military machine, he should bring forth facts to substantiate his view. I doubt very much that such spending would discourage the expansionist tendencies of our opponents, or wring from them more than expressions of disapproval similar to those provoked by the Marshall Plan.

The author's statements concerning our vulnerability to attack are, unfortunately, all too true, even though he somewhat confuses the roles of offense and defense. He implies that if we had listened to those who advocated ground-to-air defense as a substitute for the big bombers, we would now be relatively safe from attack. His argument might be a little more convincing if his authorities did not include some of the advisors who argued against the "crash program" for the production of the H-bomb.

But what are the facts? The effectiveness of our ground-to-air defense falls far short of the stated 10 per cent

level of effectiveness over the enormous perimeter of our boundaries. To encircle our country with an air wall having 90 per cent effectiveness would require spending many times greater than our current spending, which the author decries. And what would we have then? Of 1,000 enemy planes, one hundred would still get through to drop H-bombs on a hundred U. S. cities and military targets. Even then, such a record of defense is unbelievably optimistic. The best service that such a ring could perform is that of early warning to notify our Strategic Air Command that the "whistle has blown."

If such an event should occur, let us hope that our striking force is better set than it is today to deliver the counter blow. For it is well known that the SAC, despite the "salesmanship" of General Curtis LeMay, does not receive the support it deserves, largely because of unwarranted interservice competition. We are basing our current strategy on the misconception that we must provide for a long war, when in fact the first few days, based wholly on air action, will determine the eventual victor. Until we have reliable intercontinental ballistic missiles in large numbers, we must support the SAC. And this support should consist of more than jet bombers and jet tankers to refuel them in flight. We need still more good bases, for diversification; we must provide attractive living quarters for the airmen, both single and married, close to the bases. We must keep the fleet manned and ready for instantaneous action. And, above all, we must provide salaries and other incentives that will improve the percentage of reenlistments. Such a program would actually save money, in view of the cost of training air men for replacements.

Few people will subscribe to the author's basic conclusion that "warrior-bureaucrats and experts-in-destruction" are responsible for prolonging the cold war for profit. If the author believes this to be true, why should not these same exponents of the "permanent defense boom" subscribe to the program of ground-to-air defense he advocates, since it would multiply government spending by a large factor?

Whether we like it or not, the intercontinental situation is critical and it is not easy to find an answer. If hindsight should prove that a better State Department policy during the past ten years would have provided us with a higher degree of security, we are none the less faced with the situation

in 1956. Let us recognize that there is still no satisfactory defense against the modern jet except the deterrent force of being able to deliver an effective counter blow at moment's notice. The only present way of delivering that blow is through the Strategic Air Command. Ground troops and navy—even aircraft carriers—will play only a minor part.

DONALD H. MENZEL
Director, Harvard College
Observatory

Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Josephson's Reply

Dear Sirs: Dr. Menzel has provided us with the emotional apology for the big-bomber general's strategy of the season-before-the-last: massive deterrence by air offensive with nuclear missiles (Even John Foster Dulles has given up on that one, according to his latest statements on the military-technological stalemate.) Surely Dr. Menzel might use a little more of the spirit of logic: he agrees with the main contention in my articles that we have wastefully spent billions and gotten only insecurity, and that America has been, up to recently, without any real defense against air-atomic attack; yet he holds that my facts and the analysis of them—from which these admittedly correct conclusions are drawn—are "irrelevant" and "false." My facts have all been compiled from official records and from the testimony of the military professions, such as Admiral Radford, Field Marshal

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The Heart of the Matter . . by Carey McWilliams

IF WORDS could be taken at face value, then one could say that the American people have suddenly achieved a remarkable unanimity of views on the social revolution that is under way in the South. From right to left, North to South, politicians are battling for possession of the right verbalisms. Everyone is "against violence," Senator Eastland no less than President Eisenhower. Everyone denounces "extremists"; the middle position has become so crowded that standing room only signs have been posted. The words "gradual" and "moderate" have acquired magical properties. Everyone agrees, too, that a region's sacred way of life is not to be changed "overnight" but the date of the Emancipation Proclamation seems to have been forgotten. A hundred Democrats in Congress issue a manifesto against desegregation, yet we are gravely admonished that the issue must be kept "out of politics."

A remarkable spectacle, this. It is as though, caught in the glare of the world's spotlight, we were afraid to make public acknowledgement of the fact that some Americans—a clear majority in our view—feel that the time has come to eliminate the national disgrace of Jim Crow whereas a vocal minority disagrees. Our pious but rather childish hope would seem to be that if everyone will only continue to voice the "right" sentiments, everything will be just peachy down South and elsewhere. And if the right words are used—if the prescribed laws of semantics are observed—no questions will be asked. For example, the *Wall Street Journal* finds that the Dixiecrat Manifesto is a proper and reasoned protest because "the words are not inflammatory"; the tone is not that of a "gallused demagogue."

The fact is, of course, that the gallused demagogues of the South were delighted with the manifesto; it provides official sanction for their rough stuff. Those who deplore "violence" have overlooked the fact, noted by Joseph C. Harsch in the *Christian Science Monitor*, that the manifesto stopped just short of being revolutionary. It is, indeed, a dangerous statement. It will aggravate tensions. It may well lead to violence. And it will encourage evasion if not outright defiance of the Supreme Court's decision, for obviously there is no lawful way to disobey the law. Buoyed up by the defiant tone of the manifesto, Mr. David Lawrence writes that integration is now "a long way off—years and years and maybe never." If Negroes continue to believe that the court's decision will win eventual acceptance in the South, it will not be because they were reassured by

the hundred or more signers of the manifesto. These signers observe, of the decision, that it "planted hatred and suspicion where there has been heretofore friendship and understanding . . . destroying the amicable relations" that had prevailed between Negro and white in the South. I have news for these gentlemen: Southern Negroes do not regard these relations as amicable or, for that matter, tolerable.

Opinion leaders generally seem to have overlooked the clear political import of the manifesto. It was not released, for example, until after the President had announced that he would seek re-election. Of greater significance is the related fact that the Supreme Court's decision of May 17, 1954, aroused little hostility at the time, particularly in Virginia, a key state in the current "insurrection." Writing in the *Washington Post* (March 11), Benjamin Muse makes it quite clear that open opposition did not develop in Virginia until after the Byrd machine, for reasons of its own, had decided to buck desegregation. Any number of communities had actually started to set up integration programs. "A nod from Byrd," writes Mr. Muse, "would have headed Virginia in a different direction. . . . But Senator Byrd and his organization chose otherwise. The voices of moderation which were heard in May, 1954, were quickly hushed. They did not represent authentic organization policy." And soon the counter-attack appeared. "From then on," writes Mr. Muse, "fulminations against the Supreme Court were not emotional indiscretion. Appeals to racial prejudices were not irresponsible demagoguery. They are a part of the established policy of the Commonwealth" (my emphasis). The manifesto, in other words, does not represent moderate opinion in the South; it may well have silenced this opinion. Only the words are non-inflammatory.

IN the current context, therefore, words like "gradual" and "moderate" have a stunning irrelevance. Neither word can be used to measure progress unless the ultimate goal is clearly defined and a timetable suggested for its achievement. And, as Mr. Lippman has pointed out, "how slowly can we go without nullifying the Constitution?" The last affirmative action taken by Congress with specific reference to the elimination of Jim Crow was the adoption of the original Civil Rights Act in the 1870's. The Supreme Court, which has now told the South to integrate its school systems with "all

deliberate speed," sanctioned Jim Crow discriminations for nearly a hundred years. Under the circumstances, a special burden rests on the proponents of gradualism to present a program and a timetable. Negroes who are being asked to exhibit restraint and moderation must find it particularly irritating to note that those who offer them this heavy daily diet of advice could not muster enough moral courage and energy to block the appointment of Senator Eastland as chairman of the key Senate Judiciary Committee. Despite gallant last-minute efforts by Senators Lehman and Morse, the appointment was approved without serious debate or a roll call vote and theirs were the only "audible" voices raised in protest. And how many of those who have urged moderation spoke out against the mob violence in Tuscaloosa or protested the incidents in Montgomery?

AMONG the factors inhibiting the free expression of genuine moral indignation on this basic American dilemma is a feeling of guilt which is nearly universal. "Before we cast a stone at Alabama," Mr. Stevenson tells us—the statement was made, it will be noted, in Minnesota—"it might be well for those of us who live in some of the great Northern cities to ask ourselves, in candor, how the Negro minority is faring in our own communities." A good suggestion, no doubt, but neither timely nor apposite. The stones, right now, are being cast in Alabama. As the New York Diocese of the Episcopal Church pointed out, in rejecting a similar suggestion from Bishop Henry I. Louttit of Florida, it is unreasonable to assume that only those who live in a perfect society should be entitled to comment on evil elsewhere. Besides, where human rights are involved the nation is one community, there is no North or South. The Constitution is not a document to be accepted or rejected by each locality as it deems fit. Nor can the Dixiecrats be heard to say that "outsiders"

are interfering in the region's affairs when those in the South who favor integration are being silenced.

"What is the substance of the situation?" asked Senator Lehman in his fine speech replying to the Dixiecrat Manifesto. "The substance is that a vast number of people in the Southern states were and are being denied the equal protection of the laws, and were being set apart, and treated as pariahs in our society in access to public facilities supported by general tax revenues. Who can possibly justify the continuation, for one needless moment, of this intolerable discrimination, of this oppression?" This is, indeed, the heart of the matter. Using the right words won't lift the burden Jim Crow imposes on the conscience of every American. No one advocates violence and everyone favors moderation; but let's abandon the childish pretense that by mouthing platitudes we can escape the obligation to honor the concept of equal justice embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment.

A Man Nobody Knows

IN MEASURING the magnitude of the disaster which has overtaken Adlai Stevenson in Minnesota, the marked advantages which he enjoyed must be emphasized. The entire state organization supported him, including Governor Freeman, Lieutenant-Governor Rolvaag, Attorney General Lord, Senator Humphrey and Congressmen Blatnik and McCarthy. The state's leading Republican newspaper—the Cowles-owned Minneapolis *Tribune*—endorsed him. His campaign was lavishly financed, with state-wide television hookups, student rallies, teas, coffee klatches and smorgasbords. In short he had every advantage and still he lost.

The various explanations of the disaster which have been offered are not impressive. The theory that mischievous Republicans wanted to eliminate Mr. Stevenson as "the strongest Democratic nominee" may be true but it is not convincing. The polls showed a strong upsurge of Kefauver sentiment in the ranks of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. The explanations that we have seen relate, for the most part, to purely secondary factors. Nor was Minnesota, in our view, a special case; it merely dramatizes the weakness of Mr. Stevenson's current position.

In 1952 Mr. Stevenson, with the aid of a few amateurs, developed a new political style that was immensely refreshing. Now he is flanked by professional advisors and, somehow, he has not seemed to be his old self. Being "corny," in the current phrase, comes naturally to most politicians; when Mr. Stevenson attempts to be less forthright, he is ill at ease and therefore unconvincing. It was in part because the editors of *The Nation* sensed this change, and were disappointed by it, that we suggested some weeks back that liberals should not be in any hurry to jump aboard the Stevenson "bandwagon." Mr. Stevenson's current problem is that he has become "the man nobody knows."

NEXT WEEK

An Appreciation of FDR
on the eleventh anniversary of his death
by Rexford Guy Tugwell

Three Minutes From War
Life in an Israel border village
by Dan Wakefield

APRIL 21 ISSUE

The Drug Addict
A police or a medical problem?
by Alfred R. Lindemith

Even so, the Minnesota disaster need not be fatal to him. But it will be unless Mr. Stevenson, without delay, discards his current script, throws "caution" and "moderation" to the winds and starts addressing his appeal to the highest moral values of the American people. Let him act and speak as though he had concluded that he had not a chance in the world of winning the Democratic nomination, much less of being elected President. Let him speak with full realization that his party is confronted with one of the most serious crises in its history. Let him say that he would not *want* the nomination if he had to accept Dixiecrat votes to win it. He did not win their support in 1952; he will not win it in 1956. He should realize, too, that the heavy Ke-

fauver vote in Minnesota was in large part a general protest by all kinds of voters who, collectively, resent being treated as a vast TV "audience" and insist on being recognized as citizens. Too many political leaders, Mr. Stevenson in particular, have lost touch with the people. Seven years of cold-war politics, by freezing political attitudes, have disrupted the normal give-and-take between voters and candidates. The people want someone to voice the new sentiments and aspirations that have been germinating through the long winter of the last seven years. Mr. Stevenson should listen to them; he should try to sense their feelings. This is only another way of saying that he should listen less to his advisors and start communing more with himself.

ROBERT MOSES:

King of Babylon . . . by David Cort

[Robert Moses has been making headlines in New York papers for a quarter-century and more. There is no doubt that he has built more miles of parks, tunnels, bridges and highways in the New York metropolitan area than any man in history. The case for this indefatigable builder has been presented many times in many publications—including this one, way back in 1934. But there is another side to the story, and here it is.—The Editors.]

THE AUTONOMOUS government of Robert Moses, who has never been elected to anything, is richer and more powerful than a good many nations and several Western states. Though its authority rests only on thirty years of appointments and re-appointments by New York mayors and governors, it is oddly free of the customary American system of checks and balances. It issues its own revenue bonds. It collects its own taxes in the form of tolls. It raises its own uniformed army. Within the huge ramifications of its various spheres, it is one-man government nearly as absolute as a Latin American dictator's, openly based on the same proposition that always makes dictatorship "necessary": that every-

body else is an idiot or a scoundrel.

Robert Moses' considered opinions of his fellow citizens are given in his current book, *Working for the People* (Harper's), in the list of people he is against: "demagogues," "crackpots," "party bosses," "radical unionists," "ignorant editors," "reactionary tycoons," "uplifters," "reformers," "do-gooders," "taxpayers' groups," "eager-beaver political amateurs," "visionary planners," "sociologists," "ultra-modern, long-haired designers," "federal planners," "partisans," "enthusiasts," "state planning bodies," "virulent, vicious trouble-makers," "irresponsible mudslingers," "doleful bankers," "muckraking commentators," "civic secretaries," "sour critics," "Lewis Mumford, Frank Lloyd Wright and their followers" and "goon union leaders."

Deduct all these from the population. What remains are Moses men and of course Moses. It is obvious that Moses is indispensable.

THE people's desperate need for Robert Moses is revealed less by the list of his offices than by the offices he never bothers to visit. On the important New York City Planning Commission, one member says that Moses attends "darn few" meetings, another says "none in eight years." As Coordinator of Construction, he cannot very well get into his office, which is listed as Post Office Box 35,

Triborough Station, New York 35. The *New Yorker* magazine has reported that he never goes to his office at the Arsenal in Central Park where as New York City Park Commissioner he is supposed to earn the only salary, \$25,000, he is credited with collecting. But there is no doubt that he has a real talent for absentee administration.

The real Moses consolidation of powers only begins to be visible at his Babylon, Long Island, office on the former Belmont estate, where he is dictator-president of the Long Island State Park Commission and dictator-chairman of the Jones Beach State Parkway and Bethpage Park Auditorium. In the warm months these latter yield substantial revenues to the Moses empire. During those months, Moses puts in a Thursday-to-Monday weekend at the Babylon office (he lives nearby in the summer), surrounded by his certificates of appointment and the tiny silver trowels that memorialize old triumphs. But at Babylon the curious and awed investigator has not yet really caught up with Moses.

The big-power ganglions feed in to still another office, tucked away on Randalls Island in New York's East River. Here Moses is dictator-chairman of the consolidated Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority. This fuzzy title conceals the fact that this office runs and collects

DAVID CORT, formerly a Time-Life editor, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

March 31, 1956

tolls and revenue from not only the Triborough Bridge, but also the Henry Hudson Bridge, Whitestone Bridge, Cross Bay Parkway Bridge, Marine Parkway Bridge, the Midtown Tunnel and Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel and garage. These great properties are currently out of the control of the people of New York, though by paying tribute they may have the use of them.

The Triborough Authority has a new and somewhat baffling enterprise—the housing and convention-hall development known as the Coliseum on Columbus Circle in the heart of New York City. The reason for the Coliseum's hiding under the Triborough's ample wing may be that by that dodge Moses would not have to submit the plans to the city art commission, a capable and patriotic body which probably falls under the heading of several of the epithets listed above. Though the art commission has legal jurisdiction over buildings on city land, the plans actually were never submitted. However, even the majestic Triborough Authority is dwarfed by new dreams of empire.

THE latest expansion is heralded by the new function of still another Moses office—at 270 Broadway, New York, which formerly served only the dictator-chairman of the State Council of Parks. In 1954 Moses became dictator-chairman of the New York State Power Authority, charged with redesigning Niagara Falls and the Saint Lawrence River. Its office promptly moved to 270 Broadway. From here is conducted his major current fight. From here he expelled from the Power Authority the unsympathetic trustees and substituted his own men, conspicuously aged William Wilson. The names of Moses men—Wilson, Howland, Blakelock, Chapin—are likely to appear in the interlocking units of the empire as the "virulent, vicious troublemakers" disappear.

The prospect of Moses, unsupervised, unchecked and unaudited, running wild with Niagara Falls and the great Saint Lawrence River is, to put it quickly, disquieting. He announces in his new book that he expects to flood a certain amount of the St. Lawrence shore and sell power to the Aluminum Company of America under a contract that in the view of some experts conceded

far too much to ALCOA. While tapping a great economic potential, Moses is in an unassailable position to ruin some of the most beautiful and most widely appreciated country in North America. In any case it will forevermore look like Moses. As the poet Melville Cane has written:

The bird who in the waning light
Was wont to call: "Bob White! Bob White!"

Now cries instead: "Bob Moses!"

Power, in the hydroelectric sense, is a new field for Moses but he is conducting this new fight for power, in the older sense, along his customary lines. These range from violent bluff, "or else" threats, a publicity barrage against politicians, do-gooders and greedy private interests, to protestations of unselfish humility and insidious infiltration. As usual, he asks for no salary. As usual, he asks only to be allowed to give the people the benefit of his rightness. After the job is finished and the income and power begin to roll in, the man in possession is Robert Moses; and he stays and stays and stays. He pocketed parks in 1924, bridges in 1934, tunnels in 1945; he has never unpocketed anything.

An example is the Triborough Bridge. It was opened in July, 1936, with a promise that tolls would cease when the bridge was paid for. It had been built, "at relatively small cost to the city," on a Roosevelt-Ickes PWA loan of \$44,000,000—rewarded with a stream of Moses insults at Roosevelt and Ickes. I don't profess to understand book-keeping but the announced construction-fund balance and receipts in 1938 added up to \$25,000,000. Just about the week this is published, the total of toll collections on the Triborough Bridge alone will be passing \$100,000,000 for the twenty-year period. It is now running at the rate of nearly \$12,000,000 a year. The whole Authority's income is about three times that every year. But in 1953, it was announced that the bridge tolls would be pledged for nine years to the end that "the crossings can be returned to New York City by 1973." I don't know



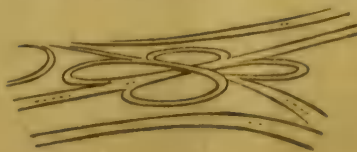
what this means, but I don't believe any part of it.

At a Marine Parkway Bridge opening at Riis Park on July 3, 1937, Moses responded to the usual compliments by saying that he didn't yet understand the true nature of the five Authorities he then directed, "but they are great for getting things done." He evidently understands them better now. They are great for getting all sorts of things done, some of them a surprise to the people who give Moses the jobs.

THE "Authority" as a device in government is, to say the least, interesting. It is essentially an escape-hatch from political-constitutional government which is always limited in the jobs it may undertake and the revenue bonds it may issue in a given year. With every such undertaking, Presidents, governors and mayors find themselves harried by all sorts of people and interests. The Authority, on the other hand, is on its own. Some lawyers even contend that New York police have no jurisdiction on Moses territory, such as the Triborough Bridge. It is a state within a state and, as Moses quickly noticed, "great for getting things done"—without anybody's noticing until it is too late. After the job is done, it is easy and even logical for the Authority chairman to hang on indefinitely. If he is smart, he can pledge the revenues to issue new bonds to finance new enterprises and Authorities which will produce new revenues to pay the interest on new bond issues for still more enterprises and authorities, and so on.

The arguments in favor of the Authority system never entirely escape the Fascist-Communist assumption that ordinary, democratic, political operations are unavoidably incompetent and wasteful. The authoritarian ring in the word, Authority, belongs there.

The legend that every thing the Authority and Moses have done is



good is as solidly established as home-made bread. No complete survey will be attempted here. But it will be instructive to notice some things he has wanted to do. He wanted to slap a bridge over the Narrows at the entrance to New York harbor. He wanted to throw a bridge from the Battery to Brooklyn because he "knew" that a tunnel was impossible and undesirable. (He finally had to build—and now takes credit for—the tunnel.) In general, Moses much prefers "improvements" that are highly visible; hence, tunnels are at a discount in his book. He still champions a preposterous plan to throw an elevated express highway right across the heart of Manhattan around 34th Street, presumably so that motorists from the West, headed for Long Island, can avoid the George Washington Bridge, which does not belong to Moses. The beauty of this plan is that it will get in the way of and be visible to more people more often than anything Moses has done yet. That makes it compulsive.

MOSES has indeed gotten things done, and so have hundreds and thousands of other agencies in the United States. "Irresponsible mud-slingers" criticize everything Moses has done. They say that his highways, compared to Connecticut's or New Jersey's, are not quite wide enough, are constantly under repair and are not in the right places. They point out that the Henry Hudson Parkway, instead of taking an obvious route through the Kingsbridge shacktown which is still there, went out of its way to destroy the few remaining stately homes in Riverdale. (Perhaps Moses thought it would be more visible there.) They say the Coliseum will have no halls big enough to accommodate any convention much larger than a Moses family party. They say the Washington Square Southeast project will put out of business 1,000 small businesses which will not be able to find comparable space. And so on. In all these matters I would guess that Moses could put up an equally impressive argument.

Something less debatable would be the character behind the Authority. When the Battery Tunnel was under debate in the New York Board of Estimate, Moses announced as fact that the old Aquarium, a



famous New York landmark, would have to go for two reasons: first, the blasting for the tunnel would crumple the Aquarium; and second, a necessary tunnel under a corner of the Aquarium was impossible because of its weight. The tunnel was built; the Aquarium is still there (as a federal monument, but without fish) sitting on top of a tunnel. It was in no way involved in the construction of the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. Furthermore, the old Aquarium was ideally located and drew over two million visitors a year. Moses promised a new aquarium with fish at Coney Island, at no cost to the city; but if one is ever completed, it is now clear that it will cost the city several millions and the New York Zoological Society several more.

This fairly unimportant incident reveals several important things about the character behind the Authority. While getting one big thing done in the usual big way, he likes to put himself into position to accomplish a few other things—and he wanted the Aquarium at Coney Island. There may be a third point—that whenever Moses discovers that a thing is loved by people, he feels emotionally driven to move it or improve it. The Aquarium was popular; furthermore it was a favorite subject for the *New Yorker* magazine. Even though that magazine has given Moses unquestioning adulation (most recently by Lewis Mumford this year), its liking the Aquarium gave that institution an esoteric status that doomed it. A fourth point, often noted, is that Moses, who has a voice in all New York's museums and zoos, has never shown any interest in the exhibits. He doesn't care what people care about; he just wants to usher them into clean toilets.

There is no easy way of finding out whether his motives are good or bad toward the people of New York. But it may be helpful to observe

how Moses treats what he himself, personally, as a landowner and family man, loves.

In other words, what has he done with his own summer home in Babylon? The answer is that he has let it alone. It is an unpretentious, shingled house in the village of Babylon. It backs on a little creek leading out of Great South Bay. It is not oversupplied with toilets and facilities. The grounds have not been torn up, earth moved, concreted. It would seem as if this is the only land in his vast domain that Moses does not want to lay hands on.

Moses is described as generally behaving as if he felt out of things. His characteristic facial expressions have been listed as "Babylonian King at bay," "Babylonian King being sued for mercy," "Babylonian King graciously offering the poisoned cup." The reason for these impressions seems to be a fixed look of noble suffering, a little as if he smelled something burning but didn't want to mention it. If one must pick a Babylonian King to rank on even terms with Moses, it would have to be Nebuchednezzar II, who threw a grid of canals—the expressways of that time—across the country and built Babylon into a "wonder of the world." He also tore down Jerusalem. Soon after Nebuchednezzar, Babylon's history ends.

MOSES' present Power Authority fight reminds one of the New Deal days when he thanked Roosevelt and Ickes for the Triborough Bridge with torrents of invective. Now the U. S. Congress is the object of his attack, even as it considers whether to give the development of Niagara Falls to the Authority of Moses. His claim is that Congress is wrong in claiming, under the treaty with Canada, that it has the right to dispose of the job. Moses claims that the job is the Federal Power Commission's, with preference given to the Authority of Moses, and he has legal opinions to prove it.

Not unnaturally, Senator Herbert Lehman reproached Moses for this "unwise tactic." That was on January 2. Next day Moses, considered by the *New Yorker* a "glittering conversationalist," came back with this broadside: "Senator Lehman says... 'unwise tactic.'... We printed the [legal] opinion, as a matter of necessary public information. We did not

procure it." (This sentence need not be taken literally.) "How can Senator Lehman say this is an unwise tactic? The Senator should consult his dictionary and book of synonyms. A tactic in this context is a little game or expedient." (But not in the Unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary.) "We are playing no game."

It almost sounds as if Moses were about to claim the right to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, levy war and insure domestic tranquility.

An indication that Moses may be slipping came late last year in his acceptance of helpless defeat on a wild plan to put a high fence around migrating birds' favorite Central Park hilltop so that old folks (who couldn't possibly have climbed the hill) could play checkers in peace. In the course of this small battle, the general fear of Moses' powers of persecution silenced every official in the following organizations, which were all opposed to the plan:

American Museum of Natural History
New York Zoological Society
Audubon Society
New York Park Association
Institute of Landscape Architects.

The bird-watchers, Moses had discovered, loved the hill-top called The Ramble, but the protest against his plan was on much wider grounds and finally included officials of the Garden Clubs and the Municipal Art Society. Faced with these minute slings, the Goliath retired from the field.

Another recent bell tolled in the New York State Assembly where a bill was introduced—*lese majesté!*—to supervise Moses on the Triborough Authority. A single skirmish of Moses threats and insults was enough to send the bill back to committee. A little public outcry should be enough to get it back on the floor of the assembly. Perhaps soon after, Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner might consider lightening the load they have heaped on Robert Moses, unless they claim they can find no other single able man in this great republic. If they can't, there is nothing else to do but make Moses dictator in name as well as fact.

I conclude that city civilization—the mingled lives of millions of people—offends him as a putrid enor-

mity. He thinks of his public works as great cemeteries of death or great hospitals for the dying. He might have made a wonderful surgeon—or undertaker. He is especially happy with sick land, desolate dumps and sand spits, slums and wastes, as he points out in his new book. His highway system may be regarded as a calcified skeleton superseding the living tissue it was designed to support. If he were allowed to "complete" his work, we may imagine a magnificent, silent concrete mausoleum spreading from a monstrous

bridge at the Narrows to the drowned Saint Lawrence valley, saving only a little patch of life at Babylon.

Any such reading of the Moses character does not by any means disqualify him from building a road or bridge under public supervision. But it might say something about whether he is precisely the ideal man to plan the American way of life.

I will add my own personal intuition about Moses. I believe he is one of those numerous indefatigable workers who really hate their work.

New Delhi's Swinging Door

By Elisabeth Partridge

New Delhi

THE PLUMS of neutrality are now dropping into Mr. Nehru's lap. Within ten days the foreign ministers of the Western Big Three queued here for talks either before or after their SEATO deliberations in Karachi. And in July, at Mr. Dulles' invitation, Nehru visits Washington.

To say that Mr. Nehru's neutrality is based on Gandhian moral principles is only half the truth. It is also good horse sense, since India shares 2,000 miles of frontiers with the Communist bloc. In fact his neutrality crystalized sharply after the Chinese *coup* in Tibet. A later refinement was the addition of the word "dynamic," which distinguishes it from the Swiss brand of passive neutrality.

Since the Tibetan *coup*, the main objective of his foreign policy has been to extend this neutrality, sometimes called the area of peace, as widely as possible. Carried to its logical conclusion, the policy calls for neutrality of the whole world, including the two power blocs. That this is not immediately practiced—with American military alliances answering the Kremlin's bid for world domination—doesn't discourage him from trying.

Nehru's first major failure in his attempts to extend this neutrality came when Pakistan signed an arms agreement with the United States and later joined SEATO and the Baghdad Pact. In condemning these moves, Mr. Nehru brushed aside the

fact that partition had left Pakistan with a geographical impossibility, a gigantic inferiority complex vis-à-vis India and the feeling that Kashmir will only be gained by force. Even so, the Premier was right eighteen months ago when he anticipated that the Pakistan arms agreement would bring cold-war tensions to the subcontinent.

Indo-Pakistan hostility has now sharply increased. To counteract the Soviet leaders' support for India's position on Kashmir, Pakistan has enlisted the aid of SEATO. Now that modern American arms are reaching Pakistan, a primitive fear is growing here that they will be used aggressively against India, particularly in Kashmir. Mr. Dulles' assurance that Washington would extend support to India in the event of Pakistani aggression cuts no ice here. *How?* is the question most Indians ask. There is no American task force in the vicinity and time would be on the side of the aggressors. So India is increasing its defense budget which already constitutes 49 per cent of her central revenues. She is also considering the purchase of Russian planes and equipment. The situation could well develop into another Arab-Israeli arms race.

SUCH a race, apart from the war danger involved, would have disastrous consequences. Unless India's energies and resources go into the second Five-Year Plan, democracy will lose out to communism in the race to raise living standards not only in India but elsewhere in Asia.

But although Nehru has failed to

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sell neutrality to neighboring Pakistan, he is succeeding elsewhere. Largely because of his opposition, SEATO remains unrealistic (it could hardly be otherwise without the largest nation in Southeast Asia) and its Western sponsors have failed to put teeth into it. The ill-advised

Baghdad Pact is also crumbling largely because of Nehru's opposition.

Nowadays there are signs that when India's Premier speaks of neutrality, he speaks for an increasing number of people in Asia, the Middle East and in Europe, too, who are

impatient with power-bloc politics. The time for "talking down" to less well-endowed, less technically-skilled peoples is over. Until that attitude of mind—mainly identified with the United States and Britain—is changed, Mr. Nehru's neutrality will grow in stature and attraction.

OUT OF DARKNESS

Light on a Dark Mind . . by Lucy Freeman

THE YOUNG woman had refused to say one word for months. When she first sat opposite the psychiatrist he said, "Doris, I'm your doctor. And you and I will meet together three times a week. This is your time. You can do whatever you want. If you want to be quiet, that's fine. If you want to talk, that's fine with me, too."

She twisted her lips, looked around the room nervously. Then she lit a cigarette. She chose not to talk. But her eyes, large and expressive, spoke for her and they told of fear and distrust and anger.

Once, during the first thirteen weeks she saw the doctor, she deigned to pick up the comb he had taken out of his pocket and given her when she patted her untidy hair, and she ran the comb slowly through her straight, dark hair. Once, too, she accepted his hand, offered in friendship. But she still said not a word; she was as mute as the day she was brought to the hospital by a husband frightened at seeing a wife who once laughed and sang around the house suddenly turn into a morose woman who recognized no one and would not speak.

Then on the thirteenth week, gaining enough trust in the psychiatrist, a man who spoke to her gently, Doris looked wistfully at his pearl cuff links, unclasped one from

his shirt, brought it close to her breast and said in a hoarse, childish voice, "Pretty pearl. Is that a real pearl?"

"I don't know," he answered quietly.

"Reminds me of some I once had," she went on, haltingly, hoarsely.

"Who gave it to you?"

"A friend."

"What happened to them?"

"I lost them," she said and then was silent a long time.

But she had finally spoken and not only the psychiatrist heard but, it is hoped, millions of persons throughout the United States. For Doris, a real patient, and the doctor, a real psychiatrist, both at the Metropolitan State Hospital in Norwalk, Connecticut, were two of the stars appearing in *Out of Darkness*, a CBS ninety-minute "actuality drama" shown Sunday, March 18. It represented television's first intensive attempt to enter the private world of patients in mental hospitals. It was produced by CBS Public Affairs, of which Irving Gitlin is director, in consultation with the American Psychiatric Association and the National Association for Mental Health.

THIS is an outstanding portrayal of mental illness as handled in our state hospitals. Producer-writer Albert Wasserman, whose film *First Steps* won an Academy Award as the best short documentary of 1947, and Mr. Gitlin, executive producer, deserve much credit for avoiding the sensational. They focus, instead, on the one thing that has proved of help to the emotionally ill—the develop-

ment of trust between patient and psychiatrist. Mental illness is one of the most dramatic things in the world; its cure, one of the most undramatic. The easing of mental illness is based on a day-by-day growing awareness on the part of the patient of the fantasies in his mind that have chained him to a distorted world. Sometimes people live so deeply in their world of fantasy that much patience is required on the part of the psychiatrist before there can be an attempt to unravel fantasies; the psychiatrist must first bring the person back to the state we call sanity. It is this patience that is so movingly portrayed in *Out of Darkness*.

There are many stars in the film. Dr. William Menninger, as medical narrator, speaks in his usual sincere, friendly, compassionate manner. He explains that psychiatrists "are no longer interested in labels but in how the people tick and how we can change them." He describes the treatment in mental hospitals today, says that shock is applicable "in perhaps 5 to 10 per cent of cases," warns that "drugs are not a cure-all." Most important are those who work with the patient and who must be warm, understanding people. He makes a plea for more money for our mental hospitals, pointing out we are spending only \$2.50 a day per patient for care and treatment.

The film opens with a dramatic shot of the face of Orson Welles who begins to read from a book, *The Philosophy of Insanity*, written in 1860 in Glasgow, Scotland, by an unknown patient in a mental hospital. "For seventeen years I have

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March 31, 1956

been in communication with insanity," writes the unknown man and Mr. Welles proceeds to conduct the "journey through the world of mental illness" with two guides, one from the present (Dr. Menninger) and one from the past (the unknown patient).

Actually there are three divisions in the film—Welles' poetic commentary, Dr. Menninger's lucid explanations accompanied by some heart-breaking scenes of patients singing songs, playing checkers, having their hair done, talking to psychiatrists, and the story of Doris. The film possibly might have held more punch had it been concerned alone with Doris, with Dr. Menninger's comments as background. The three-pronged attack is a bit overwhelming, but this is minor quibble. As is the feeling that the psychiatrist who treats Doris appears at first too patronizing in manner even though his words are gentle.

But criticism fades away in admiration for the over-all tone of the film, and for the superb photography, particularly of the faces that bespeak anguish and fear. From the moment Doris boards a bus to go to the hospital until she leaves four

months later on the arm of her husband, the camera catches expertly the expressions of her mobile face. On it at times lies a look of beauty, at other times a trapped and almost bestial look. It is Doris' face with its changing expressions that holds the real power of this film. Most of the photographs of patients were taken through the special glass windows which hide the viewer from the occupants of the room but enable him to see them clearly.

THOSE who saw *Out of Darkness* (more than 100,000 viewing parties were organized by the National Association for Mental Health to watch the showing) should get a deeper understanding of mental illness and how it is treated today in our mental hospitals.

But the audience should remember Dr. Menninger's warning not to be misled by the success of Doris who regained her reason after four months. Not even a handful of the hundreds of thousands of patients in mental hospitals sees a psychiatrist three times a week. Doris is the exception, not the rule. Most patients are lucky if they see a psychiatrist once in three months. There

are not enough psychiatrists in the nation to staff our hospitals; few psychiatrists choose to remain in the hospitals after they finish their training because the pay is so low.

Audiences should remember, too, that our state mental hospitals are not the places where "cures" are accomplished, if by "cures" we mean a guarantee that the illness will not return. As one mental-hospital director said recently, "We can, in our hospitals, by using the best we have, often return people to the world of reality but then they have to go to clinics in their communities or to a private psychiatrist to get the intensive long-term kind of help that attacks the emotional problems that have caused their severe illness."

The raising of standards in our mental hospitals, so that more patients can be helped as Doris was helped, is half the battle. The other half is to obtain the care needed outside the hospitals once a person has been returned to his home. Perhaps that might be the next CBS Public Affairs "actuality dream" in the mental field. *Out of Darkness* gives us a stirring example of what can be done if there is will, wisdom and heart.

OUR SPLIT ATOMIC POLICY

What's Needed Is Fusion . . . by David F. Cavers

WASHINGTON appears to be split on its atomic foreign policy. Two recent developments throw light on the fission. One is President Eisenhower's encouraging letter of March 1 to Premier Bulganin in which he holds out the hope that his "open-skies" plan might be followed by a standstill in nuclear production for weapons use and by contributions of fuel "from existing stockpiles . . . to an international atomic energy agency." In contrast was the tenor of the President's announcement eight

days earlier. This made available for peaceful purposes a billion dollars worth of fissionable uranium (U-235), of which half—40,000 kilograms—is earmarked for foreign nations on terms that would prevent its distribution to—and by—the International Atomic Agency.

The agency that would thus be bypassed is still in gestation, but it would be hard for the United States to deny paternity. It springs directly from President Eisenhower's famous "atoms-for-peace" speech to the U. N. General Assembly in December, 1953. The Soviet's lively lack of enthusiasm for it delayed action for a year. But when the General Assembly met last fall, the United States joined seven other uranium-

producing powers—Great Britain, Australia, Canada, South Africa, Belgium, France and Portugal—in proffering a draft statute that would establish the agency as one of the specialized agencies of the U. N. And the President's startling offer of U-235 took place just as a twelve-power conference was convening in Washington to revise and perfect the draft statute for submission to an eighty-four-power world conference.

Maybe the Administration thinks of arms control as relating to an unpredictable and probably remote future. At such a distance, general proposals for action under U. N. auspices can be expressed with safety. However, the business of actually handing over American-made U-235

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for foreign use is quite another matter. Here is something concrete and immediate in its implications—and the government believes that strings had better be tied to the offer.

The way to achieve this is to give the U-235 not to a U. N. body but directly to friends under bilateral arrangements. The State Department has been following precisely such a course since 1954, when the new Atomic Energy Act made the export of fissionables legal. By now twenty-eight bilateral agreements have been signed. Twenty-five of these are "research bilaterals" calling for the United States to supply six kilograms of uranium enriched in U-235 for use in research reactors. Three are "power bilaterals," agreements with Britain, Canada and Belgium that call for the exchange of restricted data and, in the latter two, for the United States to supply enriched uranium in quantities big enough to fuel power reactors (Britain has its own U-235).

TO those who think of security in terms of strings, it is easy to see the appeal of the bilateral program. In the first place, Washington can decide who is to get fissionables. In contrast, distributing fissionables through the International Atomic Agency would mean that a sixteen-man board of governors would decide where the fissionables were to go; the contributor nations would have no power to earmark. Hence, nothing in the agency plan could prevent American fissionables from winding up in a Czech reactor—or Soviet fissionables in a Cuban reactor.

The bilateral plan also permits Washington to keep its secrets. The United States can and does prescribe the security specifications which contracting states obtaining restricted data must observe. The international agency would have nothing to restrict: who would be concealing what secrets from whom?

Bilateralism also offers an escape from another worry: what becomes of the plutonium inevitably produced in foreign reactors using American U-235? This plutonium, unlike uranium in the low enrichments that the United States offers to export, is a nuclear explosive usable in bombs. Therefore, the research bilaterals—and the Belgian power bilateral as well—require that

all the atomic fuel exported must be returned, after use, to the United States for reprocessing. Reprocessing permits the fuel to be reused but also removes the newly produced plutonium, thus depriving the U-235 importer of any chance to build up a plutonium stockpile of its own.

This aspect of the bilateral program is a bit embarrassing: the strings tied to plutonium may look to other countries as much like economic restraints as security safeguards. To explain this calls for a word on the technology of reactors. A power reactor designed to use either U-235 or uranium enriched in U-235 will not function efficiently—or at all—if it is fueled with one of the other fissionables, plutonium or U-233 (a reactor makes U-233 from thorium much as a reactor makes plutonium from natural uranium). However, to obtain U-235, it must be separated from the natural uranium, of which it constitutes a mere 0.7 per cent. Only the tremendously expensive gaseous-diffusion plants will do this job, and today the United States, Britain and the USSR are the sole possessors of such plants. Since the British plant is too small to sustain an export trade, the nation that builds reactors using U-235 is dependent for its fuel supply either on the United States (and the good graces of Congress) or on the USSR (and the good graces of the Kremlin).

If a country could retain the plutonium manufactured in its U-235 reactors, it could in time modify the reactors to permit the use of plutonium instead of U-235. With natural uranium available from many sources, the country could fairly quickly achieve fuel independence. Thus the American reprocessing requirement which makes this tactic impracticable may seem less an armaments-control device than a plan for preserving an American monopoly in nuclear-fuel supply and a market for American-type reactors, which are all designed to use uranium enriched in U-235.

Against the calculus of caution that the bilateral program exemplifies, what can the advocates of an International Atomic Agency argue? They can point out that the agency would require recipients to account for the atomic fuel they received; use of the fuel for weapons would be forbidden and on-the-spot inspec-

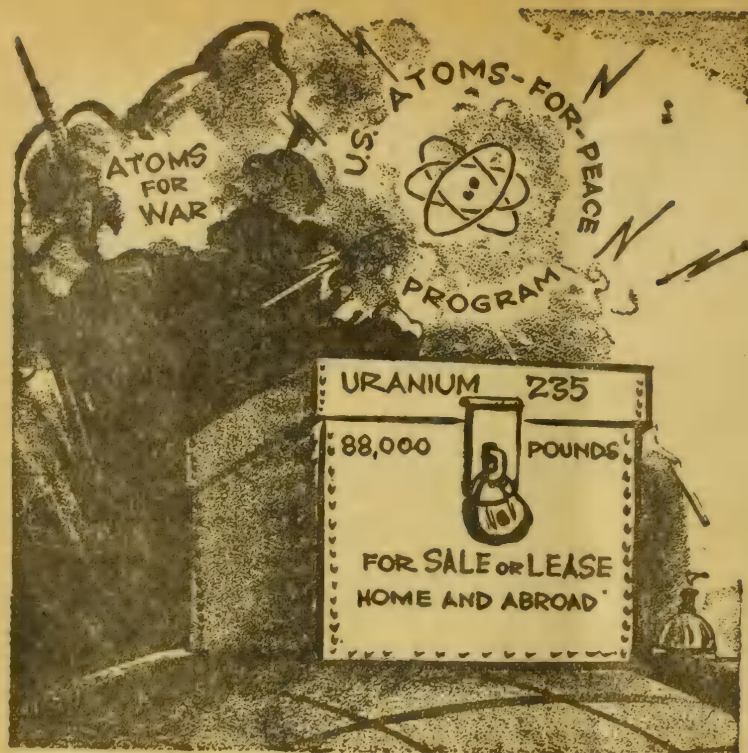
tion provided. If a country's plutonium stocks grow needlessly and dangerously large, further fuel shipments could be cut off till the stockpile shrank to peace proportions.

Moreover, exclusive reliance on the bilateral program has its risks as well, risks that are less tangible but potentially more serious than those that it seeks to avoid. First, there is the very real risk that few countries will go along with the bilateral program. Except for those NATO and Latin American nations that are readiest to follow Washington's lead, non-Communist nations might elect to base their reactor programs on the use of natural uranium, developing uranium-plutonium or thorium-U-233 cycles, sacrificing some efficiency for greater independence.

SECOND, if the United States were to abandon the International Atomic Agency or make only grudging contributions to it, the USSR might seize the opportunity to make of the new body an instrument of its national policy. For at least a decade it would cost the USSR relatively little in nuclear fuel to pose as a champion of the atomic "have-not" nations. In Moscow today the West is up against a flexible and imaginative antagonist; there is no longer assurance that the West will be protected in its blunders by its adversary's greater ones.

Third, the United States would risk the final deflation of the hopes raised by President Eisenhower in 1953 if it failed now to make the agency a meaningful force for economic development and world peace. The heartening position taken by the President in his March 1 letter highlights the issue. The letter evokes anew the vision of an international atomic pool serving as a means not merely to absorb new nuclear production but "to reverse the present trend toward a constant increase in nuclear weapons overhanging the world." American sincerity in sentiments of this sort has already been called in question; these doubts would be confirmed if Washington should now let the agency down.

Yet, as one reads the President's announcement of February 22, the favorable implications of both the forward-looking preamble and the vast quantities of U-235 to be made



Partymiller in York Gazette and Daily
Atomic Disarmament Next?

available are in part cancelled by the flat statement in Paragraph 5: "It is not intended that . . . the Soviet Union and its satellites shall share in this distribution." This provision runs squarely counter to the statute of the International Atomic Agency, which the United States helped to draft, and which envisages the creation of a non-partisan body to further world peace, not the cold war. The President's statement notes that "significant actions are under way to create an international agency" as well as (with a bow to Euratom) "an integrated community for Western Europe to develop peaceful uses of atomic energy." The paragraph welcomes this progress and promises cooperation. But a polite gesture of this kind does not wipe out the flat denial in Paragraph 5 of the agency's *raison d'être*.

The American tendency to be international in generalities and national in the particulars cannot justifiably be based on the danger of aiding the Soviet atomic program. Were an agency created with the United States an active participant, contributing (for a reasonable price) sufficient fissionable materials to support a thriving atomic-power devel-

opment abroad, the pressure on the Soviet Union also to contribute fissionables in volume would become almost irresistible. Indeed, a Soviet failure to respond could represent the first great American victory in the new phase of competitive coexistence. A more probable outcome would be Soviet contributions in amounts greater than the Soviet satellites could hope to consume. Where the agency directed particular shipments to go would then be of no consequence; American-made atoms are indistinguishable from the Soviet brand.

NOR does the United States have to husband its fissionables to guard against possible shortages. The quantities specified in the President's statement represent a confession that an embarrassment of riches is in early prospect. Discoveries of uranium deposits have been mounting in response both to incentive pricing and to the Atomic Energy Commission's commitment to buy domestic production at a fixed price till '62. The \$785 millions that the AEC paid to buy uranium ore and to produce fissionables in fiscal '55 was 42 per cent more than it spent in

fiscal '54, and its inventory of materials in production jumped by a quarter of a billion dollars to top a billion. The very magnitude of the offer indicates that the AEC wants it made plain that the days of shortage are over and that worry as to the adequacy of future supplies should deter no power company or authority here or abroad from atomic investments. Maybe the AEC also wanted to dampen the growing enthusiasm of the Western miners for extending uranium price supports beyond '62. A few more big finds, and the silver-buying program would begin to look like a church sale.

The fission in our atomic foreign policy seems due far less to the practicalities than to the politicalities. Bilaterals with strings are certainly easier to sell on the Hill than a new and untried U. N. agency. Moreover, a distinction is built into the law. Even a power bilateral (if it provides certain guaranties as to security) may become effective without Congressional action after having been laid before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy for thirty days. In contrast, Senator Bricker saw to it that any "international arrangement" (as the Atomic Energy Act defines agreements other than bilaterals) must either be ratified as a treaty by two-thirds of the Senate or be approved by both houses of Congress. Despite doubts cast by an obfuscating Bricker proviso, arrangements thus adopted would override any conflicting provisions of the act. But would they carry?

This question may be the key to the President's statement. If the International Atomic Agency were made to look like no more than a good-will gesture, while Congress was assured that the bilaterals served as the real tools of American policy, the Administration might get Congressional acceptance of the agency treaty without a fight. But in using this tactic the Administration might win a domestic political victory while losing an important round in the new international economic war. And the result also might be to decrease the chance of bringing the atomic arms race to a halt. This country, too, has need for new flexibility in its policy-making; flexibility is not obtained by splitting atomic foreign policy into two inconsistent parts.

GIVE THEM TIME

Reflections on Faulkner . . by Roy Bongartz

In a copyrighted interview in *The Reporter*, novelist William Faulkner asserted that while he believed the South wrong and the Negroes right on the segregation issue, "if there's no middle ground, if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of Mississippi." If the choice had to be made, he explained, he would "fight for Mississippi against the United States even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Negroes." Of the Southerner, he said that "when he reforms," he should be made to feel that he is doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," Mr. Faulkner added. These interesting observations led me to elicit (in imagination, of course) the following comments from some of Mr. Faulkner's distinguished contemporaries.

Ernest Hemingway, author of *Death in the Afternoon*, said today he would "fight for the bull-fighters against Mexico even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Mexicans." Commenting on action by the Mexico City Office of Public Spectacles in banning bull-fighter Luis Miguel Dominguin from Mexican bull rings because of his criticism of the bulls, Hemingway admitted the official might be right in chastising a prima donna. But he added that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the bull-fighters." Hemingway said the thing to do was make the bull-fighter feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing it spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

John Steinbeck, author of *Cannery Row*, said today he would fight for his back-alley characters against the East "even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Eastern dieticians." Steinbeck admitted

the dieticians might be right in their contention that Cannery Row children could not possibly live healthy lives on a diet of beans, as the author had once implied, but he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of Cannery Row." Steinbeck said the thing to do was make Cannery Row feel that "when it reforms" it would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give it time," he said.

Arthur Miller, author of *Death of a Salesman*, said today he would "fight for salesmen against their employers even if it meant going out



into the streets and shooting sales managers." Commenting on new widespread pressure on salesmen throughout the country, especially in sales organizations of large corporations, and the resulting increase in salesmen's breakdowns, Miller admitted that many of them lacked the necessary stamina, or, in some cases, were just lazy. "But," he added, "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the salesman." Miller said the thing to do was to make the salesman feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

Tennessee Williams, author of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, said today he would fight for Southern belles against brutish Northerners "even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting Poles." Obviously referring to Stanley Kowalski when he called Northern critics of Southern aristocracy "uneducated louts," Williams admitted they might, in the long run, be right in their assertion that the old plantation life was dead. But he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm

on the side of the Southern belle." Williams said the thing to do was make the Southern woman feel that "when she reforms" she would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give her time," he said.

James Thurber, author of *The War Between Men and Women*, said today he would "fight for men against women even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting women." Commenting on widespread reports that tension between the two sides had recently come dangerously close to the breaking point, Thurber, who many years ago in his famous work predicted just such a development, admitted that the women might be right. No one could deny, he said, that men were often confused, timid, given to daydreaming, opinionated and unreliable, and that they frequently made unsuitable husbands. But he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the man." Thurber said the thing to do was make the man feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

J. D. Salinger, author of *The Catcher in the Rye*, said today he would "fight for adolescents against adults even if it meant going out into the streets and shooting parents and teachers." Commenting on curfews and other attempts at curbing a high rate of juvenile delinquency, Salinger admitted that adults face a serious problem, and that many adolescents are dangerously maladjusted and given to illogical outbursts of revolt that do as much harm to themselves as to their enemies. But he said that "if people like me have got to choose, then I'm on the side of the adolescent." Salinger said the thing to do was to make the adolescent feel that "when he reforms" he would be doing so spontaneously and generously. "Give him time," he said.

ROY BONGARTZ, short-story writer, conducted these interviews by mental telepathy from Yaddo.

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The Clean Slate of Bolshevism

CONTINUITY AND CHANGE IN RUSSIAN AND SOVIET THOUGHT. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest J. Simmons. Harvard University Press. \$7.50.

THE RUSSIAN MARXISTS AND THE ORIGINS OF BOLSHEVISM. By Leopold H. Haimson. Harvard University Press. \$5.50.

By Mark Gayn

IN THE early days of their triumph, the Bolsheviks liked to think that they were destroying old Russia, and erecting instead a brave, new and Marxist nation. Sergei Mayakovski, the poet-laureate of the new era, wrote:

Enough of living by laws
That Adam and Eve have left.
Hustle old history's horse
Left! Left! Left!

And when Moscow's missionaries went abroad, to Poland, Germany or China, their sermon stressed the new revolution, rather than Russia.

A decade passed before this revolution, consciously and energetically, began to seek its roots in the old Russian soil. The turning point may well have been supplied by the Communist defeat in China in 1927, and Stalin's conviction that if communism was to survive at all, it had to establish itself firmly on Russian soil. The methods employed are by now familiar. They ranged from forced industrialization to the revival of Pan-Slavism (with *Slavyane* as its house organ), from extravagant claims for long dead and often obscure Russian inventors or explorers to a glorification of Tzarist generals (with that old Tzarist disciplinarian, Marshal Suvorov, lending his name to Soviet military schools for adolescents and to the most coveted military decoration).

Today, of course, a reader of *Pravda* cannot tell where Bolshevism ends and "mother Russia" begins. But it is legitimate to wonder just how much in Soviet life today is Communist and how much is Rus-

sian. How solid are the links between the Russia of Stalin and that of, say, Nikolai I? What have been the mechanics of planting Communist roots in the Russian earth? Has there been a marked change in the trend toward Russification under the new "collective leadership?" The answers are essential to an intelligent evaluation of Soviet policy and historic course. It is to these answers, thus, that Ernest Simmons and some thirty associates devote a fat volume, based on a year of research and thought.

The theme is set by Professor Simmons himself: "Can a revolution, even one dedicated to the establishment of a totally new political, social and economic system, turn aside the natural path of a country's history, uproot its indigenous customs and habits, and change the traits of its citizens?"

UNFORTUNATELY, the clarity with which Professor Simmons sets the problem is largely unmatched by the answers he has received for this odd volume. Some of the thirty-three essays in it are only remotely related to the theme. Theodosius Dobzhansky's study of *The Crisis of Soviet Biology* is fascinating, but his attempt to tie up Professor Lysenko's adventures in genetics with Russian scientific debates in the nineteenth century seems half-hearted and unconvincing. Robert Byrnes's essay on Pobedonostsev, the High Procurator of the Holy Synod in 1880-1905, is a first-rate portrait of an anti-intellectual. In fact, all too little has been written in English about this fearsome and powerful figure. Yet, it would surely be a distortion to argue Pobedonostsev's resemblance to, say, Stalin.

But the failure to hew to the theme is not, it seems to me, the major shortcoming of this volume. A reader who ploughs through its 550 pages will find his mind befogged, for the simple reason that most of the authors appear unable to come to any conclusion. Some avoid the answer. Others seem to flounder in the sea of facts yielded by their

own research into what is often irrelevant or inconsequential. This reviewer has at times caught himself thinking of the medieval theologians and their disputes on just how many angels could find place on a pin-point. That I am not alone in my perplexity is shown by the statements of doubt in the summaries that follow each of the six main sections, or by such expressions by the summarizers as "if I understand Dr. X. correctly."

The book, of course, is not without value; no volume of ideas could be. But it is sprawled all over the landscape of Russian political and intellectual history, with little selectivity, discipline or cohesion. One summarizer comments on the "delightful unpredictability" of a contributor's choice of a subject. There is too much of this unpredictability in the book, and not all of it is delightful.

ONE of the big questions provoked by the book is why, nearly forty years after the Bolshevik revolution, historians in this country will still engage in an introduction to a preliminary study. Why, with hundreds of scholars engaged in research and with vast funds available to them, is there still no truly distinguished American study of the Bolshevik revolution—the pre-revolutionary influences that shaped it, its development and its possible future course? Let it be as opinionated as E. H. Carr's series in England, but let it also be illuminated by his type of brilliance as an analyst, scholar and writer. Surely there is no lack of the raw research material in the West, as there is no shortage of scholars in the great American universities.

It is just possible that the vacuum in this country might be filled by Leopold H. Haimson, whose newly published study of the origins of Bolshevism is advertised as the first of a series. The book is primarily the story of the era, the conditions and the conflicting ideas which led to the historic split of the Russian Social-Democracy into the rival camps of Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. But, fortunately, it is more than that. It is also the story of Russian *intelligentsia* in its years of ferment,

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1880-1905, and of the crucial struggle that involved the "Big Four" of the era, Lenin, Plekhanov, Martov and Akselrod. Mr. Haimson has been able to lay his hands on primary Russian sources, and he has mined them expertly. His book is one of perceptive analysis; it is also marked by long spells of good writing. His profile of Martov, for instance, is a notable piece of political biography. With this volume, both Mr. Haimson and the Harvard Russian Research Center demonstrate that it is possible to deal with Bolshevism, its

antecedents, course and destiny, with grace and distinction.

NOTE: If the Harvard Center were ever to duplicate its *Documentary History of Chinese Communism* (by Professors Fairbank, Brandt and Schwartz) on the Russian scene—provided this could be done with the same high quality of research and writing, and the same general method—it might well prove to be the most useful volume yet available to Americans interested in the Soviet Union.

The Man Who Knew Better

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT. 1930-1945. By Paul Reynaud. Simon and Schuster. \$7.50.

By Harvey Goldberg

ONCE BEFORE, in *La France a sauvé l'Europe* (1948), Paul Reynaud amassed evidence to locate the blame for the fall of France. Now he repeats his story across some 700 pages, buttressing his controversial interpretations with data from new memoirs and monographs and retaining at all points the mask of a rejected Cassandra.

As the wartime premier of France from March 21 to June 15, 1940, in those disastrous days of collapse before the lightning Nazi onslaught, Reynaud automatically merits attention for his personal review of the French debacle. But his memoirs, like those of his more successful British counterpart, Winston Churchill, possesses historical importance well beyond the intrinsic worth of private recollections. In part this is due to Reynaud's mastery of a great deal of French documentary material, which lends to his story a genuine dimension of scholarship. But in larger measure it is because his own role in the disastrous decade of appeasement was sufficiently honorable to credit him with a high degree of integrity. A man of the Right (despite his own rather vague designation of Centrist), he never

succumbed to the inducements of fascism. An amateur in the game of war, he surpassed the professionals in comprehending the age of the tank. A Republican of conservative persuasion, he subordinated ideology to patriotism in his search for a defense against Germany. Since the revisionist historiography accompanying the Cold War has made mist of the once-clear issue of fascism, it is strikingly fresh to follow Reynaud's frontal attack on the policy of appeasement.

From a mass of material, often repetitious and prolix, it is possible to isolate five essential themes in his tableau of French defeat: the failure to implement the Franco-Soviet Pact of 1935; the unwarranted trust in Mussolini's friendship; the ludicrously mistaken dependence on the Maginot defense line; the appeasement of Germany from the remilitarization of the Rhineland to the settlement at Munich; and the triumphant defeatism of the *capitulards* in June of 1940.

RECOGNIZING that French security in the face of Nazi dynamism dictated a Russian alliance, Reynaud stood as one with another conservative, Louis Barthou, in subordinating to the national safety a personal hostility toward Soviet communism. But Barthou's assassination (October 9, 1934) opened the Quai d'Orsay to Pierre Laval, who skillfully revised the earlier conception of the pact into the empty formalism of May 2, 1935. While a Flandin or a Bonnet (their later self-justification notwithstanding) bore the Russians but scarcely-veiled hostility and assigned the alliance to the scrapheap

of useless documents, Reynaud looked upon the Soviet Union as the essential and feasible ally of France. In the final analysis, he had no doubt of the continuous devotion of the Russians to the principle of collective action with France until the fruitless dawdling of the Western democracies drove the Soviet government into alliance with the Nazis.

Reynaud would have confronted the German threat with mobile artillery as well as powerful friends. Pétain, the inflated hero of Verdun, and Weygand, "the disseminator in *la Revue des Deux Mondes* of official opinion upon the French army," suffused military thought from 1917 to 1935 with faith in that wonderfully cheap defensive system called the Maginot Line. Reynaud thought in other terms, but a civilian barking annoyingly about military renovation earned only scornful silence from professional commanders still basking in former glories.

Appeasement was the handmaiden of unpreparedness, and Reynaud sadly details that record. From the moves in the Rhineland, which (as Keitel and others revealed at Nuremberg) might have been stopped by firm French action, to the Nazi coup at Munich, he urged strength and preparation on a government which was alternating blindness with ineptitude. When war then came, the French faced an enemy fat with bloodless victories. Reynaud was finally called to lead in the critical days of March, 1940, and even the unwinding of French defeat failed to sap his determination to resist. Denying the accusations of Weygand and his kind that he, Reynaud, was first to suggest the armistice of May 25, the former premier turns the charges back upon his accusers. He draws on many documents, like the moving telegram to F. D. R. on June 10: "We shall fight in front of Paris, we shall fight behind Paris; we shall fortify ourselves in one of our provinces, and if we are chased from there, we shall go to North Africa, and if need be, to our American possessions." He demonstrates his firm resolve to hold to his promise of March 28 to stand unswervingly beside Britain—a resolve firm even to that final moment of capitulation at the Bordeaux Cabinet meeting on June 15. And when at that session the deceptive Chautemps wrapped

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Weygand's proposal for an armistice in a package acceptable to the majority of ministers, Reynaud resigned, leaving office shorn more of prestige than of honor.

DESPITE this far from ignoble record Reynaud fails either to inspire complete confidence or to assume ultimate greatness. There is in the memoirs the staccato style of a man talking incessantly, repeating, insisting, scolding, justifying. Reynaud behaves like someone whose record, however good by comparison, isn't good enough to stand alone; it must somehow be accompanied by the distracting drum beats of self-justification.

On the surface, his unattained greatness is the product of a deadly lag between good intentions and effective actions. Reynaud fills his pages with speeches rendered and articles published over many years and in many places. But this political hit-and-run technique produced in the end little more than his reputation as an isolated dissenter. At last in office in 1940 and presumably able to wrest policy from the faint-in-courage and the corrupt-in-heart, Reynaud brought into his ministry on May 17 both Pétain and Weygand, the worst of the *capitulards*. He passes the most severe judgment on both men. Weygand he describes as a man filled with a narrow military spirit and devoid of republican loyalty. On the intellectual and administrative weakness of Pétain he cites Clemenceau, Poincaré, Joffre and Foch. On the danger of Pétain as an anti-democratic national leader he goes back to the early advocacy of Hervé. In short, Reynaud knew these men as arch-defeatists; but in the shadow of French defeat, he invited them to share power.

Beneath the surface lies the sin, not of commission, but of omission. Reynaud knew the men who were blocking anti-Fascist action: the collaborationists, like Alphonse de Chateaubriant, who preferred Hitler to Stalin; the doctrinaire pacifists of socialism and labor, like Faure and Belin, who became partners of Vichy in their alleged devotion to humanity; the anti-intellectuals of the army, like Pétain, who could make successful war only on fresh ideas. But two things Reynaud could not fully comprehend—that to bend knee before fascism was to display, not so

much a personal aberration, as a deep social fear; and that to rally strength for the fight required not only better weapons but also revolutionary zeal.

"The history of the Third Republic offers no more sensational turn-about than the one which diverted from the Left to the Right the accusation of treason and from the Right to the Left that of war-mongering." So wrote Pierre Brossolette a few months before Munich. The puzzle is in a sense set straight by Jules Romains who once remarked that "to be of the Right is to be afraid of what is happening." On the one side in France stood a traditional, and capitalist Right, ready to accommodate to fascism; on the other side was a Left essentially ready to fight; and in the middle, over the battle lines, hung the thought of social revolution.

How then to fight in the thirties, how to organize victory? With tanks, of course, and tremendous sacrifice against a more powerful neighbor. But also, and not one whit less important, with determination to fill out the principles of the French Revolution. In '92 the Jacobins did in the First Coalition, but only after harnessing the reactionaries and setting patriotism atop justice. Reynaud the patriot was at odds, however, with Reynaud the bourgeois. The man who would have solved the depression merely with devaluation, who dismantled the forty-hour week

in 1938 while ignoring the plight of low wages, who sought to lead a crusade with a coalition of conservative politicians—such a man, though sincere and honorable, was not, sad to say, "in the thick of the fight."

History abounds in antinomies. Out of defeat came hopes for France—the great hope of the Liberation. Bourdet has said that the program of the Resistance was universally considered the big step toward socialism. But now, a decade later, the Resistance seems like an *entre'acte*, a preface to the return of the Right. And in this postwar world stands Monsieur Reynaud, now called independent, moving nowhere in the company of Coty, Laniel, Petsche and Pinay. Roger Duchet, senator from the Cote d'Or, attempted in his report to the 1954 Congress of Independents to separate the "moderates" from the traditional conservatives. But their vocabulary is nonetheless the idiom of the Right—laissez-faire, colonial empire, anti-communism, distrust of the masses, and spiritual values (the mobilization of the divine to protect the status quo, as Barrès once said). And there is Reynaud, still far from the thick of the fight, offering Frenchmen the homily of personal effort in the age of the French cartel.

Reynaud fought with deep sincerity for the dignity of France. But like any political Archimedes, he needed a place to stand, and that he never really had.

Influences and Images

JOHN MARIN. By Frederick S. Wight and Mackinley Helm, with Tributes by William Carlos Williams, Duncan Phillips and Dorothy Norman. University of California Press. \$3.50.

MORRIS GRAVES. By Frederick S. Wight. With a Foreword by John I. H. Baur and a Note by Duncan Phillips. University of California Press. \$3.50.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THESE VOLUMES were written to accompany exhibitions of the work of Marin and of Graves, organized by the art galleries of the Univer-

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sity of California at Los Angeles, and to be on view at art museums on the West Coast, in the Midwest, at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington and the Whitney Museum in New York (the Graves show is at the Whitney now). In addition, the Marin exhibition will be shown at Palm Beach and at the University of Georgia. While these books serve admirably as catalogues of two extremely important shows, they are in addition monographs of lasting usefulness.

Since Marin's death at eighty-two in the fall of 1953, there have been no fewer than ten retrospective exhibitions of varying magnitude, but the current one outstrips them all, especially as it gives full account of

Marin's late oils and watercolors and demonstrates that his creative powers developed to the end along lines already firmly established by 1910. MacKinley Helm's essay brings his biography of 1948 to definitive conclusion. Here the American roots of Marin's art are established and shown to take precedence over the influence of Cézanne, which was more tangential than many critics have supposed, though near the end of his life Marin called him "the great painter since the world began." Among other roots, Helm traces a sequence via the etchers Maxime Lalanne and Charles Meryon back to Rembrandt, completely by-passing the impressionists. Other inspirations were Tintoretto's handling of forms in space and the loving care of the Dutch flower painters. Some of the New York watercolors of 1910 suggest Delaunay's Eiffel Tower series, but Helm makes no mention of such connection.

The main essay in the Marin volume is Frederick Wight's incisive and brilliant study, deftly interleafed with many of Marin's own observations, as clipped and sparse as his paintings. The emphasis is placed properly on transparency and structural power: glass and steel are Wight's analogies, not Cézanne's stonelike forms. The oils strike a more somber note, but movement is their key, and *My Hell Raising Sea* (1941) may be taken as their symbol. Fifteen fine color plates supplement the profuse illustration.

MORRIS Graves has gradually won a place among America's authentic and original talents, and Wight's essay is the most substantial account of his career. The *Blind Bird* series of 1940, best known in the example owned by the Museum of Modern Art, marks the full arrival, but there are portentous adumbrations in the preceding decade, when Graves was still in his twenties. Visions of the inner eye and mental space soon followed, and in the war years poignant reveries like *Moon Mad Crow in the Surf* plumbed dark regions of human tragedy. Recently the scale has grown larger with great prophetic ganders and the Whitney Museum's *Flight of Plovers* (1955), foreboding like a distant storm. Frederick Wight has skillfully worked his personal knowledge of Graves into the acutely critical

commentary. Connections with the geography and climate of the Northwest are established but not overplayed, and the same restraint marks comment on Graves's interest in the art and religious attitudes of the Far East. A projected journey to these lands, for example, ended in Hawaii: "... the Honolulu Academy

of Art became the Orient he was seeking." One might add that the spell of Zen Buddhism has also been felt latterly by a group of young painters in Munich, though their response has been as German as Graves's has been American.

The illustrations include twelve excellent color plates.

Remembrance of a Recent Past

THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD. By Anthony Powell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.50.

By Hazel Hawthorne

THIS SOCIAL COMEDY is third in a still-incomplete series titled "The Music of Time." The reviewer would like to have come upon it before having read the earlier novels, *A Question of Upbringing* and *A Buyer's Market*. Does it entertain (to use the mildest of criteria) as would *The Guermantes Way* discovered before acquaintance with Swann and the girls at Balbec? I think it does.

The reference to Proust is not casual, for throughout "The Music of Time" events and people round back upon themselves in Proustian manner. Even a gesture is recurrent and its consequences expand forward and back and around. The narrator, Nicholas Jenkins' Uncle Giles, is, like Francoise, intermittently a referent figure from a social level other than the one of the story. Widmerpool, a former schoolmate of Nicholas, "significantly regarded by his contemporaries as a dull dog," is "one of those symbolic figures of whom most people possess at least one example . . . round whom the past and the future have a way of assembling."

To take notice of the eminent likeness is not to detract from Powell's accomplishment: the wit moderate, gentle and wry, the engaging style, the filled-out characterizations are all his own, and richer because he shares Proust's vision of relations.

As for the title, it appears first as a term to describe Widmerpool's job in the City during the depres-

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sion; he has joined a financial house that accepts debts, a house of bill-brokers. Later on it suggests to Nicholas "what we are all doing. . . . Besides, in another sense, the whole world is the Acceptance World as one approaches thirty."

Here is the "plot": Nicholas has tea with Uncle Giles, dines at the Ritz, week-ends in the country (during which, in a deliciously comic scene, a ouija board quotes *Das Kapital*) and begins a love affair. He is in and out of restaurants, visits an art exhibit, sees friends in a procession of hunger march sympathizers, joins a school reunion dinner and goes on to a rendezvous.

That is all that happens, yet concurrent with the telling we are learning how enlightened and thoughtful Englishmen in the early 1930's, that period of loss and disintegrations, regarded their time on earth. "Though ominous," Nicholas felt, "things still had their enchantment."

Valor in Crete

FREEDOM OR DEATH. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon and Schuster. \$4.50.

By Saul Maloff

WHEN Nikos Kazantzakis' *Zorba the Greek* was published in this country in 1953 and *The Greek Passion* in 1954 it was instantly sensed that he is a writer of major stature. What was not so easy to determine was how, critically, to approach his work. There seemed nothing in the several modes of the Western novel with which to compare it, no available tradition in which to place it. Some features of the work seemed familiar, seemed to evoke memories, but they were elusive. If for a moment his immense vitality, his energy seemed to remind us of Defoe, of

Fielding, of Cervantes, of the picaresque novel, we knew a moment later that we were up to the wretched academic business of the procrustean bed, that here was someone who would not fit. In this excellent new novel Mr. Kazantzakis is up to his old trick of being incomparable.

Both its unyieldingness to classification and part of the pleasure it yields as literature derive from the same source—the author's Olympian disdain for the conventions and fashions of the modern novel. At its core there is only fire, none of the subtler elements; and of inner life—as we understand its nature—the characters have none: only a kind of inner *behavior*, an inner pantomime that erupts suddenly into exuberant gesture. The essence of the novel's difference is that Mr. Kazantzakis, who is a scholar and a sage, is just not concerned with that aspect of the novel which we call *character*, although, one feels, he would willingly concede our point. But *character* is a "Frankish" (that is, French, which in the book's rhetoric means: Western, intellectual, decadent) encumbrance, one which an enslaved people raging for freedom cannot tolerate.

THAT is the point: it is an encumbrance, the paralyzing involutions and intricacies of people and of human involvements in the West. For his people, in *their* situation—the reckless, doomed, magnificent rebellion of Cretan patriots against their Turkish oppressors in 1897—subtlety, doubt, internal division mean acquiescence and the death of the sustaining dream. As "characters," then, they have only what they need for their destined mission, the liberation of the lonely little island that is the only important world.

Beautifully, Kazantzakis creates the sense that this is the only world, the only people, the only fate; freedom or death. As he strips his canvas starkly to these ultimate terms, we see the secret of his ferocious power: the giants who walk his Cretan earth that is haunted by the old implacable gods are seen as giants should be—through the eyes of myth and heroic legend. It does not seem

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absurd to say that Nikos Kazantzakis has written an Homeric novel in the twentieth century, a novel that recovers without recourse to stratagem.

Selected New Books

Sociology

FRATERNITIES WITHOUT BROTHERHOOD. By Alfred McClung Lee. Beacon Press. \$1.95. A convincing, factual report on the chief weakness of campus fraternities—discriminatory policies and practices. The height of absurdity is found in the case of a Greek-lettered sorority which excluded students of Greek national origin.

THE MAKING OF CHARLES A. BEARD. By Mary R. Beard. Exposition Press. \$3. Aspects of the famous historian and political scientist's heritage, education and professional life as superficially told by his widow. Except for Arthur MacMahon's brilliant analysis of Beard as a teacher, the supplementary reports and essays on the man are also mediocre.

THE SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF GEORGE HERBERT MEAD. Edited by Anselm Strauss. Chicago. \$1.50. Selections of the lectures and writings of a leading pragmatist at the University of Chicago whose con-

cepts on the mind, social self and role have become central in the field of social psychology. Sometimes too technical for the layman, the book is required reading for the social scientist.

MILTON L. BARRON

Philosophy

FURTHER SPECULATIONS BY T. E. HULME. Edited by Sam Hynes. University of Minnesota Press. \$4.50. Hulme was an intelligent, sensitive, thoroughly self-conscious reactionary. By looking at his responses a liberal or progressive humanism can discern its weak spots or theoretical danger points. Perhaps more than any other single man he emerges as the inspirer of a systematic irrationalism in England in the period ending with World War I, in which Hulme met his death. Professor Hynes adds to the very limited collection of materials hitherto published a group of interesting essays on philosophy, literary criticism, art, war, including an exchange with Bertrand Russell on pacifism.

ABRAHAM EDEL

Theatre

Harold Clurman

MY FAIR LADY, a musical adapted from Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* by Albert Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe (Mark Hellinger Theatre) is a good show; in fact, a very good show—adult entertainment. Yet why, I wonder, are musicals when they are good, greeted with more rapturous acclaim and a greater noise than almost any good play? Is it because applause is the natural response to the high spirits of a musical, whereas the reflective nature of drama induces a certain quiet within the marks of approbation? Or are we delighted beyond our knowing when things are made easy for us? We are intrinsically lazy.

These are some of the things which passed through my mind as I watched *My Fair Lady*. What musi-

cal does not permit time for our minds to wander?

THE show is good, I said to myself, not because of any single element but because of the intelligent integration of all its elements. Shaw's dialogue—much of it has been retained—his basic good humor, health and self-respect cleanse the air. Lerner's lyrics have a certain crispness and quality of urbane banter. The idea of making a triumphant little song and dance when Liza progresses from "The rines of Spine fall on the pline," to "The rains of Spain fall on the plain" is theaterically brilliant.

Oliver Smith's sets are festive with a kind of refreshing neatness, and Cecil Beaton's costumes radiate an

unoppressive cheeriness. Loewe's music serves—we are glad the music is there; it does not come as a relief but as an extension of the scenes.

How truly Shaw lends himself to musical comedy (Have any of us seen *The Chocolate Soldier*, which was the musical of *Arms and the Man*?) It took the authors and producers of *My Fair Lady* to remind us that Shaw never was a realist. He often is taken for one, but almost all Shaw productions clinging to a literal representation of the environment in which his plays presumably unfold are as wide of the mark as are most productions of Shakespeare.

Shaw is Punch and Judy, vaudeville and rhetoric informed by paradoxical common sense and joyous wisdom. His speeches are comic tirades (consider Doolittle's contrast of lower-class morality) or virtuoso arias in the grand manner—full of humanitarian passion and robust conviction. Shaw's quips, gags, hand-springs and somersaults derive from the oldest of old theatre—which is one reason why they endure. Shaw's lineage is the "classic" theatre from the street harlequinade to grand opera. That is why he seems very much himself in the new framework.

The cast of *My Fair Lady* is predominantly English. Rex Harrison is a first-rate light comedian. Julie Andrews' face and manner are adorably cameo-like in the manner of the musical-comedy heroines of an earlier and happier period when stage faces had a quality of tinkling romance about them. Stanley Holloway as Doolittle is English musical halls with its homey familiarity.

What makes me enjoy all these players most of all is a quality of *bravery*, a certain professional sturdiness and reliability which is characteristic of the English actor at his best. They are disarmingly impudent, self-confident and modest at the same time. They are entirely immersed in the fine task of being entertaining. They are our humble servants and have a grand time at the job which they have taken pains to learn thoroughly. What they bring to the stage is not their private selves, but a craft which has somehow ennobled them for our pleasure and admiration. The total effect is in the honest sense wholesome. It is strange—but that is how I would finally describe the show.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

YEHUDI MENUHIN was present in Carnegie Hall to speak about the color film of the 1954 Salzburg Festival performance of *Don Giovanni* at its first showing; and he was present in the film itself—first visibly, to introduce it, and from time to time invisibly, to explain what was happening. If Menuhin's public behavior were limited to performances on the violin, comment would limit itself to those performances; since he does not so limit himself, one is obliged to report that in his statements and actions in connection with the film he showed as little sense as in his refusal to join his fellow-artists in their union years ago or in his espousal of the cause of Furtwaengler after the war.

Menuhin spoke of how the medium of celluloid made possible the necessary preservation and dissemination of tradition—the tradition embodied in this performance of *Don Giovanni* conducted by Furtwaengler. And he pointed out that this was not an adaptation of an opera to make a film, but a filming of an opera that left it unchanged to the last note. He said all this about a filmed performance whose occasional excessively slow tempos embodied not tradition but Furtwaengler's personal idiosyncrasy; a performance which omitted both of Don Ottavio's arias, Donna Anna's *Non mi dir*, Donna Elvira's *Mi tradi*, Leporello's *Ah pietà*, and the epilogue. And he was speaking of a performance in which every now and then—sometimes during recitative, but sometimes even in an aria or ensemble—the voice of Menuhin blanketed the music with an explanation of the action which could have been supplied by titles that wouldn't have interfered with the music. Though Menuhin failed to appreciate the outrageousness of these intrusions, the Carnegie Hall audience did not: it hissed each time.

The film offers a beautifully colored reproduction of a performance with Siepi in the title role that is staged skillfully by Herbert Graf on a single permanent set by Clemens Holzmeister. This set is in some ways more effective in the filmed per-

formance than in a live one: the camera, when it frames a section of the set, excludes the rest as it cannot be excluded in a live performance; a change of scene is accomplished by a dissolve from one such framed section to another; even the two indoor scenes are acceptably played on a framed section when the rest of the set is invisible. On the other hand the film brings one close to what is better kept at a distance: Otto Edelmann's hamming as Leporello; the veteran Erna Berger as young Zerlina; the mouthing by several excellent singers—Elisabeth Grummer (Donna Anna), Lisa Della Casa (Donna Elvira), Anton Dermota (Don Ottavio)—whose operation must have been musically and dramatically impressive in the theatre.

I must report that the sound was muffled, except for a few stretches in which it was brighter but badly distorted. It may be that the equipment set up in Carnegie Hall for this

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League for Industrial Democracy
Saturday, April 14, 1956, 12:30
Hotel Commodore, New York

Subject: THE VITAL ISSUES OF 1956

Participants: LOUIS FISCHER, A. J. HAYES, ARTHUR N. HOLCOMBE, NATHANIEL M. MINKOFF, A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, WILLIAM H. KILPATRICK, Chairman

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showing was defective, and that the sound would not have those faults in a properly equipped theatre.

The filmed playing of the overture provides an interesting close-range view of Furtwaengler's conducting, and specifically of his fuzzy beat, which makes it a mystery how the men of the Vienna Philharmonic manage to begin and stay together. Evidently Furtwaengler had whatever else it takes to control and manipulate an orchestra—the specific powers for conducting like Heifetz's for the violin and Horowitz's for the piano. Heifetz and Horowitz have taught us that the gift for playing an instrument is not inevitably associated with taste in the playing of music; Stokowski has demonstrated that this is true also of conducting; and Furtwaengler provided another such demonstration. It has been argued that he was effective only in the nineteenth-century German music with which he was, as a German, able to identify himself; that he exhibited inadequacies in Verdi, in French music, even in Mozart's music with its Italian and French influences, but understood German "music of philosophical conception"—Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms—as few other interpreters ever have, played it "more eloquently, more movingly, more compellingly" than anyone else, and exhibited in his performances of it "a supreme sense of form." But I found it impossible to accept what Beethoven was made to mean by the self-indulgent moment-to-moment vagaries and excesses which ended by destroying all coherence in the works. Only in the amorphous music of Wagner did Furtwaengler operate with a sense for continuity, and therefore with impressive effect; and the complete *Tristan und Isolde* issued by Victor a couple of years ago is for me the monument to his capacities as conductor and musician.

SINCE Victor records are again coming in for review I will add that Flagstad's unbelievable singing, the remarkably beautiful and sensitive singing of Suthaus, the playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra, and Furtwaengler's pacing and shaping make this *Tristan* performance on LHMV-6700 one of the greatest things ever put on records.

Just issued by Victor on three sides of LM-6036 is a performance

of Schubert's *Die Winterreise* by Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore. It is made so distinguished most of the time by Fischer-Dieskau's beautiful voice and sensitive expressive inflection of phrase that it is hard to understand the occasional exaggerated accentuations and crescendos that flaw this performance as they do the earlier *Die schoene Muellerin*. For example, the sudden eruption in the last phrase of *Der Leiermann*, when the exhaustion of this

concluding song should continue to the end. On the fourth side is Schumann's *Liederkreis* cycle Op. 39, of which *Waldeggesprach* suffers from exaggerated pointing up of its drama, but the other songs are sung more effectively than ever before in my experience. I used to like only *Waldeggesprach* and the exquisite *Mondnacht*; this time Fischer-Dieskau has revealed to me the excellence of *Auf einer Burg*, *In der Fremde* and *Zwielicht*.

Television

Anne W. Langman

LAST MONTH, program managers of some 200 TV stations received a grey cardboard folder imprinted, in stylish hunter green, "*Your Publicity Kit for The Way*." And on to the desks of Methodist pastors came a shiny booklet, "*Pastor's Workbook for local use of The Way*." There were press conferences, newspaper stories, mailings—*The Way* was on the way.

Your Publicity Kit tells us that *The Way* is a series of thirteen half-hour TV dramas produced jointly by the Methodist Church and the National Council of the Churches of Christ at the cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Air time has been donated as a public service by local TV stations all over the country. The neatly mimeographed press release—"Opening Story Number 1"—reveals that the series aims to "tell the story of the gospel of love to both churchgoers and the unchurched."

In the covering letter from the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council the program manager was told that "no religious program ever has had so extensive and creative audience building efforts behind it. . . ." He could scarcely deny this as he ruffled through Feature Story A (headlined "Pioneering spirit, which brought gospel to frontier by circuit riders, now urges church leaders to deliver message via TV"), and Feature Story B which quotes the Reverend Dr. Harry C. Spencer of Nashville as saying, in words which bring to mind a man in a grey suit rather than a black one, "Our first task is to attract the television audience, that is why our program starts with

no credits. We plunge directly into the story and we don't stop for any middle breaks." News stories for each of the thirteen programs, glossy prints, "with captions, suitable for both newspaper distribution and lobby display," and suggested station-break announcements ("Watch this channel for a stirring drama of vengeance or love"; "It's an emotion packed drama—see it tonite!"), all of this and more was to be found in the kit.

WHILE the station manager is following "some suggestions for audience building," the Methodist pastor has his work cut out for him in promoting *The Way*. Even if he should borrow his sermons from the preaching and worship ideas suggested for the next thirteen Sundays, he is going to be a mighty busy man. "Do these now," his workbook tells him: "Have Official Board appoint TV Committee. . . . Allocate responsibility for various phases of promotion, utilization and follow-up. . . . Enlist people to pray for *The Way*. . . . Read the Tear-out Idea Sheets. Order extra sets." A suggested letter to church members, window displays, community speaking plans: these activities will keep the pastor's midnight oil burning.

"Religioso Huckstering," says *Variety*, "full of Madison Avenue savvy is intended to hypo viewership on the Methodists' \$250,000 thirteen-week vidifilm series *The Way*."

The object of all this excitement is a collection of mild-mannered soap operas with a built-in commercial; but they're not selling soap, they're selling God. The stories con-

cern every-day people with tear-provoking problems. One is about three adolescent boys on the way to a career of crime. Vandalism and violence in the church result in the preacher losing an eye; the baddest boy is killed, the bad boy is resentful and comes to no good, but the good boy rewards the preacher's understanding by embarking on a career as an eye surgeon. Another is about a fellow whose baby was killed in an automobile accident which also put his wife in a wheelchair. When we meet him he is distracted, unhappy, drinking. His career as a lawyer is threatened, his marriage is heading for divorce. Psychiatrists can't help him; wife, father, friends all try and fail. Then the preacher comes to call. Husband is closeted with a bottle in his study; wife and father disconsolate and discouraged in the living room. Preacher convinces wife to forgive her husband, camera shifts to shot of wife in wheel chair next to husband kneeling in front of the empty crib. They are reunited in God's love.

And so it goes—the black is black and the white is white; there is no distinction, no imagination, no feeling for human dignity. It is no better and no worse than thousands of hours of mediocrity on the TV screen. This slick packaged dullness from the canyons of Madison Avenue has made bad products saleable, good products spectacular; it has taken over politics and Presidents. That, presumably, is why the Methodist Church chooses to coat its message in the syrup of *The Way* and to immerse its dignity in publicity kits!

The decision to use TV is understandable: it is a method of communication which cannot be disregarded today. In the field of religion alone, several million dollars were spent last year for radio and TV programs. Billy Graham and Oral Roberts took to the air with their evangelistic rites; Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, Bishop Sheen and others have used it to build enormous followings. But the technique which the Methodist Church has chosen for its TV investment is lamentable. Sir Leslie Stephen once said about writings of John Wesley that they went "straight to the mark without one superfluous flourish." It seems incongruous that the denomination he founded, regarded by many today as a stronghold of liberal thought

among church groups, should allow itself the vulgarity of hucksterism. Soap opera is not the only available model: *Omnibus* has had a recent brilliant series on the Constitution; and *See It Now* has developed a documentary technique that will capture almost any viewer's thought and imagination. Granting that religion can and should be "sold," surely there are better ways than *The Way*.

TV Forecast

April 1 through 7

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 1

OUTLOOK (NBC). Premiere of a news show which will include network newsmen and mobile units throughout the U. S.; special newsfilm and coverage from NBC foreign correspondents. Chet Huntley is editor.

DR. SPOCK (NBC). "Grandmothers" is the subject this time of a discussion between a noted pediatrician and a small group of parents. Part of an unrehearsed series.

Monday, April 2

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (NBC; Producer's Showcase). Starring Katherine Cornell, produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic; the cast will include Anthony Quayle and Nancy Coleman. This is Miss Cornell's TV debut. (Color).

Tuesday, April 3

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH (CBS). A preview of the circus, which opens in New York the next day.

TOMORROW'S CAREER (ABC). Women in radio and television will be discussed by Dorothy Lewis, coordinator of radio and television for the U. N.

A BABY NAMED X (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). An actuality drama drawn from the experience of the Spence Chapin Adoption Service in finding foster parents. John Cameron Swayze is host.

Wednesday, April 4

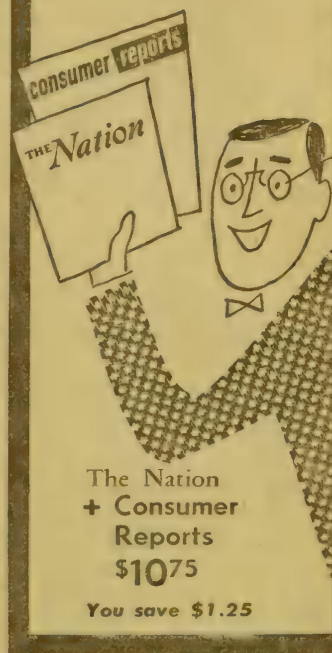
GRETA GARBO (ABC; M-G-M Parade). Scenes from six of her earliest pictures will trace Garbo's career from the time she first came to America. Second installment next week.

Saturday, April 7

TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). A 90-minute comedy with lots of star power: Orson Welles, Betty Grable, Keenan Wynn. Arthur Schwartz produces this adaptation of the Hecht-MacArthur comedy. (Color).

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Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

Montgomery, General George Kenney et al; also they have been drawn from official testimony before committees of Congress and the weapons-research scientists who have given long service, among them Vannevar Bush, J. R. Killian, A. G. Hill and J. R. Oppenheimer.

Objection is made to my dependence upon those scientific advisors who argued against the "crash program" for the H-bomb in 1949. But besides Oppenheimer, there were James B. Conant and Lee DuBridge, as well as most of the famous physicists assisting the government. And as they urged, one engine of destruction has simply led to another 500 times more destructive (DuBridge). Yet Eisenhower, that old military professional, relies on Dr. DuBridge as his chief scientific advisor today, and upon Dr. Conant also.

Dr. Menzel finds it impossible to believe that our warrior-bureaucrats

and arms manufacturers have welcomed the "permanent defense boom." If so, would they not then welcome the costly ground-to-air defense plan also, he asks? The answer is: they have indeed. The same airframe concerns now being investigated by a House committee for their exorbitant profits on airplanes have been awarded most of the contracts for guided missiles, pilotless planes, "Matadors" and "Nikes."

The estimates given by me for potential effectiveness of improved ground defenses are from the testimony of Dr. A. G. Hill, director of the great Lincoln Laboratory (sponsored by the Defense Department).

Dr. Menzel is cheerfully reconciled to our wasting hundreds of billions—which he holds "inevitable"—and getting no insurance for it. But why should we, as taxpayers, fork out twice as much for our non-insurance as is necessary?

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON
New York.

vast sum required? All N. E. A. needed was a more effective lobbyist (1) to solve the parochial-school issue and (2) to win over the N. A. M. Oh, come now! CLYDE RUSSELL

Executive Secretary,
Maine Teachers Association
Augusta, Me.

Mr. Cox's Reply

Dear Sirs: The evidence which Mr. Clyde Russell desires in support of all my statements appears in the House and Senate Hearings on Education and Labor (1946-1955), the Congressional Record and in my doctoral dissertation, "Education and Power Groups in America," (1948, Columbia University.)

Mr. Russell's bitter reference to the A. F. T. is unjustified in the light of the fine support given to the public schools over the years by this organization and by the A. F. L. The stark reality still remains that the lack of unity within the teaching profession in the late forties (and today also) was one of the most significant facts preventing the passage of a comprehensive federal aid-for-education bill before the Supreme Court's decision of May, 1954, beclouded the issue.

The failure of the American Association of School Administrators, of which I am sure Mr. Russell is a member, to grapple with public-school integration and the federal-aid problem at their February, 1956, annual convention in Atlantic City is another example in support of my contention that the work of the educational lobbyists has been generally weak and ineffective. The lobbyists actually ran away from the problem.

I would like to remind Mr. Russell that most of the mass media provide a certain amount of free space and time for educational purposes, in accordance with FCC regulations and the traditional practices of those public-service industries. While this opportunity was neglected, some state educational associations are assessing their members to pay for newspaper, radio and television commercials in behalf of state-aid legislation. Mr. Russell might check into these methods by communicating directly with his fellow-lobbyists in the other forty-seven states to increase his understanding in this area—so that Maine might benefit.

Finally, let me say that Mr. Russell was the type of lobbyist in the teaching profession whom I was hoping to arouse when I wrote my article. In that respect I feel my effort has not gone unrewarded.

DONALD W. COX
Maxwell Air Force Base, Ala.

The Lobby That Failed

Dear Sirs: I was dumfounded by the article entitled, The Lobby That Failed: Education Needs a Spokesman. What slightest bit of evidence does Mr. Cox supply to support his assumption that all that is needed to persuade Congress to pass any law is the right kind of lobbyist? Isn't the strength of the opposition a factor? Isn't public opinion important? If lobbyists are, as he seems to think, all-important, why not include in his diatribe Selma Borchart of the American Federation of Teachers? She used different methods but didn't succeed, either.

Fortunately, Mr. Cox has indicated how he would have handled the situation if he had been in charge. He "would have brought the large state educational associations into his confidence early in the campaign." I don't know how he would have done that and he doesn't tell us

He would have sought the cooperation of the A. F. T. Now, that is an interesting proposal. The federation has a membership less than one-twenty-fifth that of the National Education Association. That its assistance could have been significant is possible, of course, but there is no evidence either that the extra 4 per cent could have made a difference or that the A. F. T. could have cooperated if it had been invited. Wouldn't they have had to check with the A. F. L.?

Mr. Cox would have used mass media extensively. Doubtless both the N. E. A. lobbyists would have liked to do that. Don't mass media cost money? Where would Mr. Cox have got the



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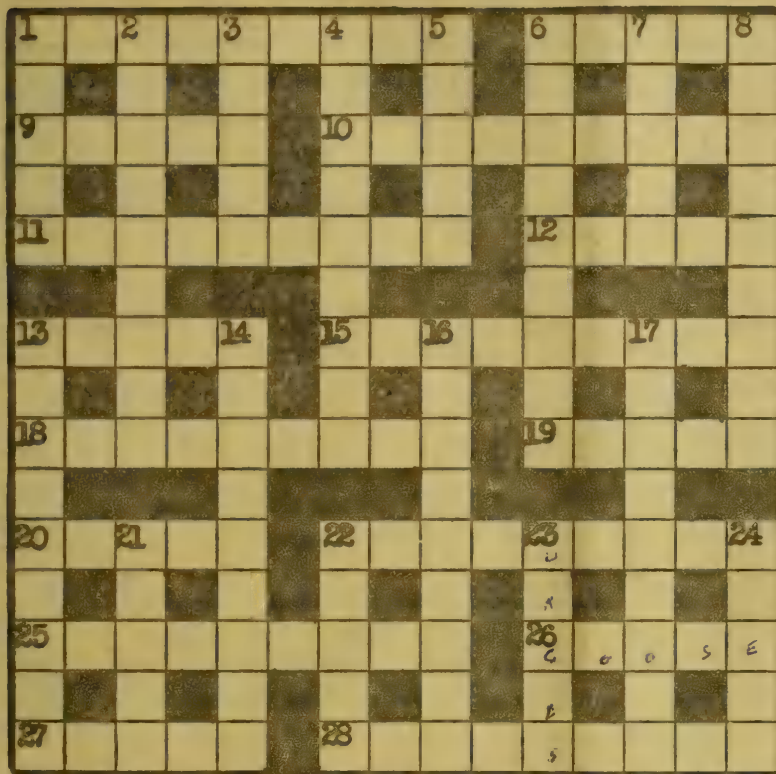
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Crossword Puzzle No. 665

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Humor he and the coterie find dry, or approaching it. (9)
- It comes in for a certain distance, and might win. (5)
- and 24 down One wouldn't expect to find one in the old days, after he had been working. (5,5)
- 10 The party isn't concerned with the hosts! (9)
- 11 and 12 Make a relatively small burnt offering. (They might bring someone home.) (9,5)
- 13 Notice things about it? One interprets character this way. (5)
- 15 Can "Yogi," perhaps, make capital of it? (9)
- 18 Keep a guy from something to 9 with? (9)
- 19 Pass, perhaps. (5)
- 20 Does one sometimes so find the truth, barely? (5)
- 22 Suggests what happens when the red flag is waved at the plant. (9)
- 25 Obviously speech is taken to heart by the counteragent. (A nail is bent around it.) (9)
- 26 The tailor's is iron. (5)
- 27 Dressed if old and worn out. (5)
- 28 Sancho Panza waxed eloquent—(God bless the man who first invented it!) (9)

DOWN

- 1 Wickedness needs to be uprooted! (5)

- 2 Part of the fortification over the soldier or worker, it's clear. (9)
- 3 A feeling of dissatisfaction. (5)
- 4 Involve the wrong type with a bad climate. (9)
- 5 Singable, but pure, on the screen. (5)
- 6 Check over the power and strengthen it. (9)
- 7 Is this animal almost all fur? (5)
- 8 Fight off the nuisance of 2, finally. (9)
- 13 A profuse mixture of tan, red, and dun. (9)
- 14 Placed a foot on each side. (9)
- 16 Stormy little sea, not showing much independence. (9)
- 17 A hole most people might find unpleasant. (9)
- 21 He might want you to think his balance better than it is. (5)
- 22 Well done, is the implication. (5)
- 23 Drives. (5)
- 24 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 466

ACROSS: 1 DRAWBRIDGES; 10 and 14 TRADE WINDS; 11 and 9 PACKAGED; 12 BUCOLIC; 13 ISOLATE; 15 LITERATI; 16 DAMPER; 18 FRAMED; 21 DECANter; 24 GOLIATH; 26 STAFFED; HERE; 29 ARMOR; 30 SAIL DOWN; 2 RADIO BEAM; 3 and 31 WITHIN A STONE'S THROW; 4 READ; 5 DRESSED; 6 EXPEL; 7 AGOUTI; SCATHE; 17 MANIFESTO 19 ROOTED 20 INERT; 27 IMPS.

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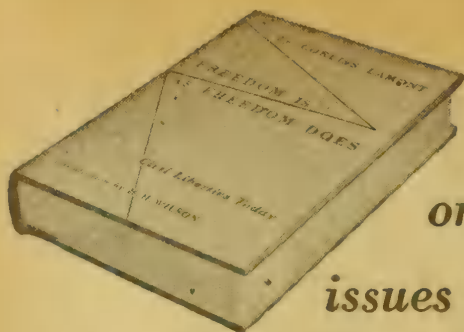
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Letters

An Anti-Melish View . . .

Dear Sirs: In your article on The Melish Affair (March 3) David L. Weissman says that the younger Melish came to Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, "to . . . ultimately succeed his father." This is known as nepotism and is a medieval abuse that has long been frowned upon by the church. "Nine of the eleven vestrymen . . . petitioned the . . . Bishop of Long Island to remove the elder Melish as rector" but "at a special parish meeting 90 per cent voted for the removal of the nine vestrymen." Since the vestrymen are elected at the regular parish meeting by popular vote, an obvious explanation of this 90 per cent vote is that the special meeting was packed. "The two present wardens . . . leading spirits in the Committee to Retain the Rector . . . now joined four of the vestrymen" in opposing the younger Melish. Presumably this majority of the freely elected vestry had reasons they considered good for taking this stand and the two wardens for changing their minds. "The younger Melish said: . . . 'The instant the people of this parish in open meeting indicate . . . that they have lost faith in their minister . . . you may have my instant resignation.'" But the younger Melish was simply a supply priest and therefore could not resign from a position he did not hold.

"The two wardens" are said to be guilty of "a breach of faith" for not abiding by a five-year-old resolution of the vestry, although they were "not then members of the vestry"! It is the custom in the Episcopal Church to regard six as both a quorum and a majority in a vestry of either nine or eleven, so presumably any civil law that would change this is unconstitutional; or what has become of the doctrine of the separation of church and state? The elder Melish is "ill and incapacitated" but is able to be "present in the chancel" during the battle of the psalms. It is true that the Bishop had "no power to supply a minister" but it was "the two wardens and four vestrymen" who "terminated the employment of the younger Melish" and who made arrangements "for the conduct of services by [The] Reverend Robert Kollock Thomas." Why should "the pro-Melish vestrymen" presume to remind the Bishop that "there are peaceful means for resolving all differences," when it is they who have been refusing to use them, while the Bishop has acted throughout

in accordance with canon law? And why did the younger Melish suggest to the Bishop that he should have consulted him and "his people," when as a supply priest he had no such "people" and the Bishop was dealing with the "people" through their freely elected representatives as required by church law?

When "the younger Melish" was ordained priest, he gave an affirmative answer to the Bishop's question: "Will you reverently obey your Bishop and other chief ministers who, according to the canons of the church, may have the charge and government over you, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions and submitting yourselves to their godly judgments?" Presumably in this case his Bishop's admonitions and judgments have been godly, since they have all been according to the canons of the church. In that case shouldn't he withdraw from the ministry of the Episcopal Church rather than break his ordination vows, if he finds them inconsistent with that "freedom of conscience, expression and association that tests a democratic society"? I find no such inconsistency myself.

(The Rev.) FRANK NORTH, Th.D.,
Priest of the
Diocese of Long Island
Sag Harbor, N. Y.

. . . And an Answer

Dear Sirs: When Dr. North wrote his letter on March 8 he did not of course know that within two days an authoritative answer would be forthcoming to several of the questions he raises. On March 10 Mr. Justice Edward G. Baker of the State Supreme Court filed his opinion (printed in the New York Law Journal of March 14) holding as follows: That "there are two steps involved in the calling of a rector in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The initial step is election by the vestry and that is governed by section 42 Religious Corporations Law. . . . The second step is governed by canonical law"; that "to constitute a quorum under the statute, it was necessary that there be present at the meetings aforesaid, in addition to the two church wardens, a 'majority of the vestrymen'; and the majority required was a majority of the number provided for in the charter of the Church"—that is, seven in all; and that, since there were only six present at the meetings, the actions taken "were a nullity and the subsequent [canonical] proceedings, although regular, were ineffectual to

validate Rev. Sidener's election."

Dr. North suggests that it is "customary" in the Episcopal Church to regard six as a quorum and that a civil law which requires a greater number is unconstitutional as a violation of the doctrine of separation of church and state. Justice Baker points out that canon 23 of the canons of the Diocese of Long Island, which prescribes the procedure for the selection and election of a rector, "makes no provision whatever with respect to the manner in which vestry meetings shall be called, nor does it contain any provision as to what shall constitute a quorum of the vestry. But the word 'meeting' as used in the canon obviously means a meeting legally called and composed. It seems clear that these matters were intended to be and are governed by the provisions of the Religious Corporations Laws, Section 42."

Dr. North seems to question the pro-Melish majority as "packed." Dr. North and others of his mind had opportunity to test their views at the annual parish meeting on April 2.

Dr. North, on the presumption that in this case "the Bishop's admonitions and judgments have been godly," suggests that Rev. Melish should withdraw from the ministry if he finds them inconsistent with his freedom of conscience, expression and association. The court to which the Bishop's forces appealed for redress found that in this case his admonitions and judgments were not godly; that he was intruding in a matter of civil law where his voice has no greater weight
(Continued on page 281)

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Taps for the 1930's . . . by Carey McWilliams

THE AMERICAN liberal movement, it is said, suffers from an acute case of nostalgia. The accuracy of the accusation—and we accept it as that—must be conceded. In the years since the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, liberals have been motivated more by an unacknowledged desire to recapture the elation of “the great days” of the 1930’s, when they were “riding the crest of the wave,” than by a determination to chart new courses. As a result, the liberal movement has remained tethered by a silver cord to the memories and experiences and associations of those fervent years.

There is, of course, a logical explanation for this feeling of nostalgia. No one who participated in liberal politics in those years will want to forget the experience. There was excitement in the air and a sense of movement and achievement and purpose. In retrospect the freedom of the depression decade stands out in glaring contrast with the sick conformity of the 1950’s. Then, too, the assaults on both the living and the dead—two of my dearest friends, Louis Adamic and F. O. Matthiessen, were “political” suicides—which began with the inception of the witch hunt, touched many liberals more deeply than the postwar generation can possibly imagine. These assaults, moreover, were deliberately aimed at impugning the ideals and values and purposes for which World War II was fought—and won. Anti-fascists of the 1930’s will never admit that the war against the Axis powers was lost.

Then, too, the problem of overlapping generations has been a factor in the persistence of the nostalgia for the 1930’s. Unfortunately the rise of one generation and the gradual withdrawal of another does not always neatly coincide with historical developments. The New Deal generation of liberals is still active but is being replaced by a generation that knows little at first hand of the New Dealers. For this new generation bonus marches, breadlines, soup kitchens, shacktowns, sharecropper roadside demonstrations, general strikes, campaigns to End Poverty in California, Memorial Day massacres, the migrations of the Joads and the like are phrases from a history book. This generation did not start, so to speak, where the New Deal generation left off; the New Deal generation is still about, graying a bit, less active, but still in place. The problem is that the middle-aged liberals who were anti-fascist and pro-New Deal have moved a bit to the Right but the new generation starts there (see C. P. Snow’s comments in the issue of March 24). This new generation has not

baited the middle-aged generation and prodded it into action; they have simply disagreed with their parents—a not uncommon experience. In a word, there has been a failure of communication based on dissimilarity in experience. One of the functions of bright sons is to disturb their fathers’ reveries, to bring them up sharp when they start rhapsodizing about “the fervent years” when a bright light illumined the meadows and the pastures were a supernal green. The middle-aged liberals have not been needed; they’ve simply been ignored.

But there is still another aspect to the nostalgia of the American liberals. They have been tricked by their enemies into fighting the battles of the last war. Just as the Democrats romped to four easy triumphs over the Republicans by keeping the long-memoried GOP busily engaged in defending the policies and character and record of Herbert Hoover, so the liberals—and the Democrats generally—have too consistently risen to outrageous bait tossed at them by McCarthy and his colleagues. It is always a mistake for a party out of power to be lured into the position of debating the record of the Administration before the last. By throwing mud at marble figures of Roosevelt, by inducing the Democrats

SCHUMAN TO REPORT ON RUSSIA

Frederick L. Schuman, noted historian, professor of political science at Williams College and a frequent contributor to this magazine, will be writing a series of articles for *The Nation* based on a trip he is making to the Soviet Union beginning late in April.

“I have just concluded a contract with Alfred Knopf,” Mr. Schuman has written us, “for a new book to be completed, Providence willing, late this year for publication in 1957, to be entitled, probably, *Russia Since 1917: Forty Years of Soviet Politics*.”

“I am slated for an extensive tour, followed by additional time in Moscow for, I hope, a certain amount of interviewing and gathering of new materials on various phases of Soviet foreign and domestic policies.”

The date on which Mr. Schuman’s series will begin is still open, but it will probably be late in May. *Nation* readers will be informed.

THE EDITORS

to take positions in a strictly phony "Battle over Yalta," by giving eager attention to the recollections of General McArthur and his pompous biographers, the Republicans have kept the Democrats on the defensive and the liberals demoralized. In a word, they have skillfully exploited the feeling of nostalgia.

The past can never be relived—even in reverie. Roosevelt is dead. Roosevelt belongs to history. Those who were devoted to him naturally find it hard to accept the fact. Liberals who came to maturity with the New Deal have a right to feel proud that they were active participants in one of the great historical advances of the American people. But this generation is still very much alive; it has not passed from the scene. It is more a part of the active present than of the past. This generation can never hope to "back into the future" by retreating into the warm, snug womb of the thirties. They may gain inspiration from listening to recordings of Roosevelt's great speeches and messages but they will never march into battle under his banner again. The magic voice is still; the man is gone. Yet, for reasons cited, we still find it difficult to accept the 1930's as part of history. We have been fighting so long, now, over the record and meaning of these years, and with such passion, that the past seems more real than the present.

By all means, therefore, let us honor the memory of Roosevelt. Let us continue to resist all attempts to

"brainwash" those who were once partisans of the New Deal and let us feel pity for the liberals of that period who have repudiated their own past. But the time has come to cease looking homeward and to start walking down corridors that lead to the future.

THIS publication has a remarkable history. Almost any day's headlines give us cause to recall it and to be proud of it. For example, the civil-rights commission that President Eisenhower is about to propose stems directly from a proposal first advanced by Oswald Garrison Villard in 1912. Before his death, Mr. Villard gave me this account of what happened when, in 1912, he presented to President Woodrow Wilson a petition on behalf of the NAACP to appoint such a commission. "Wilson," he wrote me, "pretended to be much interested when I gave it to him, said he would give me an answer in due course and then refused to reply at all. When he was finally compelled to do so, he said he could not appoint it because he was a Democratic President from the South and the South would get the impression that he felt there was something to criticize in the attitude of the South on the Negro problem!" (The letter is dated May 4, 1943. Incidentally I took the suggestion from Mr. Villard, expanded it a bit, and made it the basis of a proposal for the creation of a Fair Racial Practices Act which was outlined in *Brothers Under the Skin* published in that year.)

It is because we are proud of *The Nation's* history that it will continue to make history as well as to record it. But it seemed appropriate to use this occasion not merely to honor the memory of F. D. R. but to sound "taps" for the dead issues of yesteryear. It may still be too early for the bugles to sound reveille—does anyone hear the surge and roar of the future in the bipartisan political pronouncements of April, 1956?—but the future is often implicit if unrecognized in the present. Out of today's vacuum-like political atmosphere great issues are being precipitated.

The Nation Applauds

The Nation, reviving a practice of former years, intends periodically to pay its respects to individuals and groups who are writing constructive—and sometimes amusing—footnotes to contemporary history.

This time *The Nation* applauds:

1. Undersecretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., for his unsolicited revelation of one of the best-kept secrets of the cold war: that the Formosan Nationalists are shipping to the Communist Chinese hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods every year through Hong Kong.

2. To Archbishop Joseph Francis Rummel of New Orleans for setting a fine example to religious leaders of all faiths in the South on the desegregation issue.

3. To Solicitor General Simon G. Sobeloff for persuading the Department of Justice to accept the decision

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of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals condemning the use of "secret informers" in the Coast Guard's waterfront screening program.

4. To the leaders of the Cleveland Bar Association, and to president Eugene H. Freedheim in particular, for the brisk rebuke meted out to William F. Tompkins, assistant attorney general, who had characterized lawyers who represent Smith Act defendants as "dupes of the Communists."

5. To the Regents of the University of California for finally awarding compensation to the sixteen faculty members who, in the summer of 1950, refused to sign the Regents' loyalty oath and who later won vindication in the courts.

6. To Norman Thomas for his leadership in seeking to raise funds for the defense of Alexander Trachten-

berg and George Blake Charney, Smith Act defendants.

7. To the New York *Times* for its timely survey of race relations in the South and to Homer Bigart for his fine dispatches to that paper from Cyprus.

8. To the cast and the audience of a recent performance of the musical comedy *Fanny*, now playing at the Majestic in New York: to the audience for refusing to be panicked by a small fire which broke out backstage; to the cast because, in recognition of this sensible behavior, it returned the audience's applause at the end of the performance.

[Contributions from readers are solicited. Items should not be more than one sentence in length; if unused, they will not be returned unless self-addressed stamped envelope is provided.]

Cardenas Wins a Prize . . . by George Yamada

Mexico City
LAZARO CARDENAS was the last of Mexico's "revolutionary" Presidents. During his regime in the depression decade of the thirties, he expropriated powerful foreign oil interests and completed many of the democratic reforms begun by his predecessors. Since his retirement fifteen years ago, he has never sought to meddle in domestic affairs, refusing to capitalize on the reverence with which the Mexican people still regard him. Only occasionally has he spoken up, and then only on questions of broad international principle. The last time he did so was against U. S. complicity in the Guatemalan revolt which overthrew the democratically-elected Arbenz regime.

Cardenas' enemies, here and abroad, have called him a Bolshevik, a Red, a tool of Moscow. They heard with glee the news that he had been awarded a Stalin Peace Prize; here was proof that Mexico's venerated elder statesman was indeed a Russian pawn. But their joy proved shortlived.

The presentation of the prize took place on February 26 in a theatre that was literally packed to the walls. Children were lifted to the shoulders of their parents; often three per-

sons occupied a single seat; standees clung to curtains, to lighting fixtures—anything that would give them an anchor in the crush. The street outside was equally packed; people piled onto their balconies and climbed on the roofs of parked cars.

Gregory V. Alexandrov, Soviet movie director sent from Moscow to represent the Stalin Prize committee, beamed as he made his presentation speech. Cries of "Viva Khrushchev!" broke many times from the audience. "Viva Alexandrov!" "Viva Bulganin!" "Viva Cardenas!"

CARDENAS sat through the presentation speech tight-lipped and unsmiling. When he rose to respond, a prolonged ovation greeted him. He waited quietly until the noise abated. Then he announced that while he was accepting the Soviet accolade, he was refusing the 100,000 rubles that went with it. The more sensitive among the audience already sensed, perhaps, something of what was coming.

"The cause of war between nations," he said, "is not the mimeographed propaganda of the Soviets nor some Western maneuver against the USSR, but the lack of respect for democratic rights." With Alexandrov and other Soviet dignitaries sitting hardly more than an arm's length from his position at the center of the stage, Cardenas lashed out at dictatorships which deny liberty

to the people and repress the exercise of individual rights guaranteed by popular constitutions. He charged that, in violation of the Universal Declaration of the Rights of Man, independent thinkers who denounced dogma and abuse of power are persecuted. (Asked subsequently by a reporter to which nation specifically he was referring, Cardenas replied: "I think it is clear.") "There is no country in the world that does not desire peace," he asserted. But, he continued, declarations, letters and verbal promises of peace lacked meaning so long as there was no respect for individual liberty and the sovereignty and security of governments democratically elected by their subjects. "The partisans of violence create an environment of insecurity that must be removed to show mankind that pacific arrangements among peoples are more durable than the illusory triumph of war. . . . The grave is not war but injustice in all its forms."

Cardenas sat down besides his wife and son. In the five-minute ovation that followed, there were no more cries of "Viva Khrushchev!" or "Viva Bulganin!" There were only cries of "Viva Cardenas!" The elder statesman of the Mexican revolution had again shown the greatness and independence of his spirit, his hatred for totalitarianism, his abiding passion for the dignity and the freedom of individual man.

GEORGE YAMADA is a young American writer now living in Mexico.

April 7, 1956

F.D.R.: LIVING MEMORIALS

Anniversary Tribute . . by Rexford G. Tugwell

MEN WHO have been powerful during crises throw long and lasting shadows. Even after they are gone the shadows linger. We are now in the second decade after Franklin D. Roosevelt's death. But he seems still to be known in the places he was known in when he lived. People and things are reluctant to surrender his influence. The Republicans rather fondly run against him more than against his successors; and the Democrats, with or without justification, claim to have inherited his policies. As for the ordinary individuals from whose approval his strength came, the sense of loss they felt in April of 1945 has only been deadened by time's passing: it has not really grown less. They wish he were still President; and they have an incorrigible tendency to ask, when trouble arises, "What would he have done?"

He cast an unusually long shadow. It seems especially long at Warm Springs and at Hyde Park; but it also lives over Albany and Washington; and across the world too his influence is still felt. Perhaps I should say the lack of it is felt. For people live in daily danger; and they feel that he might lift it from them if he were here.

This lasting importance has its own special irony. He was so seriously stricken with polio in 1921 (when he was thirty-nine) that for a time his life was in jeopardy. And for several years afterward his struggle back toward reasonable management of his body was so severe as to monopolize at least half his time and require most of his energy.

For most men this would have ended any thought of a career. Franklin was not content to become merely a country gentleman as fate

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL, one of President Roosevelt's early "brain trusters," served in the Roosevelt Administration in the Department of Agriculture and as governor of Puerto Rico. He is at work on a book about F. D. R.



The original of the cover drawing for this issue of The Nation (the above is a detail) is a favorite of Mrs. Roosevelt's and hangs in her New York apartment among photographs and sketches of family and friends. The artist is Oskar Stoessel, a Viennese who fled Austria after the Anschluss. In this country he was provided with a letter of introduction to F. D. R. by George Messersmith, who had been American Ambassador to Austria when Hitler took over the republic. The President sat for the portrait in 1940.

seemed to have determined and as his imperious mother urged. He was still to become Governor of New York, President of the United States and leader in the world.

Hyde Park

SPRINGWOOD, the Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park, is a national monument now. If you go there on an ordinary day of clement weather you will move through a guided course in company with a sight-seeing crowd, a crowd so numerous, sometimes, that there is scarcely elbow room in the house itself and even the outdoor paths are congested.

Many of those who come are obviously families, and, as time passes,

fewer of their individual members have any memory of the man whose home this was. Very rapidly this Roosevelt too is merging into the Presidential tradition with Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and all the others. Nowadays if you follow a family group you are likely to overhear one of the older folk, perhaps a father, trying to convey to the younger ones something of the emotion he is experiencing. The children are apt to be unimpressed; they are at a loss to understand the sudden catch in a usually phlegmatic father's voice or even furtive tears in a mother's eyes. But often they are startled into an awareness that they are sharing something precious.

For the generation which has no recollection of the living Roosevelt, the weight of history obscures the sense of his personality. Only some shock opens the eyes of youngsters to what they are seeing. But they are sometimes so impressed with the emotion of their elders that they do see at Springwood what it was intended that they who are posterity should see.

For this is a creation deliberately planned and carefully executed, over a long time, to have a certain effect. The exact effect intended is, I think, very often in the minds of present-day visitors.

Springwood is not so ancient as it seems. Generations of Roosevelts did not live here in the environment now on exhibit. The place was bought by Franklin's father, James; and it was Franklin himself who rebuilt an old house to become the one you now see. That was no longer ago than 1915. So the solid elegance, referable to no consistent style, but having a treaty of friendship with all its surroundings, is not the creation of distant ancestors any more than of an architect with a model in his head.

The house seems generous but its scale is not actually grand; only one room is of notable size—the library on the south which has the marble

mantels on either end with ancestral Roosevelts over them in oils. This room, like everything else hereabouts, reflects the man who planned and built it. If you spend some hours in it, one after another of his characteristics open out to you.

You see that its proportions are plain and rectangular but very just and gracious; no taste, you might say, but a feel for proportion. You descend into this room from the somewhat higher floor of the old central rooms; and, as you pause on the steps, you have an immediate sense of occupancy. This is, however, something you feel in the whole house. The man you perhaps heard over the radio years ago, whose being President was a comfort to you in troubled times—of depression, if you are getting to be elderly, of war, if you are only middle-aged—might very well just have moved from the room you are in to another one close by.

In the big library you can think of him easily, sitting beside the fire, absorbed for an hour with his stamp collection, drafting a paper, or entertaining friends after dinner. Around him are books that he collected and looked into occasionally, rare ones among them, having to do with naval lore or local history. There are small objects with some meaning to him which seem somehow very intimate and representative. But above all there is the general air of comfort, of leisure, and of an established way of living. You feel the serenity. What was thought out here might be well thought out.

YOU LOOK out toward the southwest and there down the slope below you is the Hudson and far across it the Catskills. It is as easy to think of the crippled man, allowed an hour from his exercise, on the porch there in summer or wrapped against the chill of fall, as it is to visualize him beside the fire.

But you can see him just as easily again in the old dining room, which seems to be all mahogany and silver, because you have always heard how charmingly he presided at table and never so weary or harassed that he failed to be the kind of host who is the center of attention. And in the small, dark study, where, you know, so many decisions were made and so much persuading done of which there will never be any record, the

shadows still seem alive with conversation.

And upstairs, you go down a hall with bedrooms, quite simple but comfortable, opening off it. And on one door there is a plate saying that it was once occupied by a King and Queen. You may wonder why that was put there. The royal visit was surely not so high a light in the story of this house as that would seem to imply. Many other royal persons stayed here if it comes to that; but also a succession of important Americans could be catalogued if anyone cared to do it.

Some of those who meant something in the furthering of Franklin's large designs, maybe even the King, went further down the hall before breakfast to talk with him as he sat in his bed in the room over the library. He would be in his old gray sweater, cigarette alight, newspapers littered across the bed and on the floor, last night's detective story on the bedside stand. Persiflage might very quickly have given way to important matters before that conversation ended. You can almost hear some manoeuvre being hatched.

AN establishment of the sort that Springwood was would have seemed an anachronism any time after the depression for anyone but a business tycoon. It could only be maintained because by 1928 Franklin was Governor of New York and never again out of office; and because official servants supplemented the dwindling resident staff. We know that Franklin contemplated retirement to Hyde Park; but it would not have been to the Springwood home. He had built a house several miles away—now sold out of the family—which he called "hilltop cottage"; and he expected Springwood to be exactly what it is today, a national monument, where all posterity might come in reminiscent mood.

To be sure, as his second term advanced, he conceived and executed his auxiliary plan. This was for the library and museum—the one to have all his papers; the other to exhibit objects he had collected about him during his life. This was to be, and is, a place of public resort. He presented the old house and its grounds to the government and arranged that it should be available for scholars as well as for the merely curious or those whose sentiment drew them

there. The library and museum he firmly insisted should be designed in the Hudson Valley Dutch manner, a style he was partial to. The result is happy in that neighborhood.

In that library he designed and arranged a room to be his workroom in retirement. His friends and collaborators, Sam Rosenman and Harry Hopkins, were to have homes near by. They were all to work there, sorting out papers and writing memoirs, as age descended on them and their participation in the world's events became less and less.

He worked in the library room a few times at the desk to be seen there; but the feel of him is not the vivid one conveyed by other rooms. There the sense of his presence is strong and does not diminish.

HE lies beneath the specified block of marble in the rose-garden only a few yards from the house. The garden is enclosed by a high evergreen hedge so old that it outdates all the Roosevelts in this neighborhood. But then most of the trees outdate them, too. We know how Franklin cared for trees; and we know that he planted acres of them; but those are in the wood-lots distant from the house. The ancient specimens close by were already mature when Franklin climbed them as a boy; they are now fast reaching the age of replacement, many of them shored up in one or another way. But although he was not responsible for them any more than he was for any of the other features of the land, they merge so perfectly into the Springwood whole that they seem inseparable from it. He came to terms with his surroundings. He knew how to enhance them.

At Mount Vernon it is difficult to think of a living Washington; Monticello seems too polished to be true but Springwood is somehow incredibly far from being a frozen shrine. It seems not to be disarrayed by tramping feet, sullied by inane remarks, or dulled by the boredom of children. It lives and glows with a special elegant but homely air, a reminder of victories over hostile forces achieved through leadership in true democratic fashion. The man who built this home and lived in it was an aristocrat, but he was taught and never forgot the principles of noblesse.

The sophisticated student tells

himself, as he contemplates the garden scene, that it was all planned this way for the glorification of a personality far into the future. It was an attempt to manage history. What he tells himself of this sort tends to escape his most determined skepticism; it comes over him that the effect anyhow is salutary. The man born in the elegant house nearby symbolizes the American dream just as well as he would if he had come from the traditional log cabin to the grave in this hedged square of roses. A man may be a democrat from whatever environment he comes.

Warm Springs

ONLY TO the extent that we are capable of sharing another's suffering can we understand that the Warm Springs institution was built on one man's agony. It continued to grow even when his hope of relief had vanished; as it grew it expressed the creative energies of a cripple wholly unreconciled to his helplessness, determined that his enemy disease should sometime be conquered. The contagion of sympathy entered into it. Where there was one man struggling in a tumbling pool of blue-green water to get back the mastery of his legs, there are now hundreds and hundreds who struggle as he did. They began to come as the rumor of hope spread. He set himself to see that none should be turned away.

Those who go to Warm Springs now have more expert care than he ever got; and much of the improvement is owed to the incredible exertion, the unremitting study, the measureless determination of his battle with the dead legs which were his curse from 1921 until he died. Again and again he thought he could feel running down them the first faint tremors of feeling; feeble impulses of control frequently seemed just about to arrive. He was always betrayed. He never got back any command at all of his lower body.

He did get, however, as an incident of the struggle for his legs, a magnificent torso. His arms, his chest, his shoulders, after years of hauling himself about, and swinging onto and off his wheel-chair, were those of an Atlas. It was a kind of compensation. And if you sat with him at table—and especially, I have



Drawing by Refregier

heard, if you were of the other sex—you found it hard indeed to remember the withered unseen legs. And if you saw him at his desk with his chin upthrust from his corded neck, muscular jaws gripping the long cigarette holder, the last thing you thought of was the reason he did not get to his feet when you came in.

So he did conquer the legs in the sense that he got the best of them, even though they never gave him back an instant of support.

It was after years of trying one thing after another, all of them calling for the toughest resolution, and for physical effort carried to the exhausting limit, that he heard of warm-water therapy. It was after several rather unsatisfactory seasons of this among the Florida Keys that he was told of Warm Springs and came to look.

There was a dilapidated old resort hotel and not much else besides the amazing spring. And it was a poor countryside. In that part of Georgia, and over into Alabama, there were

worthless hills that grew weed-trees and little else. The towns were shabby, the kind where poor whites come to work in textile mills; and Warm Springs was hardly even a town. But the water came up out of the earth in a barrelling stream, warm and buoyant, full of minerals, and a heavenly enticing color. He got into the old pool and stayed for hours. He felt at once that it was good for him and would be good for others.

Before long, as everywhere and always, his impulse to improve his surroundings went to work here. He sunk more of his fortune in the enterprise than Eleanor or Louis Howe thought he ought. But their protests had no effect. And presently it could be seen that there would be no lack of patronage. It was impossible to keep ahead of the rush of those who wanted to try the buoyant water.

In the days before 1928, when he was a private citizen, he found that exercising in the water was at least more agreeable than hauling himself about on a railing, or setting himself to swing a rod further on braces and canes today than he had yesterday. He invented aqueous exercises. The doctors and nurses who began to come learned as much from him as he from them. He was, indeed, the chief physician. He played and worked with others under the Georgia sun before the pool was tamed and covered. And as he exercised he planned. He visualized a therapeutic center which should be cheerful as well as curative.

THEN when the call to the governorship reached him there, in 1928, and Al Smith, who was desperate about carrying even his own state in the Presidential race of that year, would not listen to his plea that he needed more time to get back his legs, and he had to give in, the financial load was lightened and generalized. Others began to help; and the Springs became an institution.

But he did not withdraw. He built a small house on a hillside, bought some near-by acreage, stocked it with beef cattle, worked on the trees and undertook to control erosion of the soil. He kept on coming when he could, especially in autumn and in spring. Then he shared the water again with the others, went with them on picnics, drove his small

manually-controlled car about the country roads, inspected his cattle and trees and set at his table over the papers that came down from Albany in great packets. Georgia, he said, was his "other" state.

Always at Thanksgiving, and sometimes on other occasions, he presided over the feast in the great dining hall. His voice was as loud as any in the singing. And they say he could carve a turkey more skillfully than anyone they ever saw. For there are many still living who recall his presence there and who felt the pleasant shock of his personality. They are not now at Warm Springs. They know how much or how little the warm water could do for them; and they have long gone to other places.

All the time the big man with the withered legs was coming down to share the autumn woods or the shooting green of Spring, the mantle of destiny was settling on his wide shoulders. And almost before the

bathers knew it, he was President of the United States, a living demonstration that polio can be conquered even when it has ravaged half a body.

Franklin still came to the Springs when he was President. It was growing rapidly now, what with Marches of Dimes and contributions from admirers; and the small house on the hill grew some appendages and was called locally the Little White House. He still exercised and played in the pool, drove his little car through the woods, and presided over the Thanksgiving feast. And he continued to do this for more than a decade, so that everyone got used to seeing a President about.

Now there were important people in a constant procession staying at the new hotel and running back and forth, when summoned, to the house up the hill. And the packets of papers grew to pouches bulging with them. Newspaper men were always about, and the secret service, and

when the war came, there were soldiers.

The place was very different now from the bankrupt resort of the twenties among the sharp-smelling pines. The pines were still resinous in the sun and the hill country all about was just as poor. But, as in every part of the nation, there had been improvement—and here so much that it could be called a transformation.

There were hundreds of patients, dozens of doctors and nurses, and an atmosphere of solidity. It was still heart-breaking for the visitor not a patient to see the bright faces over twisted and tortured bodies, but he believed what he was told about the inroads now being made on the disease. He could even look about and think that maybe another generation would not need the Springs. The disease would have been conquered. If it was conquered it would be because, in the name of the President, funds had been gathered, labora-

"PVT": April 12, 1945 . . by George Kirstein

THE SIGNAL light on top of the hill flashed over the New Guinea jungle toward one of the ships, a navy transport, anchored in formation in Hollandia Harbor. "PVT" it flashed tentatively, "PVT," and then continued its regular blinking.

To the Lieutenant on duty, the code meant that the shore-station signalman was conducting an unofficial "private" conversation with the ship's signalman. The Navy encouraged this "batting the breeze" to increase the dexterity of its petty officers. The "PVT" conversations were all similar: the price of whiskey in Auckland, the best address in Brisbane and, most of all, how to get transferred from the shore station to "state-side."

As the Lieutenant watched, the flashing light stopped, and then blinked a series of dashes, the equivalent to clearing its throat, preparatory to transmitting an official message. "TO ALL SHIPS," it blinked, "THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD." The Lieutenant, having read the message, none the less played out the customary role by asking: "What does he say, Flags?" and the signalman repeated the message.

"The President of what, I wonder?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I don't know, sir," the signalman said, "the shore station didn't say."

On the stern staff of the little Dutch freighter anchored next in line, the tricolor flag fluttered down to half mast. "Maybe it's the Dutch President, sir," the signalman suggested helpfully. The officer said: "I don't think so. I think the Dutch have a Queen, Flags. Ask the shore station 'which President?'" The blinking light slammed out its brief question and the shore station blinked long once in acknowledgment.

A half an hour passed. The tropical heat became more intense as the sun crept toward its zenith. Finally, the shore signal light cleared its throat again, and across the harbor to the expectant ships came the message: "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS DEAD."

"Half mast the colors," the officer ordered, no longer pretending that only the signalman could read the code. He descended two decks and knocked on the Captain's cabin: "Captain," he said, "the shore station just sent a message that President Roosevelt died."

The Captain sat motionless a moment and asked softly of no one:

"My God, what are we all going to do now?" The Lieutenant said, "I don't know, Captain. I feel like I've just been kicked in the stomach." There was a long silence and the Captain said, very gently. "It's time for the convoy to get under weigh, George. Have the anchor heaved in to short stay. Make all preparations to get under weigh."

"Aye, Aye, sir," the Lieutenant responded automatically and went out on the sun-baked deck. He passed hundreds of soldier passengers sitting on the decks trying futilely to stay cool. In the shade of a life boat, one soldier who had paused in the endless task of cleaning his carbine, was saying very seriously to his sweat-drenched companion: "You want to know something—he was the greatest bleeding man that ever walked this bleeding earth."

The ship trembled as the anchor chain started rumbling in, and the bow swung north toward the Philippines where the beleaguered troops were awaiting the convoy's reinforcement of men and guns and supplies.

GEORGE KIRSTEIN, publisher of *The Nation*, spent most of the war years with the navy in the Pacific.

tories built, experiments carried out and one after another of the mysteries penetrated.

About the countryside there was improvement, too. The towns were sprucer, reflecting the Wages and Hours Law and assistance from federal funds for schools, hospitals, water systems and other public works. Federally-financed roads ran smoothly among the hills; and just off one, not far from Warm Springs, a state park named for the dead President recalled the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps. When the nation returned to its care for the land and other natural riches, and tired of temporizing with juvenile delinquency, the Civilian Conservation Corps might be reconstituted. It had been the invention Franklin had perhaps been proudest of. Nowhere had it been more useful than in this poor area of the South where land and people both had so much need of rehabilitation.

DEATH came to the President as he sat at his table over the familiar pile of papers in the living room of the house he had built. He was taken away in splendor, riding on a slow train, as Lincoln had ridden back to Springfield, with mourning people lined along the tracks. He

thus left the Springs forever on his way to Washington and the Spring-wood rose garden designated for his burial.

But you can go and feel him there in the Little White House now. The house is open as though he might come wheeling in, his cigarette holder in his teeth, talking as he rolled, going up beside his table and swinging easily onto the chair behind it, ready to deal with the papers he always knew must be waiting, or to steal a half-hour with his stamp-books.

I myself recall especially one autumn when I was there and he followed several of us about the golf course in the small car still to be seen tipped toward curious visitors in its narrow stall under the living room, shouting ribald advice about our strokes; or sat on the ground among the oak leaves and pine needles and sang with us—*The Yellow Rose of Texas* was his specialty; or talked with the newspaper men and embarrassed me by turning to me for confirmation of something he said—the President of the United States!

Yes, you can feel him there. You will probably choke with emotion. Then you will know that you feel him.

Billy Graham in India

By P. Lal

Calcutta ACCORDING TO Indian tradition, the religious man is marked by humility, charity and a degree of ascetism; his "worldliness" is supposed to be displayed in performing "social services" in the villages of the hinterland (services such as those rendered by the members of the Ramkrishna Mission Institute of Culture). In any case, immaculate blue suits, a wife and children, spotlights and microphones are not regarded as a suitable "environment" for a religious leader.

The Roman Catholic missionaries were the first to appreciate the reserve, personal simplicity and ethical rectitude which Indians expect of holy men. Despite the recent troubles arising from Catholic missionary work in Assam and other Northeast-

ern states, the Roman emissaries are still the only ones who try to make their behavior conform in considerable measure to the spirit of the Indian tradition.

Evangelism in the Western sense is a new phenomenon here and as such is suspect; Dr. Billy Graham's variety is especially so. It is necessary to understand this, just as it is necessary to correct the impression that may have been gained abroad that Dr. Graham exerted stupendous influence wherever he appeared here.

It is true that large crowds heard him in India. About 20,000 people filled the grounds of St. Paul's Cathedral in Calcutta at his last appearance in this country. The gates opened at 6 p. m., but some had taken seats more than twenty-four hours earlier. In response to a question by Dr. Graham (he has a charming talent for making an address to 20,000 people sound like a tete-a-

tete), at least a dozen in the audience said they had come more than 200 miles to hear him. A couple of hundred said they had travelled at least a hundred miles. The whole affair was marvelously organized by the sponsoring committee. More than 18,000 invitation cards were issued and 10,000 chairs were supplied; two ambulances were stationed near by; 300 "counsellors" and an equal number of ushers maintained order. A special choir from the Calcutta Boys School, led by Cliff Barrows, one of Dr. Graham's aides, ferociously tackled the preliminary hymns.

How explain the crowds? The Christians, possibly, came to confess and to declare again their allegiance to Christ. But there were many of other faiths. Undoubtedly they were attracted by the wide publicity given him; they were, in large measure, the same people who turned out to see Bulganin and Khrushchev.

The Calcutta Christian community has been moribund since the departure of the British, and anything spectacular might have served to stir its jaded spirituality. Certainly Dr. Graham's talk—expounding, cajoling, threatening, varying from fiery heights to soft dramatic tenderness—served as a fillip. It is suggestive of the state of apathy to which the Indian Christians had fallen that the Metropolitan of the Indian Church, introducing Dr. Graham, managed to convey the impression that a prophet had come among them. But what the preacher delivered here, as elsewhere in India, was not what might be expected of a missionary of real stature. It must be said to his credit, however, that he made no attempt to impress anyone except the Christians.

It is paradoxical that Dr. Graham, who succeeds in turning his sermons into a kind of chatty, personal talk, tends to transform his press conferences, which should be chatty and personal, into sermons. The editor of the popular *Illustrated Weekly* of Bombay noted that the preacher's way of parrying reporters' questions with Bible quotations made it seem as if he were delivering a "pulpit address." But perhaps this was inevitable. Indians accept the pleasures of the body as good so long as they are kept subordinate to religious faith. Dr. Graham, on the other hand, propounds the theory that the reproductive act, for instance, is in

itself sinful, "the whole business being a legacy from Adam and Eve." He insisted that his son, aged three, was a liar, and asserted that he himself had wallowed in "evil" pleasures until, at the age of seventeen, a "voice" had asked him to spread the divine message. He makes no bones about the massive urgency and divinity of his mission.

Dr. Graham is fond of consigning sinners—unless they publicly announce their spiritual allegiance and sign up for Christ at the close of his

sermon—to the "outer darkness," which to this preacher consists of very tangible fire and brimstone. This type of literal interpretation of Holy Writ has few admirers here.

No one can question Dr. Graham's sincerity. He goes about his business with an earnestness baffling to most ordinary mortals; his aggressively literal following of the Christian texts pushes many into lachrymose repentance. At the rally in the grounds of St. Paul's, I could see women in tears when Dr. Graham,

with his unerring instinct for the dramatic phrase, cried: "No man can know one-thousandth of the love that a mother has for her baby; how, then, can we know the extent of God's love for us?" Dr. Graham can be dreadfully effective; he deals with primary emotions and he has them neatly labelled, like a child's water-color box. Love, guilt, hate, fear are the themes of the Bible, too, but prudent people have good reason to believe that the colors there are more subtly mixed.

BATHTUB STOCKPILE

The Kohler Strike . . . by J. and L. Hopkins

Sheboygan, Wisconsin
THE HIGHLY publicized Kohler strike entered its third year on April 5 still very much alive after two tumultuous years of legal battles, bargaining maneuvers and violence. The strike's second anniversary finds Kohler Company officials insisting that they have beaten Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers. But leaders of striking U. A. W. Local 833 continue to field an impressive display of strength and enthusiasm.

Now that mass picketing has been banned by Wisconsin courts at the Kohler Village plant, brown smoke billows from its foundry. In the shops, Kohler plumbing fixtures are being turned out by an assorted group of non-union employees: northern Wisconsin farmers supplementing reduced farm incomes, women who have commandeered jobs formerly reserved for men and Kohler workers who did not join the union when the plant was organized in 1952. Company officials, claiming profitable operations for both 1954 and 1955, proceed with plans for expanded production at a second plant in Spartanburg, South Carolina.

Outside the factory, over 2,000

JACQUE and LORRAINE HOPKINS, graduate students at the University of Wisconsin, have written on labor and politics in Wisconsin.

April 7, 1956

striking union men are holding fast. At strike headquarters in nearby Sheboygan, local leaders and international representatives of the U. A. W. confer daily on strategy. Union-sponsored radio programs carry news of the strike to Sheboygan area residents every evening. And mimeographed bulletins blanket Wisconsin and spill over into other Midwest states. By January 30, the U. A. W. had invested \$7,650,000 in the strike for organization, publicity and assistance to the strikers and their families. Emil Mazey, U. A. W. secretary-treasurer, estimates another \$250,000 has been contributed by local unions.

THE Kohler strike brings together two great adversaries: a powerful and militant union and one of the oldest and largest plumbing-ware manufacturers in the country, traditionally anti-union. Family-owned, the company is free from the pressures of dividend-clamoring stockholders who might have grown restless with the prolonged labor conflict. Convinced that it is standing at Armageddon in behalf of free enterprise, it has countered U. A. W. demands for standard arbitration and seniority provisions and a non-contributory pension plan with single-minded efforts to drive the union out of Kohler village. For its part, the U. A. W. has invested its reputation in Kohler Village, holding

out for a settlement that will bring elementary union privileges Local 833.

In this conflict of principles, economic losses play only a secondary role. So Kohler goes on, well below full production but stockpiling unsold bathtubs, while the union says it is willing to pour another seven millions into the fight if necessary.

Considering the length of the struggle, the strikers present a picture of unexpected buoyancy. Their financial burden has been eased by an assistance program of unparalleled scope. "It wasn't merely a matter of providing the strikers with a livable assistance," the union's Don Rand says. "We wanted to give them a just assistance." Rent, utilities, interest on home mortgages, food vouchers, life and hospitalization insurance and \$25 in cash are available weekly to each striker family. The amount actually received is determined by individual need. In this calculation, the striker's earnings at some other job—if he has one—are taken into consideration. Those working part time may discount the initial \$15 of their week's pay as incentive to search out other jobs. Only two Kohler employees have gone on city welfare in Sheboygan, where most of the strikers live, and welfare authorities say both cases involve men who were not in good union standing at the strike's outset.

The hub of the pickets' life is the strike kitchen in Peterson's Hall about a mile from the plant. Seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, mugs of coffee and sandwiches are handed out to the pickets along with regular meals. A hundred strikers sit at tables playing games of skat. Every six hours, the kitchen empties as relief pickets are sent out to Kohler's eight gates, where the lines are restricted to twenty-five at each gate. In one corner, dispatchers and picket captains are held down by constantly ringing telephones.

This has been going on since April 5, 1954. But one striker working behind the coffee bar said: "I've got thirty-two years invested in that plant. I can wait a while longer." These men have an average shop seniority of eleven and one-half years. Because they have given so much of their working lives to the company, defeat would work an especial hardship. Kohler would probably not hire them all back and so many of them are plainly too old to begin anew elsewhere.

On the picket line, an old man with nineteen years in the shop, his face lobster-red from a sharp March wind, walked ten feet forward and ten feet back. "You walk down there and you'll see where they put brown paper over the windows so we couldn't see how high they've stacked up the bathtubs," he said cheerfully. "They're running out of storage space. Kohler's feeling it all right." Like most of the other pickets, he has an overriding faith in the strike.

AT THE other gates, pickets check off both truck shipments (down 25 per cent, they say from pre-strike levels) and railroad car loadings (down at least 50 per cent). This surveillance is now the only tangible value of the picket lines. Since the courts limited pickets to twenty-five per gate, the union has not tried to man them continually or at maximum except when the new shifts come to work. The men draw picket duty six hours a day every other day.

Men not on the picket line work at the publicity and boycott office in Sheboygan, on roving boycott committees or at Sheboygan's Croatian Hall, where some 400 strikers appear every morning for assistance checks. Wives and children have been organized into a chorus, children's clubs and athletic teams. "My fam-



Drawing by Hank Weber.
a Kohler striker

"That's been standing here since April 5, 1954. Nobody wants it until the strike is won."

ily's never been as close as it is now," one teen-age girl said.

The picture is not one of complete solidarity, however. Of the 2,800 union members, some 500 have drifted back to Kohler. Some of these are sons and brothers of strikers and bitter family splits have resulted. It is estimated that no more than 300 workers have left Sheboygan, abandoning the strike for permanent jobs elsewhere. There are now 2,060 men on the assistance rolls, all presumably still loyal to the strike.

The loyalty can be attributed as much to chilly economic facts as to union solidarity. With a population of only 43,000, Sheboygan simply could not absorb even a fraction of the strikers. The two principal employers outside of Kohler are two leather companies with payrolls of less than 800 each. The local furniture companies employ 1,300 workers in all. The employment picture brightens only during the summer, when the local canning factories are at peak operation and the strike assistance rolls drop as low as 1,600. Few strikers look for full-time jobs. The state employment office reports that of the fifty to 350 strikers on their lists at any one time, almost all are seeking part-time work or temporary full-time jobs.

KOHLER Village was the conception of Walter J. Kohler, Sr., once Wisconsin's governor, and father of the present governor. Forty years ago the elder Kohler put architects and engineers to work building the tiny

Kohler settlement into a model community. Homes, a company-owned business block, an ivy-covered dormitory—the American Club—for bachelor workers, parks and playgrounds, churches and shaded esplanades sprung up near the plant. The houses were sold to company employees but the land beneath them still belongs to a Kohler real-estate subsidiary which oversees the long-term leases. "That's a very nice arrangement, you know, when you want to have a model village," one county official dryly observed.

Since most of the homes are now owned by supervisory personnel, the strike has left Kohler Village relatively untouched. Three miles west, Sheboygan Falls enjoys none of this serenity. The strike has split the town down the middle; about half the families involved are non-union workers and the other half are strikers. But the townspeople won't talk about this. A gas-station attendant, when pressed about the situation, said: "I don't know what you're talking about." This reserve is not surprising. As in any desperate labor dispute, there has been violence at Kohler. An international representative of the U. A. W. is now in prison for beating a Kohler worker who crossed the picket line. But much of the violence has been of the relatively milder sort: paint smeared on non-union workers' homes, broken windows and damaged automobiles—serious enough, but perhaps inevitable. The Sheboygan County sheriff apparently understood this when furious company officials confronted him with thirty pounds of nails they picked up on the road to the plant. "Gee," he said, "it's been a long time since I've seen that many nails on the road."

HAS LOCAL 833 lost the strike?

"We're satisfied with things as they are," claims Lyman Conger, Kohler's chief bargaining officer. "We ended 1954 with a profit and made a bigger profit in 1955." He cites recently announced company plans to open a five-million-dollar factory in Spartanburg, South Carolina, as proof of Kohler's strike immunity.

Sheboygan's Mayor Rudolph Ploetz, whose brother is a Kohler striker, sees a different picture. Local 833's president, Allan J. Graskamp, says: "Sure, we were taking a kick

in the teeth for a while, but the shoe's on the other foot now. We've got Kohler on the run." Some impartial observers do not share the union leaders' optimism. On the key issues—strikers' seniority protection, compulsory arbitration procedures and the reinstatement of the strikers and union leaders—Kohler vows it will not give in, and the union cannot retreat.

It is doubtful that the AFL-CIO merger will materially affect the course of the strike. "The merger started the day of the walkout," union publicist Bob Treuer said as he praised the cooperation received by Local 833 from labor generally. But some union men have crossed the picket lines. Out-of-town masons went into the foundry to repair pottery kilns; more significant is the flow of trucks in and out of the plant. Members of the Independent Transport Union of Chicago as well as of the Teamsters-AFL have been generally ignoring the lines.

On the other hand, Kohler was thwarted last summer when it attempted to bring in its annual clay shipments. The clay ships were turned back at Sheboygan, Milwaukee, Duluth and Superior either because dock workers refused to unload the cargo or city authorities

denied them entry. The ships finally locked at Montreal and the clay was brought by rail to Kohler Village. But railway shipments stop outside Kohler's gates. The railroad brotherhoods have never crossed the picket line. And sympathetic local unions have made heavy financial contributions to the strike.

Yet Kohler is still producing. The union hopes to win a court reversal of the ban on mass picketing, which kept the shop closed down in the first fifty-four days of the strike. Its trump card, however, is the consumer boycott launched last November. In the last fifty years, consumer boycotts in the labor movement have been rare and are remembered more often for their failures than for their successes. Knowing this, the union cagily took a page from sales-management techniques and set up a nationwide boycott organization matching as closely as possible Kohler's sales force. The decision to turn loose the boycott was not an easy one. Boycotts are hard to get rolling and are sometimes impossible to stop. Kohler knows this as well as the union. While denying that the boycott could ever seriously affect the Kohler operation, the company's bargaining officer, Lyman Conger, remarked: "If the damn thing works,

has the union got any idea how they'll turn it off before there aren't any jobs left at all?" Even the union dodges this question.

In its boycott drive, the union counts on the fact that plumbing-ware sales are largely determined by plumbers and plumbing contractors, who are easy to reach and inclined to be sympathetic. Individual consumers, a difficult and expensive audience to persuade, count for little in plumbing-ware sales. But there is a less favorable aspect. A major part of plumbing sales are made by competitive bid and Kohler is apparently willing to undercut its competitors in the fight for the market. And union plumbers themselves are in a difficult position. How far can they risk their jobs by refusing to install Kohler bathtubs? How far can the plumbers' union help the boycott without violating the laws against "secondary" boycotts?

Unquestionably the boycott has taken hold. Locally, Kohler's former monopoly has been reduced some 75 per cent. But there is no way of determining how badly Kohler has been hurt overall, or how badly it will have to be hurt to force a settlement.

If the U. A. W. wins, it will have been an agonizing victory.

THREE MINUTES FROM WAR

Israeli Border Village . . by Dan Wakefield

Nogah, Israel

THE VILLAGE of Nogah is a naked composition of newly-turned soil, white block houses, dusty-faced men and silent women. There are no trees, and the land seems drowned by the unbroken sky. Cries of small children and chickens crack the silence of the raw morning. A huge, dark man with a bristling silver beard guides a wheelbarrow down the dirt road like a soldier advancing on an enemy fortress. A woman with a baby tied to her back by a

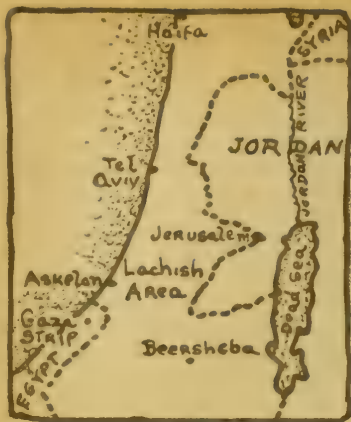
blanket scrubs a muddy porch on her hands and knees. What happens here can determine the future of Israel.

This is one of nineteen villages spread across the narrow midsection of Israel known as Lachish, running from the city of Ashkelon, a few miles north of the Gaza Strip, to the Jordan border twenty-five miles to the west. Six months ago this area was empty—and open to the type of military movement that cut the country in half during one stage of Israel's War of Independence. The government and the Jewish Agency jointly put 11,000,000 Israeli pounds in its development during the first

year that ended last October. What they planned can only be compared by imagining that the San Fernando Valley was planned, settled and built in a couple of years by the California governor and Chamber of Commerce. The barren Lachish land, dry and lined with crumbling remains of stone terraces centuries old, was envisioned as a region of modern, cooperative farm settlements, complete with schools, stores and a central town with industrial and entertainment facilities. The conception of the project is further proof that Israel is not, as many people imagine it, "one large *kibbutz*"—it is, in reality, one large TVA project.

DAN WAKEFIELD is covering the Israel scene for The Nation. This is the second article of a series.

April 7, 1956



The Lachish operation, like nearly all of Israel's undertakings, is geared to a double purpose. If Nogah and its neighboring "overnight" villages grow and take root, it will mean that this strategic waistline sector of the country will be bolstered with a line of settlement-defense, and the road that leads to Jerusalem, some twenty miles north of here, will be protected.

It will also mean that Israel's greatest internal problem—the absorption of oriental Jews from the surrounding Arab countries and Africa—can not only be solved, but turned to advantage, for the great majority of families living in the Lachish area are immigrants from backward Arab and African lands. Before Israel became a state in 1948, more than 80 per cent of the 655,000 population in Palestine had come from Europe. Since then more than 750,000 new immigrants have come—and more than half of that number were non-European. Many of them, like the villagers at Nogah, had been living in a culture that was centuries removed from the European atmosphere and social structures of modern Israel.

Yehuda Saleffi, a village leader of Nogah, came to Israel from Iran in 1951. He brought no money, no knowledge of the Hebrew language, no working skill and a family of ten children. After living in the *mabarrah* (an Israel immigrant "transition" camp) by the town of Hedera for five years, and working at part-time labor in the town, he decided to accept the Jewish Agency's offer of settlement on a farm in Lachish. He organized his friends and relatives, and they were taken to Nogah. Each family was given a one-room wooden house (with promise of the three-

room white cement house that is being built beside it), an acre of adjoining land and the guarantee of at least twelve days' work a month on the 600 acres held jointly by the village. It was also promised that after the villagers had learned properly to farm the land by themselves, the 600 acres would be divided equally among them for private ownership.

Yehuda Saleffi has been at Nogah five months now. Alex, the agriculture instructor at Nogah (one of the staff of eight from the Jewish Agency who supervise the village until it becomes self-operating), led the visitor to Yehuda's home, one of the small green wooden houses that sit like individual barracks beside the white red-roofed structures that are being built for permanent use. The small yard in front was not barren like the others, but carefully laid with squares of flowers and enclosed by a makeshift, but neat, wooden fence. Behind it was an acre of land; several men and women were working on it. Alex called "Yehuda!" and a man who was wearing a tattered blue pin-stripe suitcoat, brown work-pants and high black boots dropped his hoe and came out of the field.

Yehuda's face was dark and not recently shaven, and the dusty English cap he wore added to his general appearance as a highway robber. He met the stranger with a smile and "Shalom" and invited him and Alex inside the small wooden house. The dirt floor was perfectly swept and the white-painted walls were hung with pictures and posters. Yehuda spread a cloth on the table, which, with benches and beds, composed the only furniture, and waved the guests to sit down. He switched on a huge battery-radio to music, brought out a bowl of grocery-store candy and lit the oil burner for tea.

"You have a nice place here," the stranger said. "How do you like it?" Yehuda pounded his fist on the table.

"I came to Israel five years ago," he said. "I work. I ought to have land. I have no land."

"You have land," Alex said. "This is your land—outside, and down the road. You'll soon have part of that land to yourself."

Yehuda waved away the instructor's explanation and turned to the stranger.

"I don't work my own land," he

said. "The Jewish Agency lied. They told us in the *mabarrah* that they would give us land of our own if we came to Nogah. My family, my friends came, and now we all work for these men from the Jewish Agency."

"Why do you think its their land?" asked the stranger.

Yehuda smiled knowingly. "You think they come here and teach us all these things for nothing?"

"Look," said Alex, "Next year we're going to leave."

Yehuda shrugged. "It will still be your land," he said.

"Do all the people here believe this?" the stranger asked.

"Not all," said Alex. "There's a man named Ezra-Daniel who—"

"Ezra-Daniel is a Kurdistanli!" Yehuda shouted.

He pulled at his cap and leaned across the table.

"The Kurdistanis are fools. We are from Persia [Iran], and the Jewish Agency makes us live with these fools from Kurdistan. They didn't tell us that when we left the *mabarrah* to come here. They told us we could live by ourselves."

"Why are the Kurdistanis fools?"

"They know nothing," Yehuda answered. "They allow no fires on *Shabat* [the Sabbath]. Some of my people light fires on *Shabat*, and some don't. We let them do as they please. Last week one of our families was cooking for a guest on *Shabat* and the Kurdistanis came and blocked their door and made them put out the fire. How can we live with the Kurdistanis?"



Drawing by Norah Kubie

The stranger knew no answer to the question. Alex, who had heard it many times before, turned to his glass of tea. Everyone drank in silence, and the guests departed after much violent shaking of hands and exchanging of thanks.

In a cafe in Jerusalem the visitor had heard a young third-generation Israeli of European heritage explain that the oriental immigrants compose a "second Israel" and will "pull down the country." At Nogah, among the orientals themselves, the Iranians think the Kurdistanis will "pull down" their village. Part of the territory of traditional Kurdish settlement—regarded as a separate country by the Kurds themselves—is actually in Iran. But the Kurdish neighbors are still considered aliens and undesirables by the Iranians who must now work beside them at Nogah.

Ezra-Daniel, the leader of the Kurdistanis, received the guests with religious sincerity. He went to a lopsided cabinet and brought out a bottle of wine, a bottle of beer and a plate of cookies, and placed them on the table as if he were setting out sacred objects for a holy ritual. His great eyes glowed as he poured the wine high in each glass, and when he lifted his own, the rich tan skin seemed to tighten on his face and his moustache quivered.

"Praise Israel," he said.

He tilted back the glass to his mouth until the wine was gone and got up from the table. He brought out a small piece of paper from the lopsided cabinet and smoothed it out in front of the stranger. It was a Red Cross certificate for passing a special first-aid course.

"The doctor came to my house and shook my hand," he said.

"You seem to like it here," the stranger remarked.

"This is our land," Ezra-Daniel said.

"What about the Persians?" the stranger asked.

"They are Jews, like us."

"But they don't seem to think you should be here," the stranger said.

"We have a right. We all are Jews. This is our home, and our children's home."

THE CHILDREN of Nogah—Ezra-Daniel's children as well as Yehuda's children—sit together in two long narrow wooden houses that

serve as a school. The fact that both boys and girls would sit together was even more of a shock to both the Iranians and Kurdistanis when they came to Nogah than the fact that the children from both countries would sit next to each other. In the culture of Kurdistan and Iran alike, women are not supposed to share any sort of equality with men. The adult women of the village still stay silent and off in the corners unless called upon by the men. But in the schoolroom the girls sit next to the boys and are treated by the teacher as equals.

Their teacher, Rivka Guber, has come to them through her native Russia, the hard days of early Jewish farming in the Palestine of the twenties, and Israel's War of Independence that took the lives of her



only two sons. She and her husband sold their farm and came to Nogah to live with the immigrants and teach and work.

Rivka sat at her desk at the front of the room of older children, a tiny, round woman in a black dress, her grey hair pulled to a knot at the back of her head, and smilingly acknowledged the thanks of the children as they left for home. "They want to thank me every time they learn something new," she told the stranger. "They want so much to learn. And they have so much to learn. Some of them never had schooling at all before they came here. Some of them had never seen a toothbrush."

"How do they get along with each other—the Persians and Kurdistanis children?" the stranger asked.

"They've learned that already," Rivka said. "There are many things here that divide us. But there are many more things that unite us."

By summer there will be the common roofs of the synagogue and the modern school that are taking shape now on the high rise of land at the end of the road. There is already the crowded, adopted "social center" that serves as a meeting place for all who are restless in the long afternoons—the grocery store. Women

with their babies and men smoking cigarettes or whittling at shapeless pieces of wood assemble there like farmers in a small Kansas town. There is language—the newly acquired "slang" Hebrew that is the common talk among all the new immigrants, even though it leaves them still unable to understand the "correct" Hebrew of the news broadcasts on the radio. All these are daily forces for unity—these, and the Jordan border, three miles to the east.

The villagers take turns on a constant guard duty that keeps men patrolling the area with rifles day and night. Nogah, like the other border settlements, has its own military officers, assigned by the Israeli army, who supervise the guards and the general security. Infiltrators periodically cross the border from Jordan to steal and make trouble. Since Jordan's dismissal of General Glubb, this border became even "hotter," and several incidents of infiltration and shooting quickly followed. If an Israel-Arab war broke out, Nogah would be about three minutes away from it.

At night the military officer of Nogah sits at the cluttered table in the cold house and instructs the shifts of guards as they change. By the light of the single oil lamp the village guards with their caps pulled low on their heads, the collars of their ragged coats raised up around their necks and the rifles slung on their backs with the muzzles pointing down, look like the troops of some small revolutionary army. And that is after all what they are—regardless of whether they must ever fire a shot. Building a home out of rocks and dust with men from a land where time has stopped, with men of varied language and cultures, is surely a revolution. It has somehow begun, because Israel found it was essential to survival—both military and social. Like all revolutions, it leads to precarious life. It has somehow begun—but it is not yet over.

Letters

(Continued from inside front cover)

than that of any other citizen. Secondly, it should not be necessary to quote to Americans, clerical or lay, Thomas Jefferson's noble saying that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

DAVID L. WEISSMAN
New York City.

The Mirror of a Great Epoch

THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN.

Edited by E. S. de Beer. Six volumes. Oxford University Press. \$50.40.

By Donald A. Roberts

JOHN EVELYN lived in the midst of greatness. Within the circle of his acquaintance or, at least, within his intellectual ken were Milton, Dryden, Herrick, d'Avenant, Cowley, Marvell, Otway, Congreve, Wycherley; Charles I, Cromwell, Laud, Hampden, Pym, Prynne, Charles II, Penn, Roger Williams, James II, Clarendon; Inigo Jones, Wren, Grinling Gibbons; Boyle, Newton, Locke, Hobbes, Descartes, Pascal; Morley, Purcell, Van Dyke, Kneller, Hollar. And, of course, his fellow diarist, Samuel Pepys. Throughout his eighty-six years he was constantly confronted by, and aware of, these makers of beauty, these searchers of conscience, these probers of the natural world, these formulators of social and political theory. His name lives with theirs. It is not easy, however, to equate his achievement with that of even the least of them.

Evelyn filled no important office of royal or public trust; his only service to the state was rendered as a commissioner of hospitals and homes for disabled veterans. Though deeply committed to the royalist cause and to the Church of England he gave no significant aid to Charles or to the bishops. At the Restoration he exerted some small influence in behalf of Charles II and praised him publicly, but he had no real part in the return of the monarchy. He was a loyal, though not a founding, member of the Royal Society. In pure science, however, he had no importance, particularly in comparison with such men as Wilkins, Boyle and Newton. The book on which his later fame chiefly rests, the *Diary*, remained in manuscript until long after his death, and did not contribute to his contemporary reputation.

Many matters of popular interest

commanded his intelligent curiosity and became the subjects of often-reprinted books. Most of them deal with applied science. He wrote interestingly and informatively about air pollution, engraving, architecture, bread making, numismatics, town planning, the preparation of salads, agronomy, forestry (*Sylva*), the culture of fruit trees (*Pomona*) and gardening. The last subject was a special favorite. His *Kalendarium Hortense* (gardener's almanac), *Sylva* and *Pomona* went through several editions during his lifetime.

If none of Evelyn's studies may be called profound or definitive, all can claim genuineness of purpose, accuracy of information and a warm desire to share with like-minded readers the author's delight in art and nature. One feels that he cherishes the fame of authorship less than the desire to be the propagator of beautiful gardens and the guide to an improved system of agriculture.

EVELYN certainly does not deserve the usually derogatory name of dilettante, for his seriousness of purpose is beyond question. Nor should he be classed with the virtuosi, that often sincere but equally often fatuous company of experimenters in the later Stuart days. Throughout his life Evelyn was a devoutly religious man. He was punctilious in church attendance, and had a tender concern for the beauty and seemliness of the order of worship, ■ concern often rudely offended by Puritan ruthlessness. His devoutness did not separate him, however, from the life around him. He had in him a strong trace of Renaissance Christianity. He believed that God had created man for a higher destiny than earth could reveal, but he knew also that God had made this world for man's wonder and proper delight. Under the eye of God, he found well-tempered joy in living, in home and family, in travel, in reading, in sharing his knowledge and experiences with others, in the beauty and awe of the encircling universe. In brief, Evelyn was a highly civilized man.

For more than a hundred years after his death Evelyn remained a famous name in the record of his day. Often referred to by other writers, he was remembered as a good citizen in a turbulent age and as a prolific writer on a wide variety of popular subjects. His posthumous fame really flowered, however, with the publication by William Bray in 1818 of a considerable part of his long-secreted *Diary*. At once he was recognized as the maker of a fascinating record of himself and of his age, as the author of a work that far excelled in value and interest all his previously known writings. It was not a model of literary craftsmanship, but it was a wonderfully deep well of delightful reading, crammed with life and insights into the minds and manners of men, rich with the tapestry of history, and instinct with the gracious character of its creator. It became a great book that men really read.

But only today, 250 years after Evelyn finally put down his pen, can the admirers of the *Diary* really know the true riches Evelyn had laid up for them. Now in a sumptuous edition from the Clarendon Press the world sees the *Diary* for the first time in its entirety. Twenty years of painstaking and imaginative research on the part of E. S. de Beer, the editor, have produced an edition that will stand as definitive. The text is based on a fresh transcription of the entire manuscript, unexpurgated and complete except for a few undecipherable passages. Bray's 313,000 words are now increased to 560,000. In explication of the new text de Beer has prepared 12,000 notes, all of them learned, illuminating and apposite. To the introductory volume he has contributed a life of Evelyn, a study of the manuscripts and of the previous editions, an essay on the literary and historical character of the *Diary*, valuable genealogical, bibliographical and historical appendices and an annotated list of Evelyn's writings. The greater part of the final volume is devoted to a 600-page index, a stupendous piece of scholarship.

In every respect the edition is an exemplary work of learning and of book production. Scholars and gen-

DONALD A. ROBERTS is associate professor of English at the City College, New York.

eral readers alike have been placed under a great debt to both the editor and the publisher, for now all who read for delight, for ornament, or for ability may see Evelyn plain. Now

they can fully understand the import of his motto: "Omnia explorate, meliora retinete." With him, they can explore all things and retain the better.

Ireland's Search for a School

THE MODERN IRISH WRITERS.

Cross Currents of Criticism. By Estella Ruth Taylor. University of Kansas Press. \$3.50.

By John R. Willingham

SINCE the heyday of the English Victorian poets, there has been only one impressive display of force and talent in the English-speaking literary world. The pooled reputations of Gogarty, Yeats, A. E., George Moore, Stephens, Synge, Colum, Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany and, to a certain extent, Joyce, offer persuasive weight to the claim that the so-called Irish renaissance offered greater possibilities of a major literary movement than any other group in England or America during the twentieth century.

And yet there seems to have been an immoderate amount of charlatanism and sheer humbug: the writers were required by their tentative allegiance to Irish nationalism to espouse a mythological and ideological background which was not really easy or natural for them. There was pressure from above and within the literary circle for writing in Gaelic; and the extent of George Moore's infatuation for a time with the Irish literary movement is suggested by his intention to have his writings translated into Gaelic and thence into English for their final form. For both Yeats and Moore, Ireland called at a critical moment in their careers. Both certainly tried to develop according to the increasingly hardening prescription for national bards. Both tried to keep up with Lady Gregory's search for peasant lore; both toyed with A. E.'s brand of mysticism. But both had to return to a more cosmopolitan, a more palatable tradition—English and European. The nature of the breach for these major figures is indicated in Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium" and in Moore's *Hail and*

Farewell. Joyce, of course, found it more desirable to leave the land altogether and to avoid any commitments to the Irish writers. The difficulties of holding the Irish "school" together are suggested by A. E.'s definition of a literary movement as "five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially."

MISS TAYLOR'S purpose is to organize and classify the scattered comments of the group about common purposes and their reactions to one another. It is certainly clear that most of the Irish writers most of the time thought and talked of themselves as a school, but the purposes and achievements of the school did not often gain or hold unanimous

acceptance. Even the modern Irish theatre, the most durable monument of the renaissance, was beset by the perfectly natural conflicts between the individualism of the artist's vision and the relatively rigid body of political and social, even religious, ideas of the audiences. The abortive attempts to supplant English with Gaelic as the literary language seem merely ludicrous now.

However, for all their shortcomings and some of the comic consequences, we see from Miss Taylor's book that these writers, seceding from one aspect of the movement to reappear as zealots in another aspect, always had a high sense of purpose. They were not lakers generally; they were devoted to experimentation and trial balloons. Their devotion to the principle that a land and a people ought to have an indigenous art gives the "modern Irish writers" a heroic cast which cannot be finally belittled. That most of them ultimately belong to English literature is due to the synthetic characteristics of so much of the Irish nationalist movement.

To Helen, with a Playbill

Come love with me and be my life
And we will all new measures move
That cities, falls or dells invite,
That grace and glory inly love,
Or all the ravages of poetry.

You shall prove more expert far
Than I, who am clown'd out with gear
Of all the years, and many a star,
Than I who am abaft of fear
And all the ravages of poetry.

But you shall sail into my day
With pristine wing, with innocent eye
Without a chart, except sweet sway
Of willingness that cannot die
For all the ravages of poetry.

We will eat up, then, the incipient,
But you shall fend off knowledge quite
Although I fashion you percipient
Of a dark stroke within a light,
And all the ravages of poetry.

Be my immortal, I your slave,
I'll bring you rarest imperfections,
Fruits I'll bring from Eden Garden
Juicier far for being men's
Who own the ravages of poetry.

You shall know love, yet know not death,
You shall preserve the dream of bliss,
The metaphysic of man's breath,
Come love with me, know my willed kiss
And all the ravages of poetry.

RICHARD EBERHART

JOHN R. WILLINGHAM is associate professor of English at Centenary College of Louisiana.

April 7, 1956

Front Man for Violence

ALL HONORABLE MEN. By David Karp. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.95.

By Alan Harrington

DAVID KARP, author of *One and The Day of the Monkey*, has eloquently described the humiliation of an eminent liberal educator, Dr. Milo Dexter Burney, who foolishly accepts the directorship of a dubious "conservative" foundation and thereby sets in motion a train of evil consequences for himself and his associates. The newly-formed \$40,000,000 "Institute for American Studies" turns out to be a front for an arch-reactionary group. Dr. Burney becomes personally responsible for the disaster that befalls one of the first candidates for a position with the foundation, a meek little economist whose loyalty to the United States is challenged by fanatical members of the board.

Readers of *All Honorable Men* will immediately wonder what a man of Dr. Burney's stature is doing in such company. It is soon evident that this veteran diplomat, administrator and former college president is vain ("I've been around and I've seen people like this—they don't frighten me") and something of a dilettante ("I'll tell you . . . what I expect out of the Institute: excitement").

Founders of the Institute are the family of an aging industrialist, and his idol, a retired brigadier general. Dr. Burney learns that these latter-day aristocrats have no interest in discovering his hopeful "rationale for liberal conservatism." Rather they are deputies of the twentieth-century Mass Man whose compulsion, in the words of Professor Ortega y Gasset, is to "intervene in everything, and solely by violence."

Only the purest citizens can assist the Institute's emerging purpose: to "drown socialism"; hence, the potential un-Americanism of suspect personnel must be savagely exposed and held up to public view. The first assault, over Dr. Burney's opposition, is directed against the economist, Dr. Joseph Ness, and his

family. The weapons are familiar. Raw material lifted from FBI files, investigations, wire taps eventually recording Dr. Burney's own voice, and idiotically efficient private-eye reports, lead to the climactic defamation—the violence of absolute distrust of man for man.

ALL HONORABLE MEN suggests why some liberals have come out poorly in political alley fights with their intellectual inferiors. Their failure has often followed a "reasonable" yielding of principle, not too strongly held, under the guise of "seeing the other fellow's side."

With Cortes in Mexico

THE DISCOVERY AND CONQUEST OF MEXICO 1517-1521. By Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Edited by Genaro Garcia. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by A. P. Maudslay. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$6.50.

By John A. Crow

GREAT MEN of letters and art characterized the Renaissance in many European countries, but Spain's unique "exceptional man" of those flowering days was the *conquistador*, the captain of soldiers who led his men into the trackless unknown of America, there to implant the government, the language and the culture of his people. Greatest of the *conquistadores* was Hernan Cortés, conqueror of Mexico, and first in rank among the chroniclers was Bernal Diaz del Castillo, his lieutenant, who in this book has caught the flavor of those epic days.

Bernal Diaz, with Cortés throughout the entire Mexican conquest, took part in 119 battles, and was wounded critically several times. He became so accustomed to sleeping fully armed that thirty years later he could not rest unless he lay flat on the floor, with all his clothes on. The man's memory was prodigious. He could recall the name of every soldier, the size and color of every horse, the smallest details of every campaign. And he told his story in a straightforward style which has made it one of the world's imperishable histories.

Thus, once Dr. Burney agrees to the investigation of Dr. Ness his position is hopelessly corrupted.

If the reader is convinced that a man like Dr. Burney would fall into this trap, he will go on to find that David Karp has an extraordinary ability to make ideas exciting. Indeed the warring ideas and principles in *All Honorable Men* carry so much dramatic force that they frequently subdue his characters who appear at times as delegates of good and evil rather than persons moved by deeply-felt impulses. Mr. Karp shows a healthy, old-fashioned scorn for his bigots of the right, and he ends his story with a bang, a promise, and a prescription for their defeat.

In the preface to his book Bernal Diaz wrote: "I am now an old man, over eighty-four years of age, and I have lost my sight and hearing, and, as luck would have it, I have gained nothing of value to leave my children and descendants but this true story, and they will find out what a wonderful story it is." This is no overstatement, for although the conquest of Mexico took place more than 400 years ago, it is still fascinating and alive in the pages of Bernal Diaz. There are also many interesting comments on the Indian cultures of Mexico whose progress was brought to a standstill by the Spanish conquest.

THE present edition of this book, with an excellent introduction by Professor Irving A. Leonard of the University of Michigan, is a reprint of the translation made by A. P. Maudslay for the Hakluyt Society of England in 1908. The translation is based on the original manuscript, and not on any of the many Spanish editions that had come out before 1908, editions which had suppressed whole pages, interpolated others and generally garbled the facts and figures. The book is beautifully bound and printed.

JOHN A. CROW is chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of California, Los Angeles. He is the author of many books including *The Epic of Latin America*.

ALAN HARRINGTON is the author of *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto*.

TV Forecast

April 8 through 11

(See local papers for time and channel)

For the present, Anne Langman's television department will appear in alternate issues. But every week she will offer a listing of forthcoming shows. The listings will include programs that promise to be interesting as phenomena as well as those selected for their intrinsic merit.

Sunday, April 8

THE TRIAL AT ROUEN (NBC-TV Opera Theatre). Premiere of Norman dello Joio's opera. Elaine Malbin, soprano heard earlier in "Madama Butterfly," will sing Joan of Arc. Also Hugh Thompson, baritone; Chester Watson, bass-baritone. Samuel Chotzinoff, producer. (Color).

THE RED SHOES (NBC; Famous Films Festival). Concluding the Rank ballet picture, starring Moira Shearer.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS). Noel Coward (there is a Ford in his future, after all; he will do his "This Happy Breed" for them on May 5) will be a guest. He will read Ogden Nash's "Carnival of the Animals."

JUDY GARLAND SHOW (CBS). Single performance by this much-discussed lady, who will sing several songs she has never before done in public.

Tuesday, April 10

THE FIRST SHOT (CBS; Navy Log). Dramatization of an encounter between a U. S. destroyer and a Nazi submarine in the sea lanes to Iceland—one of the incidents that led to American entry into World War II. Part of a series aimed at wider appreciation of the individual in the navy.

"YOU AND ME—AND THE GATE-POST" (NBC; Playwrights '56). A play by Sumner Locke Eliot, starring Mary Astor and John Emory, will be directed by Delbert Mann of "Marty" fame.

Wednesday, April 11

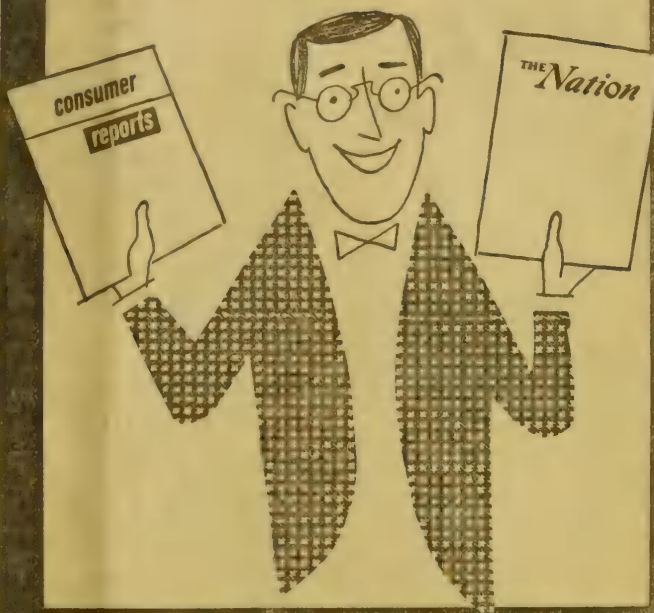
GRETA GARBO (ABC; MGM Parade). Concluding chapter of her storied film career. George Cukor, "Camille" director, will give his impressions. Scenes from five of Garbo's pictures.

A. W. L.

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Films

Robert Hatch

HITLER died in his bunker under the chancellery gardens eleven years ago this month, and we are still eaten with curiosity about what it must have been like down there in the final moment. It is not a rewarding theme, but we go on romancing about it because it seems to us the closest approximation of Hell's headquarters our age can provide.

The Last Ten Days is a film evocation of the place made from Judge M. A. Musmanno's novel, adapted by Erich Maria Remarque and directed by the legendary G. W. Pabst. Albin Skoda, a member of the Vienna Burgtheater, plays Hitler. He is surrounded by a group of well-trained actors who bear sufficient resemblances to Goebbels, Himmler, Speer, Bormann, Keitel, Jodl and of course Eva Braun. Much in evidence, also, is a romantic young actor named Oskar Werner, who plays a captain just in from the Eastern Front, and who expresses the typical German's image of himself as pure hero. It may comfort the smooth-minded to imagine that some such witness for the human race searched out and denounced Hitler in his final den and then died with a cry for the new dawn on his lips, but the fact is that Captain Wuest is the one invented character in the film. In the real history of our time, "the good German" came on the scene a little later in the day.

Taken all in all, however, *The Last Ten Days* is a studiously objective description of a plausible finale to the 1,000-year Reich. Critics like Siegfried Kracauer and Paul Rotha, who agree in admiring Pabst's powers of observation, agree also that his impulses toward social comment were always obstructed by his instinct for neutrality. Before the war he was famous for *The Joyless Street* and *Kameradschaft*, films whose documentation echoed the work then coming out of Russia; during the war he went back to Germany (he had previously fled) and made "correct" pictures for Hitler. Now, having long since been de-Nazified, he records the death throes of his late ruler. It is not only in his art that Pabst is a realist.

The Last Ten Days assumes that, at least in the final period, Hitler was mad. This is probably true and it has the added advantage that it spares the picture any need for moral judgment. But this interpretation carries the parallel artistic inconvenience that nothing Hitler does has any dramatic significance or human context. For all its melodramatic incident, the film is a dragging re-enactment, and that because no sane observer can involve himself seriously with a lunatic. A character who may do "anything" can do nothing very interesting.

Within the given problem, Mr. Skoda plays the Fuehrer with admirable conviction. A scene in which he decorates a platoon of fourteen-year-old veterans lucidly demonstrates the hallucinations of paranoia. But the tantrums, the meaningless inventions of strategy, the grandiose pledges of victory that mark the closing days are repetitious and boring. If Hitler's madness produced any action in his henchmen, there could be the elements of a story, but they stand around in a paralysis of will, awaiting the Russians. Probably they did, but the truth is not always more exciting than fiction.

In two areas, Pabst demonstrates what people mean by saying that he is a great realist observer. The Berlin subway was converted into a

bomb shelter and hospital. The matter-of-fact pursuit of daily life in this grotesque environment is brilliantly communicated, and the scene of horror that takes place there when the tunnels are flooded to block the Russians is etched with a cold, surgical efficiency. Then, in the bunker there is a canteen where troopers and women domestics meet for food and gossip in their off time. In the closing hours, the brandy has been broken out and the slaves become despairingly drunk. One girl, throwing off apron and kerchief, performs a lugubriously erotic dance in which she is joined from time to time by an oafish little soldier held together by splints and gauze. People who lived stupidly are now about to die stupidly; Pabst does not make it seem either tragic or important, but he does make it seem exactly appropriate. It is as Kracauer says (*From Caligari to Hitler*)—"The veracity of his pictures—veracity should not be mistaken for truth—rests upon his neutrality."

THE RUSSIANS have sent us *Twelfth Night* and it turns out that this work is a nineteenth-century Italian grand opera for which the score has unhappily been lost. The lack of music is a real disadvantage in an opera, but the sets are gratifyingly large and glistening with marzipan and the performers strike attitudes that lack only a full orchestra to make them entirely satisfactory. Cultural exchange should not be confused with the carrying of coals to Newcastle.

Music

B. H. Haggin

"WHAT she wants other people to know," Edmund Wilson wrote once about a novelist, "she imparts to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose." The statement occurred to me as I listened to the Stravinsky program in which Leonard Bernstein conducted the Symphony of the Air; for I was hearing Stravinsky, in each piece, creating an object, this one the self-developing organism of a work of musical sound, and was observing with what assured mastery he did so.

The creative mastery was evident

at every point in the early *Firebird* Suite, though most impressively so, perhaps, in the two-plane construction of the marvelous transition from the Berceuse to the finale. It was evident also in the moment-to-moment operation of the perversely rhythmized Carapriccio for piano and orchestra, in the employment of the grim ostinatos and monumental vocal styles of *Oedipus Rex*, and in the fashioning of details like the simple but overwhelming phrase of *Oedipus* to the words "All now is made plain."

Actually, of course, the composer

The Nation

creates his object only in his mind, and notes down in a score the directions for the performance that creates it in living sound. And even with inadequate soloists, but with the excellent orchestra and a fine-sounding male chorus trained by Hugh Ross, Bernstein produced a powerful, eloquent and touching performance of *Oedipus Rex* which I think Stravinsky would have accepted as the object he intended. But in the *Capriccio* exhibitionism took over, with Sanroma punching out each statement of the piano's theme in the first movement with ostentatious jangling violence, and with both conductor and soloist whipping themselves into a visible frenzy that got cheers from the audience but would not, I suspect, have got them from the composer. And judging by Stravinsky's own way of playing the *Firebird* Suite I think he would have reacted violently to what Bernstein's dramatized lingering and melting and fussing made it.

TEN YEARS AGO the way to show one's understanding was to praise Toscanini; today it is to criticize and attack him; and the attacks reveal to me as little real understanding of the Toscanini operation as did the praise. It was a special kind of operation, and produced a special kind of object. A piece of music reveals itself in time; and what was extraordinary when Toscanini played it was its strong, unfailing continuity of flow, impetus and tension. One thing revealed in time is shape; and what was extraordinary too was the coherence in tempo and sonority that gave the musical object coherent plastic proportions. Toscanini's delighted exclamation once, "It's like reading the score," as he listened to a recorded performance, expressed his basic belief not only that the shape in living sound must be the one indicated by the composer's printed directions, but that whatever is printed in the score must be heard distinctly in the performance; and much work went into balancing instrumental sonorities, or instruments and voices, to produce the clarity and transparency of texture, the distinctness of strands in that texture, which were part of the factual basis for the impression that one was hearing something one had never heard before. It is literally true that listening to Dvorak's *New World*

Symphony as it is shaped and clarified on Victor LM-1778 one hears the battered work sound "as fresh and glistening as creation itself."

All this as a preliminary to my comments on some of the Toscanini performances issued by Victor in the past two years. They include two of the most controversial—the Mozart G minor Symphony on LM-1789 and Schubert Symphony No. 9 on LM-1835. I once was among those who found the treatment of the Mozart over-impassioned; since then I have come to think it wonderfully right. As for the Schubert, it has been objected to by some who feel this is a Viennese work and should be played with Viennese relaxation. But not all the music written in Vienna is alike, and not all of it is relaxed: the particular relaxed quality of some of Schubert's music is not in Mozart's or Beethoven's nor even in all of Schubert's. And in his Symphony No. 9 there is a grandeur that is achieved by the sustained tension and momentum of Toscanini's performance. The old one on LM-1040 had a driving rigidity which represented Toscanini's own tense state at the moment; the spaciousness and suppleness of the new one on LM-1835—evidence of his having recorded it when he was himself relaxed—makes it one of the best he ever achieved, and one of the greatest thing on records. And luckily the Schubert, Mozart and Dvorak performances are excellently reproduced.

There have been minor variations also in what nevertheless have remained essentially the same beautifully fashioned and incomparably effective objects that Toscanini has made of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* and Verdi's *Requiem*; and the 1940 versions were even better (more relaxed tempos, more distinguished solo singing) than the more recent *Missa* issued on LM-6013 and *Requiem* on 6018; but someone who knows only these should find them beautiful and effective enough. The *Missa* is reproduced with defective balance that causes the chorus to predominate over soloists and orchestra; the *Requiem* with the differently balanced sounds of dress rehearsal and final broadcast that are spliced together, and with occasional high-frequency distortion. And the superb performance of Verdi's *Te Deum* on LM-1849

has to have the volume turned up for the opening section until after the first fortissimo outburst, then turned down for the rest of the piece.

There are inadequacies of vocal soloists and defects of reproduced sound also in the broadcast performances of opera that Victor has issued on records: Bampton's shrillness and general inadequacy and Belarsky's bad pronunciation of German in the 1944 *Fidelio*, which is reproduced with flat, lustreless sound; Valdengo's lack of the right weight of voice for the title role, Guarrera's of the more mature voice required by Ford, in the 1950 *Falstaff*; Merrill's coarse baritone in the 1954 *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which is reproduced with remarkable clarity and spaciousness but also with excessive dryness and harshness; the occasional stridency of the sound of the 1953 Act 2 of *Orfeo*. But one accepts the flaws in these musical objects which provide precious and exciting documentation of the performances that made history in every opera house in which Toscanini conducted.



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Letter From Rome

William Weaver

THE MAJOR event of the theatre season in Italy this year will be the visit of Milan's Piccolo Teatro to Rome at the end of April, bringing with it three excellent productions: Goldoni's *La Trilogia della villeggiatura* (*Vacation Trilogy*) a hold-over from last season; Bertolazzi's *El nost Milan* (*Our Milan*) and the first Italian version of the Brecht-Weill *Threepenny Opera*.

Il Piccolo Teatro would be an exceptional organization in any country, but in Italy its mixture of high professional standards and broad, adventurous taste is almost miraculous, since the Italian theatre is in general distinguished neither by high seriousness nor by low slickness. Though he is still in his thirties, the Piccolo's director Giorgio Strehler has, since shortly after the war, given Italy each year its most interesting, if controversial theatre. But the Piccolo, a particularly Milanese institution, rarely moves from its comfortable, red-plush home in via Rovello. Thus its appearance in Rome will cause theatre-goers to rejoice and, at the same time, will probably inspire the inter-city bickering that marks every aspect of Italian cultural life.

The theatre in Italy is perennially in a state of crisis, and a glance at this year's successful productions will give an idea why. Apart from the two successes at the Piccolo, there have been good productions by Luchino Visconti of *Uncle Vanya* and *The Crucible*, Renzo Ricci in *The Country Girl* and Eduardo De Filippo in his own new play *Bene mio core mio* (*My Love, My Heart*).

Now of these six works, two are American, three are revivals, and two are in dialect. (Bertolazzi's *El nost Milan* is in Milanese dialect and was first produced in 1893). In other words, there is no real contemporary theatre in the Italian language. There are of course playwrights, who write plays, but they have scarce success and even scarcer literary value.

The chief reason for this situation is linguistic. The fact is that written Italian is a literary, artificial language, and its artifice becomes even more apparent when it has to be

spoken on a stage, presumably imitating real life. In real life, Italians speak, to greater or less degree, the tongue of their cities or their provinces, the vivid dialects.

Hence the success of American plays, where the artificiality of the translated language (and in many translations the characters address one another with the obsolescent *voi*) only seems "American." But this foreignness imposes a terrible burden on Italian actors, called upon to identify themselves with non-Italian situations and problems; alcoholism, for example, in *The Country Girl*—Italy has no alcoholics to speak of. The burden becomes even greater in plays like *The Crucible* and *Death of a Salesman* (its 1953 production was revived this year), where peculiarly American climates are explored.

THE best actors make the best of the situation; Ricci was moving as Frank Elgin in the Odets play, and Rina Morelli was effective in the Mildred Dunnock role in *Death of a Salesman*. But, surprising as it may seem to those who admire the vital acting in many Italian films, good actors are woefully rare on the Italian legitimate stage. A remark from Orson Welles is close to the truth: "Italy is a nation of actors, the worst of whom go on the stage."

Without good native plays, then, and without enough good actors to go round, the Italian director often falls back on visual values. The work of Visconti is an example; his productions are always so beautiful or so exciting to look at that one can almost overlook their graver defects. The sets and costumes for this year's *Uncle Vanya*, designed by a Visconti discovery Piero Tosi, were perfection, and looking at them, one could almost forget that the beautiful Eleonora Rossi-Drago was hopeless as Yelena and Paolo Stoppa miscast as Vanya. Almost, but not quite.

The exceptional achievement of Il Piccolo Teatro is that, in this grim landscape, it manages every year to give two or three plays that are not only handsomely mounted but also well acted. Strehler has cre-

ated an invaluable sense of *équipe* in his group. All of Italy's plays are done by repertory companies, but most of them are scraped together for the season and are a mixture of aging leading ladies and recent graduates of the Academy of Dramatic Art forced to put on wigs and play character roles. The prestige of the Piccolo allows Strehler his pick of Italy's acting roster, and he exercises this power with great intuition. For the most part he avoids stars. In the Goldoni trilogy, for example, he found a young ingenue Valentina Fortunato, who proved herself invaluable in a long and difficult central role. And to support her, he used Jole Marino, a long-neglected actress who had once played with Duse, and Alfredo Bianchini, a young tenor, who gave an uproarious performance as an eighteenth-century sponger. In *The Threepenny Opera*, a former vaudeville comic makes an elegant Mr. Peachum. And in *El nost Milan*, a kind of Milanese version of *The Lower Depths*, a host of unknown dialect actors give color and life and wit to what is not so much a play as a collection of popular, bitter vignettes.

In fact, as the great postwar popularity of the De Filippo family proves, it is Italy's regional theatre which gives life to the Italian stage, as it has done from Goldoni's time. And though Eduardo's *Bene mio core mio* was not on a level with his past successes, it was still filled with his, and Naples', special irony and bitterness and humor; above all, it was a first-rate vehicle for Eduardo the actor, in the role of a mild, middle-aged bachelor, the victim of an aggressive spinster sister.

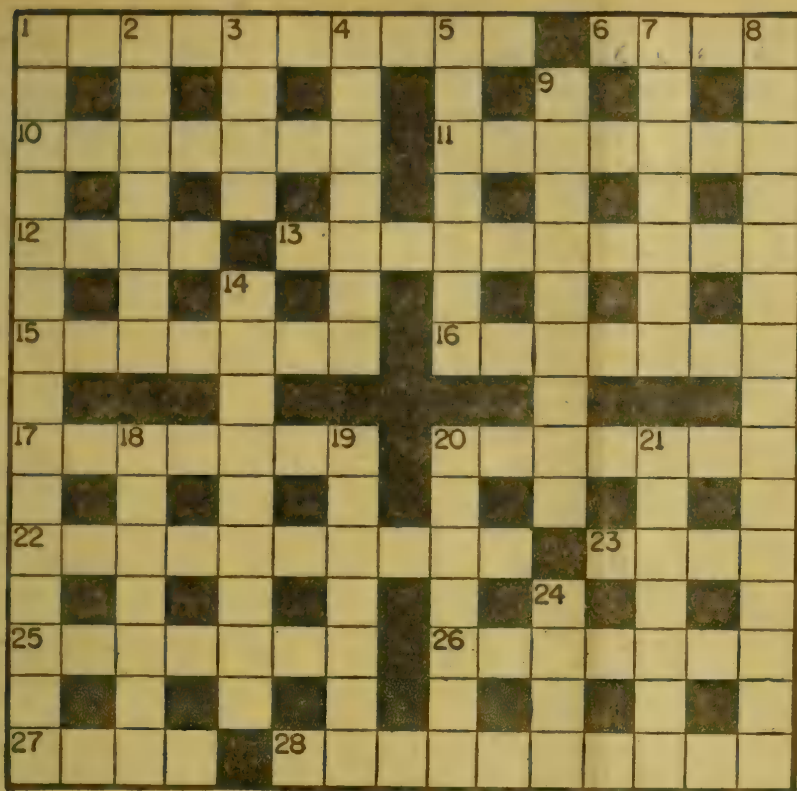
Though the theatre season still has a couple of months to run, it is not too early to balance the books. The final figures are, obviously, not promising; still, thanks to Goldoni, Strehler, Brecht and Naples, the Italian theatre may just barely finish in the black.

COMING NEXT WEEK Spring Book Issue

Edmund Wilson, May Sarton, Josephine Herbst, John Lehmann, Lawrence Lipton, Kay Boyle, Richard Eberhart, Maxwell Geismar, Kenneth Rexroth, Harold Clurman and others.

Crossword Puzzle No. 666

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Northern factories should be closed. (5,5)
- 6 About face! (4)
- 10 Kind of shot, resting in a broken sleep. (Rocks the little ones of course!) (7)
- 11 Even gas gets even this. (7)
- 12 Give her a little credit at first for a critical time! (4)
- 13 It might shed some light to learn "ABCD" a hard way. (10)
- 15 Some people take it as a slight reaction. (7)
- 16 and 27 across Even tho mail gets sorted, this arrived with the Showboat. (3,3,1,4)
- 17 Perhaps the last station, but not for the incoming mail. (7)
- 20 Offends, but shouldn't if you give a traveler a good one. (10)
- 22 An orchestra obviously takes the lead in this chorus. (10)
- 23 A chicken doesn't seem to have much understanding, but is still smart. (4)
- 25 Desired nothing less than a sort of dovecone. (7)
- 26 This must be a devil of a game to learn! (Help bring it back to the cutter.) (7)
- 27 See 16 across
- 28 Very elfish, but a ♀ shouldn't be have so. (10)

DOWN

- 1 Certainly Plato and Socrates weren't. (15)

- 2 Fibrine, in short supply. (2,5)
- 3 This means absolutely nothing. (4)
- 4 The old-time way of calling a public conveyance? (One might insure your being good!) (7)
- 5 Approval put with 6. (7)
- 7 A leg-bar isn't necessarily painful. (7)
- 8 It is said, sits awkwardly on the plant, and certainly isn't acceptable. (15)
- 9 Arthur Wellesley seems to lose weight and is about to exist in a state of euphoria. (4-5)
- 14 Clemens had them abroad. (9)
- 18 Where one's man rises before four? (3,4)
- 19 Roll along. (7)
- 20 Bundle slightly more than what a duck does. (7)
- 21 Shook violently, with a demand to be quiet in town. (7)
- 24 Get up at (or rather before) eleven. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 665

ACROSS: 1 WITHERING; 6 RACER; 9 and 24 CLEAN SWEEP; 10 PUELIANS; 11 and 12 SACRIFICE FLIES; 13 READS; 15 AUSTRALIA; 18 DETERGENT; 19 ENACT; 20 NAKED; 22 BULRUSHES; 25 ANTALKALI; 26 GOOSE; 27 TIRED; 28 OVERSLEEP; DOWN: 1 WICKS; 2 TRENCHANT; 3 ENNUI; 4 IMPLICATE; 5 GABLE; 6 REINFORCE; 17 COATI; 8 RESISTANT; 13 REDUNDANT; 14 STRADDLED; 16 SATELITE; 17 LOATHSOME; 21 KITER; 22 BRAVO; 23 URGES.

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HOW FAST IS "TOO FAST"?

Negro proponents of desegregation of the public schools have been charged with "going too fast" and "pushing too hard."

Many who claim to be their friends have called them "extremists" and have warned them to "go slow." The Autherine Lucy case at the University of Alabama is cited as an example of "going too fast."

How fast is "too fast"?

Miss Lucy applied for admission in 1952, two years after the Supreme Court had ruled on June 6, 1950, in the University of Texas case, that a Negro applicant must be admitted.

Alabama took full advantage of the technicality that the Texas decision did not apply until a ruling came down on a specific Alabama case. Using various legal challenges, it delayed Miss Lucy until February 3, 1956.

Is crawling through the courts for three and a half years "going too fast"? Is an appearance of one woman student after so long a time "pushing too hard"?

Virgil Hawkins began his efforts to enter the University of Florida in 1949. On March 12, 1956, he was ordered admitted, but the semester is so far gone he cannot enter until next September.

After this seven-year struggle, the attorney general of Florida characterized the order of the Supreme Court as "precipitous and arbitrary."

How slow is "go slow"?

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Desegregation can go forward. Problems can be met and solved. Minds and hearts can be changed. It will take time, but a beginning must be made, in "good faith," to use the wise language of the Supreme Court.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has stood ready to cooperate in any "good faith" effort, anywhere. They and the many Southern white people of good sense and good will have been intimidated, vilified and smothered by extreme elements who have spread a blanket of lies, suspicion, ill-will and fear over the entire South.

It is not yet too late for sanity to assert itself—a sanity that recognizes that we are and must be a government of laws.

It is not too late for an honest look at the nakedly exposed second-class citizenship of Negro Americans and a declaration that, for America's sake as well as theirs, it shall not be the pattern for the next hundred years, as the extremists have proposed.

We can have moderation, but we must have movement. And creeping cannot be called "fast" nor standing still "slow."

Immediately following the public school desegregation decision of May 17, 1954, Dr. Channing H. Tobias, NAACP Board Chairman, set the tone of the Association's program of action in a message to Southern regional leaders of the NAACP.

"It is important that calm reasonableness prevail," Dr. Tobias said, "that the difficulties of adjustment be realized, and that, without any sacrifice of basic principles, the spirit of give and take characterize the discussions. Let it not be said of us that we took advantage of a sweeping victory to drive hard bargains or impose unnecessary hardships upon those responsible for working out the details of adjustment."

The Association has endeavored to follow this wise counsel. It needs, however, the moral and financial support of all who believe that steady progress must be made toward implementing the Court's decree. To this end we appeal for contributions to help carry on the task of desegregation with "all deliberate speed."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

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THE *Nation*

APRIL 14, 1956

20c

Spring Books

Edmund Wilson	<i>Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings"</i>
Maxwell Geismar	<i>The Terror of John Dos Passos</i>
Kenneth Rexroth	<i>Molloy, Godot and Samuel Beckett</i>
John Lehmann	<i>Prose and Poetry in Welfare England</i>

Also essays, reviews, poetry by:

Josephine Herbst, May
Sarton, Richard Eberhart,
Harold Clurman, Lawrence
Lipton, Kay Boyle, Guy
Wint, Rolfe Humphries,
William Carlos Williams,
W. S. Merwin, Dan Lang-
ton, J. S. Manifold, Howard
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Maria is 4½. Her sister Efstathis is 7. They live with their mother. With her husband and older child, she was forced to evacuate her native Greek village during the rebel war, only to lose her husband when the war was over. Home is a one-room hut, unplastered. The windows are covered with zinc. The floor . . . a few wooden planks. The bed . . . a set of boards on a tripod. There are no facilities. Water is carried from the public fountain. The rudimentary kitchen . . . a few branches on which meals are cooked, when there is food. Income is \$5.95 per month when the mother works as a field hand. She is torn with anguish that she is unable to provide adequate food, clothing and shelter. Maria cannot smile. Her eyes tell the story of her wretchedness. Help to Maria and her family means hope instead of despair, a chance to live, a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help her and her weary mother, or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents? They can only look to you.

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The Shape of Things

The Not-so-Vital Center

Observing that Easter was early this year even if spring was late, the members of Congress approved a ten-day vacation for themselves and then promptly hightailed it out of town for a bit of sightseeing and relaxation. Not that the Congress has been overworked this session. At the Easter break, which usually marks the session's mid-point, Congress had increased taxes for the voteless residents of the District of Columbia and passed two major bills, of which the President has vetoed one (the natural-gas giveaway), and the other—the crazy-quilt farm bill—deserves a veto. All sorts of theories are currently offered by way of explaining this less-than-dazzling performance: the paralyzing effect of the desegregation issue, the rapid depreciation of Senator Lyndon Johnson's prestige and the fact—cited as such—that there are really no pressing issues before Congress at the moment. But isn't there, perhaps, a simpler explanation? There seems to be no political force in or out of Washington today capable of generating the energies needed to overcome the massive inertia of the Center. The forward movement of American politics has been brought to a nearly dead halt by the passionate determination of both parties to preempt the Center position. Modern democratic political systems are, not self-starting; they need a "Left," in the generic sense, to set the not-so-vital Center in motion.

Six Years of Torment

Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said that to spank a child in rage was one thing, to punish him "after due deliberation" was cruelty? The article by Charles P. Larrowe in this issue (page 291) points up one of this magazine's basic objections to capital punishment: the unconscionable delay in the carrying out of sentences that, we suspect, no one really wants to see executed. Six years is a long time for two waste-products of our society to spend in miserable contemplation of their crippled consciences. The six-year delay in the case of the two unhappy young men from the Middle West who joined the navy to "see the world" bothers us rather more than the unconstitutional denial of the right to counsel. Surely we have many readers who will want to join us in lifting a burden from the conscience of future generations of Utahns—and a better, kindlier, more charitable people will not be found in the West—by

urging the governor and the prison board to instruct those five riflemen not to fire from their secure port-holes on May 11.

Incidentally, the *Toronto Star* is entitled to high commendation for its intervention in the case of Wilbert Coffin (see *The Nation*, March 10, page 197). Coffin was executed on schedule but this fact did not anesthetize the *Star's* conscience. Not satisfied with the verdict, its editors have convened a prominent Citizens' Committee to work with *Argosy's* Court of Last Resort in an effort to prove that Coffin did not commit the murder for which he was executed. A key witness at the trial died recently under circumstances that suggest he took his own life. The *Star* has convened a committee of distinguished Canadians to probe, with the aid of *Argosy's* stable of sleuths, the facts of this strange case. Once again, the magnificent common sense of the Canadians is being put to the test. We are confident that their verdict will be fair.

Let's Save the South

An elaborate ritual has been devised to welcome home American heads-of-mission and good-will emissaries who have been visiting Mark Twain's "heathens in outer darkness" to find out what it is about us that makes them love us less than we desire. By a practice that is rapidly becoming customary, the home-coming emissary reports first to the President and then to Mr. David Lawrence—for a tape-recorded interview with *U. S. News and World Report*. The latest proconsul to return to Washington with reports of what is going on "out there" is The Reverend Billy Graham. Dr. Graham's account of his visit to India is sharply at variance with the report from Calcutta that we carried in last week's issue; by his reckoning he outdrew Bulganin and Khrushchev by a two-to-one margin. But Asians will be delighted to learn that while their continent is not yet "saved," its chances of salvation are rated excellent.

Now that he has returned, Dr. Graham will want to use his remarkable influence to persuade his fellow white Southerners of the Protestant faith that the time has come to end racial discrimination below the Mason-Dixon line. For it must have occurred to him—to quote from a recent comment in *Christianity and Crisis*—that "it is precisely in the most heavily 'churched' section of the nation, by all counts, the most self-consciously 'Christian' region, that the churches are most segregated and have the least impact on public policy." Few Amer-

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ican religious leaders could more tactfully or skillfully bring this paradox to the attention of the white Protestant South that Dr. Graham. Let him journey through the region speaking to audiences as large as those he drew in Asia, reporting to his fellow Southerners on what he saw and heard in the Far East. Billy Graham has immense influence in the South; with his help the South can be saved no less than Asia.

The Arrest Of Claude Bourdet

Guy Mollet, the French Premier, is a Socialist. Like his Foreign Minister, Christian Pineau, he has been disturbed lately by a tendency on the part of American policy and opinion to be critical of French colonial policy. But he has not encouraged us to take a more charitable view by causing the arrest of Claude Bourdet, editor of *L'Observateur*, for having referred, in quotation marks, to "the dirty war" in Algiers. The spectacle of an independent and courageous editor being marched off to Fresnes prison after his home was raided and his office ransacked is not calculated to allay American misgivings about French colonial policy. And when the arrest is directed by Socialists, those Americans who are not annoyed will certainly be confused: With the Soviets releasing political prisoners who have been rotting in jails and prison camps for the last twenty years, it is embarrassing to find a French government headed by a Socialist juggling editors for the expression of anti-colonial views.

"Keeping America On the GO"

Such is the banner line that appears on a remarkable full-page advertisement which the Timken Roller Bearing Company has been running in some of the nation's leading newspapers. Beneath the caption is a huge aerial photograph of some beautifully contoured farm acreage, the landscape being devoid of farmers and farm habitations with the exception of some tiny structures in the far distance which just might be rabbit warrens. Under the photograph appears this startling statement: "Where 2,328,324 farmers disappeared without a trace." It seems that in 1940 the census-takers reported the existence of 8,833,324 American farmers; today, at latest report, there are only 6,505,000. "Where did they go?" asks Timken. But the question—which interested us, too—is never answered; the balance of the copy is devoted to a lyrical account of Timken bearings which "roll the load," "practically eliminate friction," and "last and last"—apparently longer than the farmers!

Like Timken, we are delighted by the news that tractors now save two billion man-hours a year and that mechanical pickers do the work of forty men. But it's only in fairy stories and Hitchcock movies that people "disappear without a trace." Timken—with an assist from Benson—should answer that question left dangling in the center of the ad: where did those farmers go?

NOTCHES ON A CHAIR

Utah Firing Squad . . by Charles P. Larrowe

Salt Lake City
EVER SINCE capital punishment was first officially used in Utah—in 1858—when two Indians were executed for killing the children of a Mormon bishop, the state has given a condemned man a macabre choice: he can be shot by a firing squad or he can swing by a noose. Of the forty-one men executed in the history of the state, only five have chosen hanging. If the prisoner refuses to specify his preference—as one man did last year, protesting his innocence to the end—the state chooses the firing squad. The condemned man, strapped to a chair, awaits the bullets from five rifles sticking through holes in a burlap screen twenty-five feet away. Since 1919, prison officers have been using the same rickety old office chair, which bears a notch cut for each man who died in it. The chair now has eighteen notches.

A new state prison was built in 1950 to replace the ancient and dilapidated Sugar House prison (where Joe Hill, the Wobbly ballad writer and organizer, faced a firing squad in 1915) and space was set aside in the new building for an electric chair or gas chamber. But Utahns are loathe to part with the firing squad and neither of the "less barbaric" devices have been installed. Thus, two young men who have been lodged in the prison death house for more than six years will soon face a firing squad.

The longest and most complicated legal battle in Utah criminal history has been waged to save Vern Braasch and Melvin Sullivan from execution, but they have lost their last appeal. To most Utahns, the execution is long overdue: the youths committed a brutal, senseless murder, and they have admitted their guilt. To some, however, the matter is not so simple:

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to them, an execution without a new trial would be unjust because of the grave constitutional questions involved in the case.

In 1949, when the murder occurred, Braasch, the older of the two, was twenty-one. Sullivan, his companion, was nineteen. Both came from broken homes, and both quit school early in life to wander aimlessly about the country. The boys had been discharged from the navy on the West Coast (Braasch came originally from Iowa and Sullivan from Missouri), and after bumming around California for a while, they decided to go to Utah for the hunting season. En route, they burgled several stores, taking, among other things, two .22-caliber pistols. Arriving in southwestern Utah, they took a room in Cedar City, paying a week's rent in advance. To this day, they don't know why they went to Beaver, a village of 1,700 persons about fifty miles to the north, where the crime was committed. They had been drinking all day in a Cedar City tavern, and someone must have told them that hunting was good "up around Beaver." Apparently on an impulse—their room rent had three days to go—they boarded the bus for Beaver.

The town was crowded with deer hunters, and service stations and restaurants were staying open all night. On night duty at the Standard station was Howard Manzione, a popular, newly-married, twenty-one-year-old basketball player at the agricultural college. A little after midnight Braasch and Sullivan strolled into the station and chatted with Manzione, leaving when a friend of Manzione's came in to make plans for a deer hunt the next day. They came back at 2:30 A. M., determined to rob the station and steal a car. Braasch got behind Manzione and tried to knock him out with his pistol-butt. When Manzione resisted, Braasch shot him in the back and Sullivan shot him in the arm. Manzione fell to the floor and the would-

be robbers, terrified by what they had done, shot him twice in the head. They fled on foot, leaving the money in the till untouched. Circling the town, the two murderers emerged on the highway south of Beaver and flagged a bus back to Cedar City. They stayed in their room all day, taking a bus for Las Vegas that night.

Less than thirty minutes after they arrived in Las Vegas—at 4:30 A. M.—they were picked up and booked by Las Vegas police on suspicion of a burglary in California. While Braasch and Sullivan sat in their separate cells wondering what the police would do next (neither of them had ever been arrested before), a bulletin was received in the police station reporting the murder in Beaver. On a hunch, the police decided to question the boys about it. After questioning them separately, the police used a technique so old that it probably would not have worked on any but unsophisticated, gullible youths. Each was returned to his cell and a short time later officers came to Sullivan (the younger) and told him that Braasch had broken down and told the whole story. Sullivan thereupon made a complete confession. When this was shown to Braasch, he too confessed. That evening, Braasch was brought to the office to sign his confession. He asked for counsel to advise him as to whether he should sign it, but his request was denied. He gave in and signed.

It is here that the first complication arises. Much later in the tortuous journey of the case through the courts, court-appointed attorneys for Braasch and Sullivan were to charge that the confessions were obtained involuntarily because request for counsel in the jail had been denied. A federal judge was to describe these confessions as the product of two uneducated, destitute, inexperienced boys having been "tricked by police into making incriminating admissions . . . when their written

statements were taken." On the other hand, Las Vegas police and Utah police, who assisted in the interrogations, swear that they told the boys they were not required to sign the statements, and the Utah supreme court has held that the absence of counsel in the Las Vegas jail did not prejudice the case against the defendants. But even the supreme court conceded:

Had Sullivan kept his secret these boys may never have been suspected of the crime. For it occurred while Beaver was full of strangers there for deer hunting so their presence at the time would not arouse suspicion. But with the confessions to focus the attention of the investigating officers on them, the resulting evidence was probably sufficient to convict them without using the confessions and with the confessions the case against them is so strong that there can be little possible doubt of their guilt. Had they consulted counsel before answering any questions, maybe they would not have confessed for as stated by Mr. Justice Jackson in *Watts v. State of Indiana*. . . . "Any lawyer worth his salt will tell the suspect in no uncertain terms to make no statements to police under any circumstances."

The boys waived extradition proceedings, and the next day they were taken from Las Vegas to Utah, where first-degree murder charges were filed against them. At a preliminary hearing, they asked for a lawyer and were told, "A justice of the peace doesn't have authority to appoint counsel for you. You will have a chance to have counsel in the [state] district court." Braasch persisted and was told that he could have a lawyer if he could pay for one. Braasch thought it over for a few minutes and then said, "Well, then we might as well get it over with." After the hearing, they were taken to the service station where they re-enacted the crime for the prosecution, surrounded by a threatening crowd of townspeople, many of whom were carrying guns in preparation for deer hunting. When the defendants were arraigned, a few days later, they pleaded not guilty—still without counsel to advise them. The arraigning judge neglected to tell them that, under a Utah statute, by entering a plea they thereby waived all and any errors and irregularities in the prior proceedings.

When the trial began in Beaver, the court appointed two lawyers

from Cedar City to represent the prisoners. The attorneys immediately requested a change of venue, pleading that in view of the victim's popularity and the brutality of the crime a fair trial was impossible in Beaver. The judge at first refused but relented a week later and moved the trial to the neighboring town of Parowan (population 1,455). When the prosecution introduced the confessions signed in the Las Vegas jail, the defense questioned whether they had been obtained properly and voluntarily. The judge reserved judgment until the next day, when he admitted the statements in evidence. On the third day of the trial, after deliberating for two hours and fifty minutes, the jury found the defendants guilty of murder in the first degree, with no recommendation of leniency. Braasch and Sullivan were sentenced to die. They chose the firing squad.

TWO hotly disputed issues were involved in the trial. First, there is reason to believe that Braasch and Sullivan were not vigorously represented by their Cedar City attorneys. The lawyers were understandably reluctant to take the case of two such unsympathetic defendants in the inflamed atmosphere prevailing in southern Utah; one wrote Sullivan's mother a few weeks before the trial saying that he lacked experience (he had had twenty months of practice) and strongly urging her to get her son "an attorney who is a criminal specialist." Second, an opinion written by Judge Willis Ritter of the federal district court notes that the change of venue from Beaver to Parowan was only one of a host of errors in the handling of the case by the lower state courts. The two towns, about fifty miles apart, are situated in a valley settled years ago by Mormon pioneers, many of whom were polygamists. Today, close community and family ties exist between the two towns. As Judge Ritter put it in his opinion: "It should have been unthinkable under the circumstances of this case to hold the trial at either Beaver or Parowan." However, Judge Ritter stands alone—the state courts and the federal court of appeals disagree with him, and the Supreme Court has refused to review.

Shortly after the defendants were sentenced, Sullivan's mother came to Utah to ask the governor's help in

seeing that her son was vigorously represented in an appeal. The governor recommended A. Wally Sandack, a prominent Salt Lake attorney, and he was appointed by the court. Two days before the condemned men were to face the firing squad, Sandack and the Cedar City attorneys succeeded in postponing the execution by appealing the case to the state supreme court. When the court handed down its decision, the judges conceded that errors had been committed in the pre-trial proceedings, and that the state *should* have provided Braasch and Sullivan with counsel at the preliminary hearing. Nevertheless, the court unanimously upheld the death sentence. The court's reasoning was this: first, it held that each defendant was fully informed of his rights in the Las Vegas jail, and therefore the confessions were voluntarily obtained. Second, since the confessions were valid evidence, the failure of the judge to provide the defendants with counsel at the preliminary hearing did not constitute a prejudicial error; after all, the boys *had* confessed in Las Vegas and there was no showing that an attorney at the hearing would have aided their cause. The possibility that an attorney might have been able to lay the foundation for a sentence of life imprisonment, rather than death, did not commend itself to the court.

Perhaps the most disturbing part of the decision was contained in a concurring opinion written by a new member of the court who, as a state district judge, had conducted the proceedings when Braasch and Sullivan were arraigned. Rather than disqualifying himself, he agreed with the majority that the accused should have been clearly informed of the state's duty to provide counsel to indigent defendants *before* they decided whether they were ready for preliminary hearings; he conceded that the defendants had asked for an attorney and did not get one. But, he continued:

. . . . When they were told they could have one but had to pay for it, they said no more about the matter and apparently acquiesced in going forward without the benefit of counsel. Whether they actually waived their rights to counsel or not may have been open to dispute. If not, it was in violation of their right to proceed without providing them with an attorney. Be that as it may, it is not every error that is

prejudicial and this can be so no matter how vital the right in question may be. There should be no reversal of the case merely because the law enforcement officers and the justice of the peace may not have done just exactly ■ the law prescribes. . .

The contrast between this brand of legal reasoning and that expressed by Justice Frankfurter in the *Sacher* case is striking:

. . . . In the development of our liberty insistence upon procedural regularity has been ■ large factor. . . . It is not for nothing that most of the provisions of our Bill of Rights are concerned with matters of procedure. . . . Time out of mind this Court has reversed conviction for the most heinous offenses, even though no doubt about the guilt of the defendant was entertained. It reversed because the mode by which guilt was established disregarded those standards of procedure which are so precious and so important to our society.

The history of the case after it left the state supreme court is at once depressing and encouraging to anyone concerned about the erosion of our constitutional rights that has beset the country in recent years. On the one hand, it is discouraging to learn that the courts disagree as to whether or not ■ person accused of a capital crime is entitled to counsel at every stage—something most laymen would take for granted. For, as one student of the criminal courts has pointed out:

Those who think of the accused as one at an unfair disadvantage with all the powers of the state arrayed against him . . . think of that half-concealed, unsupervised procedure which precedes the appearance of the accused in the court of record. Here it is that we find the third degree, the bail-bond broker, the stool pigeon, the crooked interpreter, the shyster lawyer, the lame-duck magistrate, and all the rest of the motley of underworld characters and methods. The poor man . . . often is the victim of ■ grotesque burlesque on the administration of justice.

Conversely, it is encouraging to note that once the legal battle to save Braasch and Sullivan began, it is unlikely that they could have obtained more ingenious or industrious counsel even if they had been able to pay for them: their attorneys carried the case four times to the Utah Supreme Court, twice to the state's board of pardons, three times

to the United States Supreme Court, and twice to the federal district court of Utah. As a result, Braasch and Sullivan's lives have been extended by six years.

The case first came before the federal district court early in 1952, when Braasch and Sullivan's attorneys asked Judge Ritter to stay the execution scheduled for February 26, and order ■ new trial. (This was the third execution date set. After the state supreme court had rejected their appeal for the second time, they had been saved by a last-minute reprieve granted by Governor J. Bracken Lee to enable them to ask the board of pardons to commute their sentence to life imprisonment.) Because the peculiarities of the case required extensive study, Judge Ritter granted a forty-five-day postponement. His action met with strong public resentment, especially in southwestern Utah.

IN VIEW of the murky constitutional issues involved, Judge Ritter appointed as *amicus curiae* the professors of constitutional and criminal law at the state university, asking them to analyze the records of the case. The constitutional lawyer concluded that the defendants were adequately represented in the trial and that any appeal based on constitutional grounds was certain to be rejected. The criminal lawyer concluded that the absence of counsel before the trial was not a prejudicial error.

Judge Ritter's decision sharply disagreed:

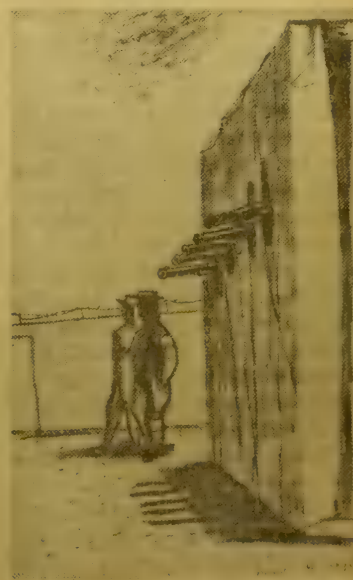
The time a defendant needs counsel most is immediately after his arrest and until trial. No better case than the one at bar could be found to illustrate this proposition. . . . [But] counsel was not appointed for them until after they had been arraigned and had entered their pleas of not guilty. By that time the evidence was all neatly tied up for delivery at the trial. All of it was obtained from the mouths of immature defendants, while they were crying out for counsel and being denied. One cannot escape the conclusion that even boys could not be so persuaded unless there had been held out to them some hope that they would be mercifully dealt with. There is evidence in the record of that. One cannot escape the conviction that they were not advised of their constitutional rights and therefore had no intelligent notion of what they were doing. There is evidence in the record of that. . . . It

is hard for me to see how this procedure satisfies the canons of decency and fairness which express the notions of justice of all English-speaking peoples.

In the end, Ritter sent the case back to the state supreme court, but retained jurisdiction over the defendants.

Finally, after the case had traveled from court to court for nineteen months, it was again before Judge Ritter. Ritter, in a decision which bristled with criticisms of Utah's state courts and law enforcement authorities, granted Braasch and Sullivan a writ of habeas corpus. The State of Utah appealed his decision to the federal court of appeals, and again Ritter found himself without allies. The higher federal court, confronted with the uncomfortable possibility that if it upheld Ritter the convicted men might go free, reversed his decision. In February of this year, the United States Supreme Court rejected a final desperate appeal. (On one of the previous occasions when the case was before the highest court, Justices Black and Douglas had favored reviewing it.)

Braasch and Sullivan have just been given their fourth appointment to meet the firing squad. Unless the governor issues ■ reprieve, or the board of pardons—which meets April 25—can be persuaded that commutation to life imprisonment would be a humane act, there will be two new notches on the old chair in the death house on May 11.



Drawing by Refregier

Appeasement in South Africa

By Julius Lewin

Johannesburg

THE JEWS in South Africa are prosperous but nervous. They are afraid of the ruling race, the Afrikaners. They recently produced a large volume, *The Jews in South Africa: a History*, edited by Gustav Saron and Louis Hotz, designed to show Afrikaners how much the Jewish community has contributed to the prosperity of its adopted country and how friendly the relations between the two races had always been. (Well, not quite always. When Hitler was at the zenith of his power, some of the present Nationalist leaders—notably Eric Louw, the present finance and foreign minister, who was then in opposition—indulged in open anti-Semitism. The new *History* tactfully gives only a couple of pages to that significant period in Nationalist politics.) Yet the book has failed to please the two leading Nationalist dailies, which published reviews disturbing to more people than the authors.

The reception given the book was part of a policy. The Nationalists behind the present government are determined to keep the Jewish community neutral in South African politics and the Jews as a whole have not been unwilling to accept the role. For one thing, they nearly all enjoy a degree of financial success undreamed of in other countries; for another, Mr. Strijdom's government, like Dr. Malan's before it, has displayed a cordial attitude toward Israel and has given South African Jews (who are second only to American Jews in their zeal for Israel's cause) every possible facility to export money and goods to that small country. As if to seal this strange inter-racial harmony, the minister of justice appointed Mr. Simon Kuper, the president of the South African Zionist Federation, to the Transvaal bench. This shrewd appointment came last year at a time when most people were saying that no Jewish lawyer, however eminent,

would reach the bench by nomination of the Strijdom regime.

Yet the nasty taste left by the two book reviews was no illusion. Only a few months earlier, one of the same newspapers had suggested that South African Jewish organizations should try to restrain the Israeli delegation to the U. N. from condemning South Africa by its vote on certain resolutions. In plain words, the Afrikaner attitude is a species of political blackmail. If Jews will refrain from any kind of effective criticism of the Nationalists, then the Nationalists will not discriminate against Jews, who are, after all, counted among the white folks.

IT IS not only the Jews who have been tempted to appease Mr. Strijdom. Ever since the United Party lost the general election three years ago, the British business men who lead it have made a habit of adjusting themselves to life under the Nationalists. Harry Oppenheimer, M. P., one of the central pillars of the gigantic Anglo-American (mining and finance) Corporation, led the way by promptly terminating the activities of his foundation, an organization designed "to save democracy" in the Union. This source of funds was suddenly denied to the party and its allied organizations, which, as a result, came near to bankruptcy. Under its present spineless leadership, the United Party will never recover the vigor it temporarily showed before the last election; nor is its leadership challenged.

The English press in South Africa, controlled by the wealthy mine owners, reflects the same attitude of "don't-be-nasty-to-the-Nationalists." Circulation managers have a special reason to justify their policy. They discovered that the Afrikaners, who already form nearly 60 per cent of the white population, are the customers who count most in the eyes of advertisers. Afrikaners prefer the English dailies because of their brighter features; the Afrikaans papers are subject to the influence of the Dutch Reformed Church, which disapproves of subjects like sex unless veiled to the point of no circulation returns. But to their Afrikaner

readers, English papers must be careful not to offend popular prejudices—particularly political ones.

The English press has yet another reason for a policy of appeasement. The Nationalists are determined to curb the power of the press which, even in its current self-censored form, they regard as one of the few remaining obstacles to the desired coordination of public opinion throughout the country. The press commission, now preparing the way for a new law, has privately cross-examined all the English editors; it has amassed a mountain of evidence to prove how hostile English newspapers are to this benevolent government, how ignorant they are of Afrikaner culture and how wickedly garbled are the stories sent from their editorial offices to papers abroad. No journalist seriously doubts that in the next year or two there will be a new press law important enough to be headlined.

Not that the press is free from legal restraints today. "Editing a newspaper in South Africa," Horace Flather, editor of the *Johannesburg Star*, the leading conservative daily, told the International Press Institute, "is like walking blind-fold through a mine field." He was thinking of the laws against the publication of anything remotely likely to encourage "communism," or the creation of "ill-feeling" between the races. So apprehensive are editors today that they would rather avert their gaze from a first-class news story than run the (often imaginary) risk of publishing it. Such a story broke last year when 6,000 Africans, overcoming all obstacles, gathered from all parts of the country in the veld near Johannesburg at a "congress of the people." This unique conference, attended by people of all races, adopted a dramatic "freedom charter" expressing their demand not only for elementary human rights but for a more equal distribution of wealth, including land. No doubt the pen that drafted the charter was inspired by literature of a type banned in South Africa, a surmise confirmed by messages of good will to the congress from well-known Socialists abroad. Not one per cent of white South Africans heard of the charter because it was hardly mentioned in their newspapers. Only one Nationalist daily commented on its significance.

JULIUS LEWIN is senior lecturer in African studies in the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. He has written Studies in African Native Law.

In South Africa today "communism" can mean not only any form of socialism, but also of liberalism. Since cabinet ministers do not draw a clear distinction among the three creeds, it is no wonder that their simpler-minded followers lump them together as the hydra-headed monster threatening Christendom. Accordingly, journalists find it easier to keep all radical thoughts out of print. Said one: "If Christ came down to earth again and started preaching, we would not print the story. If you asked the editor why not, he would reply that Christian doctrines were dangerous and that

the story was not news anyhow, because the Man had been here before."

Steadily the Nationalists pursue their own purpose. Now that the voters' roll has been "purified" of all colored elements, the ruling party can be completely confident of winning the next election, due in 1958, by a bigger majority than the last. They can then proceed to declare a Republic; whether it will be within or outside the British Commonwealth hardly matters. White people opposed to the government have lost heart and their morale has never been lower. As for black or brown

people, harsh laws, tightened year by year, are applied so stringently that the African National Congress and its sister organizations have been crippled. Everything, in fact, is now under control—except the aims and aspirations of ten million people.

A few months after the Nationalists first took office, *The Nation* (November 6, 1948) carried an article entitled, Will South Africa go Fascist? Today there is much less doubt than there was then about the answer. The country is unlikely to behave like Nazi Germany did, but its resemblance to Franco's Spain will assuredly grow.

Elsa Maxwell Loves Mazola

Alberti's Great Discovery . . by Walter Goodman

JULES ALBERTI is president and owner of Endorsements, Inc. He produces absolutely nothing. As was said of Willy Loman, "He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicines." The difference between Willy Loman and Jules Alberti, however, is that Jules is unable to carry his samples in a valise, has just moved to a grand new office on Park Avenue and 55th Street in New York grossed around \$850,000 last year and seems to be in excellent spirits. Also, he is very well liked.

And yet fifty-three-year-old Jules—slight, bespectacled and so polite ("It'll be my pleasure, my *honor* to talk to you")—is a salesman, too, in his unlikely way. He sells people—"the people you want"—to advertisers. For Jules is king of The Testimonial, an institution on which the men of Madison Avenue have spent an estimated \$500,000,000 over the past ten years. Jules, who claims the distinction of being the only fellow in America engaged exclusively in this line of work, figures that he had his finger in about half that enormous pie.

A former saxophone player, band

WALTER GOODMAN, a New York advertising man, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

April 14, 1956

leader and manager of vocalist Benay Venuta, Jules began to hit his stride as a manipulator of Names in the forties when the Treasury Department titled him Coordinator of Celebrities and Talent for its War Finance Division. His wartime connections with the great inspired him and a lady named Hazel McCabe to set up Endorsements, Inc. in 1945. Ends never quite met during the first year, but in 1946 Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn came through with a request to Jules to round up some Schaefer beer enthusiasts. The name-procurers made \$6,600 that year; in 1947 billings came to \$11,800; in 1948, \$67,000. Since 1949, Endorsements, Inc. has been in the six-figure bracket.

JULES woos customers by promising to "get the people you want, speedily, through our exclusive, intimate contacts with the great." He is, in fact, a dual middleman—first between the advertiser and the endorser, and then between the endorser and the consumer. In his daily operations, he is a parody of Mr. Riesman's "other-directed man." He gets people to like him so that they will say publicly that they like a certain product so that people who like them will maybe develop a liking for the product too.

For all his prominence in his profession, however, Jules lays no claim to having invented anything. He is the expeditor and the reformer, not the innovator.

A hundred years ago or so, common gravestones were providing endorser in abundance who never objected to having themselves quoted in praise of some life-giving nostrum. In 1889, The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher made common cause with Lillie Langtry and three other maidens in hailing the happy properties of Fears' Soap. A possibly apocryphal story has it that early in this century, one stage beauty wrote the following open letter: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham, I have taken three bottles of your Lydia Pinkham compound and feel like a new man." As advertising boomed in the twenties and thirties, so did testimonial-giving. Silent-film star Constance Talmadge established a record for the course when, in the interests of her latest movie, she juxtaposed her charms to some 400 products, ranging from an aspirin tablet to a grand piano, in one brief day. As she was in a hurry to go to Europe, she didn't find out exactly what she had plugged until a rash of ads appeared in *Liberty* several weeks later.

Constance may just have been an energetic consumer, but every now



and then one of her fellow testifiers, by a burst of candor or slip of tongue, has given skeptics grist for their nasty mills. Lady Diana Manners, for instance, after having joined the highly placed ranks of Pond's face-cream endorsers (two Queens, a battalion of Princesses and several regiments of society women), told newspaper reporters that her beauty was attributable to "fresh air, exercise and plenty of soap and water." Then there was Princess Maryanna Mayorskaya ("Mindful of the inherent responsibilities of royalty in shaping the ideas of bourgeoisie, I am careful never to be seen in public without a Borzoi book") who turned out to be a small, non-titled man. And how can one forget C. K. "Red" Cagle, the celebrated West Point football player of a generation or so back, who always used a Royal portable typewriter? "It is the greatest aid I ever knew in keeping up my grades," swore Red. Upon investigation, it was discovered that in a class of 266, the Royal portable user was 232nd in math, 207th in English and 239th in history.

It was into a compromised world, then, that Jules Alberti leaped after the war, determined to bring *believability* back onto the billboards. "It cannot be emphasized too much or too often," expounds the slick-paper *Revised Primer of Testimonial Advertising*, put out by Endorsements, Inc., "that testimonials are only effective when believable and only believable when: 1. The testimonial is true. 2. The personality and product are logically connected. 3. The testimonial copy is simple, sincere and honest."

How does Jules meet these requirements? Well, he has a "research" staff which keeps tabs on the doings of celebrities; dossiers on some 7,000 more or less famous persons are now held at Endorsement, Inc.'s offices. When an advertising agency calls on

Jules, he immediately sends samples of the product to be plugged to potential and *believable* pluggers. A month or so later, he asks the recipient notables if they can "sincerely endorse the products" they've been asked to try out. One or more is likely to respond in the affirmative, their sincerity having presumably been whetted by the offer of \$1,000, a large quantity of whatever they are prepared to enthuse over (Elsa Maxwell, Cobina Wright and Gracie Allen got a year's supply of Mazola oil) and gobs of free publicity.

OF COURSE Jules is very careful about selecting his notables. He's been quoted as advising a group of advertising executives to "examine your self and explore your soul." He elucidated: "I'm critical of the endorsement that has obviously been bought and paid for without any attempt to disguise the fact." What does this mean exactly? It means: "Don't show Marilyn Monroe waxing her own car. People won't believe it."

Guided by such high principles, Jules has given Joe DiMaggio an opportunity to tell America which breakfast cereal, after-shave lotion, cigarette lighter and other manly items he goes for. Jules also amassed a bushel of actresses who sigh over a shampoo, athletes who exult in a chewing gum and—after a long, hot search—ten Southern farmers who live on a laxative. He allowed Mrs. Errol Flynn, Mrs. Lex Barker and Mrs. Walter Wanger to voice their inner longing at last: "I love to see a man smoke a Cigarillo." (The Flynn's and Barkers were divorced shortly after the appearance of the ad, and Mr. Wanger took a shot at a man whom he accused of paying undue attentions to Mrs. Wanger. Just who was smoking the Cigarillo during all of this is not clear.) He found an actor who drinks Blatz

beer, a tennis player who dotes on Lucky Lager and a violin maker who keeps a can of Falstaff close by his cat gut.

In all his labors, one is continually reminded, Jules seeks *believability*. Marlene Dietrich's picture appears in a magazine spread for Amm-i-dent ammoniated toothpaste. But her name isn't mentioned. No quote as to Amm-i-dent's efficacy and tastiness comes from her sealed lips. (Not a single glistening tooth is visible.) *Believability?* Why, what is there for the reader to believe or disbelieve? There's Marlene and there's a tube of Amm-i-dent. Jules bears no responsibility for what the reader adduces.

The campaign of which Jules is most proud is the one he pulled off for Cyma watches. A series of ads for this relatively minor-brand time-piece has over the past few years featured General MacArthur, Mrs. Roosevelt, J. Edgar Hoover, Robert Oppenheimer, Warren Austin, Carlos P. Romulo, Leopold Stokowski, Cecil B. DeMille, Helen Keller and good old testifying Joe DiMaggio. Does every one of these eminent folk keep their momentous appointments by a Cyma? Sorry, no way of telling, since all any of them did was to accept an award from the company. Under the headlines, "World Famous for Distinguished Service," each layout puts forth a picture of the given personage, then—a little ways down the column—suggests: "For those you would honor with pride there is nothing finer than a Cyma watch." *Believability?* One may believe in General MacArthur or not, but any connection between the General and Cyma watches is purely the doing of Jules and Irving Berk, Cyma's ad man. Jules reports that the series "paid off handsomely."

Why do testimonials pay off—"skeptics and cynics to the contrary" as Jules puts it? The identification of acned teen-agers and frustrated matrons with Grace Kelly? Young America's adulation for Joe DiMaggio? Mature America's regard for Helen Keller? Are these feelings somehow being distorted when they are put to the service of soaps, watches and breakfast cereals? But this again is not within the ethical purview of Jules Alberti. His one solid axiom is the need to sell, and all his major propositions follow.

What exactly is one to believe

from the Cyma campaign? Is there some difference between the original concept of an endorsement and the endorsement paid for in advance? And what of the coincidence of a movie star publicly declaring her affection for a cigarette just as her latest hit reaches town? But Jules's ethical system, which starts with the need to sell, stops at these nice questions.

"Never, never break the rule that calls for *true and believable* testimonials," Jules soberly cautions advertisers. "It is unfortunately a fact that too many people have too little faith in advertising. For this reason, if for no other, considerations of credibility in advertising are of the greatest importance to us all." Why, what other reason could there be

for telling the truth? In contrast to his all-encompassing impartiality when it comes to beer, Jules Alberti's notion of truth is limited severely to the precise words on a page. But, alas, advertising does not live by words alone.

THE DAYS of the patently phoney testimonial, of "the endorsement that has been bought and paid for without any attempt to disguise the fact," are over, thanks to the codes of the FTC, the Better Business Bureau, Jules Alberti and common sense. As the world becomes a more sophisticated place, the techniques of advertising are continually being refined by sophisticated men like Jules, but somehow, despite the very latest appurtenances of sincere public

relations, like charcoal-gray suits and narrow brims and large sentiments, the good old huckster spirit lingers.

Twenty-five years ago, when Constance Talmadge was smiling indiscriminately at all free enterprise, Alva Johnston wrote: "It has become an unwritten law with the better testimonial houses to avoid obvious mendacity, when artfully arranged truth works just as well. . . . The ideal endorsement technique today is to make no false statements. The golden rule is never to fool the public; let it fool itself."

So the new *believable* look in testimonials is not so very new after all, and the reforming proclivities of Endorsements, Inc. notwithstanding, it still looks like a case of *caveat emptor*.

A TOUCH OF FASCISM

And a Dose of Anti- . . . by J. A. del Vayo

UNTIL VERY recently talk about fascism, except from a strictly historical point of view, had gone out of style. Those who still persisted in considering it a living issue were thought to be obsessed, either by personal experiences or memories of an evil past. Lately the pendulum seems to be swinging to the other extreme. Here, for example, one finds a tendency to paint into too vivid colors the menace of the Poujadistes in France.

There has, of course, been a fascist revival in several European countries. It preceded by several years the spectacular success of the Poujade movement in the last French general elections. This revival was an inevitable by-product of the cold war. From the moment that the enemies of yesterday became the new allies and the allies of yesterday the new enemies, the fascist elements which had sought cover when the Axis powers went down to defeat began to emerge. Their sense of security has mounted with every new bit of evidence that denazification has been abandoned—almost forgotten—by Western powers and German

authorities alike; that the direction of several powerful newspapers in Italy has fallen again into the hands of prominent former henchmen of Mussolini; that Franco has become the idol of Washington; and that in France an upstart movement to resist the government's tax policy has gained fifty-two seats in the National Assembly and developed such well-known fascist stigmata as extreme chauvinism and open anti-Semitism.

By 1950 the fascists had not only become relatively respectable but had reestablished their contacts from country to country. As is quite natural one of their most active international centers is Madrid. There, in the last months of the war, had gathered many Nazis who succeeded in escaping from Germany, many French and Belgian collaborationists who fled into Spain while the Allied armies were beating the Germans in the south of France, in addition to those naturalized Spaniards, former members of the S. S. and the Gestapo, who from the beginning of the Spanish war had served as advisers of Franco's "*servicios de orden*." In Spain they not only enjoyed official protection but could make use of

funds which had been deposited in Latin America, Spain, Switzerland and other countries where there was no possibility of Allied investigation—if the Allies had intended anything of the sort.

Originally Poujadism probably had nothing to do with this revival of fascism. There is no evidence that when "*le petit Poujade*" launched his crusade against the tax collectors he was part of an international or even a national fascist conspiracy. He was certainly not the first to capitalize on the readiness of the small businessman or farmer to believe the government was stealing his money for its own dubious purposes.

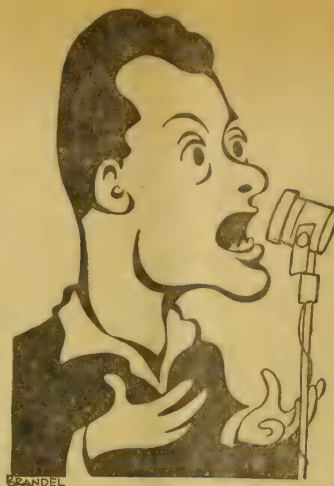
Official reports of successive French parliaments reveal many debates in which deputies of various tendencies tried to enhance their popularity in their own districts by shouting against the "*fisc*." But on the other hand Poujadism was not merely speeches against taxes. It was rowdiness and a defiance of all civil authority. As such it could never have won 2,600,000 votes and more than fifty deputies had there not been enough fascist virus in the air to spread the demagoguery of a ruthless

agitation against democratic and republican institutions. In the early postwar years, while the Resistance forces still dominated the government, no Poujade would have dared to call the National Assembly "the biggest brothel in Paris."

From considering Poujadism a passing fancy and laughing at its leader, some of his adversaries since his electoral success have gone to the other extreme of exaggerating the power of the man and his movement. I recently heard an experienced parliamentarian predict that if new elections were now held the Poujadists would double or triple their representation. This estimate ignores several basic factors. In the last elections two parties made striking gains: the Poujadists and the Communists. A poll taken today would probably show a further advance by the Communists, rather than the Poujadists. The latter have recently committed two serious mistakes: first, to go all-out for war in Algeria and to compromise with the Nationalists—a most unpopular attitude; and second, to behave so outrageously in the National Assembly, especially during the discussion of the validity of certain contested Poujadist seats, to irritate even the other rightist groups.

OF COURSE it must not be overlooked that Poujade and his lieutenants hope to win the army of North Africa for their cause. They think that if they can exploit the frustration of the soldiers who are sent to fight there, especially in the event France is forced to abandon Algeria, they will win the allegiance of many thousands of young people who are accustomed to killing Arabs and equally ready for a fight at home against the French Left. The danger is real. It was the veterans' organizations of Algeria that forced Premier Guy Mollet to drop General Catroux, who had accepted the post of Minister-Resident in the hope of saving the situation for France through moderate—very moderate—concessions.

In addition to this effort to win the veterans, the Poujadists are now courting people with big money. Here also they recall the beginnings of nazism. Like Poujade, Hitler started by appealing to the frustrated veterans of the lost war; then to the "little man"—the lower middle-class



Pierre Poujade

shopkeeper or clerk. But in the end he had at his disposal the millions of Thyssen and Krupp and the other Ruhr potentates. Some informed people here say that Poujadist party funds have been enlarged by contributions from Algerian settlers. But so far there is no way of knowing what their prospects may be of winning big-money support.

The lack of a positive program is often cited by opponents as assurance that the Poujade movement will blow up. This is a risky assumption. It was Mussolini himself who said, "Fascism had no program but it produced action. During the first two years we were not a party, but an anti-party." Poujadism is similarly "anti." It counts on a deterioration of the whole situation in France—on a failure in Algeria, on further devaluation of the franc, on political crisis—to rally every embittered, disillusioned Frenchman. In sum, Poujadism is today not a powerful force, an immediate menace, but circumstances might easily favor its growth.

IN ITALY the ferocious campaign carried on in Parliament by the neo-fascist party, M. S. I., supported by the monarchist party, P. N. M., against the Segni cabinet and through it against President Gronchi, is merely the external expression of a revised fascism, still modest but increasing in influence. It can claim the name of "neo-fascist" because its promoters learned a lesson from the Mussolini era and are using tactics more in accordance with present reality. Because Poujadism is now in

style, some publicity has been given to "Italy's own Poujade," Raffaele Garbin, a forty-year-old Milan importer who, like his model in France, has begun by styling himself "strictly non-political." He is the author of a "technical plan" to rescue the government—and the taxpayer—from the "Italian fiscal jungle." But imitators of Poujade are now to be found everywhere. Even in England newspapers recently recorded a "Poujade press conference," at which Sir Bernard Rocker, the head of the Daimler company and one of Britain's most eccentric industrialists, blasted the tyranny of taxes and the "bureaucracy of the semi-socialized state." "It is after all our money," he said, demanding cuts in official spending. "Governments have no money of their own." There may be another Poujadist movement soon in Germany. Otto Strasser, once a Hitler intimate and later his self-appointed rival, plans to meet M. Poujade in Paris and exchange ideas. He could also give lessons in fascist tactics to "little Pierre." But both in Italy and Germany it is the revival of the old fascism that must be carefully watched, though without exaggerating its immediate threat.

IN Germany every day brings new instances of Nazi infiltration. There has been penetration of the cadres of the new army. And there is the case of the "Globke scandal." Hans Globke is author of a book on the Hitlerite racial laws which has practically disappeared from circulation. However, certain liberal and Socialist columnists found copies. In the Frankfurt Rundschau, Peter Miska reminded the Germans that, after all, "six million human beings were killed in the gas chambers and that the laws commented on and praised by Herr Globke provided the basis for this whole mass-murder." At this moment Globke still holds the post of a state secretary in the Federal Chancellery and is regarded as a man who enjoys the personal confidence of Dr. Adenauer. But Hans Globke is not the only one. Some of the groups demanding his removal have listed other tainted names: Edmond Forschbach, chief of the government press service; General Heusinger, representative of West Germany in NATO; Theodor Oberlander, Minister for Refugees,

and other high officials of the Adenauer administration.

The existence of a new fascism in Europe can therefore not be denied. But there is also a conscious opposition movement worthy of being reported. In analysing this aspect of the problem the most significant development is the determination of the anti-fascists not to repeat the passivity and resignation which in the twenties permitted the partisans of Mussolini and of Hitler to overwhelm the democratic forces in Italy and Germany.

From the avalanche of reports and rumors from Moscow that have followed the sensational attack in the recent Communist Party Congress on Stalin and the "cult" of personal leadership, one item has emerged with particular meaning for the problem here under discussion: the present Russian leaders have clearly decided to try at all costs to establish new Popular Fronts in Europe and elsewhere. This decision is already being translated into action.

With incomparable zeal the Communists are appealing to other Left and liberal elements to end the internal cold war and accept a program of ideological coexistence. What this means to the Poujadists and other neo-fascist groups is plain enough.

Many anti-fascists who are neither Communists nor Socialists are also opposing the Poujadist propaganda with great vigor. When on March 6 Poujade dispatched ten of his deputies to a rally in Toulouse, they were met by thousands of workers, civil-service employees and students who obliged them to give up the rally and flee the town. The League of the Rights of Man and the *Mouvement contre le racisme* are participating actively in the anti-fascist drive. I attended a big rally at the Mutualité in Paris, addressed by representatives of the League, the "*Nouvelle Republique*," the "New Left" and the *Mouvement*. The anti-Semitic character of the Poujade agitation was particularly stressed. Poujade has denied he is anti-

Semitic. But the other day in the rue de Rivoli, I saw written on the walls the slogan, "Jews go home!" And at the Poujadist open-air rally in the Etoile cries of "Death to the Jews" were heard.

We may be only at the beginning or we may also be at the beginning of the end. Many sharp analysts of French political life are convinced that either there will never be a showdown between the opposing forces we have described here or, in case of a real crisis, some one will be found to act as arbiter and prevent anything approaching civil war. A while ago one heard the name of Mendes-France mentioned for such a role. Today some people think of de Gaulle.

In any case fascism and anti-fascism are again becoming a European reality and may influence the future of European politics much more than is believed by those who have assumed that the terrible licking taken by Hitler and Mussolini disposed of that issue forever.

NEW ORTHODOXY FOR OLD

Shackled Soviet Historians . . by Peter Geyl

Utrecht, Holland

ASIDE FROM Khrushchev's notable address to a closed session, perhaps the most sensational speech delivered at the Twentieth Congress of the Russian Communist Party was that of First Deputy Prime Minister Anastas I. Mikoyan. While criticism of Stalin and Stalinism was the keynote of the entire congress, the contribution of this veteran collaborator of the late dictator was especially significant. Among the charges he hurled at the Stalin regime was that it had stifled research, especially the writing of history.

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April 14, 1956

Shall we congratulate the Soviet historian? Is freedom dawning at last? What must give us pause is the reflection that, after all, these sudden reversals of the party line are nothing new: freedom has never benefited by them, for they are meant merely to substitute one orthodoxy for another.

Personally, I was reminded of my recent experience at the International Historical Congress in Rome last December. There were a number of Russian historians there, flanked by colleagues from the satellite countries. Stalin had been dead for two and a half years. Did these men give any evidence of having had their minds freed from the shackles which had bound them for so long? Not a bit. They did their best to be courteous, but they did not deign—or rather they were unable—to enter into the "argument without end" which history is to us of the West.

They came not to debate, but to tell us, for they are certain that they have a monopoly on true historical method and insight as revealed for all time by Marx and Engels. They regard the materialistic conception of history as the indispensable condition for historical science. It is a part of their doctrine not only that history is governed by the development of the means of production and is essentially the history of the class struggle, but that its direction is determined toward a society which will be purely "democratic" and classless.

When I speak of *them* in the aggregate, I only echo their own constantly referring to us: "We Soviet historians"; "the school to which I belong, the Marxist"; and so on. In the West all their theses are subject to debate; behind the iron curtain they have become law. A. L. Sidorov confidently assured the congress that the Marxist materialistic

conception of history "is universally accepted by Soviet historians of the older as well as of the younger generation." In Western minds the spectacle of this well-drilled array of historians, all trotting obediently through the same curious processes of thought, all resolutely pretending to master the refractory material of mankind's historical vicissitudes by the same formulas, raises questions to which no satisfactory answer will ever be forthcoming from those fluent adepts of historical materialism and its special kind of dialectics.

HOW much compulsion has been needed to achieve this state of affairs? Are there any Soviet historians left who, in the privacy of their study, think differently? Are there any younger men trying to widen their outlook by surreptitiously scanning the writing of unorthodox ("reactionary," "bourgeois") Western historians? Do not doubts stir in the hearts of even some of these speakers—doubts which perhaps they hardly dare to confess to themselves? And for all the bold assertions in which they indulge, does the future really belong to them? Will their "history" really become everybody's history? Have they discovered the means by which to shackle once and for all the human mind which, as Burckhardt said (a reactionary bourgeois, if you like, but somewhat more than that!) is "a worrier" (*ein Wuehler*)?

Well, I have heard some of them, and I have read some of their writings. One morning in Rome Soviet historical literature was distributed. I carried off eight Russian pamphlets on various subjects with translations in one of the West European languages. Here Soviet historiography showed its fruits to the West and it was a pitiable exhibition. How frightful is the superficiality and at times downright falsification brought forth by that dogmatism, that wilful one-sidedness, that parrot-like repetition of catch-phrases!

Let me give one instance. A. D. Nikonov discusses *The Origin of World War II*. He begins (as they all do) with a grandiloquent proclamation of theory. The origins of wars can only be ascertained correctly and scientifically (how fond they all are of that word "scientific") by a veracious analysis of concrete historical facts. Fine! But we are warned beforehand that to adduce

in explanation man's biological and psychic makeup is "anti-scientific." To lay the blame on rulers and conquerors, too, is an outmoded approach. Chance is ruled out; to admit it into the picture would amount to rejecting history as a science. "Modern progressive historical science, and Soviet historiography particularly, proceeds from the fact that every war is the result of preceding economic and political development, the result of the home and foreign policy of the respective classes and states."

Few Western historians will bank on any one of the factors thus pontifically condemned. But in the plural causal explanation at which modern historical thinking generally arrives, each of these factors is likely to be present, including, no doubt, the one declared to be all-sufficient and exclusively scientific by the spokesman for Soviet scholarship. Factors of a spiritual or ideological nature will still further complicate the picture, and to strike a balance between such widely different elements is indeed the historian's insuperable difficulty. This need not lead him to describe history as "unknowable" (to this unscientific and unprogressive conclusion, according to Mme. Pankratova, arrived the authors of the 1946 Report of the American Social Science Research Council), but he will admit that in the final, comprehensive judgment there must be a quantum of arbitrariness. Does not this modesty denote the true scientific spirit, and must not the

arrogant assurance with which Nikonov and his fellow-Marxists assert that they possess the key to the "laws" of that immense happening be called, in the deepest sense, unscientific and unhistoric?

BUT INDEED, Nikonov's essay following upon his pompous introduction is nothing but an attempt to lay the responsibility for the Second World War on the shoulders of "the reactionary politicians" of the West. Hard things have been said by English historians about Neville Chamberlain's policy and the distrust of Soviet Russia which partly inspired it; on this side of the iron curtain that can be safely done. But to suggest that "the ruling circles of England, France and the United States" were "unwilling to halt the impending Second World War" is a monstrous distortion. How recklessly Mr. Nikonov can let his preconceived notions prevail over "concrete facts" appears when he writes that the Munich arrangement was greeted with indignation "in democratic circles of various countries." Take England. Who were more indignant than Winston Churchill, Leo Amery and Duff Cooper—each of whom, in the Soviet terminology, would be described as a reactionary? "The peoples," Nikonov goes on, felt that the betrayal of Czechoslovakia must lead to war. The peoples, indeed!—that divine figure in the theory of communism (only in its theory); but what was more striking in those tragic days of 1938 than the naive enthusiasm with which the masses everywhere acclaimed Chamberlain as the savior of peace!

Not a trace of understanding, in Nikonov's essay, for the difficulties which beset Chamberlain. I certainly do not want to play the apologist for that man of unhappy memory. But it would be scientific, or, more simply, honest, to remember that there were some grounds for distrust of Russia and that at any rate Russia's border states, with whose feelings English policy had perforce to reckon, were thrown into a panic at the thought of Russian armies crossing their territories; in fact, their independence has not survived the materialization of what in 1938 remained only the threat.

But of course reflections like these, while extenuating the error committed by the West, would to some

"Unrewriting History"

Recent admissions that history has been distorted in Soviet publications are to be followed up by making the previously secret state archives available to historians. It is, perhaps, unfair to apply Orwellian terminology to what is after all an attempt to bring back into the light of day big chunks of history previously suppressed. But one can no longer use the old cliché that the Russians are "rewriting history." The only apt description of the present process—first used by Reuter's correspondent in a dispatch from Moscow—is "the unrewriting of history." It can hardly be bettered.

The Manchester Guardian,
March 22, 1956.

extent arraign Russia. And that can on no account be permitted. Never will one word of fundamental criticism against their own government fall from the pen of any of these "scientific" writers. Over against the guilty West their Russia stands immaculate and noble. The real purpose of Nikonov is to condone the Soviet-Hitler agreement of 1939, which made the war inevitable. He pictures it as an act to which the Soviet Union was compelled in self-defense. To stifle all objections to that thesis, which is at best a half-truth, the writer has been careful to avoid all recognition of the exceptional, the lawless and inhuman character of the Hitler regime. He seems to regard it merely as a variant of the capitalist system.

It is worth noting how close is the connection between this kind of history writing and the practical foreign policy of the Soviet Union. Who is not reminded of the speech made in India by Mr. Khrushchev last December, in which he went so far as to accuse England, France and the United States of having brought about the Second World War in order to destroy Russia? A little crude, no doubt, and to some extent the speech had to be explained away. But in the "scientific" atmosphere such as Khrushchev himself helped to create in Russia, the statement cannot have seemed to be anything out of the ordinary.

THIS brings me to a point which struck me very forcibly while in Rome. The mental processes of these historians cannot be explained exclusively by the materialistic and dialectical conception of history. They are equally swayed by—must I say chauvinism? Or is it merely a slavish desire to suit the convenience of their rulers? This is particularly obvious in an essay by V. M. Khvostov in which the writer, with an eye to neutralist leanings and anti-German fears in France, holds up the alliance of 1891 between Czarism and the plutocratic French Republic as a shining example of the great and constant truth that the French and Russian peoples need each other against German militarism.

There are other inconsistencies. Mmes. Stepanova and Lewiowa, writing about the German Revolution of 1848-9, assert that Marx and Engels, by calling upon the German



Merblock in Washington Post
Purge of 1956

proletariat to rise, showed themselves to be the only wise counsellors who understood the needs of the moment and the shape of the future. One may think that this is a crass misreading of the realities of that great crisis, but at least the fallacy can be described as one peculiar to Marxism. When, however, the liberal bourgeoisie is reproved for its "treason" and the democratic middle class for its "cowardice," one is tempted to ask how these classes could be expected to support a movement immediately threatening their own position. Was not their hanging back "determined," just as was the revolutionary temper of (parts of) the (still very weak) proletariat? One is surprised to see Soviet historians, believing in the inescapable law of progress, writing with so little detachment. But the contradiction that here appears is not due to any individual shortcoming of these two ladies.

Soviet Russia cannot do without the concept of inevitability because nothing contributes so much to keep up the courage and energy of the leading class as does the belief that they are being carried along on the tide of history. But it cannot do without moral indignation either. A generation or two ago Kautsky wrote that in scientific thinking about history there was no room for moral reprobation, but that in the political fight it could not be dispensed with. In fact the doctrine of determination, as Mr. Isaiah Berlin insists in his brilliant treatise on *Historical Inevitability*, will not work in human relationships. Kautsky did not

try to resolve the contradiction. One meets it time and again, stark and as unscientific as anything can be, in the work of Soviet historians.

When Mikoyan quarrels with history as hitherto presented, these are not the errors that he wants remedied. The distortions and mental confusions to which I have drawn attention are not in question. Historians are to be freed neither from their theoretical obsessions nor from their subservience to the supreme power. What Mikoyan means is that they are in the future to refrain from exalting Stalin and one-man rule and to show that collective leadership is the true Communist doctrine. He means that the time has come for them to realize that several of the truths of yesterday have now been discovered to be errors; that, for instance, certain persons who had until now to be reviled as traitors or to be eliminated from history altogether, must henceforth be shown to have been true Communists who were executed by mistake.

AT ROME, Sidorov spoke triumphantly of the historical textbooks published under the new regime. He mentioned editions of more than fifteen—or more than eighteen—millions of copies. One shudders at this *Gleichshaltung* on so gigantic a scale. And when Mikoyan's orders have been carried out and rectifications introduced of the kind I indicated in all those untold millions of books, will there be any reason to rejoice? The spirit will have remained the same.

What are we to do in the face of this terrible phenomenon of masses thus subjugated not only physically but mentally? The very aversion with which the product of Soviet historiography has filled me rouses in me a reaction of hope. Is it possible that the Russian people, a people which produced only a short while ago so vivid, so human a literature, a literature so open to all problems, will sit down forever under this rule of deathlike uniformity and mediocrity?

There is a danger in indulging in optimism. Let us take the awful fate of historical studies in Russia as a challenge to stand by our own principles with more determination than ever and to think and work by the light of them as honestly, as creatively as we can.

SPRING BOOK SECTION

The Ruins of Memory

By Josephine Herbst

WHAT SEEMS to be missing in a good deal of contemporary writing is a sense of the world. The world around us. For some time we have had so many writers trailing their own nervous systems, premonitions, fantasies and horrors that perhaps the time has come to dig up man, the guilty worm, and to see him in relation to an actual world. It has gone so far that the word "actual" may start an argument. I mean it, just the same, in its Jane Austen sense, its Flaubert sense, its Tolstolian sense. To insist on this point of the actual is, practically speaking, avant garde. One thing is certain, we have no avant garde to flutter anybody at present. The one we had got stuck some time back in the pages of the little magazines when they went academic. Then the critics took over. This has been a long period for the critics and editors. The great authors to come up since the Second World War have mostly been dead a long time. Kafka, Melville, Hawthorne, Henry James should be with us always but their resurgence in the forties presaged more than recognition of their stature. It signified also a genteel retreat from a period too complicated to confront easily. The writings of the detached past became a kind of smokescreen to conceal the present dilemma, and the ruins.

But a ruin can be as good a point of departure as any. There is usually new life in the ruins as anyone who ever saw a population react from a bombing can testify. But the pickers-uppers are not trying to salvage tender mementos only. They usually are looking for bricks and firewood.

In the twenties writers seem to have been valued above critics and when a critic really got under the skin he was apt to be a writer. If

you were a young writer then and read Ezra Pound in the *Little Review* or *Poetry Magazine* you were fired to write to the limit of your skill. Today if a young writer reads too much criticism he may feel that there is no use manning the ship which is overmanned already and besides will the captains care for his particular skill?

IF PAST history is any guide, the present phase that tends to the compulsive presentation of people as isolated moral atoms without any sensible relation to society or the ideas of their time ought to have departed before this. For literary epochs come and go but this wave seems to have frozen in the cold war. In the freeze more is paralyzed than anyone cares to admit; perhaps more than the writer dares admit. But there is no such thing as a writer untouched by his time. Even the most inner experience is a response to some outside. That response may lead Kafka to explore the dark region beyond human experience or explanation in *The Castle* or Sean O'Casey to write from a sense of mission *Red Roses for Me*. In a favorable period when the atmosphere is fluid there will be many varieties of response to experience and what emerges is creation in full flower. Not without flaws, the decade of the twenties approached such a time of creative flowering if only because it was relatively hospitable to the new and diverse.

Every period takes stock of the one preceding it and the past that was good enough for the fathers never seems good enough for the children no matter how idyllic it may seem to the great-grandchildren. Writers in the twenties reacted not only to the shock of the First World War but to the values held dear in the nineteenth century. The stock responses of good will and progressive enlightenment as an explanation of human behavior had failed Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson

even before the First World War. The new attitudes were expressed not only in the realm of ideas but were implicit in the texture of the work, its language, its style, even in what came to be tagged "lack of style."

If the values of the nineteenth century failed the writers of the twenties they collapsed utterly in the thirties. What could liberal belief in rationality do against the irrationality which was spreading over Europe? In a period of demoralization and terror it was no bad thing to try to act, however mistakenly or inadequately, as the conscience of the age. If you can bear to lift the black cloth placed over the thirties by the revisionists, some of whom seem more infatuated with the revelation of their own private sense of guilt than in the situation as it *then* existed, you may be surprised to discover work not entirely marred by "innocence" nor requiring the afterthought of "shame." The reaction in the forties, the Second World War, the new cynicism, the new prosperity and the new smugness put the thirties, its work and the sources of its potential, into a time capsule where it has been effectively isolated. But the fact remains that work marked by vitality and venturing did emerge in the arts, the theatre and in the writing of that decade and found a new dynamic.

It is a new dynamic which is now conspicuous by its absence. Material prosperity can never answer the questions, why do we live, what does it mean? When the notion spreads that getting along may be the ultimate aim of man's efforts, the surface hardens and the writer, by nature more of a rebel than he may choose to admit, tries to burrow somewhere for a hidden meaning. If the rigidities set up make it dangerous truly to look at the world around us, the writer may be driven to look only at himself, unrelated to the actual world. But writing *should* be dangerous; as dangerous as Socrates. There should be no refuge for the writer either in the Ivory Tower or the Social Church.

Gissing, whose work Henry James admired, said that in all character

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there sits a mind, and that the mind of the dullest is not dull because, at its lowest, it will at least reflect the social dilemma. Perhaps the writers in the thirties were so hard-pressed by the immediacy of the dilemma that they scratched around for characters to explicate it. But it was no longer a time when the Nick Adamases up in Michigan could feel the question of the hour as merely a choice between freedom or that "fat married look." Straws in the wind, out of jobs, out of luck, the Nick Adamases of the thirties might well ask, freedom for what? It was a time when the feelings of the individual might seem haphazard, trivial, inconsequent compared with his feelings experienced as a member of a particular group. As an experience this was not new; soldiers in war know it; European literature has reflected it, but in the thirties it seemed to have had special significance for a nation dedicated to individualism. Some of the writing of the decade reflected this special kind of comprehension. Not every writer was obsessed with "the way out" or the idealized "worker," but as man had become a political animal, whether he liked it or not, the writers most sensitive to the temper of the time were bound to reflect it.

When you read *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*, you realize that James Agee was feeling his way into the lives of poor and rejected people from whom his normal fate as a writer might have isolated him. There was discovery here that reminds us of the nineteenth-century Russian literature when Tolstoy attempted to understand far beyond

the boundaries of his estate, and the affairs of Dr. Chekhov informed the writer Chekhov.

It takes a true writer to show us what has been missing in our lives. No one can give the writer an assignment that his own impulse has not bespoken but more than his security should inform him. "The pen," said Kafka to Janouch, "is not an instrument but an organ of the writer's." But what if that organ suffer a fatty degeneration and come to resemble the diseased liver of a Strassburg goose? What has a writer to say if he agrees that this is the best of all possible worlds and all of our major problems have been solved on a miracle time belt of endless prosperity? Aren't all the Nick Adamases of today fairly courting that "fat married look"? The routine may become boring, and the writer who in his life may batten happily on his role in a priggish status quo, may revert in his writing to the exotic and cash in on a kind of romantic nihilism which never attempts to deal with more than the desperate sensations of a felt or imagined experience. Don't our modern Stavrogins tend to wallow luxuriously in their dreadful predicaments? Seen without any surrounding pattern to light the actuality, they emerge a little more than case histories. One pathological case confined to its pathology is not a subject for literary work. Dostoevsky's Stavrogin also struggled against his doomed nature; he killed himself because he had a vision of a human world, not because he saw inhumanity triumphant with himself in a stellar role. His reaction

implied more than a blighted ego.

How did we get where we are? Perhaps if beating the breast in public confession had not become *sine qua non* we might find out. Guilt is real, it is serious, but when it becomes also a fashion, there is corruption. No one can seek for new clues or discover the actual world when it becomes clouded with the smoke of penitents burning the past.

We are not only what we are today but what we were yesterday and if you burn your immediate past there is nothing left but ashes which are all very well for those heads that like nothing better than to be sprinkled with ashes. But are these ash-covered heads really the spokesmen of our conscience? For conscience implies constant vigilance, inquiry, challenge, seeking, wonder. A conscience larded with complacency and self-righteousness is no longer a conscience. And we may well ask what has come out of all this in the way of writing and where and how is the writer facing up to the consequences of his knowledge. Are these frequent stories of innocents whose baffled illusions are made to seem important, oh far more important than life itself, really the expression of man's fate? Is the eccentric really our man of the hour? Life is shown up as a little shabby in comparison to some of this starry-eyed frustration. In fact, many writers seem intent on what D. H. Lawrence called "doing dirt on life."

May a conscience be time-clocked and serve one decade and not another? It is all very well to have pursued with vigilance the psychopaths of "radical conformity," minds



Engraving by Etienne de Perac. Victoria and Albert Museum

hardened against any human plea or valid idea embarrassing to the Party. But a mind can harden while manning a power post, any time, any place, whether in politics, government, Hollywood, the university or an institute of art and letters. It can harden while it succumbs to prevailing fashion under any banner.

If the social criticism of the thirties seemed able to analyze the roots only by disparaging the flower, the new detective-critics seem able to admire the flower only by pulling it to pieces. Between the opposing factions of this modern War of the Roses the flower is victimized, and the writer without whom there would be no flower, seems relegated to a Nobody. If behind the leaders of one faction waved the banners of a deterministic construction of man's role, behind the leaders of the opposing faction rose the misty phantoms of a Southern feudal aristocracy. Excesses in one direction turned to excesses in another; in both instances we seem to see looming above us the stern father image of an arbitrary authority. It is not only in politics that the age has been thus marked.

THE language of our new critics was seductive, called us to account many basic literary issues; and since we were fed up with too much democracy in the thirties, the notion of an aristocracy, if only in the arts, made a telling point. Form and precision of language are all important but there is also a point of view and one may well ask in what origins it arises. What assumptions are made from which the elegant flower is to grow? It is not coincidence that most of the writing to please the new detective-critics came from Southerners, most of whom were emigrés living in the North, getting their livings in Northern cities but with all feeling, knowledge and creative source in the South.

If it is our privilege to admire a body of brilliant writing by Southerners, worthy of a lasting place in our literature, it is also pertinent to ask why, in general, it has become so static. If it succeeded in producing a renaissance for which we should be grateful, why did its influence effect a stalemate and degenerate into the picturesque, the bizarre and the exploitation of the eccentric? The insistence on perfection may

produce a Rimbaud, revolutionary in form and content, but it may also settle for an inverted romanticism, a kind of snobbish chastity, implying that the hurly-burly is really not good enough for these particular garments. Then the will to perfection without the valid idea may proliferate into mere decay and tedium, descending into the language and the thought of journalism, relying finally on the violence of the "you-gotta-knock-'em-dead" school. The secret prince and dreamer of perfection may become lost in the glitter of honor, and his talent may then make of him an actor for life.

There is a distinction to be made between the actual writing of the group that produced the renaissance and the effects which followed in their train. This is no challenge to that body of writing; its writers had their aim and had to fulfill it by the inner secret processes of all creative work. But it also seems true that the sights were set toward a traditional past to the extinction of a prevailing present and as a result precluded a dynamic for writers to follow. From the richest section of this country in the sense of a literary potential we have arrived at a dead level of little studies of general decay. But the fact is that the South is not so much decaying as *changing* and it is fair to ask what use other writers in other countries in other epochs made of similar situations of transition. And it seems also to the point to suggest that of all the Southerners, Faulkner, who has mostly stayed put, has been able to gouge deeper, range more widely and feel more intimately the pressure of Southern change and responsibility, and to be, so far as I know, the only writer of the South willing to put himself on record on the murder of young Till.* As for earlier epochs the writer did not have to applaud in order to respond knowingly; Balzac, attached to the feudal past, could take in what was going on around him with everything thrown in; Stendahl could write of the business-king Louis Phillipe so incisively that *The Green Huntsman* could not be published in his lifetime. A response to change was in-

*But see Geismar (p. 306) for Faulkner's later remark on shooting Negroes. There is no better example of the South's defeating ambivalence.—THE EDITORS.

herent in every line of Jane Austen. As for the Russians whose serfs were liberated in the same decade as the Civil War what did they *not* do?

This discussion would fail to make its point if it appeared to set up new goals for more authority instead of more freedoms. The writer has suffered more than the Wars of the Roses in this period. He, like everybody else, seems to have been atomized and a waif on his own, to be shut off from many of the sources of knowledge more freely come by at an earlier period. If his road leads to the university and conformity, it is not altogether by choice, but by grim necessity in a society where the writer has never been a culture-hero. Roving was good for the writer; to have been a reporter undoubtedly informed Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Stephen Crane. To know far more than he may ever use is imperative for the writer.

We should not have to choose between Dreiser or Henry James. A writer must follow his bent but there are situations when pressures from without press so strongly that he hardly knows if he is bending to his own inner impulse or to some compulsive outside. In these days of specialization, when the scientist may be immured with his experiment without knowledge of what is going on in other laboratories, when he may even be in ignorance of the whole meaning of the cultural processes of which he is a part, it seems to me that the writer too is running a risk of falling back into his own little corner where his very isolation within himself is aiding a sterilization of creative powers. Or in another category, that he too often refuses to confront the implications of his own work, and intending to show the menace of the violent, secretly champions the force he would deplore. If we believe with Henry James that any theory which prevents a writer from seeing is a wrong one, we might also meditate on the words of Rilke: that "everything is gestation and then bringing forth. To let each impression and each germ of feeling come to completion quite in itself, in the dark, in the inexpressible, the unconscious, beyond the reach of one's own understanding, and wait with deep humility and patience the birth-hour of a new clarity; that alone is living the artist's life—in understanding as in work."

The Theme Is Fear

THE THEME IS FREEDOM. By John Dos Passos. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.50.

By Maxwell Geismar

DOS PASSOS' new book is a collection of his political prose written from 1927 to 1955, together with a running commentary which tells us what he now thinks of what he thought then. A diary of his political development, it is also a dialogue of conflicting beliefs, an uneasy altercation with the past. It is of particular interest as it throws light not only on Dos Passos' own career, but on the whole movement of the twenties, and on the present literary scene. To be blunt, what has gone wrong with him, and with us?

Though Dos Passos is primarily a historical novelist, this question is not purely a matter of political opinion. Even critics who are sympathetic with his present beliefs, such as Granville Hicks, have felt the decline in his fiction. In retrospect, the work of Dos Passos falls into three periods. There is first the expression of the lonely dissident, the esthetic recluse, in *One Man's Initiation* (1920) and *Three Soldiers* (1921). The recent revival of William March's *Company K* should remind us of the eloquent but essentially isolated quality of Dos Passos, E. E. Cummings and even Hemingway as chroniclers of World War I. But almost alone among the high individualists of the 1920's, those gifted expatriates and exiles, Dos Passos had, by the end of the decade, found a cultural base for his literary work.

This base was a theoretical rather than strictly political Marxism. The product of the second period included *Manhattan Transfer* in 1925, and the major trilogy, *U. S. A.*, published from 1930 to 1936. These are still the core of Dos Passos' fiction; they are persuasive and penetrating novels; and their description of American civilization, which hardly applied in the 1930's, may seem all

too prophetic in the 1950's. But the crux of the Dos Passos problem is right here, too. The collapse of his belief in the Russian Revolution, the disillusionment with the methods of the Communist Party, led not only to a major revision of his thinking, but, apparently, to a complete cessation of his creative energy and his human emotions. There was a psychic wound that has never stopped bleeding.

It is a familiar wound—the stigma of contemporary literature. It has marked and afflicted the careers of Richard Wright, of Malraux in France, of Koestler from middle Europe, and a host of others. It is a central factor in the paralysis of the American intellectuals during the last decade. Bitter ex-radicals like Sidney Hook, or constrained liberals like Lionel Trilling, or romantic reactionaries like Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren, have set the tone; which is, I think, no tone at all.

AND yet a writer who is concerned primarily with his art should be able to traverse this ideological abyss and keep some sort of perspective. Although a "social critic" myself, or anyhow having been labeled as one, I have never believed that the political area of a writer's thought contains the secret of his creative urge; very often it makes no sense at all. Among the group of Marxist refugees in the literary world, certain figures like Silone in Italy, the late George Orwell in England, or Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley in this country, have still managed to keep their human values intact. Among the others, one may wonder what deeper strain of emotional dependence makes them nurse and cherish their social disappointment to the point of trauma.

One remembers the central emotional configuration in Hemingway's early work: the hunter, the hunted and death. Beneath the factional feuds which have torn apart the intellectuals of the Left, isn't there some still deeper inner attraction which may draw together the fanatical Communists and the fanatical ex-Communists in an embrace of mutual destruction? In the case of Dos Passos himself, who never yielded to the extremes of this psy-

cho-political movement, whose great merit was that he used the Marxist critique always with an edge of skepticism and irony in his best work, is there no other recourse from the curious malady of his maturity? One reads *The Theme Is Freedom* with these questions in mind; one feels that what this artist is seeking is both social and emotional freedom; and in the end, I think, this book provides us with neither. He, too, is rewriting history—the occupational disease of our age—but his inner speculations travel in circles of fear and frustration, while the Communist cage puts bars between him and the world.

There is the familiar material on the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the Harlan miners, where Dos Passos received his first practical lessons in social injustice. There is the account of the Spanish Civil War, where Dos Passos met the harsh and terrifying reality of Russian power-politics; and left the movement. There is the description of the New Deal which he now rather grudgingly concedes was a legitimate and peaceful social revolution. There is, finally, his own spiritual return to Jeffersonian democracy, and to the political heritage of the "English-speaking peoples," which he first announced in *The Ground We Stand On* (1941). All of these facts seem to me true and legitimate. But there are such odd undertones, innuendos, omissions, distortions in this narrative that what should be an informal history of an epoch, witnessed by a sensitive and gifted observer, becomes a nightmare.

One notices the underlying scorn for the "social do-gooders" and "Greenwich Village radicals" to whom Dos Passos himself belonged. (He equates Bohemia and Revolution in these pages as though there had never been a radical and progressive movement in the United States before 1920.) The failure to send arms to the Spanish Loyalists was Franklin Roosevelt's fatal error; he is described with the same malice that Dos Passos showered on the "Meester Veelson" of *Nineteen Nineteen*. Because of this, no doubt, Dos Passos manages to work up some enthusiasm for the Pacific war (and Navy Secretary Forrestal, and for the "deep, traditional patriotism" of regular army officers), while the European theatre comes under the

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April 14, 1956

heading of "Mr. Roosevelt's Crusade." In "the year of our defeat," at the Nuremberg trials, after the fighting had stopped, Dos Passos realized "the full horror of what had been going on."

Not on the Nazi but on the American side! The war against fascism loses all focus in Dos Passos' mind because Russia was our ally, and American liberals were "too busy hating Hitler" to listen to the real truth. The climax of this phase of Dos Passos' thought (he resents being called reactionary) comes in the *Life* magazine article on the failure of Marxism. The New Deal is evil because it leads to English socialism, and English socialism is evil because it leads to Russian communism. That is the real catch—the bugaboo that haunts Dos Passos' mind and corrodes his thinking, just as the House of Morgan was the perfect villain of the First World War. He is a writer obsessed by demons, in the shape of ideas, and these demons take the form of savage and destructive symbols of omnipotent power, which terrify him.

ONE might add, very likely, symbols of paternal power. I am not trying to reduce the realities of political conflict to a matter of psychological complexes; but neither, I think, can Communist paranoia be fought by democratic schizophrenia, unless we are all mad. "The nightmare went along with us, back to Paris, back to the States," Dos Passos said after the Spanish war. "It's a nightmare you have to learn to live with all day and every day." This may be true, but such a man is obviously in no condition to think very clearly. And the point is that this emotional syndrome of fear, terror, obsessional hatred and perhaps underground attraction, of which Dos Passos is the clearest example, has colored and conditioned our whole intellectual climate during the last decade.

It accounts for our strange concentration of anxiety on the one ritualistic theme of anti-communism, by which every other issue has come to be measured. Thus our crucial domestic battles have been fought out on the popular level, while our intellectual journals have hardly dared to mention them. Our best literary work has come from writers who are outside this intellectual



Drawing by Hirschfeld. From the New York Times

orbit, where panic has slowly subsided into inertia. One notices that Dos Passos himself, settled in the shadow of Monticello, has lost just those attributes of the old republic which made a whole line of country squires—from Jefferson to Franklin Roosevelt—such a potent force in our social evolution.

Dos Passos, indeed, has become a frightened landlord, guarding his ancestral estate. And as I write these lines, another old-fashioned Southern agrarian, William Faulkner, has just declared that in the final crisis he will have to stand by Mississippi, and shoot down the Negroes in the streets. Well, goodbye to all that.

The Climate Of Welfare

By John Lehmann

IN A RECENT interview Jean Anouilh, the French playwright, observed that he never read the newspapers because their constant preoccupation with the menace of war was bad for an artist's nerves.

It seems to me a possible explanation of the present state of English letters that the young English writers have been reading too many newspapers. If you take them too seriously, the future looks somber indeed; a huge question mark in the sky against black storm clouds. For the English writers who stand at the start of their careers, the clouds are not all atomic: some of them are economic, for industrial Britain has still not been able to adjust herself to a postwar world where, her rich reserves all drained away in fighting the Axis, her dependence on exports for sheer existence has been brutally

uncovered. Again, the welfare state, her major achievement in civilized progress since 1945, has inevitably laid the emphasis on social security rather than on individual enterprise, on reconciliation rather than on interrogation and revolt. All in all, not too favorable a climate for vigorous experiment and advance in the world of the creative imagination.

Thus goes the most plausible explanation for the fact that the last ten years have been disappointing for many of us who hoped—noting the enthusiastic interest in imaginative literature that spread so far during the war—that a significant literary revival would follow the return of the soldiers from the fighting. It has not followed. There have been one or two noisy outbursts, a great banging together of old dustbin covers and empty cans, to persuade us that at last something was happening. They have not been very convincing demonstrations to a literary editor who has had to rely, more than he ever wished, on critical

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studies, literary reminiscences, newly discovered manuscripts of the illustrious dead and stories from other countries to keep up the liveliness of his review. Some of these (in the *London Magazine*) have been excellent, even brilliant, and they may well be helping to prepare the way for a literary revival; but it is sadly overdue.

THE ROW that has developed over here since Dylan Thomas' death, about his real stature as a writer, is symptomatic. Up to his death, one might say, Thomas was generally considered the darling of the high-brows, a poet as rich in the genuine poetic gold as he was difficult for the uninitiated to understand. Suddenly, on his death, the situation is reversed: Dylan Thomas becomes news, one of the most powerful of our Sunday papers organizes a great concert and reading of his works to honor him, and a second, equally crowded evening follows some weeks later in our Festival Hall. That strange feeling, which sometimes comes over even modern industrial communities, is abroad: a sense of loss of spiritual power. At the same time, to the astonishment of his own generation, furious fire opens up on his reputation from a number of the newer critics and poets. One example: a contributor wrote to the *London Magazine* to say that for most people Thomas had become an archetypal image of the Poet; that now that he was dead "something like a panic descends on the world of letters." Immediately Donald Davie, poet, critic and provincial don, wrote back to say that the saddest thing about Thomas' death was "the fulsome ballyhoo which it evoked on both sides of the Atlantic." Further attacks followed from other intellectuals of the same vintage. And recently Philip Oakes, a young short-story writer and journalist of promise, gave an imaginary biography of a "new" writer, in which his enthusiasms were listed as "George Orwell, Dr. Leavis, jazz, old cars," and his antipathies as "Dylan Thomas, provincial culture, European novelists."

This generalization must be taken with a grain of salt. I happen to know that a number of the "new" writers Philip Oakes had in mind are not at all pleased to be characterized in this way. And Dylan

Thomas (thank heaven for it) continues to be deeply admired and widely, enthusiastically read, and not merely by poets who were his contemporaries. It is nevertheless symptomatic. The poets of Oakes's generation have talked a lot about "consolidation," and the need to return to clarity and strict form. Paradoxically, they have taken as their master the William Empson who has written some of the most bafflingly obscure and esoteric poems of our time. The reason, however, is not only that Empson has shown a predilection for strict traditional forms (such as the villanelle) but also that in his poetry intellect dominates over emotion; in addition, I suspect, just simply that he is *not* Auden, Spender or Thomas—the masters of their predecessors. Empson has had a sorry influence because it is impossible to write in his manner without appearing to write pastiche. And the pursuit of "consolidation" and eighteenth-century virtues has produced a great deal of neat, accomplished verse the appropriate comment on most of which remains Roy Campbell's epigram on certain Georgian poets:

They use the snaffle and the curb
all right,

But where's the bloody horse?

In an age when technological progress is going ahead at breakneck speed, when the mere threat of the atom bomb is melting old empires and old conceptions like icicles when the wind changes, the attempt to reconstitute an Augustan Age in poetry seems—well, inappropriate is the mildest word I can use. The parallel tendency in prose, which also appears predominantly to be associated with lectures in provincial universities, was made into a "movement" in a series of clever articles in the London weekly *Spectator* where the tongue in the cheek was perhaps not immediately evident to the serious elderly readers of that journal—though the impatient impulse to smash up established metropolitan reputations no doubt was. The three leading figures in this "movement," John Wain, Kingsley Amis and Iris Murdoch, are all critics as well as novelists, and Wain and Amis are also poets. Their claim, or rather the claim that has been made for them (for they are reputed individually to regret having been lumped together in a journalistic

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stunt) is to have re-introduced picaresque comedy to the modern English novel. The claim is over-stated; they are comic writers of uneven achievement among many other comic writers, some of whom undoubtedly have superior technical equipment. Their original act is rather to have introduced a new mood, a mood that has been recognized (often with gloomy distaste) to be the outcome of changed social conditions in Britain. The iconoclastic, truculent, make-as-much-as-you-can-while-the-going-is-good attitude of the characteristic *déclassé* hero of their novels has so far disgusted Mr. Somerset Maugham that he has publicly announced that he is glad he has little more to do with the country in which such people flourish. Critics junior to Mr. Maugham have been more inclined to query whether a brash mood necessarily makes a good writer; and have deplored that such cock-a-snook clowning should be the best that we can offer in the way of literary "newness" in the last few years.

Looking back over what I have written, I realize that I have painted the present English literary landscape in depressingly drab colors. There is another side to the picture. Kingsley Amis is an extremely clever writer, and his first novel, *Lucky Jim*, a very funny book: he can justly claim to have invented the first comic character to become a symbol and type since Evelyn Waugh's Basil Seal. (Mr. Norris was not typical of anything or anyone except himself.) John Wain is, I believe, a better poet and critic than novelist: his article on R. P. Blackmur's *Language as Gesture*, to take one instance, was an impressive piece of expertise, and his recent poem, called *Poem Feigned to have been Written by an Electronic Brain*, was a moving criticism of modern life (in the Matthew Arnold sense) as well as a brilliant virtuoso display. Thom Gunn, at present teaching in Texas, stands out among the English poets still in their twenties with quite exceptional promise. The English popular ballad tradition, moribund since Kipling's death, has been delightfully revived by Charles Causley. Like Kipling, Causley can strike a deeper note when his feelings are stirred, and has written some beautiful poems in a manner as far from Auden as it is from Empson. There are

other young poets of the postwar generation whose intelligence and sobriety of craftsmanship is of good augury: I would instance Philip Larkin and Elizabeth Jennings. And William Plomer has justly said that in R. S. Thomas, the rector of a country parish in Wales, we have a new "regional poet of more than regional interest." In the novel, too, other new talents have emerged with as lively a claim to our attention as the picaresque school: William Golding, for instance, has written in *Lord of the Flies* and *The Inheritors* two novels of highly original imaginative power, totally unlike anything else that has been written by his contemporaries; and Nigel Dennis is a new satirist whose *Cards of Identity* shows a dazzling variety of gifts, though as yet perhaps not entirely under control. One has to remind oneself that "schools" and "groups" are a convenience of the critic (and still more of the propagandist), and that the authors who are going to count most in the long run do not necessarily belong to them.

Staying power: that is the element that has seemed so disappointingly lacking in the brilliant entrants to the literary stakes during the last two decades (and I do not think that lack is by any means a purely British phenomenon). What has happened to Thomas Hinde, whose *Mr. Nicholas* was as good a first novel as one could hope for? Why do F. T. Prince, Henry Reed and David Gascoyne write no more poetry? Why does Terence Tiller write so little? It is all too long since we had a novel from Henry Green or Rex Warner.

Denton Welch died young; but Philip Toynbee, still very much alive, has abandoned the sequence of novels he was at work on and decided that he will write no more fiction. This list of abdications and absences could be extended; it is more cheering to record the steady progress of Angus Wilson, P. H. Newby and William Sansom among the newer novelists and short-story writers, the continuing vitality in their own specialized spheres of poetry of Louis MacNeice, Vernon Watkins and Roy Fuller.

These last three poets made their reputations, or laid the foundations of it, in the thirties, a period that has been heavily attacked by the postwar generation, which declares that it finds its art impure and its political engagement excessive and absurd. These young writers seem to protest too much: one has a suspicion that they are more interested than they will admit in a decade whose positive action and achievement (in literature) contrast with their own hesitations, their lack of passionate conviction. For the last three years a leading poet of the social-political movement of the thirties, Cecil Day Lewis, has been professor of poetry at Oxford. His lectures have always drawn packed audiences; and he is to be succeeded, after decisive victory in another hotly contested election, by W. H. Auden, whose sin in the eyes of the detractors of the thirties is not merely that he *was* the movement but, worse, that he sloped off to America when the game became serious.

One would, I think, be wide of the mark if one concluded from Auden's

Faces and Landscapes

All at once, when she was talking of something
Quite different, and I half listening,
Half thinking of something different, I saw
Beyond her face its peculiar landscape:
I saw how the trees ran and the hills were shaped,
And the bridges and weather there, how
The snow fell because of her and never touched her.
Was it such landscapes, I wondered, that painters
Had seen, in their visions, and tried to construct
In the backgrounds of portraits, to discover
Something more of the faces they painted
Than the mortal features could convey? Had I
Seen her once with so revelatory
A vista behind her, and only now took it in?
Had each of us, or some only, such countrysides
To his heritage? The world is wide.
And how can we know even the place where we stand?

W. S. MERWIN

The NATION

success that radical left-wing views of prewar anti-Fascist flavor were still rampant under the intellectual surface of our country. Auden succeeded because, when it came to the test, it had to be admitted that he was an imaginative creator of unflagging virtuosity and vigor of mind. There is, however, an interesting moral in this, which I suggested at the beginning of this article. The climate of the welfare state has not, I maintained, been favorable to creative experiment: the spiritual irritant of "something rotten in the state of Denmark" that stirs the Hamlets to passionate re-thinking has given way to a rather cosily complacent pride in the provision of free aspirin for all; that there are headaches in plenty for those who look a little further, which can't be cured by aspirin, is beside the point. But in other English-speaking countries of the (former) British Empire,

the situation is quite different: in many of them a social tension has developed since the war, which arises out of the coming to maturity or the struggle for emancipation of the one time "subject" races. A few months ago I wrote in the *London Magazine*: "The novels of Lamming, Selvon and an increasing number of others from the West Indies have something of the same sense of upthrusting vitality and self-discovery that the best working-class books of the thirties had. And is it a mere chance that out of South Africa so much vigorous, imaginative, original writing has emerged during the last ten years?" There is a new English literature growing up overseas, the nerve of which is the tension of social alignments in upheaval. It may still be raw, journalistic, uncertain of itself: but it has the vision and human indignation that sometimes lead to the great achievements in art.

The Other Side of the Mind

HEAVEN AND HELL. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

By Richard Eberhart

MAN HAS always been dissatisfied with his life on earth. In periods of health and ability he has enjoyed life immensely, but sooner or later came a falling off, recurrent sorrows, destruction and death. The shortness of his stay was early impressed upon him. We have not conquered death and we have dreamed of perfection, of timelessness, of bliss, of immortality.

Poets and painters have presented visions of an Other World, of an ideal life. They have sensed and presented a light that never was on sea or land or have shown a primordial garden before the Fall where the nectarine and curious peach themselves into the hands do reach. Dante, Milton and others have wrestled with notions of Heaven and Hell. Aldous Huxley has written a fascinating and tantalizingly short book on how to extend our horizons.

RICHARD EBERHART, lecturer at Princeton University, has published many books of verse. His most recent volume is Undercliff: Poems 1946-1953. Mr. Eberhart was a founder and first president of the Poet's Theatre in Cambridge.

April 14, 1956

His argument, simplified, is this. Marsupials are odd but they really exist; if you go to New South Wales you will see them "hopping about the countryside."

Likewise, we can go to the mind's antipodes "by the aid of a chemical—either mescaline or lysergic acid"—or through hypnosis. "The two vehicles carry the consciousness to the same region; but the drug has the longer range and takes its passengers further into *terra incognita*."

Mescaline "probably . . . interferes with the enzyme system that regulates cerebral functioning. By doing so it lowers the efficiency of the brain as an instrument for focusing the mind on the problems of life on the surface of our planet. This lowering of what may be called the biological efficiency of the brain seems to permit the entry into consciousness of certain classes of mental events, which are normally excluded, because they possess no survival value."

What happens under mescaline? "First and foremost is the experience of light. Everything seen by those who visit the mind's antipodes is brilliantly illuminated and seems to shine from within. All colors are intensified to a pitch far beyond anything seen in the normal state, and at the same time the mind's capacity for recognizing fine distinc-

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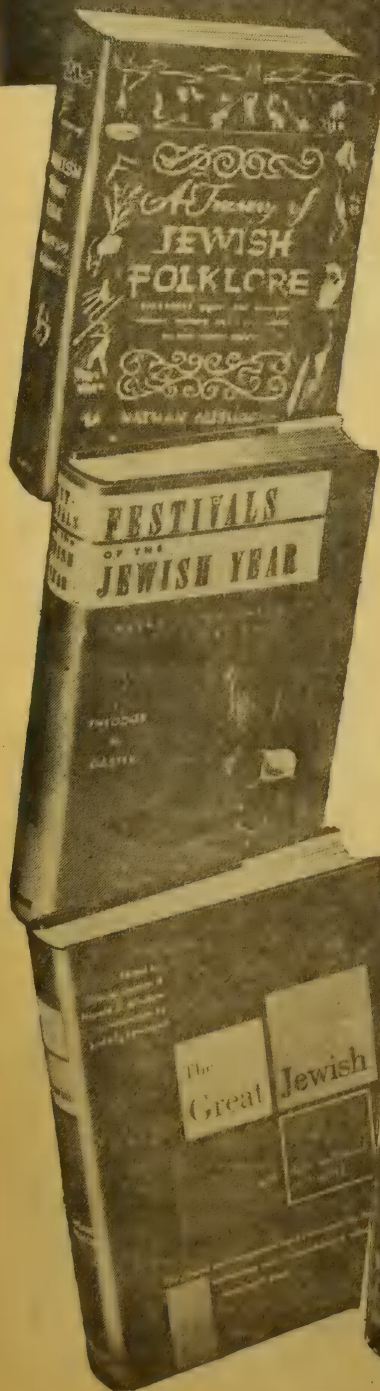
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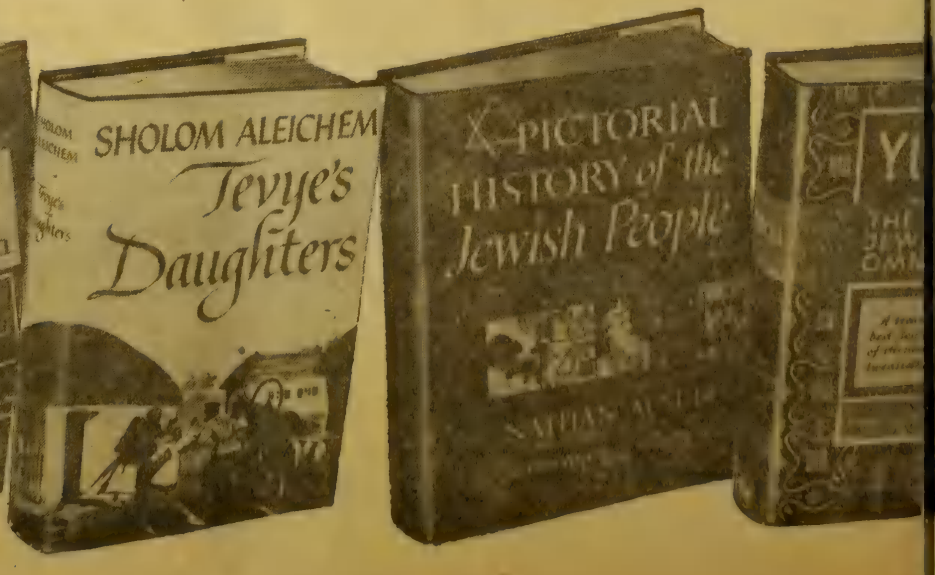
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tions of tone and hue is notably heightened."

This is the beginning. There are marvels to come. Huxley posits the reality of other-worldly events. He specifies their peculiarities in a convincing way, with scientific accuracy of statement.

I would not wish to divulge all his secrets, except to say that the "Heaven" induced by drug may in some cases, and under certain conditions noted, turn into "Hell." So even in this Other World there may still be duality. Yet his last paragraph, before eight appendices, offers resolution, as follows:

"There is a posthumous state of the kind described in Sir Oliver Lodge's book *Raymond*; but there

is also a heaven of blissful visionary experience; there is also a hell of the same kind of appalling visionary experience as is suffered here by schizophrenics and some of those who take mescaline; and there is also an experience, beyond time, of union with the divine Ground."

Throughout the book and in the appendices there are cogent examples of man's attempts to get beyond usual reality to visionary excitement in various arts and rituals.

Whether the reader will rush out and buy some mescaline I do not know, but he might well rush out and buy a transporting book. It is a book of vision, so to speak, paradoxically written in a most down-to-earth manner.

Oo, Those Awful Orcs!

By Edmund Wilson

IN 1937, Dr. J. R. R. Tolkien, an Oxford don, published a children's book called *The Hobbit*, which had an immense success. The hobbits are a not quite human race who inhabit an imaginary country called the Shire and who combine the characteristics of certain English animals—they live in burrows like rabbits and badgers—with the traits of English country-dwellers, ranging from rustic to tweedy. (The name seems a telescoping of rabbit and Hobbs.) They have elves, trolls and dwarfs as neighbors, and they are associated with a magician called Gandalf and a slimy water-creature called Gollum. Dr. Tolkien became interested in his fairy-tale country and has gone on from this little story to elaborate a long romance, which has appeared, under the general title, *The Lord of the Rings*, in three volumes: *The Fellowship of the Ring*, *The Two Towers* and *The Return of the King*.^{*} All volumes are accompanied with maps, and Dr. Tolkien, who is a philologist, professor at Merton College of English Language and Literature, has equipped the last volume with a scholarly apparatus of appendices, explaining

the alphabets and grammars of the various tongues spoken by his characters, and giving full genealogies and tables of historical chronology.

Dr. Tolkien has announced that this series—the hypertrophic sequel to *The Hobbit*—is intended for adults rather than children, and it has had a resounding reception at the hands of a number of critics who are certainly grown-up in years. Mr. Richard Hughes, for example, has written of it that nothing of the kind on such a scale has been attempted since *The Faerie Queen*, and that "for width of imagination it almost beggars parallel." "It's odd, you know," says Miss Naomi Mitchison, "one takes it as seriously as Malory." And Mr. C. S. Lewis, also of Oxford, is able to top them all: "If Ariosto," he ringingly writes, "rivalled it in invention (in fact, he does not), he would still lack its heroic seriousness." Nor has America been behind. In the *Saturday Review of Literature*, a Mr. Louis J. Halle, author of a book on *Civilization and Foreign Policy*, answers as follows a lady who—"lowering," he says, "her pince-nez"—has inquired what he finds in Tolkien: "What, dear lady, does this invented world have to do with our own? You ask for its meaning—as you ask for the meaning of the *Odyssey*, of *Genesis*, of *Faust*—in a word? In a word, then, its meaning is 'heroism.' It makes our own world, once more, heroic. What higher

meaning than this is to be found in any literature?"

But if one goes from these eulogies to the book itself, one is likely to be let down, astonished, baffled. The reviewer has just read the whole thing aloud to his seven-year-old daughter, who has been through *The Hobbit* countless times, beginning it again the moment she has finished, and whose interest has been held by its more prolix successors. One is puzzled to know why the author should have supposed he was writing for adults. There are, to be sure, some details that are a little unpleasant for a children's book, but except when he is being pedantic and also boring the adult reader, there is little in *The Lord of the Rings* over the head of a seven-year-old child. It is essentially a children's book—a children's book which has somehow got out of hand, since, instead of directing it at the "juvenile" market, the author has indulged himself in developing the fantasy for its own sake; and it ought to be said at this point, before emphasizing its inadequacies as literature, that Dr. Tolkien makes few claims for his fairy romance. In a statement prepared for his publishers, he has explained that he began it to amuse himself, as a philological game: "The invention of languages is the foundation. The 'stories' were made rather to provide a world for the languages than the reverse. I should have preferred to write in 'Elvish.'" He has omitted, he says, in the printed book, a good deal of the philological part; "but there is a great deal of linguistic matter . . . included or mythologically expressed in the book. It is to me, anyway, largely an essay in 'linguistic esthetic,' as I sometimes say to people who ask me 'what it is all about.' . . . It is not 'about' anything but itself. Certainly it has no allegorical intentions, general, particular or topical, moral, religious or political." An overgrown fairy story, a philological curiosity—that is, then, what *The Lord of the Rings* really is. The pretentiousness is all on the part of Dr. Tolkien's infatuated admirers, and it is these pretensions that I would here assail.

The most distinguished of Tolkien's admirers and the most conspicuous of his defenders has been Mr. W. H. Auden. That Auden is a master of English verse and a well-

^{*}Houghton Mifflin; \$5 each.

EDMUND WILSON'S Red, Black, Blond and Olive: Studies in Four Civilizations has just been published by Oxford University Press.

equipped critic of verse, no one, as they say, will dispute. It is significant, then, that he comments on the badness of Tolkien's verse—there is a great deal of poetry in *The Lord of the Rings*. Mr. Auden is apparently quite insensitive—through lack of interest in the other department—to the fact that Tolkien's prose is just as bad. Prose and verse are on the same level of professorial amateurishness. What I believe has misled Mr. Auden is his own special preoccupation with the legendary theme of the Quest. He has written a book about the literature of the Quest; he has experimented with the theme himself in a remarkable sequence of sonnets; and it is to be hoped that he will do something with it on an even larger scale. In the meantime—as sometimes happens with works that fall in with one's interests—he no doubt so overrates *The Lord of the Rings* because he reads into it something that he means to write himself. It is indeed the tale of a Quest, but, to the reviewer, an extremely unrewarding one. The hero has no serious temptations; is lured by no insidious enchantments, perplexed by few problems. What we get is a simple confrontation—in more or less the traditional terms of British melodrama—of the Forces of Evil with the Forces of Good, the remote and alien villain with the plucky little home-grown hero. There are streaks of imagination: the ancient tree-spirits, the Ents, with their deep eyes, twiggy beards, rumbly voices; the Elves, whose nobility and beauty is elusive and not quite human. But even these are rather clumsily handled. There is never much development in the episodes; you simply go on getting more of the same thing. Dr. Tolkien has little

Sonnet in Search of an Author

Nude bodies like peeled logs
sometimes, give off a sweetest
odor, man and woman
under the trees in full excess
matching the cushion of
aromatic pine-drift fallen
threaded with trailing woodbine
a sonnet might be made of it

Might be made of it! odor of
odor of pine needles, odor of
peeled logs, odor of no odor
other than trailing woodbine that
has no odor, odor of a nude woman
sometimes, odor of a man.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

April 14, 1956

skill at narrative and no instinct for literary form. The characters talk a story-book language that might have come out of Howard Pyle, and as personalities they do not impose themselves. At the end of this long romance, I had still no conception of the wizard Gandolph, who is a cardinal figure, had never been able to visualize him at all. For the most part such characterizations as Dr. Tolkien is able to contrive are perfectly stereotyped: Frodo the good little Englishman, Samwise, his dog-like servant, who talks lower-class and respectful, and never deserts his master. These characters who are no characters are involved in interminable adventures the poverty of invention displayed in which is, it seems to me, almost pathetic. On the country in which the Hobbits, the Elves, the Ents and the other Good People live, the Forces of Evil are closing in, and they have to band together to save it. The hero is the Hobbit called Frodo who has become possessed of a ring that Sauron, the King of the Enemy, wants (that learned reptilian suggestion—doesn't it give you a goosefleshy feeling?). In spite of the author's disclaimer, the struggle for the ring does seem to have some larger significance. This ring, if one continues to carry it, confers upon one special powers, but it is felt to become heavier and heavier; it exerts on one a sinister influence that one has to brace oneself to resist. The problem is for Frodo to get rid of it before he can succumb to this influence.

NOW, this situation does create interest; it does seem to have possibilities. One looks forward to a queer dilemma, a new kind of hair-breadth escape, in which Frodo, in the Enemy's kingdom, will find himself half-seduced into taking over the enemy's point of view, so that the realm of shadows and horrors will come to seem to him, once he is in it, once he is strong in the power of the ring, a plausible and pleasant place, and he will narrowly escape the danger of becoming a monster himself. But these bugaboos are not magnetic; they are feeble and rather blank; one does not feel they have any real power. The Good People simply say "Boo" to them. There are Black Riders, of whom everyone is terrified but who never seem anything but specters. There are dread-

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ful hovering birds—think of it, horrible birds of prey! There are ogreish disgusting Orcs, who, however, rarely get to the point of committing any overt acts. There is a giant female spider—a dreadful creepy-crawly spider!—who lives in a dark cave and eats people. What one misses in all these terrors is any trace of concrete reality. The preternatural, to be effective, should be given some sort of solidity, a real presence, recognizable features—like Gulliver, like Gogol, like Poe; not like those phantom horrors of Algernon Blackwood which prove so disappointing after the travel-book substantiality of the landscapes in which he evokes them. Tolkien's horrors resemble these in their lack of real contact with their victims, who dispose of them as we do of the horrors in dreams by simply pushing them or puffing them away. As for Sauron, the ruler of Mordor (doesn't the very name have a shuddery sound?) who concentrates in his person everything that is threatening the Shire, the build-up for him goes on through three volumes. He makes his first, rather promising, appearance as a terrible fire-rimmed yellow eye seen in a water-mirror. But this is as far as we ever get. Once Sauron's realm is invaded, we think we are going to meet him; but he still remains nothing but a burning eye scrutinizing all that occurs from the window of a remote dark tower. This might, of course, be made effective; but actually it is not; we never feel Sauron's power. And the climax, to which we have been working up through exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine large close-printed pages, when it comes, proves extremely flat. The ring is at last got rid of by being dropped into a fiery crater, and the kingdom of Sauron "topples" in a brief and banal earthquake that sets fire to everything and burns it up, and so releases the author from the necessity of telling the reader what exactly was so terrible there. Frodo has come to the end of his Quest, but the reader has remained untouched by the wounds and fatigues of his journey. An impotence of imagination seems to me to sap the whole story. The wars are never dynamic; the ordeals give no sense of strain; the fair ladies would not stir a heartbeat; the horrors would not hurt a fly.

Now, how is it that these long-

winded volumes of what looks to this reviewer like balderdash have elicited such tributes as those above? The answer is, I believe, that certain people—especially, perhaps, in Britain—have a lifelong appetite for juvenile trash. They would not accept adult trash, but, confronted with the pre-teen-age article, they revert to the mental phase which delighted in *Elsie Dinsmore* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and which seems to have made of Billy Bunter, in England, almost a national figure. You can see it in the tone they fall into when they talk about Tolkien in print: they bubble, they squeal, they coo; they go on about Malory and

Spenser—both of whom have a charm and a distinction that Tolkien has never touched.

As for me, if we must read about imaginary kingdoms, give me James Branch Cabell's *Poictesme*. He at least writes for grown-up people, and he does not present the drama of life as a showdown between Good People and Goblins. He can cover more ground in an episode that lasts only three pages than Tolkien is able to in one of his twenty-page chapters, and he can create a more disquieting impression by a reference to something that is never described than Tolkien through his whole demonology.

The Shield of Irony

By May Sarton

IT IS not strange since, as we are constantly reminded, this is an age of criticism, that irony should become one of the canons in literary appraisal and that a work lacking in this quality seems to us to lack "seriousness." In contemporary criticism the word irony is often coupled with the word maturity and a young poet or novelist so aberrant as to set no value on it, would appear to be a clumsy, beaverish character with no literary manners. But once an attitude or device becomes fashionable, it is surely time it was re-examined. It is my intention to do so here, however tentatively. How interesting it would be, for instance, to come upon a review in which a poet was taken to task for an insufficiently deepened conception of irony, and not merely praised for knowing how to use the bright shield

in his own defense. How interesting it would be to find a contemporary novelist defined as F. R. Leavis has defined George Eliot, "She sees too much, and has too much the humility of the supremely intelligent whose intelligence involves self-knowledge, to be more than incidentally ironical."

Of course we are in a period of timid retreat from the avant-garde positions taken by our immediate forebears. The novel is lapsing into long-winded particularized realism; poetry consolidates itself by means of varied and distinguished mastery of inherited techniques. Neither conviction nor passion are much in the atmosphere, nor is the clumsiness that sometimes accompanies them. In these last years we have come a long way from the enthusiasms and indignations of the twenties. We look back on giants like Dreiser as too crude for our purposes, which are increasingly self-conscious, discriminating and wary. We would suspect a poet as "personal" in one sense as Elinor Wylie, or in another as Carl Sandburg of being exhibitionist. The writer in America today has no illusions that he is the De-



French Armor, XIV Century

MAY SARTON, poet and novelist, was a Guggenheim Fellow in poetry. In 1952 she received the Lyric Award of the Poetry Society of America and in 1953 was honored by Bryn Mawr College with the Lucy Martin Donnelly Fellowship. Her most recent book is *Faithful Are the Wounds*.

The NATION

fender of the Faith, or that fiction or poetry are weapons in the class struggle, or in any other struggle, even in that fundamental struggle, the exploring of the person behind the "personality." At the same time he is increasingly conscious of the neurotic aspect of himself as an artist. One might extrapolate this grim vision to the somewhat dubious conclusion that he believes neither in his art as necessary, in himself as sane, nor in his power to influence the society of which he is a part. He looks sometimes rather too much like a man way out on a limb, making faces at himself in a pocket mirror.

IT IS interesting to note how many talented novelists have settled for either describing (ironically of course) the neurotic fringes where they themselves live, or becoming apologists (ironical of course) for the dubious goals of American life. In both cases—the alienated intellectual or the popular novelist—irony is used as a shield. It permits the writer himself to maintain immunity and neutrality, to stay out on his limb in safety, or to adopt prevailing attitudes without really committing himself. It is irony which allows him to expose his own weaknesses and anxieties without coming to terms with them in any radical sense; it is irony which makes it possible for him to ally himself with the whole success racket, while at the same time "seeing through it," and thus saving face. In the field of poetry the use of irony has made possible the incorporation of every ambivalence, under the guise, perhaps, of honesty. One has only to consider the idea of an unequivocally "earnest" poem to feel one's hackles begin to rise, so conditioned have we become to this shield against our deepest selves.

Of course irony can be used as a sword and not as a shield. So it was in Aeschylus and Euripides, where participation between author and audience in knowledge denied the actors was the essence of the drama; the sword of irony held in suspense, provided catharsis when it fell. It was then anything but a shield, for there was no protection in it. It made the Moment of Truth terrible indeed, and the more terrible because foreseen.

In Hardy, who of all modern novelists comes closest to the conception

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of Tragic Irony, it would seem already to have become a shield, the shield against despair in a universe where penalties were imposed for no reason, not even the jealousy of the gods. In Jane Austen, the most beautiful exemplar of Comic Irony, it becomes the shield for an extraordinary sensibility. But in each of these, if irony is a shield, it is the shield of deep feeling, and it is not self-sparing. As J. A. K. Thomson says in his classic book on the subject, the moment irony becomes self-sparing "it ceases to be genuine criticism of life, being only a criticism of other people." The deeper the feeling which it masks, the more itself is the irony.

BY THEIR ironies ye shall know them: one might almost say that the kind of irony employed is the measure of the sensibility involved. One thinks of the irony Housman never outgrew, of the ironies T. S. Eliot has outgrown, or of the irony used against others but never against the self which infects one of our most brilliant novelists today. One thinks also in this context of the rueful irony in Ellen Glasgow, flawed by self-pity, especially as we read her vision of life as expressed in the *Journal*. And one comes finally out of these subjective ironies to the open air, to the savage irony in the later Yeats, or to the mature, warm, wise irony in Thomas Mann, especially in *Felix Krull*. For here we come back to kinds of irony which can after all be coupled with the word "mature." Why? Because they are the irony not of the defeated self but of the mastered self.

Is not irony a legitimate shield in the last analysis only when it presupposes commitment? Is it not something to be earned as detachment is and must be learned through attachment, and not by evading it? "Emotion tempered by common sense, common sense transfigured by emotion," as Thomson re-defines it, this time in relation to Socrates himself. When irony becomes self-protection, an easy way out rather than the saving grace within commitment, does it not seem a rather cheap device? When it springs from an unwillingness to give the self away, when it is the shield not of despair nor of extraordinary sensibility, but of self-preservation and fear, then is it not time to take a second look?

In a poem the use of irony makes it possible for the poet to take refuge at the very moment of self-exposure or exposure of someone else, or exposure of an idea, to take back what he says at the moment of saying it. This lets the reader out too. He will not be shaken to the core if he is told that love is at the same time everything and inevitably faithless. He is permitted to be two-faced. In the novel the use of irony means that the reader will always remain above the melee, and can afford not to be engaged with his full humanity. He does not have to take sides, since the author is at one and the same time taking sides and pointing out the weakness of the side he has taken. The reader is himself shielded by the shield of irony. Under these circumstances it is not probable that art can do what Rilke in the "Sonnet to an Archaic Torso of Apollo" suggested that it might:

Here there is nothing
That does not see you; you
must change your life.

But at least sometimes the function of art is not to rely on a shield and to allow the reader none. It is a risk, of course. It implies intensity. But when the risk is taken, there is always just a chance that the gods will take the place of the graces. And when that happens, art is once again revolutionary and can change men's inner directions.

What I have tried to formulate here is the premise that when American novelists and poets dare once more to commit themselves unequivocally and without false shame to the humanity within them, they will curiously enough earn the right to irony, and irony may once again become the sword, and not as it seems to be now the final self-defense of the scared, the smug and, above all, the uncompassionate.

Evidence of Conscience

THEY FELL FROM GOD'S HANDS. By Hans Werner Richter. Translated by Geoffrey Sainsbury. Dutton. \$4.95.

THE BURNT OFFERING. By Albrecht Goes. Translated by Michael Hamburger. Pantheon Books. \$2.50.

THE REVOLT OF GUNNER ASCH. By Hans Hellmut Kirst. Translated by Robert Kee. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.95.

By Kay Boyle

THERE ARE certain countries that we watch with particular urgency, not only for political events that may alter their histories from within, but for something quite other than this that is as ephemeral as mist, yet as permanent as stone. We hark even to the intervals of silence behind those frontiers, apprehensive of what the mere fact of silence may imply. Russia and Spain are among those countries. So, too, is Germany. "But West Germany is a democracy," the protest may be. "There is no censorship there. German recovery has

astounded the world; German prosperity is the one sign of health in Europe's ailing economy; the new German army is assembling." But what of the individual and his lonely dreams, one asks? Is there a place for them there? For if we are concerned with what happens to truth, to conscience, to principles, on a national scale, then we must believe that there is a familiar terrain on which to meet, even in tragic unfamiliarity. That terrain belongs, perhaps, to the poets and the novelists, and we wait impatiently for the books they will write. We listen in sharp, sad concern for the voices of men of character, those men whom Emerson has described as "the conscience of the society to which they belong." And the books that come out of certain confines must be examined not only as works of art but as evidence; the authors must testify to their own awareness of what man is. If they were books out of Alabama or Mississippi, we should make the same demands upon them. These are books from Germany.

KAY BOYLE lived in Germany from 1948 to 1953. Miss Boyle is the author of *The Smoking Mountain*, stories of post-war Germany, and her most recent novel is *The Seagull on the Step*.

GERMANY. The Germans. The words are still like a sentence passed on the heart of man. (Close your eyes, and shut out the sound of other things from your ears, and you will hear a voice, very young, very shy,

saying in German: "We are the generation without ties and without depth. Our depth is the abyss. We are the generation without happiness, without home, and without farewell. . . . They gave us no God to hold our hearts, when the winds of this world surged around it. So we are the generation without God, for we are the generation without ties, without past, and unacknowledged. . . . Do not say to us, because our heart is silent that our heart has no voice, for it speaks no bond and no farewell." It is the voice of Wolfgang Borchert, who was twenty-six when he died*. He was a private in the German army that invaded Russia, and, as an afterthought of fate, he was a writer, an actor, a poet. That is all there is to say. But when the books of other German soldiers and German writers are opened, he begins, without actually wishing to interrupt the train of thought, or to call attention to himself, repeating softly: "We are a generation without farewell, stealing away like thieves, because we are afraid of our heart's cry. We are a generation without home-coming, for we have nothing we could come home to, and we have no one to take care of our hearts. . . ." Well, then, lie quiet in your grave for a little, Wolfgang Borchert, and listen while Hans Werner Richter, whose book is before the reviewer, goes on trial.)

Hans Werner Richter raises his

*The book that is not reviewed, but whose author is quoted throughout the present review, is "The Man Outside," by Wolfgang Borchert, translated from the German by David Porter. New Directions. \$3.50.

Sonnet on Nightmares

When bright Orion has declined
His aim obliquely from the Pole,
And darkness taken full control
Of earth and sleeping humankind,

Stampeding from the wastes behind,
The skewbald nightmare and her foal
Plunge their great hoofs and caracole
Against the fences of the mind.

Hold, screaming wire and splintering
rail!

Panic, not malice, drives the beast;
She dares not linger to break in,

For, racing closer on her tail,
She sniffs the horsemen of the East
Who patch their tents with nightmare-
skin.

J. S. MANIFOLD

hand, takes the oath of the artist concerning conscience and integrity, and testifies that he has been in his time a bookseller, a street singer, a chauffeur, a gas-station attendant. He states that he is the son of a fisherman, born in Pomerania (then East Prussia) in 1908, that he was drafted into the German army in 1940, and was taken prisoner by the Americans near Cassino in 1943. "Thomas Mann was the inspiration of my youth and a constant source of consolation during the darkest years of German history," he says. After his liberation, Richter was a founder of the magazine, *Der Ruf*, in Munich. His second novel, *They Fell From God's Hands*, is the book before us now. It was awarded the René Scheckele Prize, with Thomas Mann one of the jury that selected it, and it seems to this reviewer that the book may have been so honored more for what it attempted than for what it achieved.

They Fell From God's Hands tells the story of ten Europeans, three women, seven men, from the time of the outbreak of war in 1939 through the era of the displaced persons' camps in Germany. A young Polish Jew, an Estonian army captain, a Spaniard who has served in the Republican army and cannot return to Spain, a Russian flyer, a Polish girl of indestructible courage and intelligence, who, as a member of the Polish underground, becomes the mistress first of an SS officer, and then of a Red army officer—these are among the scattered group with which the novel deals. Their political convictions, their anguish of the mind and flesh, their hunger, their love, are woven in and out, in and out, endlessly, thread by painstakingly selected thread. Eventually, the entire, confused picture is there before us, like a tapestry, a mural. Despite the lifelike aspect of the various faces of death and betrayal, the record compiled remains a background. No central figure emerges to assess its final meaning, and we do not feel the responsibility, or even the presence, of the author.

It is the reviewer, now playing the role of judge, who must evaluate Hans Werner Richter's testimony before the court. It is terrifying testimony. It is so bitter, so cruel, that we ask in compensation some evidence that the stature of man as man is not entirely lost. The ten displaced

persons of whom Richter writes are, in the words of a rabbi in his book, no more than "the discards of an age that has no conscience," and Richter himself complains: ". . . for the peace that ensued was, to many, singularly unlike one. Guilty or innocent: that was the question. Many were freed only to face a trial and

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LITTLE, BROWN

another incarceration. Many were held responsible for the fate that had befallen them, a fate they had not chosen nor were able to ward off. Peace might silence the guns, but it did not subdue hatred, a new wave of which swept over the devastated land. Whole nations were condemned out of hand. They were the guilty ones."

"*Do not be dead, Wolfgang Borchert,*" the reviewer said in the dark of night to the young man who would not be able to write any more. "I'm trying not to be," said Borchert. He made an attempt to lift his heavy eyelids, and he seemed to be listening as the next witness was called.

ALBRECHT GOES was born in the same year as Hans Werner Richter, not only the son, but the grandson as well, of Protestant ministers, and a pastor himself in German villages for more than twenty years. And the court is electrified as this witness begins his testimony. The judge, the jury and the spectators can scarcely believe that they are hearing aright. ". . . it was in December, 1938, I remember the day quite well," the witness states, "it was a very cold day, when the very first woman came in wearing the yellow star on her coat. She came in just when the lunch hour was over, and I was alone in the shop. 'Half a pound of beef, please,' she said, keeping an eye on the door all the time, as if someone were after her. 'Do you want it on the bone?' I asked her, as I always do, and then I saw the star on her coat, very neatly sewn on with yellow thread, it was, strong enough to last a lifetime." That Albrecht Goes put these words into the mouth of a butcher's wife is of no importance. The sound of a man's courage is on every page of *The Burnt Offering*. "But in the evening," continues the testimony of Albrecht Goes, or of Frau Walter, the butcher's wife, or of the conscience of a nation, "[when] my husband had put away the paper and was fiddling about with the radio, I asked him: 'What really went on the other day at the synagogue, and why couldn't you put out the fire?' At that time he was serving in the auxiliary fire service. . . . 'That's simple,' my husband said, 'when we'd never fixed the hose to the hydrant.'"

It is not a long book, but in it

Albrecht Goes has written things we have listened a long time to hear. One reads it first for the story, and then reads it again out of love for the people in it: Frau Walker, Sabine ("Sabine the practical, Sabine the ruler, Sabine the high-spirited, Sabine the fugitive, Sabine the most mysterious creature on God's earth"); out of love for Sabine's father, for Rabbi Ehrenreich, with his shopping-net, and for the librarian, the narrator, who has accepted the responsibility of the society to which he belongs. And one reads it a third time as a poetic legend which should have an enduring place in German literary history. It is the legend of a Frankfurt butcher's wife, who, while her husband is a prisoner of war, is designated by the local Gauleiter to be the butcher for the Jews. The two young men from the political department inform her, and then they burst out laughing. "The Jews' butcher, the Jews' butcher!" At last they told me the rest," Frau Walker's deposition goes. "From now on all the Jews in the town would be allowed to buy their meat only in my shop, and on Fridays . . . between five and seven. . . . The next day the sinister bit of news appeared in a list of local instructions. . . ." There is silence, absolute silence for a moment, and then the voice of one of Frau Walker's regular customers calls out: "Only be sure you give the

Lore

Man walks, I learn, in fear of woman,
Possession of the constant moon;
Because the moon has strength to
summon

Her blood to the full and ebb again,
And gives her strength beyond her own.

A girl then, Graves writes in his book*,
Can fade the purple out of cloth
And tarnish mirrors with her look,
And by the power of her thought
Make one branch grow and another rot.

But if she should, at such a time,
Go further, and lift up her dress,
She can discover the hidden crime,
Flatten a storm on the high seas,
Cure either boils or barrenness.

So great the power of her moon
That, as the Talmud said,
If she should walk between two men
And no appropriate prayer is read,
The one of them will drop down dead.

HOWARD NEMEROV

*The White Goddess.

place a good airing on Fridays, or no Christian will be able to stand it the next day, Frau Walker." And another voice calls: "My husband's just home on leave, he'd like to know whether you wouldn't like him to lend you his gas mask for next Friday night." And then Frau Walker, or Albrecht Goes, or the conscience of a people admits quite fearlessly: "Well, if I wasn't wise till then to what was brewing up, I certainly had a good idea now."

These are the simplest things that could possibly be written, and yet they have been the most difficult thing for any German to write. But Albrecht Goes, this Protestant pastor with the warm, rich heart, evades nothing, not even the word "guilt" which German pride and German fatalism have rendered taboo. The answer, Goes tells us, is that all of them—even he who merely shares the knowledge of that guilt—all of them who saved and were saved, "have been retained for further service." On this clear note of hope, his testimony ends.

The Revolt of Gunner Asch is a book of quite another sort. Hans Hellmut Kirst makes no mention of Jews, or gas chambers, or responsibility, but his book has a value and an impact of its own. It is the farcical story of the rebellion of a soldier in the German army a year before the outbreak of the war. It is good theatre, broad comedy, and is as appealing evidence against the army system and the army brass as a Bill Mauldin cartoon. If the men, and their girls, in this satire on barracks life in Hitler's Germany, are more types than individual women and men, it does not matter. Hans Hellmut Kirst, a man who himself survived ten years of German army life, is out, first and foremost, to ridicule the military tradition, and that the book has sold well over a million copies in translation in European countries is a good thing to hear.

"Perhaps we are a generation full of arrival on a new star, in a new life," said Wolfgang Borchert, tentatively. He was feeling for the hand of someone in the darkness, the hand of anyone who might be there. "Perhaps we are a generation full of arrival at a new love, at a new laughter, at a new God," he said, speaking so gently that it did not sound like German at all.

Poetry and the Vocal Tradition

By Lawrence Lipton

BEFORE the invention of printing, poetry was still largely a vocal art. The poets of antiquity were preserved in scrolls and bound books of manuscript, but contemporary poetry passed from hand to hand in much the same way that scripts and musical scores circulated among actors, musicians and impresarios. Ever since its beginning in the ritual drama of antiquity, when the poet was priest, shaman, seer, healer, judge, bard, singly or in varying combinations, poetry was something to be spoken, chanted or sung to the accompaniment of musical instruments. It was the "spell," a form of words which performed one of the vital functions of ritual, along with music, drama and dance. When the arts of the ritual drama were individualized and secularized, poetry retained its vocal nature. "We beg your hearing patiently," begins the player in *Hamlet*, just as milleniums before him "Moses spake in the ears of all the assembly of Israel the words of this song. . . Give ear, ye heavens and I will speak; and let the earth hear the words of my mouth."

Literary historians have paid little or no attention to the effect of printing on poetry as a vocal art. Even so acute and conscientious a scholar as George Saintsbury, whose century-by-century "interchapters" seldom miss a single significant event in English literature, summed up the fifteenth century without taking note of the effect of printing on the ballad, a literary form to which he was partial and on which he did some of his most brilliant writing. A critic with an ear for the vocal in poetry, Saintsbury notes "the great change from a stressed and alliterative to a quantitative and rhymed prosody, which took place, with us, from about 1200 A. D.," but on the effect of the press on the vocal tradition he is silent. For a hint of the effect of movable types on the art of minstrelsy one has to go back to

Thomas Percy's introduction to his famous *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1763):

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of higher class. . . I mean such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be ob-

served that as long as the minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication. . . But as the old minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets who wrote narrative songs merely for the press.

The poets who wrote "merely for the press" may have been inferior poets in Percy's eyes, but they were also "poets of a higher class." Since books were still very expensive in Percy's time, and since only the well-born and the well-heeled could

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LAWRENCE LIPTON is the author of *Brother, The Laugh Is Bitter and In Secret Battle*. He has recently published a book of verse, *Rainbow at Midnight*.

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afford an education, that is, a reading education, something of the glamor of upper-class social prestige rubbed off on the poets who wrote for publication.

Edwin Muir comes closer to the heart of the matter, I think, than anyone else who has written on the subject. In *A Note on Scottish Ballads* he puts his finger on the essential point when he speaks of the poetic image. "The ballads go immediately to that point beyond which it is impossible to go, and touch the very bounds of passion and of life; and they achieve great poetry by an unconditionality which rejects, where other literatures use, the image. In no poetry, probably, in the world is there less imagery than in the ballads." This, he goes on to say, "is not the sign of poetic debility, but of a terrific simplicity and intensity, an intensity which never loosens into reflection; and reflection is one of the moods in which images are given to the mind. . . . It is this utter absence of reflection which distinguishes them also from the English ballads."

Vocal poetry need not be and is not everywhere as devoid of trope as are the Scottish ballads, but directness and intensity are certainly characteristics that distinguish the essentially vocal from the essentially visual in poetry. As Edmund Carpenter and Marshall McLuhan have found in their research on the new mass media at the University of Toronto (see their report in the Spring number of the *Chicago Review*), "each communication channel codifies reality differently and thereby influences, to a surprising degree, the content of the message communicated." Writing, they say, did not record oral language: "It was a new language, which the spoken word came to imitate. . . . This embalming process froze language, eliminated the art of ambiguity. . . . The word became a static symbol, applicable to and separable from that which it symbolized. It now belonged to the objective world; it could be seen. Now came the distinction between being and meaning. . . . The word became a neutral symbol, no longer an inextricable part of the creative process. Gutenberg completed the process. . . . The new mass media—film, radio, television—are new languages, their grammars as yet unknown." With the emer-

gence of BBC's Third Programme, with more and more radio programs devoted to poetry readings in the U. S., with phonograph recordings, "quartet" recitals, personal-appearance tours, "poets in residence" at the universities, and the recent attempts to restore spoken verse to the stage, poetry as a vocal art becomes once more a topic for discussion.

IN cultures that had a bardic tradition poetry remained a vocal art longer than elsewhere, despite the introduction of printing. Tagore wrote fifty dramas, and set many of his poems to music. The vocal tradition of Greek poetry is still apparent in the frequently epistolary style of Kavafis, and comes through even in the translations of Philip Sherard, just as the conversational, poet-to-listener quality of the contemporary Phivos Delphis comes through in the English adaptations of James Boyer May; the I addressing the You, directly, as in speech. Dylan Thomas is, of course, the outstanding example in Welsh poetry, which never lost the vocal tradition. French poetry, despite the classical Italian models it followed after the sixteenth century, especially in poetic drama, remained a poetry for the ear. Malherbe's insistence on the *mot juste*, which has influenced

much of French writing since his time, is based on vocal considerations as much as on the visual image and exact meaning. German poetry, from Goethe to Brecht, is too obviously vocal to require documentation. In the Middle Ages the monasteries preserved the bardic poetry just as it preserved the "pagan" learning of the past—under lock and key, as a librarian today might admire the books of Henry Miller and keep them on a restricted list. But it was the vagabond poets, those "wandering scholars"—errant "clerks" from the universities, the goliards and the *vagi*—who in their *Vagantenlieder* kept poetry alive and lively as a vocal art until it was tamed by the better-known troubadors and made into a sophisticated entertainment for the nobility. The Church Councils issued edicts against them, and even such sympathetic modern scholars as Helen Waddell (*The Wandering Scholars*) and George F. Whicher (*The Goliard Poets*) too often sound like some fond and indulgent uncle "explaining" the conduct of a gifted but wayward nephew. They are rather like Bishop Percy in his dedication of the *Reliques* to the Countess of Northumberland, his patroness, praising his balladeers—"By such bards, madam, as I am now introducing to your



Dutch Printing Press; XV Century

presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured," and in the same breath apologizing for "having nothing better to offer than the rude songs of ancient minstrels."

It wasn't only that patronage was apt to be patronizing, but that the bardic tradition was from the first a subversive, or potentially subversive, tradition. The bard, like the fool, ruled "where the writ does not run." And the fact that his art was a vocal art, and thus in direct contact with the common people, made him all the more dangerous. Even the court poets were there on sufferance, and more than one of them turned on their patrons and espoused some common cause with the people.

In countries where no strong central authority existed, or where the ruler was foreign or remote, the bardic tradition stood a better chance of survival. Ireland is one example. Wales is another, and, to a lesser extent, Scotland. The long-stateless Jews never completely lost it. In England the bardic tradition is feeble and "borrowed at third hand, by way of the Norman-French romances from ancient British, Gallic and Irish sources," according to Robert Graves, who goes on to say that "this explains why there is not the same instinctive reverence for the name of poet in the English countryside as there is in the remotest parts of Wales, Ireland and the Highlands."

SUCH cultural borrowings need not be enfeebling; on the contrary they can enrich and invigorate, but in order to do so they must be assimilated at the level of common speech and not merely on the level of literary influences. As Helen Waddell has observed, the trochaic tetrameter of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, which is far older than its literary sponsorship, was the marching song of Caesar's legions, was taken over by Hilarius for the Church Militant, reached Ireland where it became the basis of most Irish meters; then "in the ninth century it is a wild lament for the slaughter at Fontenay; at the end of the tenth century a wandering scholar sang it in the Rhine valley. It sets itself again to trampling horses' feet, when Guillaume IX, Duke of Aquitaine, sang to it 'Qu'una donna s'es clamada de sos gardadors a mei,' and then in Venice to a chamber melody, *A Toccata at Ga-*

lippi, and so back to the soldiers again, 'Where the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the bay.'" In short, it must be assimilated at the vocal level, and not as in England only on the literary level, as the Norman-French romances were assimilated. These ended where they began, on the printed page.

The same might have been the case in the United States, where the poetic tradition derives from England, had it not been for the successive waves of German, Irish, Jewish, Polish and Italian immigration. The bardic-prophetic strain with its strong vocal character never quite took when Walt Whitman tried to graft it onto the England-via-New England tradition. It was not until the present century, when the assimilation of these groups began to bear literary fruit, that something like an American poetry began to appear. I use the word assimilation to describe not a one-way but an interactive process, as in the case of popular speech. One glance at H. L. Mencken's *The American Language* will illustrate what I mean. So will any restaurant menu. Or the lyrics, and in many cases the melodies, of popular songs. And the vocabulary, even the speech rhythms, of the theatre, transformed as they have been by O'Neill, Rice, Saroyan, Miller, Hellman and Odets. Similar racial elements, once "foreign" but now thoroughly assimilated, are present in all twentieth-century American literature, as well as in the other arts.

A significant development is the increasingly important work that is being done by Jews in American poetry, a field which in the past has been marked by their almost complete absence. To judge by the cultural origins of many important novelists and poets, the new American tradition that is now in the making is not going to be in the England-via-New England line of descent. Irish, Jewish, Polish, German and now Welsh elements are in it, as well as Italian, and of course the always leavening Negro element, which is no longer confined to music. But in the field of criticism there is something like a cultural lag. The schools and the reputation-making organs are still in the hands of teachers, critics and editors in the England-via-New England tradition. Once it was the finger-counting crit-

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ics and the Poet's Corner. Now it is the New Criticism.

The bardic tradition, as we have seen, is strongly vocal, and rests on a broad democratic and libertarian base. On the other hand, the New Criticism is partial to the visual image, technical and textual in method, and anti-democratic in its politics as well as in its conception of the social role of the poet. T. S. Eliot, whose poetry and criticism this critical school is based, has made no secret of it that he is a "royalist in politics." John Crowe Ransom, whose book *The New Criticism* (1941) gave the school its name, added the college-trained man to the list of the elite, touting Donne and Milton, the latter a Cambridge man and the former twice-blessed, having attended both Oxford and Cambridge, and down-grading Shakespeare as an "amateur" lacking "university discipline," a poor craftsman in his sonnets, and an inferior poet. The New Criticism is "class-angled" just as the Proletcult was or the book reviews in the *Daily Worker*—with this difference, that the Communists attack the writers they disapprove of and the New Critics ignore them.

Cleanth Brooks' and Robert Penn Warren's *Understanding Poetry* was published in 1938 and revised in 1950, and has become a textbook for college students, as it was designed to be. In line with its authors' emphasis on esthetic and technical criteria, the modern poetry selections "are intended to represent some of the various lines taken in the development of poetic method in this century." But surely criteria other than those of method must be sought to account for the omission of Dahlberg, Barker, Ciardi, Laman-tia, Spender, Honig, Patchen, Rex-roth, Zukovsky, Rukeyser, Lindsay, Masters, Sandburg, MacDiarmid, Durrell, Fuller, Aiken, Gregory, Howard Sergeant and the Benéts in a book that has room for A. E. Housman, Joyce Kilmer and Ogden Nash. What significant contributions did Dowson make that entitles him to be included, to the exclusion of Walt Whitman? These questions answer themselves, in part at least, when one examines the authors' comments and the "exercises" they prescribe for the student. Every-where the emphasis is on structure, texture, pattern, method. There is a

great deal on scansion and metrics, but always the emphasis is on how to read a poem. Nowhere is the student reminded that the poem on the printed page is not the poem, any more than the printed score is a piece of music; that in this respect a printed poem resembles a musical score more than it resembles a piece of printed prose. When this text-book was revised, many modern poets were available on recordings, yet there is no mention of it. Has the student nothing to learn about poetry from listening to it?

The controversy that still centers on Dylan Thomas is pertinent to our subject. Karl Shapiro, writing in *Poetry* (November, 1955), applies the familiar critical yardstick to Thomas' poems, with admirably balanced judgment; then, "something happened."

Somehow the spark escaped; it leapt out of the hands of literature and set a fire. [Literature isn't supposed to set any fires? L. L.] Thomas, I think, did the impossible in modern poetry. He made a jump to an audience which, we have been taught to believe, does not exist. It is an audience that understands him even when they cannot understand his poetry. It is probably the first non-funereal poetry audience in fifty years, an audience that has been deprived of poetry by fiat.

Deprived? By whom? And who was it taught us that such an audience does not exist? As for the audience

understanding him but not his poetry, Thomas has more than one audience; some understand his poems better than others. Let those who know tell those who do not know. The bards, too, often spoke "darkly" and in "riddles."

But bard, according to Thomas Hornsby Ferril, is something like a bad word. Writing in his column in the *Rocky Mountain Herald* (quoted from *Poetry Public*, current number) this poet-critic says that "Dylan Thomas was not a great poet, he was not the lyric genius of the twentieth-century, but by bardic talent, vocal magic and behavior . . . was lucky enough to move into the vacuum left by the turncoat Marx-ists [the Auden, Spender, Isherwood group. L. L.] as they started high-tailing it to the sanctuary of Mother Church and the floodlights of American lecture platforms." Here the bardic talent becomes a synonym for mere showmanship and a picturesque platform appearance. Thomas lacked the well-groomed look and the unmodulated monotone of the typical prize-winning poet. What puzzles most of his critics is that Thomas was able to keep his images "hard," hard enough to satisfy even an exacting critic as Elder Olson, and yet hold a listening audience. Poetry, in order to be vocal, need not be as sparing in its use of trope as was the Scottish ballad. What distinguishes vocal poetry from both

On the Poet William Carlos Williams

"... who says
Just enough, softly, for all
The thousands of years to remember."

—KENNETH REXROTH

When saints, sitting after dinner
Lighting their pipes
Drinking the last of the beer
Sitting becalmed

Think of men at all
They think of men like him.

They nod, flex hands, chuckle through yellow teeth.
Turn from the food to the books
Notice the darkening.

Smile.
Thinking of men like him.

After a while they go out in the garden
Smelling the last of the light
Watching the earth gulp down the last of it.
Kissing good-bye to it.

They enter the house in the dark, huddled.
"Leave a light, Giorgio," one of them says,

"He'll be along."

DAN LANGTON

imagist and objectivist poetry is the free expression of emotions like pity and anger, and the fact that it voices opinions and ideas, often about such matters as war and social justice. Asked to read for vocal recording (*Pleasure Dome*, Columbia), Marianne Moore did not choose such characteristically objectivist lines as

.... The zebras, supreme in their abnormality; the elephants with their fog-colored skin and strictly practical appendages were there, the small cats; and the parakeet—trivial and humdrum on examination. . . .

(from "The Monkeys")

She chose instead to read "In Distrust of Merits," one of the poems in which she expresses ideas and opinions, and offers personal confessions like—

There never was a war that was not inward; I must fight till I have conquered in myself what causes war, but I would not believe it.
I inwardly did nothing.
O Iscariotlike crime!

The imagists in their effort to pit hardness and concentration against Victorian looseness and prolixity, and the objectivists in their effort to replace Victorian abstractness and moralizing with "scientific" concreteness and detachment, have well-nigh drained their poetry of passion as well as opinion. It reads well, but it sounds flat. Of course, if you've been taught to believe that literature shouldn't set any fires, and that a listening audience doesn't exist, an optience will do. Obscure literary allusions can always be explained in a few pages of notes, and the professional explicators can be depended upon to unravel your obscurities. This is not to say that poetry in order to be vocally viable must be written to be understood at a single reading or a single hearing. Poetry has always been written on more than one level of meaning.

I am aware that some of these strictures have been directed against modern poetry of the greatest literary merit and poets of the most irreproachable character by people who never made half an effort to understand them and by poets and critics who are intellectually and emotionally bogged down in literary ormolu and critical bric-a-brac. Nothing that I say here is intended

to give comfort to the "Sanity in Art" crowd, or to "This is Poetry and This is not Poetry" editors like Stanton A. Coblenz, who are still fighting a rear-guard action against all "radical" poetry. Their poesy is no more listenable than it is readable to modern taste and the modern mind.

THAT a wider hearing of poetry will result in a reappraisal of reputations there can be no question. That in some cases the lesser poet who is blest with a good voice and is a canny showman may win wider acclaim than the better poet with a frog in his throat is also probable. But more important than the hazards of reputation is the prospect that a poetry of the spoken word opens up at least the possibility of a modern poetry in the bardic tradition, and makes the poet once more a public man in the best sense of the term. Now, perhaps, poets like Ewart Milne, William Pillin, Hugh MacDiarmid, Philip Laman-tia, Leslie Woolf Hedley, James Schevill, Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin, George Abbe, James Boyer Mav and Thomas McGrath, whose work is marked by one or more of such qualities as the rhapsodic, the lyrical, the vatic, the direct, topical, nonconformist, democratic and libertarian, will finally get a hearing—in the literal sense for which so much of their poetry is designed. If Columbia will not record them, maybe Caedmon will, and if Caedman won't, new companies will be formed who will, just as new publishers arose who brought out the first writings of the now famous novelists and poets of the twenties when the old-line publishers rejected them.

A truly functional poetry in the old bardic sense is not to be expected, of course, until we once more have a truly functional society, a community, not a collective in which a population area is called a "market," even by book publishers and recording companies. A society designed for living, not for death. The work of the poets I have mentioned points in that direction. Through them, and others I lack the space to enumerate, the bardic-prophetic voice is coming back into English poetry, stemming, as so many of these poets do, from cultures with a long bardic, vocal tradition. If they are not being show-

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ered with prizes and recorded in Columbia's swanky hundred-dollar albums it is because they dare to "wage contention with the time's decay." In this respect they are in the tradition of the bard, rather than the gleeman, the *vagantes* rather than court troubadors. Of them it might be said as Yeshua bar Yoseph,

himself a wandering poet and prophet, said of John the Baptist when the slummers came out of Jerusalem to gape at him: "What went ye out into the wilderness to behold? a reed shaken with the wind? . . . a man clothed in fine raiment? Behold, they that wear soft raiment are in king's houses."

Impatience of the East

THE COLOR CURTAIN. By Richard Wright. The World Publishing Company. \$3.75.

By **Guy Wint**

AS TIME goes by, the Bandung Conference may increasingly be regarded as crucial. Few people saw all its significance while it was sitting, even those who were fascinated by it as spectacle. Richard Wright was an exception. He went to the conference believing it to be one of the great events of his generation, and he has now tried to convey his vision. His book is sub-titled Report on the Conference, but it is scarcely that, for he does not give a systematic narrative of its proceedings. Instead he describes the background, the mind of the delegates, their bitter grievances against the West. He is filled with foreboding that all this bitterness may issue in a great assault against the West.

As a Negro, Mr. Wright felt himself able to understand the racial sentiments of Asians, and as a novelist he felt himself able to express them convincingly. He says that Asians confide in a Negro American as they never would in white Americans. His vision may lack balance and urbanity—but that is the nature of visions. He may make errors of fact—but visions transcend fact, and can be true even if some of the details are fictitious. Mr. Wright makes one peculiar judgment. He thinks that the air of Bandung was suffused by religious consciousness as well as by race. Other onlookers at the conference do not seem to have noticed the religion very much.

Mr. Wright's conclusion is that the Bandung Conference exposed, not a yearning toward communism,

or egalitarian extremism, but the demand by ancient and proud peoples that they should again play a major part in international affairs. They address this demand to the West, because they feel that the West still restricts their activities and keeps them too much out of the sun. "If the West spurns their call," says Mr. Wright, "what will happen? I don't know. But remember that Mr. Chou En-lai stands there, waiting, patient, with no record of racial practices behind him." To prevent Asia going Communist, Mr. Wright thinks first that the West must abandon all its assumptions of racial superiority. Second an economic levelling-up must be accepted voluntarily by the West. "The white Westerner," says Mr. Wright, "will have to accept, for an unspecified length of time, a much, much lower standard of living, for that is what the de-Occidentalization of present-day mankind will bring about." The long delays in instituting SUNFED do not hold out much hope for this voluntary abnegation.

It is an emotional book. It says little about some of the most important elements of the Asian problem, such as the driving force of the ever-growing populations. But it does one thing very well. It compels the reader to be more aware of the burning racial feelings. A kind of deception has been put on the world by the good humor of the end of British rule in India, and the surprisingly cordial relations which have existed since between Indian political leaders and Britain. But this cordiality may not last, nor are other Asian peoples as tolerant as some Indians of this generation, nor has all colonial power been surrendered in such a satisfactory way as in India. Bandung showed the true feeling, and this book reports it accurately.

GUY WINT, author of Spotlight on Asia, is on the staff of The Manchester Guardian.

The Point Is Irrelevance

By Kenneth Rexroth

ALTHOUGH Samuel Beckett has been around for a good many years, Roger Blin's production of *Waiting for Godot—En Attendant Godot*—at the Theatre Babylone, two years ago in Paris, catapulted him into an international reputation. Tennessee Williams is reported of the opinion that *Godot* is the greatest play since Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. Right off let me say that I agree with him. Furthermore, I think *Molloy* is the most significant—laying aside the question of greatness—novel published in any language since World War II.*

Beckett is so significant, or so great, because he has said the final word to date in the long indictment of industrial and commercial civilization which began with Blake, Sade, Hölderlin, Baudelaire, and has continued to our day with Lawrence, Céline, Miller, and whose most forthright recent voices have been Artaud and Jean Genet.

Now this is not only the main stream of what the squares call Western European culture, by which they mean the culture of the capitalist era; it is really all the stream there is. Anything else, however gaudy in its day, has proved to be beneath the contempt of history. This is a singular phenomenon. There has been no other civilization in history whose culture bearers never had a good word to say for it. Beckett raises the issue of what is wrong with us with particular violence because his indictment is not only the most thorough-going but also the sanest. It is easy enough to write off Lautreamont, who seems to have literally believed that the vulva of the universe was going to gobble him up, or Artaud, who believed that bad little people inhabited his bowels. The cyclone fence around the mad house is certainly a great

comfort. The trouble is, Beckett is on this side of the fence. He is not only an artist of consummate skill who has learned every lesson from everybody who had anything to teach at all—from Lord Dunsany to Marcel Proust and Gertrude Stein. (Compare the plot of *Godot* with that little theatre chestnut of Dunsany's, *The Glittering Gate*.) He also has a mind of singular toughness and stability—a mind like an eighteenth-century Englishman, as sly as Gibbon, as compassionate as Johnson, as bold as Wilkes, as Olympian as Fielding. I don't mean that he is "as good as" a mixture of all these people. I mean he is their moral contemporary. "Courage, sir," said Johnson to Boswell.

BECKETT refuses to run off to Africa and die of gangrene, or write childish poems to prostitutes, or even see angels in a tree. When a prophet refuses to go crazy, he becomes a problem, crucifixion being as complicated as it is in humanitarian America. When *Godot* was put on in Miami, *Variety* and Walter Winchell instantly recognizing themselves as two of the leading characters in the play, turned on it with a savagery remarkable even for them. Nevertheless, one of the most promising things about the reception of Beckett in America is the large amount of favorable notice he has received—not just in the quarterlies and *The Nation*, the *New Republic* and *Commonweal*, but in small-town book columns scattered over the country. The European reception of Beckett in the last couple of years, as you know if you keep up with things over there, has been dizzying. He has become an international public figure like Lolla-brigida or Khrushchev.

Beckett's first published work was a six-page pamphlet, *Whoroscope* (Nancy Cunard, the Hours Press, Paris, 1930). This is a poem, like the poems we were all writing then—at least I was, and Louis Zukovsky, and Walter Lowenfels and a few other people—very disassociated and recombined, with two pages of notes. Its point is that although René Descartes separated spirit and mat-

*Molloy. Grove Press. \$3.
Waiting for Godot. Grove Press. \$1.

KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems. He conducts a radio book-review program on KPFA, San Francisco.

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ter and considered man an angel riding a bicycle, mortality caught up with him and the spirit betrayed him—the angel wore out the bicycle and the bicycle abraded the angel. This has remained one of Beckett's main themes—what is mortality for? And the point of view has never changed. That is, he has carefully pared away from what they call his universe of discourse everything except those questions which cannot be answered. He gives plenty of answers—Pozzo and Lucky in *Godot*—the sempiternal master and man, are of course an answer. And, of course, an irrelevant answer. They owe their existence, as does all the "matter" (in Aristotle's sense) of Beckett's art, to their irrelevance.

In 1931, he did for Chatto and Windus a seventy-two-page guide to Proust, a masterpiece of irascible insight worthy to rank with Jonson on Savage. It is one of the very best pieces of modern criticism and somebody should certainly resurrect and reprint it. It is difficult to resist quoting it extensively. In the concluding pages, he says,

The quality of language is more important than any system of ethics or esthetics . . . form is the concretion of content, the revelation of a world. . . . He assimilates the human to the vegetal. . . . His men and women are victims of their volition—active with a grotesque, predetermined activity within the narrow limits of an impure world. . . . But shameless. . . . The . . . stasis is contemplative, a pure act of understanding, will-less, the "amabilis insania." . . . From this point of view, opera is less complete than vaudeville, which at least inaugurates the comedy of an exhaustive enumeration. . . . In one passage, he describes the recurrent mystical experience as a purely musical impression, non-extensive, entirely original, irreducible to any order of impression—sine materia . . . the invisible reality that damns the life of the body on earth as a penum and reveals the meaning of the word defunctus.

The most cursory reading of five pages of *Molloy* or *Godot* will reveal the present significance of these words in the practice of Beckett himself.

Murphy (London 1938, Paris 1947) went unnoticed in the blizzard of "social" literature. It is the story of the quest for the person in terms of the quest for a valid asceticism. At the end Murphy has not found himself because he has not found

what he can validly do without or safely do with. He may be on the brink of such a discovery, but mortality overtakes him. It is as though Arjuna had been poleaxed in his chariot while Krishna rambled sentimentously on.

Watt was written in 1945 but published in Paris in 1953. "What" in Irish is pronounced "watt." It is a step forward in the best possible medium for Beckett's vision—the grim humor of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Lear*, Machiavelli's *Mandragola* and Jonson's *Volpone*. Its concern is the problem, who is who, and its corollary, what is what.

Looking at a pot, for example, or thinking of a pot, at one of Mr. Knott's pots, of one of Mr. Knott's pots, it was in vain that Watt said, Pot, pot. Well, perhaps not quite in vain, but very nearly. For it was not a pot, the more he looked, the more he reflected, the more he felt sure of that, that it was not a pot at all. It resembled a pot, it was almost a pot, but it was not a pot of which one could say, Pot, pot, and be comforted.

I hope you noticed the sentence, "Well, perhaps not quite in vain, but very nearly." Because that is the gist of the matter and the plot of the novel, the point, so to speak. And it is the point of a good deal of Beckett.

Molloy is the story of two journalists, two keepers of personal, disorganized journals in the dark, light-years beyond the end of night. Molloy, a cripple, is left eventually on his belly in the gloom, clawing his way forward with his crutches. Possibly he is seeking his mother—at least at times that is the impression.

Eventually he crawls to a room somewhere where "they"—the "they" of Edward Lear's limericks—bring him food and writing material and take away for their own purposes his narrative as he writes it week by week. It is a grim revery of empty progress through time and space, punctuated with dog-like sex and paretic battle.

Moran, the subject of the second half of the novel, is a more recognizable literary figure—the hunter with all the characteristics of the hunted: Inspector Maigret with the personality of Gregor; the inspector in *Crime and Punishment* replaced by Smerdyakov from *Karamazov*. At the orders of a hidden boss whom Beckett, with a minimum of effort, invests with terrors of Fu Manchu, Moran hunts Molloy. In the process he loses his son and all the appearances of his personality, and becomes indistinguishable from his quarry. At the end he possibly encounters and kills Molloy without knowing it. On crutches himself, in the night, in the rain, he discovers a voice, and writes in turn his narrative.

Molloy is the drama, totally devoid of event, of relevant event, of the seekers and the finders, of whom it has been said: "Finders keepers, losers weepers."

The other two novels, yet to be translated from the French, are *Malone Meurt* (Paris, 1951), and *L'Innommable* (Paris, 1953). Malone is another lonely writer, locked in a room and fed like a beast. He is trying to find his own existence by, as it were, describing his anti-self, by describing a hero who will be progressively differentiated from Ma-

Portrait of a Poet

(After Lewis Morris, 1700-1765)

"Nawdd Duw rhag y fath ddyn!"

What beggar, tinker, or sow-gelder
Groped more in the dirt? Look at him, with a can,
Running the streets for beer! Kind God, deliver
Us all from such a tom-turd little man,
Who rowls in mire like any pig, looks wild
As any mountain-cat, without the brain
God gave an ass, or some poor sawney child
To find his way to shelter from the rain.

What poet ever flew higher? When he sings,
And the right fit is on him, you can hear
His angel in him, and his music springs
Wine-strong, and honey-sweet, and water-clear.
Oh, what a mishmash!—for celestial sense
To sty itself in this muck residence.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

lone. But he cannot do it. He cannot even keep track of the other's name, and he finally comes to write a story that sounds like an exhausted Sade, and which is, of course, the story of Malone.

L'Innomable is exactly what its title says—the narrative of someone without a name who cannot find a name, who never does.

Waiting for Godot is that rare play, the distillation of dramatic essence which we have been talking about for the whole twentieth century, and about which we have done, alas, so little. Its peers are the Japanese Noh drama and the American burlesque comedy team. It is not just a play of situation—a situation which, in the Japanese Noh drama, reveals its own essence like a crystal. It just is a situation. The crystal isn't there. Two tramps, two utterly dispossessed, alienated, and disaffiliated beings, are waiting for somebody who is never going to come and who might be God. Not because they have any faith in his coming—although one does, a little—but because waiting requires less effort than anything else. They are not seeking meaning. The meaning is in the waiting. They are interrupted by the eruption into their contemplative lives of "The World," "Western Civilization"—or anything else like that that might be put in capital letters—in the persons of Pozzo and Lucky, Master and Man—two cacophonous marionettes of stunning horror. On their second appearance Pozzo and Lucky grow even more horrible and considerably less stunning. Otherwise, time does not pass. Today cannot recall yesterday, and tomorrow is not coming. The meaning is in the waiting. And in the tree, which overnight, between the acts, manages a few flimsy leaves. In the void, Beckett's tramps idle, analogues of Kanzan and Jitoku, the clown saints of Zen. Vladimir says, "Well, shall we go?" Estragon says, "Yes, let's go." Beckett says, "*They do not move. Curtain.*"

Theatrically speaking, in terms of an evening's entertainment, I have given a falsely bleak picture. The play is hilariously funny. All the traditional business that has come down from the Romans through Italian comedy to burlesque, to the red-nosed, derby-hatted, baggy-pantsed burlesque clown is exploited. But it is not exploited in its own terms.

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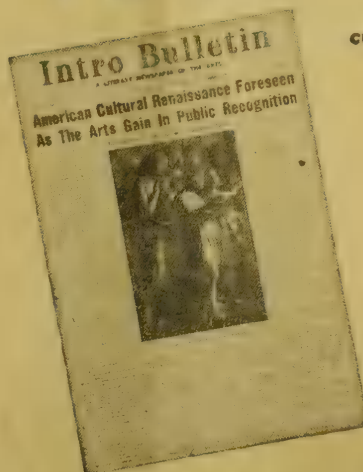
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Each passage of business worthy of Chaplin or Buster Keaton at their best is transmuted by a terrible light, like the deadly rays of unimaginable colors that shine in science fiction.

I think this summary of his achievement to date and its meaning has been fair to Beckett. Now there is nothing left, since I have already implied that he is an artist of consummate attainment, but an attempt to answer the question, since he is a moral artist, is it true? Do these books represent a valid judgment of the human situation? I do not like to sound like an editorial in *Prawda*, but I doubt it, partly. It is not absolutely true at its most superficial level. The world ill. *le mal mondiale*, is not only limited in time to the last two hundred years, but it is limited in space to that very little peninsula, Europe, and to the new lands Europe has overrun. I realize that it is imbecilic to say, "Why doesn't Beckett (or Artaud or Céline or Miller) sing the glories of our Stakhanovite workers and collectivist farmers and tractor drivers, or of our jet pilots and cobalt atom splitters? Where is the New Man, the Hero of the Twentieth Century?" And all critics who object to Beckett reduce themselves eventually to this level, the level of Zhdanov, *Variety*, MacLeish. But the light is never spent. Heroism is only smoldering and will flame up after these dark ages are

over. The society in which we live is destroying the person and the communion of persons. First we self and the other (not the anti-humanist, Kafka-Kierkegaard, Godot—the "utterly other"—but Buber's "I and thou" on a purely secular plane). That is the current problem, the superficial "message" of Beckett's books, and it is, historically, superficial and temporary.

As for the permanent one, not superficially: this is Beckett's main subject, and here his judgment is not invalid, because it is the judgment of Homer, of the literature of heroes. The world is blind, and random. If we persist in judging it in human terms it is malignant and frivolous. Only man is loyal and kind and brave. Only man loves. Zeus thunders like the empty sky. Aphrodite ruts like her pigeons. If we refuse to accept the world on secular terms, Godot isn't coming. If we accept it for ourselves, the comradeship of men, whether verminous tramps with unmanageable pants or Jim and Huck Finn drifting through all the universe on their raft—the comradeship of men in work, in art, or simply in waiting, in the utterly unacquisitive act of waiting—is an ultimate value, so ultimate that it gives life sufficient dignity and satisfaction. So say Homer and Samuel Beckett and everybody else, too, who has ever been worth his salt.

these lacks may be set down to the circumstances of our youth as a cultural entity. We have the talent, we have the wherewithal, many of us still have the desire to create the equivalent of the *Comédie Française*, the Moscow Art Theatre, the German state and city theatres, the old Vic. Nevertheless, there is something amiss somewhere.

CONSIDER: the theatre is a group art entirely dependent on team work and our stage is run as an enterprise for individual benefits and private interests. Ends and means are at odds. Playwrights and actors today are very much more "earnest" than they were fifty years ago: they read more, do not blush to mention art in speaking of the theatre, go to symphony concerts and art galleries. They discuss Stanislavsky, have heard of Gordon Craig, know of Reinhardt's reputation, remember Stark Young and are willing to attend and work in several high-minded studios. Yet in practice—and their practice, through no fault of their own, is insufficient for the development of any thoroughgoing craftsmanship—their conduct is professionally more selfish than that of their hearty but barbarous stage forebears. The present organization of the stage makes every one think of personal career, individual success, private glory. "The motives of our worst," Keats wrote of English political men in 1818, "are interest, and of our best, vanity." The theatre, filled today with soulful characters who are slightly revolted by the crassness of show business, is something like that.

No one is to blame. A few years ago everyone was sure that the source of our theatre troubles could be set down to stagehand unions. But now if we look steadily we see that everyone in the theatre—actors are probably the least culpable—behaves in his own way as the stagehands were accused of doing. "Brooklyn hates the Bronx," a 1935 Odets character said in his quaint way to describe the dog-eat-dog pattern of our competitive way of life. The playwright today treats the actor, the producer, the director as instruments of his purpose—which is "to put the play over" and win him riches and renown. The playwright, who adores his actors when they are serving his aim and looks upon his director as a kind of medicine man and ma-

The House of Discord

By Harold Clurman

WE ALL KNOW the story: the American theatre has made great strides in the past twenty-five years. America boasts a fine corps of writers for the stage—men who choose relevant native themes and treat them with a degree of competence and honesty rare before 1920; no country commands a greater abundance of young acting talent; our directors compare favorably with and are perhaps superior to those in England and France; our designers are alert and even eager to experiment. We rejoice too that the past season has been the best in years. (Like the garment industry, we tend to speak of the theatre in terms of seasons.)

There is a certain amount of statistical worry. Whereas more than

200 new productions were offered each theatrical year to New Yorkers in the mid-twenties, the average for the past five years has been about sixty. No matter: the theatre is in fine shape—*Tiger at the Gates*, *The Chalk Garden*, *The Lark*, *The Diary of Anne Frank* were or are all categorized more or less as hits. Off Broadway, we get to see Pirandello, Strindberg, Shaw, Chekhov, Turge- nev; and on the fringes of the town even smatterings of Shakespeare.

Yet is it not true that anyone who takes the theatre seriously either as business or art feels a certain uneasiness? We must dismiss for the moment the obvious fact that we have no state theatre, very few community theatres, no permanent companies, no repertory houses. All

gician when things are going well, is usually the first to declare (or to believe when it is whispered in venomous consolation) that the actors or the director or the producer or all three ruined his faultless play.

The fact that the actor or the director is something of a person too, that he is entitled to his own temperament problem and process of development, is at bottom something which makes the playwright quite impatient: he really wishes everyone connected with his play would perform like the fabled supermarionette Craig once conjured up.

Actors are equally eager to get ahead. Who will say they are wrong? But they will often suit themselves to the detriment of the play, their fellow actors and the audience. They frequently use their plays, directors, producers as stepping stones to a fatter part in another play, to a movie or a television contract according to their convenience. If the play is less than a masterpiece—there is a tendency in the theatre to speak as if those were a dime a dozen—the actor will often patronize the playwright and not only suggest that he “made” the play but that he might be willing to put himself out for it—for example keep playing his role somewhat longer than is personally convenient to him—if the play were really of a superior quality.

Toward the monied angels who supply the funds for production playwrights and actors alike display indifference if not contempt. Some day I shall draw up a spirited brief in defense of the role and rights of backers, for no man of the theatre should allow himself to scorn the ground upon which he stands.

“Brigands are convinced of what?” Baudelaire once asked, and answered, “That they must succeed.” There is a kind of sanctified racketeering in the theatre induced by the dream of success in money, in publicity, in glittering goods, in social esteem. With brigandage there is fear; from fear arises superstition. Instead of workmanlike understanding there are fetishes. There are boxoffice actors, name directors, hit houses, top producers, great playwrights. And who can be more frightened than one of our great playwrights?

When a great playwright (or a name director) hits a snag—and hasn’t immediately left town to avoid unfortunate encounters—he is asked

querulously “What happened?” In vain does the playwright cite to himself the difficult careers of Ibsen, Chekhov, Shaw, not to mention artists in other media; in vain does he recall that one does not mount the ladder of achievement in an even and regular progression of steps. He feels, or is made to feel, that he is slipping, that he may be finished, that he may have been only a flash in the pan, that people no longer believe in him and that there may even be some awkwardness about finding money for his next play. He is no longer sure that he can or should write another play. He speaks wistfully of writing novels, of going into movies, or television or of providing the “book” for a musical.

THE director, himself in the midst of the latent tug-of-war over which he is supposed to exercise a paternal and calming influence, often succeeds in inspiring a sense of creative togetherness, but this only endures while he remains in active charge—during the rehearsal period and for the first month after the opening. Since we have no permanent companies to which the director can maintain a close alliance, many a director—like everyone else—becomes a “shopper” in the theatre. Shortly after the play opens, the director becomes involved in a new deal, and tends to allow the reins of his authority to slacken. If he is a “name” director, he becomes wary of undertaking any play which seems too risky, for in case of failure he will either be tasked with poor judgment in scripts or having been somehow shaky in his technique. It is not at all uncommon for a director to be congratulated on his superb artistry by producer, playwright and the cast immediately before the opening, and to have all of these begin to suspect his soundness the moment the press and public reaction indicate coldness. The director, then, is frequently transformed into a cagey and nervous gambler whose judgment of scripts grows warped.

Into this absurd nightmare enters the “artist’s representative,” the agent. Many playwrights and actors of standing today will heed their agent—perhaps because his motive is always simon pure and not sullied with insubstantial artistic notions—beyond the advice of the most knowledgeable fellow craftsman. For many

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theatre people, the agent furnishes the only true pattern of wisdom—when it is not the psychoanalyst.

The historian will see in this barely exaggerated account merely another symptom of our insane social structure. Surely economics have a great deal to do with the atmosphere I have described, though not capitalism as such—since the same situation does not obtain to the same degree in England, France, Germany. Surely our press and our audiences by their distorted point of view contribute to the chaos, but they are more a reflection of the situation than a cause.

I was brought up in a very old-fashioned way to believe that the serious craftsman ought to be as much a leader as a follower, that there was a certain science and discipline in every craft, that these entailed a moral capacity to master one's immediate selfish interest on behalf of one's greater interest—the objective task one has set oneself. Since in the theatre that task was by definition collective, one had to view oneself and one's work in relation to the general aim.

Such an attitude is dictated by self-respect and knowledge of one's business. If one's business is simply to aggrandize oneself through success (whether it be wealth or "one's name in the papers"), it doesn't really matter much, as the aforementioned French poet pointed out, how

one accomplishes it. But if one is in the theatre for the theatre's purpose, one must hold fast to its essential tenets—otherwise even talent becomes a lethal weapon. I have never had anything but regard for the gentlemen known generically as "the Shuberts" (our stage's real-estate and financial interests), but it is difficult for me not to mix some pity and contempt with my regard for those accomplished, sensitive and famous artists of the theatre who as they grow more secure in their acclaim employ it not as a responsibility and as a challenge, but as a bastion of self-indulgence—against everyone else in the theatre. Above all it is painful to see the sophistica-

tion and superior instruction recently acquired in our best schools and studios employed to rationalize and disguise the wolfish acquisitiveness of our shivering souls.

We used to say: we must not be so mortally afraid of being comparatively poor, of setbacks, of criticism, of relative obscurity. The old morality of the theatre which my generation and the younger now can repeat by rote are living and practical things—and are meant to be applied without a millenium or mythical Moscow Art Theatre—against all the odds of pressures and the old Adam—right now, right here if we are ever to have something other than a seasonal theatre.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE Metropolitan's new *Don Pasquale* is a brilliant achievement by Wolfgang Roth who did the set and costumes, Dino Yannopoulos who staged the production, Fernando Corena who sings the title role, and Thomas Schippers who conducts. Perhaps the conducting that maintains continuous tension in its supple shaping of the work should be mentioned first, since it is the crucial factor in the successful operation: without it the brilliant scenery, staging and singing would fail; with it there would be an exciting performance even with rags of scenery and less brilliant singing. The conducting is in any case what one is impressed by first, in the performance of the overture; then the rising curtain discloses the ingenious set, whose occasional revolving not only produces quick changes of scene but becomes part of the fun on the stage. This fun ranges from uproarious clowning to quietly contrived bits like *Don Pasquale*, in expectation of the visit of his bride-to-be, departing in procession with his three servants carrying the Roman head that has decorated his drawing room, and returning a half-hour later with the three servants carrying a nude female figure. And what makes it all work is Corena, with his comic gift and his powers of presence and projection.

With Corena there is Valletti, who uses his beautiful light tenor

with fine musical style. And in the performance I attended there were Gueden and Guarrera. Gueden sang florid passages with undiminished agility and accuracy, and in melodic passages the lower range of her voice still was lovely; but its upper range was unlovely in timbre and quavered. And Guarrera's voice too, in the few years since I last heard it, had not only lost much of its bloom but had acquired a strong quaver.

At a later performance of *Boris Godunov* one point of interest was Siepi's Boris, which was sung more sensitively and more beautifully than London's, and also was more sensitively and impressively acted. In addition Siepi worked less hard at getting the English words across, so that one was spared a large number of them.

To what I said in my earlier review about the inept stage direction I will add a word about Dino Yannopoulos' fussing with ingenious irrelevancies while he leaves undone what is essential. Shuisky's seizure of the throne after Boris' death may be a historical fact, but it is one that Musorgsky's opera doesn't deal with: as far as Musorgsky is concerned what happens in the Duma scene is that Boris, after the collapse caused by Pimen's narrative, is left alone with his son for their farewell, and the curtain, at the end, falls on the tsarevitch weeping over his father's dead body. But Yanno-

Song

Come let us dance, my love,
Meet in the airy mind
Over water, under fire,
Now every stone must move
And every tree be kind,
The juggler on his wire
Leap with pure lightness
And never fall to yearning;
Come, love, into the brightness,
And farewell gravitation
And now never mourning,
But sweet levitation.

Come let us sleep, my love,
Deep in the dark mind,
Over fire, under stone,
Nor changing moon believe,
Now every dream is kind,
And no one is alone.
You who still would fly me,
Here's an end to hunting,
Sleep, love, in the psyche,
So long and so deep,
There's an end to haunting:
It is myth we keep.

MAY SARTON

poulos distracts us during the farewell by having Shuisky linger ominously in the background, and again at the end by having him ascend the steps to the throne followed by the eyes of the terrified tsarevitch. And on the other hand when Shuisky should exhibit awareness of the effect Pimen's narrative is having on Boris and the boyars, Yannopoulos allows us to be disturbed by the incongruity of Shuisky sitting impassive amid the growing commotion, as though he were hearing a report on falling hog prices.

MORE important is the difference in what I heard at this performance as a result of sitting in the grand tier. In the Metropolitan the sound of the orchestra rises toward the balconies; so that where I sat in the grand tier the orchestral activity in which Musorgsky is generally considered to exhibit fumbling ineptitude was heard far more clearly than in the rear of the parquet at previous performances. And in what I now heard it was evident that Musorgsky was concerned not with the lustrous sound that most listeners consider the manifestation of competence in orchestration, but with the sombre "sonorous image" (Aaron Copland's useful term) that was correct for the musico-dramatic

purpose; and that in the moment-to-moment achievement of this sonorous image he was operating not with fumbling ineptitude but with an ever-astounding assured mastery in the use of a thoroughly worked out and consistent orchestral vocabulary. It is true that at the Metropolitan one hears the Musorgsky orchestration as revised by Karol Rathaus; but it is evident from its sombre character that Rathaus scrupulously limited himself to strengthening what Musorgsky himself had contrived.

If one thinks of the history of this work in the world's opera houses one must conclude that in nothing else he has done has Mr. Bing exhibited more intelligence and courage than in his production of the Musorgsky original ("Musorgsky's so-called original," as one of my colleagues put it in his loaded prose). Certainly he has exhibited less intelligence and courage in his further decision to piece together the production out of whatever odds and ends he could find in the storehouse. I haven't seen everything at the Metropolitan, but there cannot be anything more shabby, clumsy and confused than this *Boris*. Yet such is the power of Musorgsky's music that the audience stays to the end and cheers after the final Kromy scene.

Big Claus and Little Claus

"Giddyap, all my horses!"
Cried Little Claus,
Thus angering Big Claus,
Who had warned him.

For those horses, every one,
Were owned by Big Claus,
Little Claus's older brother
Who by mistake killed the Old Grandmother,
Who had been a drag on the family,
Eating the things
That otherwise
Would have gone to Little Claus.

Yet Little Claus had greatly loved her,
Even giving her his bed to sleep in,
Whereat Big Claus killed her by mistake,
Thinking to kill Little Claus,
But killing the Old Grandmother
That lay there in the dark,
In the bed of Little Claus,
Because Little Claus had been kind to her.

And so Big Claus was hanged as a bad man,
And Little Claus got the horses after all—
And put flowers on the Old Grandmother's grave.

This is a story
Thank up by Little Claus.

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COLLEGE PRESS CONFERENCE (ABC). Senator Henry M. Jackson (D. Wash.) to be questioned on the nation's defense program with emphasis on guided missiles.

BELOVED OUTCAST (NBC; Catholic Hour). Biographical play about America's first Negro bishop, James A. Healey, who was born in slavery.

WIDE WIDE WORLD (NBC). Theme of this week's panorama is "The Pursuit of Happiness": use of increased leisure time as demonstrated by Children's Dance Theatre in Salt Lake City, a horseback trip through the Arizona mountains, the story of the Seattle Symphony.

SALUTE TO BASEBALL (NBC; Sunday Spectacular). Great players now and in the past, films of historic moments, Shoeless Joe ballet from "Damn Yankees" will be part of this first baseball spectacular. Art Linkletter will preside. (Color).

THE HUMAN TOUCH (CBS; Front Row Center). Lisa Kirk, of "Kiss Me Kate" fame, stars in this show business play, based on a story which she wrote and which is based in part on her own career.

Tuesday, April 17

RED SKELTON SHOW (CBS). Concerning a hypnotist who demonstrates his technique before a nation-wide audience, but makes the mistake of choosing Skelton as his subject; plus a burlesque of TV viewers.

Friday, April 20

GOOD MORNING WITH WILL ROGERS, JR. (CBS). Representative Emanuel Celler (D. N. Y.) will describe the work and preliminary findings of judiciary committee investigating what constitutes Presidential physical disability.

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For contrast, **HERBERT HOOVER** on our "Bi-Party System," Monday, April 16 (NBC). A. W. L.

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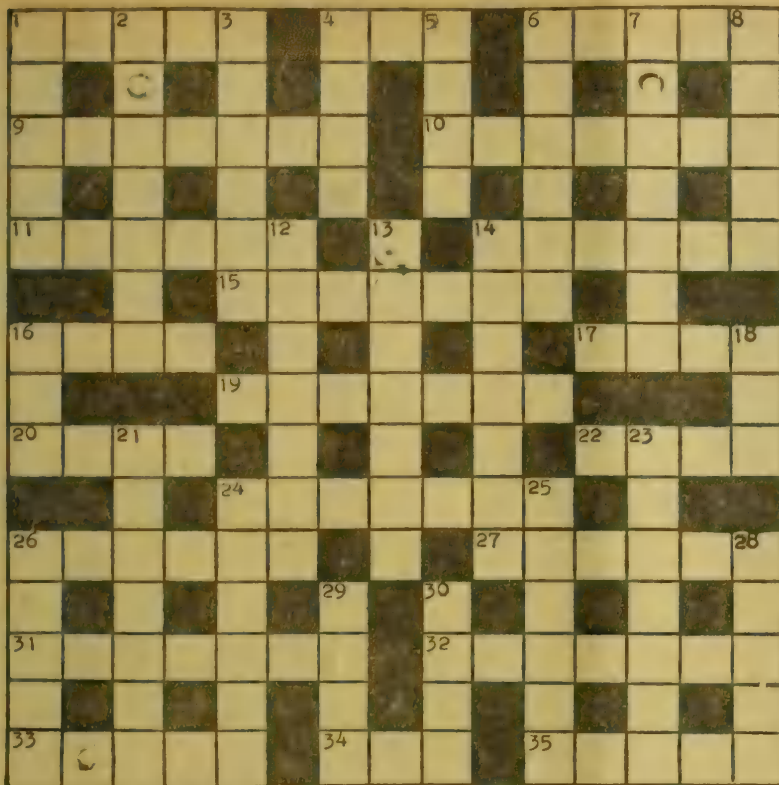
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BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 4 See 14 across
- 6 and 6 down Most are ■ sort of
synonym for one. (5,6)
- Let parasites go every direction
except west. (7)
- 10 Catalog the small types, so one
hears. (7)
- 11 See 14 across
- 14, 17, 34, 4 across, 16 down, 1 across,
5, 31, 11 Implying one is made out
of board? (4,2,4,3,3,3,1,4,4,3,4,3,3)
- 15 Bicarbonate of soda for the old-
timer? (7)
- 16 One might conclude something
with this name. (4)
- 17 See 14 across
- 19 This hair isn't found only under
the barber's chair. (7)
- 20 Journalist, and a peculiar sort. (4)
- 22 Here's how, when absent! (4)
- 24 Outfit. (7)
- 26 Through with this in two lan-
guages, the same as 9. (6)
- 27 A pair came like this, perhaps,
and met trouble. (6)
- 31 See 14 across
- 32 19 cried out with ■ wild beast.
(It's ■ early form of late letter.)
(7)
- 33 Are Cockney hoboes double these.
(5)
- 34 See 14 across
- 35 See 2 down

DOWN

- 1 Does it involve a canine getting into the cement, for example? On the contrary! (5)
- 2 and 35 The decline of Goldwyn? (7,2,3)
- 3 They cross back and forth, but not

- the diamond variety. (6)
- 4 Supplements a sort of what they do after you hide. (4)
- 5 See 14 across
- 6 See 6 across
- 7 Is it furtive to the last? (7)
- 8 The social position of America's teachers? (5)
- 12 A singular kind of 24 down with a sullen look. (7)
- 13 Wax lyrical about 18, in getting something out of sight. (7)
- 14 Met up with a nuisance on the stage. (7)
- 16 See 14 across
- 18 Draw ■ literal version of 2. (3)
- 21 Run true to form as a rear structure. (7)
- 23 The Spanish gentleman concealed a split log. (7)
- 24 Catches, or tries to. (6)
- 25 A better carriage than some, if you don't take it to extremes. (6)
- 26 Scrutinize or discover an American 6 and 6, especially with brass. (5)
- 28 Painter who might suit a sort of 16 to a T. (5)
- 29 Prop. (4)
- 30 Some might say it looks so divine in ballet. (14)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 111

ACROSS: 1 UNION SHOPS; 6 LAID; 10
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CANDELABRA; 15 OFFENSE; 16 AND 27
THE MAN I LOVE; 17 OUTPOST; 20
20 SEND-OFF; 22 HALLELUJAH; 23 CHIC;
25 COVETED; 26 DIABOLO; 28 FEVERISH-
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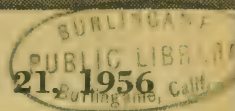
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

ONLY THE VOTERS LIKE ESTES: WILMA DYKEMAN

THE *Nation*

APRIL 21, 1956

20c



How to Stop the Dope Traffic

by *Alfred R. Lindesmith*



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by DAVID LILIENTHAL, JR.

Cover design by Anton Refregier



AROUND THE U. S. A.

Professors Reaffirm Political Freedom

St. Louis

The American Association of University Professors has reaffirmed its position that a university teacher can be fired only because of professional incompetence—not because of political opinions expressed, or political activities pursued, outside the classroom. It did so at its forty-second annual convention at St. Louis on April 6 after long and often sharp procedural debate.

The principal matter at hand was a report by a special committee set up to investigate the firings of professors who had refused to testify before Congressional committees on the subject of Communist association or who had pleaded the protection of the Fifth Amendment. Also within the committee's purview was the question of tenure (at the University of California several faculty members had lost their posts as the result of refusing to sign loyalty oaths). In its report, the committee—headed by Professor Bentley Glass of the John Hopkins University—restated many of the association's previously adopted positions, including one which held that membership in the Communist Party was not in itself sufficient grounds for dismissal.

There was no serious challenge to the principles enunciated in the report, but a substantial minority took issue with some of its wording, con-

tending that the language might be twisted to permit the very things to which the association was strongly opposed. In one section, for instance, the documents referred to a university administration's "right to know facts relevant to (an instructor's) fitness to teach." Several speakers objected that this "right" might be construed to give an administration the authority to inquire into a professor's political opinions. Professor Glass, under questioning, observed that "an administration might interpret it that way—a faculty member might not." "That's exactly my point," one of his interrogators complained. Another professor argued that this section might violate the association's position that there should be no restriction on freedom of teachers to express themselves outside the classroom that did not also apply to all other citizens. It is the association's general position that in the classroom the teacher should have full freedom to teach his subject but not the freedom to air private political opinions on irrelevant matters.

OTHER objections were raised to the committee statement that "the fact that a faculty member has refused to disclose information to his own institution is relevant to the question of fitness to teach, but not decisive."

Considerable sentiment was expressed in favor of voting to "accept" the Glass report rather than to adopt it as a formal expression of the association's beliefs. At the same time, it was proposed to recommit the report for further study. The move to recommit failed. The proposal to "accept" rather than to adopt received more support. A motion to suspend the rules to permit a vote on this point obtained a 136-to-129 majority, but fell short of the two-thirds majority necessary.

After this, the report was approved by voice vote, with a strong expression of "No's."

In addition to its stand on Communist Party membership, other salient points in the report were: That use of the Fifth Amendment is not adequate grounds for dismissal; that academic freedom be guaranteed to faculty members lacking tenure protection, and that when charges are made against a professor, he be tried by his peers, with right of representa-

tion by counsel and the protection of procedural safeguards designed to assure a fair hearing.

The association voted to censure eight institutions for violations of academic freedom and tenure. Six fired professors in civil-rights matters, including refusals to testify before Congressional committees or the use of the Fifth Amendment. These were the University of Oklahoma, the University of California, Temple University, Rutgers University, Ohio State University and Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. Two other institutions—St. Louis University and North Dakota Agricultural College—were censured for firings in cases where civil rights were not at issue. Censure was withdrawn from two schools against which it had been placed in previous years: Evansville College, Indiana, and Middle Tennessee State College.

Opposition to the moves to censure, while resulting in some of the sharpest debate of the conference, came for the most part from delegates representing faculties of institutions directly under attack, and even here the objections were of a procedural nature rather than a substantial one. The great majority of the delegates supported the move to censure as presented.

DAVID LILIENTHAL, JR.

[David Lilienthal, Jr., is on the staff of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

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Next Week

OUR STRANGLING HIGHWAYS

The vicious (traffic) circle: more roads, more cars, more roads. . . . Is there a solution?

By David Cort

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Comment from governors, state attorneys generals, wardens, chaplains and others on The Nation's articles on capital punishment.

The Shape of Things

Civil Rights: A Program of Sorts

After a number of false starts and unexplained postponements, the Administration has finally presented a civil-rights program to the Congress. Considered as a package, the program is not as comprehensive as that recommended by President Truman in his historic civil-rights message of February 2, 1948, or the more limited proposals currently advanced by Senator Hennings and Representative James Roosevelt. But in a season of drought one must be grateful for even a little rain. Mr. Brownell makes two "hard" recommendations and three "soft" ones. Recommended are: (1) appointment of a bi-partisan commission to make a "full-scale public study" of civil rights and investigate complaints; and (2) establishment of a Civil Rights Division in the Department of Justice under the direction of an assistant Attorney General. The softly-suggested "proposals" are: (1) addition of a section to the existing civil voting statute which would prevent anyone from threatening, intimidating, or coercing an individual in the exercise of his right to vote for candidates in a federal election, whether primary or general; (2) authorization to the Attorney General to bring injunctive or other civil proceedings on behalf of persons who had a grievance under the statute; (3) waiver of the rule that requires the aggrieved person to first exhaust his remedies in state courts before seeking relief in the federal district courts.

If this is not all that is needed, it is almost more than one might reasonably expect in the circumstances. And Mr. Brownell is unquestionably on the right track in suggesting that civil remedies might be more effective in protecting the right to vote than criminal prosecution; federal judges are more likely to uphold this right than local juries. Certain Democratic leaders have denounced the program as "political" but everything that happens in Congress in an election year is politically motivated and, after the Dixiecrat Manifesto, the denunciation seems a bit absurd. The Democrats can improve the program if they wish to embarrass the Administration as it has so obviously embarrassed them; but the responsibility will be theirs if Congress fails to adopt a civil-rights program at this session. For too long, now, the executive and legislative branches of government have been willing to let the Supreme Court, whose members do not stand for election, assume the

full burden of initiating social change. But the Supreme Court has spoken; it has declared the law. It is now up to Congress and the Executive to devise ways and means of implementing the civil-rights decisions.

The Threat of the Trivial

Under the title *The Irregular Right: Britain Without Rebels*, C. P. Snow, author of *The New Man*, noted in our March 23 issue the extent to which conformism has taken over the British intellectual; almost the only "radicals" left are those of what he terms the "irregular Right." One result has been a "newly invented fashion of triviality" among British intellectuals. The article prompted Kenneth Burke, noted American author and critic, to the following comment:

"This is a 'technological' civilization, and technology does seem to require a maximum of 'assembly-line' thinking. The so-called 'higher standard of living' that is the typical ideal of technology (whether the technology is linked with communistic, socialistic, fascistic or capitalistic ideology) resides largely in the rewards to be got by 'cueing up.'

"Thus, by and large, the average citizen's best hopes are in lining up. . . . Insofar as the advertising priesthood contrives to keep this ideal uppermost, and the state of business holds out sufficient opportunities (or seems to do so) for 'progress' in this direction, one might expect a cult of acquiescence to be uppermost.

"To be sure, the very prevalence of such an attitude should in time isolate a small percentage of permanent or temporary 'misfits.' (Paradoxically, among the temporary ones would be included a comparatively mobile class of 'artists,' many of whom can eventually get for themselves the same material rewards of *political and economic conformism* by selling their *temperamental non-conformism* at a profit.) There is a market for whatever non-conformism appeals to the self-suppressed outlaw portions of the conformists' mentality. . . .

"Apparently the so-called 'higher standard of living' makes for an exceptional high percentage of triviality [as is indicated in the fact that the amusement industry] has become of major importance in our national economy. And where there is such a high percentage of triviality, something drastic may be brewing. . . ."

Letter of the Law

There is an unpleasant similarity in the methods used by Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael, president of the University of Alabama, and Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, president of

Brooklyn College, to circumvent two embarrassing decisions of the Supreme Court. In the one case Dr. Carmichael—no doubt encouraged by his trustees—arranged to have Miss Autherine Lucy re-expelled from the University almost before the ink was dry on Federal Judge Harold G. Grooms's decision ordering her reinstatement in line with the Supreme Court's mandate in the desegregation cases. Dr. Carmichael hit upon the idea of citing the intemperate language of the affidavits which Miss Lucy's counsel had filed in the contempt proceedings as justification for her expulsion. In other words, he would have the world believe that she was

ousted because of the charges made in these affidavits and not because of the color of her skin. In the other case, Dr. Gideonse announced the suspension of Dr. Harry Slochower on new charges, this time of "untruthfulness and perjury," almost before he could have read, much less studied, the court's decision ordering Dr. Slochower's reinstatement. Some undergraduates may admire the cleverness with which Drs. Carmichael and Gideonse have outwitted the courts but the question must arise in the minds of adults whether this is the type of example that educators should set for American youth.

ONLY VOTERS LIKE HIM

Kefauver's Dilemma . . . by Wilma Dykeman

PROFESSIONAL observers of the national political scene are currently focusing the 20-20 vision of their hindsight on a phenomenon Tennessee politicians have confronted at intervals for almost two decades. It is the mystery of Estes Kefauver's ability to get votes.

And the most astonishing feature of this so-called mystery is that the majority of editors and analysts still persist in treating it as such. Perhaps they must follow this line, however, to preserve their professional pride, for before Minnesota they were almost unanimously of the firm and oft-voiced opinion that Adlai Stevenson had the Democratic Presidential nomination in the bag. Presumably going on the theory that nobody reads yesterday's forecasts, they are now just as unanimously, firmly and vocally of the opinion that Kefauver is not likely to receive the Democratic nomination.

In fact, to judge by the cross-country newspaper and magazine appraisal of Kefauver's Minnesota primary victory, one might easily think that the people of that state really voted for Averell Harriman (or Lyndon Johnson or Stuart Symington) and that Kefauver was only a proxy-holder for these more retiring gentlemen. Similarly, a reader might discover at least a half-dozen reasons

why Stevenson was defeated without ever learning the simple fact that Kefauver won, and the equally simple fact of why: because people voted for him. The reality of this puzzling oversight and the reason behind it was best summarized by James Reston in the *New York Times* when he said, "Senator Kefauver's weakness is that he has nobody for him but people. It is impossible to overstate, or even to explain, the fierceness of the opposition to him among his colleagues in the Senate and in the party organization."

Now all this Alice-in-Wonderland quality, this attitude, which grows "curioser and curioser," of Democratic anger at finding this particular spectacular national vote-getter in their party, has certain parallels in Kefauver's past career in his home state. Perhaps the clearest way to draw these parallels is to examine a half-dozen myths which seem to surround the Senator's character and campaigns. (Incidentally it seems to be chiefly the "astute political analysts" who believe and foster these myths; the voters have regularly repudiated them.)

1. *The myth that Kefauver cannot win office because the party machinery and leaders are not for him.*

When Congressman Kefauver decided in 1948 to buck the powerful boss who had controlled Tennessee politics for over a quarter-century,

state political pundits smiled and shrugged and attended to more important matters. Even many of Kefauver's most ardent backers, knowing how shrewdly Ed Crump maneuvered at the polls, worked with a sort of fierce hopelessness. When Estes emerged the decisive winner in that struggle, he broke the hold of a unique and ruthless regime in American politics. From that campaign (and not from legends of Davy Crockett) emerged the famous coonskin cap. Crump had derided Kefauver as a coon that will look you in the eye while it has its paw in your bureau-drawer. To which Kefauver replied, "At least I'm not Mister Crump's pet coon." It is even possible that his coonskin cap, first used at this time as a symbol of freedom from any domination by the state steamroller, stood for more in the popular imagination than was immediately realized. At any rate, Kefauver seems to thrive, both in Tennessee and nationally, on opposition by formidable machines. It would almost seem that by their continued rebuff of him, Democratic leaders would realize they are creating a popular figure tinged with martyrdom whose constituents will not take kindly to being shunted aside at another convention.

2. *The myth that television "made" Kefauver, or that the sheer quality of his strenuous handshaking is the key to his appeal.*

WILMA DYKEMAN is the author of *The French Broad*, one of the *Rivers of America* series.

The inference here is that if any other candidate had only conducted crime-committee hearings, or taken time to shake as many hands, he, too, could have won a following like Kefauver's. This idea was followed to its logical conclusion in the Tennessee Senatorial race in 1954, when Representative Pat Sutton decided to "out-television" and "out-handshake" Kefauver in his bid for the Senator's office. Sutton inaugurated a series of TV marathons lasting as long as twenty hours at a stretch, employed a helicopter which set him down on courthouse lawns and cow pastures in every corner of the state. When the votes were in, however, and the result was two-to-one in favor of Kefauver, it became apparent to most Tennesseans that just being on TV and just shaking hands was not as important as what was conveyed by the camera and handclasp. Certainly the rapid decline of one Senator McCarthy after he and his methods were exposed by the impartial eye of the TV camera during another famous investigation should have brought this point into national focus.

Those who emphasize the fact that Kefauver gained his first country-wide popularity through the televising of his committee's crime investigation also tend to forget that this same venture cost the Senator popularity with a hard core of the most influential leaders in his party. If the crime investigation offered Kefauver a chance at the Presidency with one hand, it snatched away the possibility of his nomination with the other—at least in the 1952 convention.

3. Next are the conflicting myths that (a) Kefauver is a dull, plodding professorial type whose pedestrian style is only equalled by his lameness as a speaker, and (b) that he is a buffoon, a clever expert in expediency and (especially since Minnesota) a demagogue in thin disguise.

Obviously not even Houdini could fill both these bills. Buffoon? Well, the Senator did graduate from the University of Tennessee and Yale Law School. And in 1947 he did write, with Dr. Jack Levin, *20th Century Progress*, a book of which Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., said: "Representative Kefauver and Dr. Levin here make a valuable contribution to public understanding of

the organization and operation of Congress." Incidentally one of the ideas presented in the book was the abolition of the system of seniority for selection of committee chairman—and if this had been adopted, Senator Eastland might not now be chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

Pedagogue? Demagogue? A British journalist, recording in *The Reporter* for April 5 his unbiased impressions of Kefauver in Minnesota, used as his key words of appraisal "geniality," "respect," "a hint of martyrdom," "lack of guile or vanity," and "warmth of conviction." Such first-hand observation makes the myths of professor and buffoon seem equally hackneyed and perhaps conveys some genuine insight into the "mystery" of New Hampshire and Minnesota.

4. The myth that Kefauver's victories are due to some "fluke," some odd circumstance which will not occur in future contests.

In 1948, in Tennessee, those who were startled and chagrined by Kefauver's victory soon explained that the vote had not been so much for him as against the Crump machine, of which everyone was actually weary (though no one had previously noticed it). Likewise, since Minnesota, the analysis has developed that the vote was not for Kefauver but against Humphrey and Freeman or Benson and Eisenhower.

Following the 1952 convention, many Tennesseans loudly agreed that Kefauver's stand on civil rights and the loyalty oath had finished him in his home state. But the saving "flukes" kept cropping up for him; within two years he was re-elected Senator more decisively than before, just as he has added this year's early primary victories to those of four years ago.

5. The myth that Kefauver is a maverick, unpredictable and inconsistent.

The facts show that precisely the opposite is true. His stand on issues is predictable from his record, his campaign methods are predictable from past performance, and their results should by now be equally so. However little he may adhere to the exclusive club spirit of the Senate, Kefauver has been no "irregular" in his voting. There is no more con-



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
From Davey Crockett to Paul Bunyon

sistently liberal record in the Senate than his.

When, in his 1954 Tennessee race, his opposition trotted out this maverick myth of lack of concentration on his duties, Kefauver pointed out that from the time he began serving in the Senate in 1949 through June, 1954, he had been absent and not recorded on major roll calls only 10.9 per cent of the time. This reliance on figures was rough on his opponent, whose record of absenteeism in the House for the same period was 32.1 per cent. In 1950 *Time* selected him as one of the country's ten best Senators and in 1951 the Washington Press Corps poll placed him second in a vote for the ten best Senators.

One of the characteristics which seems to have afforded most amusement to some observers has been Kefauver's tirelessness in pursuing his hope for the Presidential nomination. If Emerson was correct and "the world belongs to the energetic," and if physical stamina as well as mental conviction are to be considered in the November election, it presumably would not hurt the Democratic nominee to possess both to a high and visible degree.

6. The particularly prevalent myth just now that "Southerners are not for Kefauver."

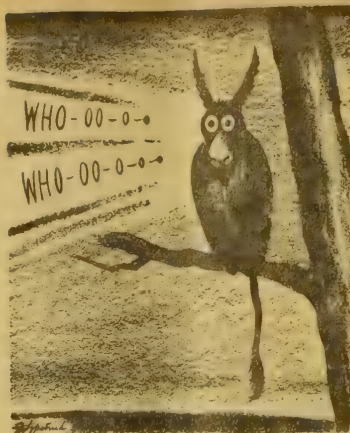
The Southerners of one state below the Mason Dixon line have been electing him to office for seventeen years now. And Representative Sutton used Kefauver's stand in support of the Supreme Court decision on segregation as a weapon in his

1954 fight against the Senator. Everyone at the time agreed the decision had hurt Kefauver and by July 18 the New York *Times* reported that "Representative Pat Sutton appears to be gaining so much ground in his race for the Senate as to cause speculation here that he may upset Senator Estes Kefauver in the August 5 Democratic primary." Kefauver's forthrightness on the segregation issue did not work against him quite as predicted. In fact, his 1954 victory was the largest, percentage-wise, ever received in Tennessee.

A typical current write-off of Kefauver on the same issue came in *Time* magazine of April 2. *Time* termed Kefauver's nomination unlikely because, in its opinion, his fellow Senators, the organization Democrats and the Southern Democrats do not want him. This is a broad sweep. What statistics does *Time* have, for instance, on rank-and-file Democratic Southern voters for or against Kefauver? Senator Ellender and Company do not speak for all Southerners any more than Senator Humphrey and Company spoke for all Minnesotans. In fact, it would seem that Senator Ellender does not even speak for all the leaders in his own state of Louisiana, for on March 26 Representative George S. Long, brother of Governor-designate Earl K. Long, stated he would support Kefauver for the Presidency if the Tennessee Senator is the nominee. Representative Long said: "I think those fellows [who say the South would not back Kefauver] are a little premature. I would suppose people would." Early in April a member of Mississippi's state legislature voiced similar sentiments.

BUT even if *Time's* statement, and all those of similar content, were provably accurate, since when do "fellow Senators" or even "Southern Democrats" elect our President? (That "organization Democrats" have been thinking they did is one of the increasingly obvious results of Kefauver's lone-wolf success. It might be profitable for this hierarchy to bear in mind, however, that they did not succeed in electing their candidate in 1952.)

There is also the plain fact that a sane Democratic Party cannot nominate as its candidate in 1956 anyone acceptable to the shrieking segregationists. The party leaders



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Political Weatherbird

must come to understand that they cannot win popular votes either by compromising issues or by putting up a compromise candidate. When everybody's satisfied, nobody's enthusiastic, and it takes enthusiasm to win elections. If the segregationists are made to realize (as they already must, in their hearts) that they are not going to have any of their ilk in the running, it is altogether possible that many of them would come to the conclusion that a fellow Southerner would understand their problems better than a liberal from another region. There is also the matter of Southern pride in having, once more, a Southern candidate for President—and this could be a not inconsiderable factor in Kefauver carrying the South for the Democrats in November.

Thus it would appear that the real mystery of Estes Kefauver is not that he gets votes—or how he does it—but that he can be so blatantly disregarded by his professional colleagues. A writer for the New York *Times* reported after the Minnesota primary that "one powerful and eminent Democrat who will play a leading role in that (national) convention" told him: "I don't care if he wins every delegate in every other primary election from Florida to California, no Democratic convention will ever nominate the Senator from Tennessee to be President of the United States."

There are, of course, reasons why the Democratic bosses don't like Kefauver, who started his Senatorial career by soundly trouncing that

eminent boss, Mr. Crump. The Senator offended other members of the club in his swing through the country with the crime-investigation committee; he seemed quite as ready to follow Democratic as well as Republican leads to the underworld. And in 1952 Kefauver committed *lese majesté* by poking his nose into the Presidential nomination campaign, which had been carefully set up for Stevenson. (Yet after the convention he campaigned faithfully for the party, as he did again in the 1954 elections.) Even so, it seems odd that the party that likes to term itself the people's party should be presently spending most of its valuable time, strength and talent in considering ways to circumvent nominating as its candidate a man who has two virtues as rare as they are essential: an impressively consistent liberal Democratic record and an extraordinary ability to get votes. To many people these would seem to be mandatory qualifications; to some Democrats, in relation to Estes Kefauver, they seem not to be qualifications at all but irritating irrelevancies. The watchword of this coterie has become, not "Beat Eisenhower," but "Stop Kefauver." If these men do not profit by political history they may find themselves in the uncomfortable position of Mr. Crump.

THIS illogic leads a disinterested observer to believe that many Democratic leaders would rather lose the election than allow Kefauver to win it for or with them. However, as national committeeman Jonathan Daniels recently editorialized in his Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*, the Democratic Party must now choose between its only two nationally known candidates—Stevenson and Kefauver—or be prepared for ignominious defeat in November.

If Stevenson cannot appear to win the confidence and enthusiasm of the public as effectively as Kefauver, and if Kefauver has as clear and uncompromising a record of Democratic liberalism, why then should the Senator from Tennessee not be his party's nominee for President? That is what the mystery of Estes Kefauver boils down to—and it deserves some clear, profound thought on the part of those who hope for a Democratic victory in 1956.

TRAFFIC IN DOPE

Medical Problem . . by *Alfred R. Lindesmith*

FOR FORTY years the United States has tried in vain to control the problem of drug addiction by prohibition and police suppression. The disastrous consequences of turning over to the police what is an essentially medical problem are steadily becoming more apparent as narcotic arrests rise each year to new records and the habit continues to spread, especially among young persons. Control by prohibition has failed; but the proposed remedies for this failure consist mainly of more of the same measures which have already proved futile.

The number of heroin and morphine addicts (the use of marihuana, cocaine and other drugs is a separate problem not included in this discussion) is conservatively estimated by Mr. Harry J. Anslinger, head of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, at 60,000. This figure is a guess; its main virtue is that it is the lowest offered. Even so, the contrast with European countries is spectacular. For example, the English government reports slightly more than 300 addicts known to the authorities in all of Britain, with a population of over 50,000,000. There are probably more addicts in the United States than in all of the other Western nations combined, and more juvenile users in New York City than in the whole of Europe. Almost all English addicts are reported to be over thirty years old, while close to half of ours are under twenty-five. What is even more significant, European users appear to add to the crime problem in only a minor way, and the illicit traffic there is feeble compared to ours. The American market is the hub of the drug traffic in the Western hemisphere.

In recent years there has been a

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growing interest in the English system of control. General Sessions Judge J. J. Goldstein of New York mentioned it recently in connection with his advocacy of a system of controlled legal distribution of drugs to users. Dr. Hubert S. Howe of New York has also long urged such a plan, adopted by the New York Academy of Medicine, and has made references to the apparent success of the English system. Since about 1940, the writer himself has periodically suggested that an adaptation of the British idea be tried in this country.

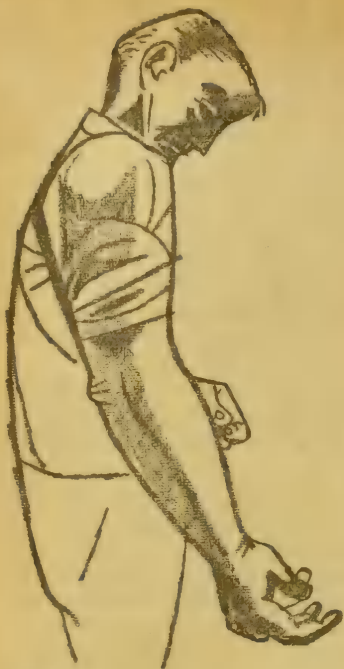
THE crucial difference between the American and British control systems is that the English physician is permitted to prescribe drugs regularly for the morphine addict while the American doctor is not. The decision as to whether or not regular prescriptions are to be given to the English user is left to the doctor, usually after consultation with another medical man. He does not have to report on the addicts under his care, but records must be kept both by him and by the druggists who fill the prescriptions. Through these sources the British Home Office and the police can secure information about addicts and keep close watch on them. Addicts are arrested for obtaining supplies from illicit sources or from two medical sources simultaneously. The addict cannot be coerced into taking a cure, but there is pressure on the doctor to do everything in his power to persuade the user to quit the habit.

The British addict under medical care is included in the doctor's panel of cases under the National Health Act. Apart from the taxes he pays under this act along with the rest of the population, the addict's expenses for maintaining his habit consist only in the shilling (14 cents) paid for each prescription. It is therefore unnecessary for him to engage in criminal activities to get his drug. The black market is small, limited primarily to London and a few other

large cities, and caters to users who either don't know that they can place themselves under a doctor's care or don't wish to do so. Sometimes an addict will refuse medical care because he is afraid his addiction will become known, or because he does not want to try to cure himself of the habit. All black-market activities are, of course, prohibited by law, and the addict who patronizes peddlers risks arrest and punishment. In 1954 about thirty addicts were arrested, most of them for forging prescriptions or obtaining supplies from two doctors at once, and the majority were punished with fines up to a maximum of \$280. The smoking of opium and the possession and use of marihuana are completely prohibited.

The obvious advantages of this system are that it removes the major motives for peddling narcotics and for the creation of new users, puts pressure on the addict to seek medical care and removes his incentive to engage in crime. And even though the addict is not treated as a criminal, addiction has not spread. The plan, in fact, has the opposite effect by making the doctor rather than the peddler the prime source of drugs. Another of the great advantages of the system is that a mantle of decent privacy is thrown over the unhappy details.

In this country the history of opiate-drug control has been very different. Because American patent medicines in the nineteenth century often contained opiate derivatives which were not controlled, relatively large numbers of addicts were created who were not, however, generally regarded or treated as criminals. The problem then was in no way as serious as now. Criminal addicts were few, the illicit traffic minor in nature and addiction was largely confined to adults (about two thirds of them women). Because drugs were legally available at low cost the user did not have to become a criminal to support his habit. Even so, an



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increasing concern with the dangers implicit in the unlimited availability of drugs led to the trial of measures of control late in the nineteenth century and in the first decade of the twentieth. Given time, this experimentation, guided by growing medical knowledge of the opiate drugs, might well have led to the establishment here of something like the English system. This did not happen because of the intervention of federal authorities imbued with the Prohibition mentality.

The present system of drug control began with the passage of the Harrison Act late in 1914. This act made no mention of addicts nor did it in any way indicate how they were to be treated. It was a revenue measure designed to bring the flow of dangerous habit-forming drugs into the open through the exercise of the government's taxing powers. All persons and firms handling such drugs were required to obtain licenses and to keep records of supplies received and dispensed. Penalties were provided for violations. An exemption was made for the prescribing of drugs "to a patient by a physician . . . in the course of his professional practice only." The interpretation of this part of the law became crucial in the early years of enforcement because on it hinged the whole mat-

ter of whether the addict was to be placed under the care of the physician or turned over to the police.

Between 1919 and 1925 a number of test cases—the Webb, Jim Fuey Moy, Behrman and Linder cases—were brought before the Supreme Court. The first three involved doctors who had flagrantly violated medical ethics by dispensing large quantities of drugs at high prices to addicts. Rufus King has pointed out in the April, 1953, issue of the *Yale Law Journal* that these cases were in effect rigged by the government. The prosecution wanted a court ruling which would prevent addicts from obtaining drugs from doctors. They evidently hoped that the unprofessional action of the doctors in these three cases would influence the court to decide against them, which it did. From the language of the indictments the government was then in a position to argue that these rulings had established that any administration of drugs to addicts by medical men, even when done in good faith to achieve a cure, was illegal.

The Linder case was designed to clinch the government's position. Unlike the three earlier ones, it involved a doctor who had prescribed small quantities of drugs to a single addict in good faith and in what was clearly a professional manner. The government attorneys asked the court for a ruling against the doctor on the basis of the precedent allegedly established by the earlier decisions. In this case, however, the court reversed itself by ruling against the government. Despite this reversal, federal narcotics authorities have continued to operate under a Treasury Department regulation which states that "a prescription issued to an addict . . . to keep him comfortable by maintaining his customary use, is not a prescription within the meaning or intent of the act; and the person filling such an order, as well as the person issuing it, may be charged with violation of law." Threatened with criminal prosecution, the majority of doctors naturally ceased to treat addicts; the minority found themselves in trouble with the narcotics agents, and in many instances were sent to prison.

In 1920 a radical change in the government's attitude toward addicts became apparent after the enforcement of the drug laws was turned over to a newly formed unit

in the Bureau of Internal Revenue which was also charged with liquor-law enforcement under the Volstead Act. From 1915 through 1919, the annual reports of the Collector of Internal Revenue included expressions of sympathy for the drug user and concern over the fact that previously respectable addicts were being turned into criminals by the operation of the law. The 1919 report notes that various local health authorities had been encouraged to consider the possibility of setting up clinics in which drugs could be dispensed legally to such persons. The 1920 report, however, reversed this stand. It deplored the fact that some forty-four local clinics had already been set up and announced that they were to be closed down. Neither the 1920 report nor any subsequent one expressed concern with the fate of the once-respectable user who was being forced to the underworld to maintain his supplies.

IT IS a current myth that the clinics which operated between 1919 and 1923 demonstrated once and for all the perniciousness of any legal system of drug distribution and that they were closed solely because they failed. The facts are quite otherwise and more complex. It is true that the New York City clinic was generally admitted to have failed, but its failure was guaranteed in advance by the manner in which it was set up and operated. The stories of the other clinics vary. There is considerable reliable information extant about the clinic in Shreveport, Louisiana, established under Dr. W. P. Butler, which is discussed in some detail by Drs. C. E. Terry and M. Pellens in their book, *The Opium Problem*, a monumental and authoritative study. This clinic was originally set up by the Louisiana State Board of Health in 1919. In 1921 the board, after consultation with federal narcotics authorities, withdrew its support and the institution was continued under the authority of the Shreveport City Council. In the same year it was unanimously endorsed by the Shreveport Medical Society; other medical groups and the local police also expressed their support. However, in 1923 the clinic was finally closed by order of federal authorities in Washington. Dr. Butler reluctantly agreed to the closing after a conference with federal

narcotics agents who said they had been sent to shut down the clinic "because it was the only one left in the United States." When a Los Angeles clinic had been similarly closed in 1921, Dr. L. M. Powers, then health commissioner of the city, had remarked, "I have not been able to realize the actual purpose of the closing of our clinic for there has been some unseen motive prompting much opposition to clinics which I have not been able to comprehend."

The disappearance of the clinics marked the final triumph of the "prohibition" idea and the complete removal of the control issue from the medical domain. The drug problem is what it is today as the result of these moves by the government. The huge illicit traffic, directed for profit by non-addicted lords of the underworld, has become the focal point of new infection. These men are rarely apprehended or punished; it is the user, exploited by the system, who suffers the major portion of the heavy penalties that are imposed. Police suppression, by increasing the danger of distribution and reducing supplies, keeps up prices and profits.

It is a popular misconception that the increase of drug use among young people is entirely a postwar phenomenon. As early as 1921, Dr.

E. Bishop, a noted authority on drug addiction, commented on the trend toward juvenile addiction and ascribed it to the "prohibition" control technique. Statistical evidence of the trend itself can be found in *Uniform Crime Report* of the FBI over the last twenty-four years. In 1932, for instance, only 15 per cent of narcotic law violators were under twenty-five years of age; in 1940, the figure had reached 26 per cent; today is a little under 50 per cent.

In 1930, drug-law enforcement was separated from liquor-law enforcement with the establishment, within the Treasury Department, of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Federal narcotics officials, both before 1930 and since, have combined their policing functions with an active and effective campaign in support of the punitive conception of drug control. The expression of dissident opinion was discouraged. How well their campaign has succeeded in mobilizing legislative and public sentiment is indicated by the fact that Congress, in 1951, passed laws that more than doubled the average prison sentence of federal narcotics offenders. In January of this year a preliminary report of a Senate subcommittee indicated that the present Congress will again be asked to

increase penalties, enlarge the budget of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and generally add to the punitive nature of the existing program. The report expressed sympathy for the addict but makes no distinction between him and the peddler. It admitted that the real culprits, the big profiteers of the traffic, are rarely caught, and proposed to deal with them by legalizing wire-tapping. Although the report explicitly stated that the number of addicts in this country probably exceeds the sum total of those in all other Western countries combined, no reference appeared in it to the control systems adopted abroad.

The treatment and cure of opiate drug addiction under the best of circumstances is very difficult. The main hope of control must be based on *prevention*. The punitive program now in operation neither prevents nor cures and it actually nullifies the rehabilitative measures that are being attempted. The addict belongs in the hospital, not in the prison. If we recognize that punishment cannot cure disease, if we want to take the profit out of the illicit traffic, we need to return the drug user to the care of the medical profession—the only profession equipped to deal with him.

THE COLDEST WAR

Drive for the Antarctic . . . by Egon Kaskeline

FOURTEEN nations are sending out large expeditions with hundreds of men and tons of material to explore the icy deserts of the sixth continent, Antarctica—a territory as large as the continental United States and Europe combined. The exploration is part of the program of the 1956-57 International Geophysical Year, in which thirty-six nations, including the Soviet Union, are participating. There is now a good chance that the last white spot on the map of the world will be

fully charted as scientists go to work. Humanity will profit greatly; among other things, the region is one of the most important weather centers of the globe. Yet, in this century of atomic warfare, the motives behind the vast and costly explorations under way are by no means either completely scientific or humanitarian. International interest in the sixth continent has become another aspect of the cold war.

THE year 1955 was a turning point in U. S. policy in the Antarctic. Theretofore, American diplomacy championed an "open door" policy in the region. This means that the

United States, although it had contributed more than any other nation to Antarctic exploration, made no territorial claim of its own, but at the same time refused to recognize the claims of other nations. Several times, in the past, this country attempted to internationalize the area either by setting up an international commission or by establishing United Nations supervision. Today, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, commander of Operation Deep Freeze, is busy establishing a permanent U. S. base on the Antarctic mainland. This country may still not make official claims to a slice of Antarctic territory, but it intends

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permanently to control a large sector of it.

There can be little doubt that the American reversal of policy is a reaction to Russia's sudden interest in Antarctic research. All was quiet along the Potomac as long as the region remained a kind of exclusive reservation for English-speaking nations. Members of the British Commonwealth controlled the largest part of the continent. The Australians laid claim to almost half of its 5,000,000 square miles; New Zealanders took a grip on 770,000 square miles of the Ross Dependency; the British staked out all territories south of their Falkland Islands dependency in the South Atlantic, and the South Africans—late-comers—raised their flag over Marion Island. A large sector between the 150th and the 80th meridian West Longitude was reserved for American exploration.

THE Russians have been insisting on their right to be classified among the "Antarctic nations" since 1948. Historically, the USSR has a legitimate interest in the region. Russia's nineteenth-century explorer, Admiral Fabian von Bellingshausen, a Baltic nobleman in the service of Czar Alexander I, was probably the first man ever to cast an eye on the Antarctic mainland. Currently, the Russians can argue that Antarctic weather data is as useful to them as to any nation. Moreover, the Russians are a leading whaling nation—the most important next to the Norwegians and the British. They maintain a large floating factory in Ant-

arctic waters and their flotilla comprises not less than seventeen ships with a crew of 700.

The Soviet government is making a major effort to establish permanent bases on the Antarctic mainland. It has sent out one of its finest ocean-going research vessels, the Dutch-built *Ob*, specially fitted for polar exploration. The expedition is headed by M. M. Somov, a polar veteran. The crew includes representatives of many Soviet scientific institutions. The Soviet main station will be set up in what the Russians call the "Indian sector"—actually in the heart of the Australian claim territory. Two other Soviet outposts are to be set up later, well inland, one near the Southern geomagnetic pole, the other near the South Pole itself. Only the establishment of a U. S. base on the South Pole prevents the Russians from going there directly. At all events, Americans and Russians will soon be rubbing shoulders in these icy deserts.

The Russians are doing their best to make their Antarctic expedition a success. They cannot hope to outclass the lavishly-equipped Americans, but they are sending their best men and material. They will profit greatly from their experiences in Arctic research. They are taking along not only specially-built houses with electric heating and air conditioning, but also some of their mobile housing units which proved their worth on the floating Arctic stations. Eighteen heated dwellings, laboratories, a garage and a power station are being built by the Soviet task force.

So large a Soviet expedition at their very doorsteps has alarmed the nations with territories adjacent to the Antarctic. It also brought America's largest and best-equipped Antarctic expedition to the spot.

M. A. Mertens, a former military historian in the Soviet War Ministry and now a refugee in the West, has warned the Western powers that "the Soviet Union, which has already transformed the Arctic into a testing ground and a base for developing military operations in a future war, wishes now to utilize the Antarctic for the same purpose. The Soviet Union has a powerful submarine fleet and a long-range aviation and, therefore, is not seriously disturbed by the great distance which separates the USSR and Communist China from the Antarctic."

The Russians have counter-charged that the West is preparing the Antarctic as a new testing ground for nuclear weapons. They have also quoted New Zealand's air commander, Sir Keith Oarks, as saying that "highly secretive negotiations are going on between the Western Allies concerning the establishment of strategic and commercial air lines over the South Pole."

THERE is, no doubt, a grain of truth on both sides. The Antarctic is likely to play a role in future air operations, although a less important one than the Arctic. After all, the shortest flying line between New York or San Francisco to Moscow or Leningrad and *vice versa* goes over the Northern, not the Southern, polar circle. Moreover, the South Pole region has the worst weather in the world, with temperatures dropping to 80° below zero and surface winds reaching 120 miles per hour. The Antarctic has only two good flying months in the year. The South Pole, nevertheless, may become an important testing ground for guided missiles.

But the Antarctic has other attractions than the strategic. In contradistinction to the North Pole region, it is not an ice shell covering the bottomless ocean; it is an ice-covered continent hiding quantities of valuable raw materials. The region's economic resources alone may eventually repay the present outlay in men and money spent for research and exploration.

Some experts assert that, in a not

too remote future, the Antarctic will rank among the world's richest sources of strategic minerals. To date, they say, 170 different minerals have been found in its subsoil, including iron, copper, zinc, lead, silver, gold and graphite. Enormous deposits of coal, probably second only to those of the continental United States, also have been found. Oil has been discovered in Graham Land, in the British claim-zone, as well as in the Ross Dependency, while traces of valuable uranium have been found in the Australian sector.

However, other geologists are more cautious. They say that only coal has been found in commercially interesting quantities and that even this is hidden beneath a 1,000-foot ice layer. Nevertheless, the coal field in the Ross Dependency in the Australian sector may be worth reaching: it is more than 1,000 miles long and fifty to eighty miles wide—probably the largest unworked field in the world.

The existence of coal in what is now the "cold center" of the world is unmistakable proof that, an estimated 350 million years ago, the climate of the South Pole region was very different from what it is today. The Antarctic continent was once presumably covered with dense tropical forests and vast swamps. Plant fossils, uncovered by English and Swedist scientists, show that the region has undergone various changes in climate, from tropical to semi-tropical. These changes are said to account for the deposits of liquid and coal fuel.

EXPLORATION of these vast resources will be facilitated by the fact that it is getting warmer around the South Pole. A period of polar thawing is under way. The ice cap covering the Antarctic continent is 900 feet lower than it was a century ago. The deglacianization of the outer fringes of the continent is progressing. Ice which in 1900 measured 4,000 feet in thickness, has now dis-

appeared from Ross Island. U. S. aviators discovered an almost ice-free spot in the middle of the continent where mounds of earth rise from ice-free lakes of muddy green.

There is, therefore, hope that future generations and perhaps even our own generation will be able to profit from the Antarctic mineral deposits. Atomic energy may make it possible to establish not only small scientific outposts or military bases but also sizable permanent settlements and industrial installations. Already explorers have been able to spend a winter on the polar ice without too much discomfort due to the development of pre-fabricated winter houses, adequate heating and clothing, and uninterrupted radio communications with the nearby mother ships as well as with the authorities at home.

For good or bad, the sixth continent is going to drop its mysterious veil and to become integrated into the political and economic strategy of our divided world.

SOAPSUDS OVER ENGLAND

The New TV Set-Up . . by Tom Driberg

London

IT IS JUST six months since a singing commercial was first heard and seen on British television. Until September, 1955, the British Broadcasting Corporation had enjoyed a monopoly of TV as of radio (though in recent years its monopoly in sound has been increasingly eaten away by the light, mainly disc-jockey-type programs broadcast by Radio Luxembourg, to which many sets in British pubs, cafés and homes are kept more or less permanently tuned).

For technical reasons, monopoly TV was able at first to transmit only one program. Political pressure for the establishment of commercial (al-

ways called by its advocates "free" or "independent") TV coincided, naturally, with the imminent availability of a second channel; and the ITV* propagandists were able to confuse public opinion by suggesting a close relation between the possibility of a choice of programs (which everyone wanted, including the BBC) and the alleged necessity of financing the alternative program by the sale of time to advertisers.

The project was put across the Conservative government by a small group of back-bench Conservative MP's, some directly interested in the advertising business. The strength and many-sidedness of the opposition, however, did oblige the government

to go warily. The experiment was hedged about with all sorts of safeguards: programs were to include "nothing . . . which offends against good taste or decency," they were to "maintain a proper balance" in subject matter, "proper proportions" were to be of "British origin and British performance." The tight, and highly orthodox, control of political and religious programs is identical with that of the BBC. Above all, there were to be no sponsors, in the American sense of the word.

THIS is a cardinal principle of ITV. Advertisers have, in theory, no control over the content of programs. But opponents of the government's bill warned that advertisers would exercise an indirect influence on the character of programs by insisting on time in immediate proximity to programs with the highest viewer-rating. So it has, on the whole,

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*Independent Television—an unofficial generic label commonly used in the British press. The controlling authority is the Independent Television Authority (ITA). The program companies to which ITA has assigned stations so far in operation are Associated Television (ATV), Associated Rediffusion (A-R TV), and Associated British Cinemas (ABC).

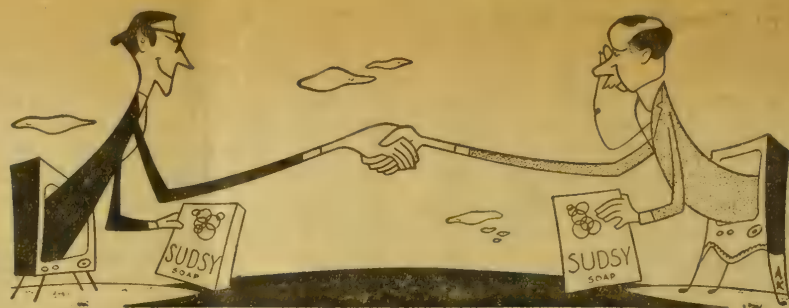
turned out. The London region ~~was~~ the first to receive the commercial programs. (Birmingham started in February; Manchester starts on May Day.) The company responsible for London week-end and Birmingham Monday-through-Friday programs (ATV) is financially successful: it is run by experts in show business, such as Mr. Val Parnell—whose *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* is a peak week-end program—and the advertisers are supporting it satisfactorily. By contrast, A-R TV, the company responsible for London Monday-through-Friday programs, has had considerable difficulties, and is nowhere near breaking even: morning programs were abandoned because audiences were infinitesimal; free bonus time has lately been offered as an inducement to advertisers.

It is fair to point out, however, that the ITV promoters generally did not expect to be breaking even—and to start recovering their heavy capital expenditure—until at least a year or eighteen months from the start of ITV; for it is not until the north of England as well as part of Scotland is covered by commercial transmitters that a real network can be said to exist and program costs ~~can~~ be spread among the various contractors.

IF THE whole project had not been rushed through, for political reasons, ITV could have come into existence in a more orderly and, no doubt, more immediately profitable way. There are various explanations for the speed of the operation: the likeliest is that a general election was known to be impending, and it was feared that a victory for Labor would abort the experiment altogether. In the event, the election came even sooner than had been expected, before ITV had started, and the Conservatives won it.

Hasty improvisation affected the technical quality of programs in the early days. But the commercial companies raided the BBC for skilled technical staff, offering salaries far higher than the BBC's quasi-civil-service scales allowed. The technical quality of ITV programs improved steadily. Their artistic quality or intellectual content is another matter.

Some months ago, serious producers who had been brought over from the BBC were perturbed by



what was described as an "anti-cultural drive" in ITV. Programs of some merit were ruthlessly cut out because they attracted little advertising (or, as ITV spokesmen said, because "the public must have what they want"). Independent Television News—fresher and more informal in its approach than the BBC and one of ITV's best features—was slashed; its chief, Mr. Aidan Crawley, resigned.

The most extreme example of vulgarization was a program called *People Are Funny*, in which ordinary citizens were inveigled into performing all sorts of grotesque pranks (and rewarded with lavish gifts). Critics panned this program as uncivilized, debasing and destructive of human dignity; MP's complained that it violated the provisions of the Television Act. Eventually the ITA intervened, and—popular though the program was with viewers—it has now stopped. In recent weeks—partly, perhaps, because of the ITA's action in this case—there have been signs of a slowing-down of the anti-cultural drive.

If the main foreboding of opponents of commercial TV has been proved, broadly, correct, the same cannot really be said of exaggerated apprehensions about the actual advertisements. There is, to be sure, a fundamental irony in the promotion of such an enterprise at all by a government that is at the same time trying to fight inflation with a credit squeeze and other consumer disincentives; for ITV must tend to be inflationary in its effects. But the commercials themselves have been swallowed by the public more or less unprotestingly. They are limited to six minutes an hour, and a program may be interrupted for a commercial only at what is deemed a "natural break" (a phrase whose interpretation has caused dispute). Many of them are innocuous; a few

are of higher artistic quality than many of the programs.

Another apprehension was that commercial TV would intensify the cultural Americanization of Britain. It is probably too soon to try to assess this effect, if it exists. Britain, after all, has been subjected for some years to some pretty strong American influences—Hollywood films, Tin Pan Alley songs, jazz good and bad, Tennessee Williams and *Oklahoma*. On the whole, Britons seem to enjoy these manifestations of American culture without suffering any fundamental change in outlook or values. Certainly, many ITV programs are American in origin: either, as with some of the giveaway quiz programs, the idea is imported from America and translated into an English idiom; or the actual program is imported, canned (complete with laughter by an American studio audience). Such canned imports include *Liberace*, *I Love Lucy*, *Inner Sanctum* and *Dragnet*.

But the BBC also buys and adapts American ideas (such as *This Is Your Life*) and shows canned American programs: if ITV has *I Love Lucy*, the BBC has *I Married Joan*—and *Amos 'n' Andy*, *The Burns and Allen Show* and *Range Rider*.

The BBC excels in outside broadcasts of sporting events and has on occasion scooped ITV neatly (securing, for instance, exclusive rights in all the racing at Ascot for five years). Competition in this field is keen—but, by a (perhaps) characteristically English compromise, no exclusive rights may be purchased in events deemed by the Postmaster-General to be of national interest. These include the Derby, the Grand National, all cricket Test matches, Wimbledon tennis, the University boat race and the association football Cup Final.

The BBC, in fact, is fighting back briskly. Those who vaguely suppose that the BBC is an institution of

which Queen Victoria would have approved would be surprised by some of its output. Some of its light entertainment is as good as anything on ITV. Its documentary programs are usually adult and occasionally superb—for instance, a “special enquiry” on teen-agers, their beliefs, their fun and their vices.

It may be of interest to compare the rival programs on a single recent evening, taken at random—a Monday, as it happens:

BBC

- 3:00 “Look and Choose.” Advice for women on shopping and household gadgets.
- 3:45 “Watch with Mother” (for small children).
- 4:00 “Three on a Honeymoon.” Travelogue film.
- 4:15 “Malta.” Documentary of a British colony in the news.
- 4:45 “Popie.” Reminiscences of the old London theatre.
- 5-6 Children’s television.
- 7:00 News and newsreel.
- 7:20 “Panorama.” News-magazine, featuring reportage from Middle East and other trouble-spots.
- 8:00 “What’s My Line?” TV’s most popular panel show.
- 8:30 Floodlit Association Football.
- 9:15 “Off the Record.” Discs and (live) personalities.
- 10:00 News.
- 10:15 “The Laugh’s on Us.” Comic variety.
- 10:45 “Rawicz and Landauer,” pianists (“light classics” and swing).
- 11:00 Weather-forecast and close-down.

ITV

- 4:00 News.
- 4:05 “Small Time.” Animal cartoon.
- 4:15 “Teatime Magazine” (for women). Handwriting analysis, flower-arranging.
- 4:45 “Douglas Fairbanks Presents.” Canned half-hour play.
- 5:15 “Hobby House.” “Do-it-yourself” feature.
- 7:00 News.
- 7:06 “Sixpenny Corner.” Daily fiction-serial of life in a “typical” English family.
- 7:20 “Romance.” Johann Strauss excerpts.
- 7:30 “What’s It All About?” Panel-game.
- 8:00 “We, the Living.” Drama.
- 9:30 “Jack Hylton Presents.” Variety.
- 10:00 “Halle Orchestra.” Beethoven program.
- 10:45 News.
- 11:00 Epilogue (usually religious) and close-down.

There is not so wide a gap as might be expected between the

“level” of the rival channels. The BBC puts on Priestley, but also light variety: ITV puts on light variety, but also the Hallé (usually with a program lower-browed than Beethoven). But the BBC leads unchallengeably in documentaries and panel shows alike—just as, on other evenings, the BBC has nothing to compare in popularity with ITV’s *Double Your Money* or *Take Your Pick*. The BBC has on occasion been sufficiently militant to revise its schedule in order to put one of its most popular programs against an ITV peak program. This is a difficult tactic for ITV to combat, since the commercials necessitate a more rigid programming.

In so far as competition has forced a change of balance, in a “light” direction, within the BBC’s own programs, purists may claim that ITV is dragging the BBC down to its own cultural level. None the less, the BBC is bound, by charter and by deeply rooted tradition, to remain essentially true to its pristine policy of giving the public something a little better than it thinks it wants. It has no advertisers to please. It has an automatic, and automatically increasing, revenue from license fees. It is also still, for a time at least, overwhelmingly dominant on Britain’s TV sets: BBC-TV can reach ninety-five per cent of Britain’s fifty million inhabitants; and of Britain’s five million TV sets, only about one million (in the London and Birmingham regions) have so far been converted to take ITV as well as BBC programs. (Conversion, including a separate aerial, needed in some districts, may cost up to \$45.)

Of those viewers who have converted their sets, however, all the

polls—including BBC audience-research—now agree that a majority prefer the ITV programs, especially at week-ends.

In both the schedules set out above, there is a gap between 6 and 7 P. M. During this hour, by agreement between the government and the two Authorities, there is no television in Britain (and radio-listening figures soar). The hour is known as “the toddlers’ truce,” and its purpose is, quite simply, to make it easier for parents to get their children to bed.

How long this cosy respite will last cannot be foreseen. It is frustrating to program-planners—particularly those of ITV, for this would be a peak hour for commercials.

The financial difficulties of at least one of the program companies are grave, but it is unlikely that any of them will actually be allowed to collapse. Such a failure would be a blow to the prestige of the advertising industry and the government itself. What is more likely is that the new companies, through the ITA, will warn the government that they are in danger of such failure unless the restrictions on TV time are eased. In particular, there will be a campaign to end the “toddlers’ truce.”

Social workers and schoolteachers will protest that continuous early-evening television would be harmful to children’s welfare. The BBC will concur, pointing out—a trifle smugly—that it does not find it necessary to broadcast TV programs between 6 and 7 P. M.

The government will give solemn assurances that such a concession to the program-companies would be out of the question. It will then make the concession.

Futures

Jeremiah Trident held his sway,
Like any master mind, a giant;
Purposive, absolute, defiant.

Where is Master Jeremiah today?

Bartolomeo Cantabile
Retreated to the hills to pray.
He gave up the world, devout.

The world has given up Cantabile, today.

Doctor Prancer was to cosmic rays
Their meddler and juggler; perfect, he
Who looked so scientifically away.

Radiated he is away today.

RICHARD EBERHART

Awareness of Evil: Graham Greene

By Walter Allen

"AAH-Grum Grin! Très très formidable!" Thus the French university student's response to the name we had flung into the conversation ■ that of the one living English novelist who could be matched, for intention and intensity, with Mauriac, Malraux, Camus and Sartre. And here, to remind us once again how formidable he is and how uncomfortable his talent, comes Graham Greene's new novel, *The Quiet American*.* It is, there seems to me no question, his finest novel since *The Power and the Glory*, but not at all because, as his publishers say, "religion plays little or no part" in it. Greene's religious beliefs are as much part of him as his physical features. The excellence of *The Quiet American* consists in the fact that it is, by contrast with *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*, an unflawed expression of his talent, and his talent is inextricably bound up with his beliefs. With *The Heart of the Matter* he had begun to parody himself: the images of squalor and disgust came out too pat; while with *The End of the Affair*, though he had broken away from what had become the vices of his earlier style, he had succeeded only in perverting a brilliant rendering of obsessive jealousy into a pious tract. There was a failure in literary tact which left his non-Catholic admirers alienated. Had he, we wanted to know, given up to party what was meant for mankind?

The answer to that now lies at hand; and it is plain that he has not. But first, the novel raises one issue that must be got out of the way. It would be idle to pretend that

The Quiet American is going to be palatable to a majority of readers in this country. In his novel of the war in Indo-China, Greene expresses a criticism of America and especially of American behavior in foreign affairs that is widely held, if not often openly stated, by a great many people outside the United States—by conservatives and liberals no less than by those in formal opposition to its policies. He does this by the terms through which his narrator, Thomas Fowler, renders the quiet American, Alden Pyle. Pyle is a good man, an idealist, a man of principle. I notice that reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic have been interpreting him as a new version of a figure prominent in Anglo-American fiction for the past eighty years, the American innocent abroad confronted with depraved Europe. This seems to me an over-simplification. Pyle is a good man, but his innocence is the least attractive thing about him, for it is an innocence rooted in moral arrogance and lack of imagination. It is indeed an innocence tantamount to invincible ignorance—of the facts of human life, of the knowledge that, as Greene said in a fragment of autobiography he delivered some years ago on the BBC Third Programme, "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey." Pyle, ready to die—as he does—for God, for Dulles and for Harvard, is governed by abstractions which completely blind him to the reality of the situation in terms of human suffering. And before he dies, a good man betrayed, he has done more harm, in terms of human suffering, than any number of ordinary bad men.

But I would rather deal with his betrayer, the narrator of the novel, the middle-aged unillusioned English newspaper correspondent, Fowler, who has found in Indo-China a shabby paradise with his native girl Phueng and his nightly pipes of opium. Fowler is very much the Greene character; he is the blood-relation of Bendrix in *The*

End of the Affair, of Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter*, of Drover in *England Made Me*; even, though he is an atheist, of the priest in *The Power and the Glory*. Indeed, he may be traced back to Greene's first novel, *The Man Within*. He betrays Pyle to the Communists out of horror at the atrocities the quiet American's policy commits him to—atrocities sanctified by the word "democracy"—and pity for its heedless victims; but by betraying Pyle he also wins back the girl the young American has quite honorably taken away from him. One's mind goes back to the first novel of all, in which the young smuggler, tormented by feelings of inferiority, betrays his fellow-smugglers to the excisemen. He is conscious of his double nature, of the prompting "man within." Fleeing his former comrades, he is sheltered by a girl with whom he falls in love and who persuades him to give himself up to authority and go into the witness box for the Crown. He does so, knowing that his old associates will certainly try to murder him. But by then his motives are mixed: he is doing so for love of the girl, but he would not have brought himself to the pitch of resolution if he had not been seduced by the mistress of the lawyer leading for the prosecution. The last sentence of *The Quiet American* is: "Everything had gone right with me since he had died, but how I wished there existed someone to whom I could say that I was sorry."

There you have the hall mark of the Greene man, whether presented as Catholic or atheist: the sense of abandonment, the feeling, conscious or otherwise, expressed in the famous words of Newman that Greene prefixes to his travel book, *Another Mexico*: "Either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. . . . If there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity."

Greene's great strength as a novelist—it is not exactly common among English fiction writers, for Stevenson was a Scot and Conrad a Pole—is his awareness of evil. It was his long before he joined the church; indeed,

*The Viking Press. \$3.50.

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one guesses that it was what led him to the church. I am aware of the critical heresy of reading biography into novels and imputing to an author the sentiments expressed by his characters, but it does seem to me legitimate, when a novelist has written as much autobiography as Greene has, to go to the man's life to see what light is thrown upon his art.

It was Greene's misfortune to be the son of the headmaster of the public school he attended. A passage early in *Another Mexico* reads:

One was an inhabitant of both countries: on Saturday and Sunday afternoons on one side of the baize door, the rest of the week on the other. How can a life on a border be other than restless? You are pulled by different ties of love and hate. For hate is quite as powerful a tie: it demands allegiance. In the land of the skyscrapers, of stone stairs and cracked bells ringing early, one was aware of fear and hate, a kind of lawlessness—appalling cruelties could be practiced without a second thought; one met for the first time characters, adult and adolescent, who bore about them the genuine quality of evil. There was Collifax, who practiced torments with dividers; Mr. Cranden with three grim chins, a dusty gown, a kind of demoniac sensuality; from these heights evil declined towards Parlow, whose desk was filled with minute photographs—advertisements of art photos. Hell lay about them in their infancy.

There lay the horror and the fascination. . . . It was an hour of release—and also an hour of prayer.

In that passage you have the "primary symbols" of Greene's fiction: the awareness of evil; the awareness of two worlds side by side—heaven and hell—yet with how many leagues between them; the awareness, too, of all the possibilities of betrayal between them. But what of the boy himself? There is a clear picture in a remarkable piece of autobiography, "The Revolver in the Corner Cupboard," written perhaps ten years ago. It recounts Greene's discovery, at the age of seventeen, of his elder brother's revolver ("a small genteel object with six chambers like a tiny egg stand") and the way in which he would go off to Berkhamsted Common and, having loaded the weapon with a single bullet, play Russian roulette. He was hopelessly in love, he tells us, with his sister's governess. But—

I think the boredom was far deeper than the love. It had always

been a feature of childhood: it would set in on the second day of the school holidays. The first day was all happiness, and, after the horrible confinement and publicity of school, seemed to consist of light, space and silence. But a prison conditions its inhabitants. I never wanted to return to it (and finally expressed my rebellion by the simple act of running away), but yet I was so conditioned that freedom bored me unutterably.

The psychoanalysis that followed my act of rebellion had fixed the boredom as hypo fixes the image on the negative. I emerged from those delighted months in London spent at my analyst's house—perhaps the happiest months of my life—correctly orientated, able to take proper extrovert interest in my fellows (the jargon rises to the lips) but wrung dry. For years, it seems to me, I could take no esthetic interest in any visual thing at all: staring at a sight that others assured me was beautiful, I would feel nothing. I was fixed in my boredom. . . .

BOREDOM. One skips thirty years of a life and then finds, in the *London Magazine*, an extract from Greene's diaries for 1953 that describes his experiments in smoking opium in Saigon, and one has the same sense of a necessity to keep ennui, meaninglessness, the feeling of nihilism and a life to be lived somehow, at bay. Some years ago, reviewing in the *New Statesman and Nation* a new book on Robert Louis Stevenson, Greene took his kinsman to task for risking his life from stray rifle shots in the parochial politics of Samoa. Stevenson pined for a life of action. But doesn't Greene? Recall the trek across Sierra Leone to Liberia recorded in *Journal without Maps*, the visit to Mexico reported in *Another Mexico*. These took place before the war. We know now that wherever war is being fought, sooner or later Greene will turn up. He turns up as correspondent, and if one may equate him with Fowler in *The Quiet American* he feels guilty about this: the correspondent isn't deeply enough involved. Be that as it may, within the past half dozen years he has been on the battlefronts in Malaya, in Kenya (his dispatches to the *London Sunday Times* were quite the most sympathetic towards and understanding of the Mau Mau of any I know) and in Indo-China. As a man of action he makes Stevenson appear an amateur; the only possible comparison is with Mal-

raux. How brilliant a reporter of war Greene is can be seen in *The Quiet American*. Too many novels during the past thirty years have blunted the edge of horror; or rather, one had thought until reading Greene's novel, for it is a rendering of a war unlike any we have known before, depicted in all its casual beastliness.

But there is something else. England is a profoundly un-Catholic country; the bulk of English Catholics are probably Irish in origin. To be a Catholic in England is to be at the last extreme of nonconformity. Nonconformity is one of the main strands of the English religious and political tradition. It has generally been liberal in its sympathies. Obviously, a Roman Catholic nonconformity is not an easy position to maintain; and for many converts it dwindles into eccentricity. A case in point is Evelyn Waugh, whose social and political views, as seen in those letters he writes to the *Times* in which he refers to the working class as "the labourers," are so archaic as to be possible only in a man who has become a Catholic in a country in which Catholicism scarcely matters. If there were a demo-Christian party like M. R. P. in England, Waugh would have to change his tune. But Greene remains a conformist, and his conversion seems to have accentuated his nonconformity. His values seem to be held in defiance of the church to which he has committed himself; which is one reason why Catholic reviewers often smell heresy in his work. The Catholic Church is an authoritarian body, and Greene loathes authority. He is always willing to have a go at authority, whether the State Department or the Catholic church. Witness his controversy a year or so ago with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris and his protest against the church's refusal to allow Colette to be buried in consecrated ground.

Greene's stand there was on the grounds of Christian charity. His protest was on a par with the open letter he wrote in the *New Statesman and Nation* in 1952 welcoming Chaplin to England. It was by implication an attack on the Catholic hierarchy in the United States; but that is not what is relevant at the moment. "Your films," Greene wrote to Chaplin, "have always been compassionate toward the weak and the

underprivileged; they have always punctured the bully." That is highly relevant to Greene's own novels. It is that—the sense of pity—which above everything else gives his later work its resonance. Perhaps the feeling of pity arises from the sense of everyone's implication in a common lot. "I don't know a thing about the mercy of God," the priest says in *The Power and the Glory*. "I don't know how awful the human heart looks to Him. But I do know this—that if there's ever been a single man in this state damned, then I'll be damned, too." Greene's exploration of the sense of pity may be traced through *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*. It is this feeling of pity for the anonymous suffering multitudes, who have not spoken yet, which gives him the

right, through his narrator Fowler in *The Quiet American*, to judge Pyle, the man who worships abstractions; and, be it noted, Fowler is the one character in the novel who cares for Pyle and realizes his goodness.

THIS, however, is not all. Greene is a great professional. The word is inaccurate, but the alternatives—artist, craftsman—too often have associations of pretentiousness when applied to novelists. His professionalism lies in a long, unrelenting concern with the techniques of telling a story. It is akin to the professionalism of Stevenson and James and Conrad; and part of the authority of *The Quiet American* comes from the feeling one has of their presence, as Greene's literary ancestors, behind the novel.

Music

B. H. Haggin

AT THEIR last two recording sessions in Studio 8H, immediately after their 1950 transcontinental tour, Toscanini and the NBC Symphony recorded the Debussy *Ibéria* and *La Mer* that had been brought to sheer incandescence by the continuing rehearsal and performance of the tour. The *Ibéria* session was one of the few occasions when the Victor people in charge placed the microphone in what one NBC engineer had determined to be optimum for 8H; and the result was the extraordinary sharpness of definition, "presence" and clarity of the beautiful sound of the performance on LM-1833—except for the strangely inferior sound of the passage in the second movement beginning at No. 48. But for *La Mer* the microphone was placed a few feet back of the optimum position—a fact which could be heard in the lessened sharpness of "presence" and impact of the sound from the record first issued as LM-1221. However the sound even with this lessened "presence" was still a breath-taking reproduction of the tonal subtleties and splendors of the performance; whereas on the record substituted later as LM-1221 (stamper no. 20s and higher) these subtleties and splendors are replaced by the falsifications and the noisily confused "brilliance" resulting from Victor's "enhance-

ment" of the recording; and the falsifications and noisy confusions are even worse in the *La Mer* on the reverse side of LM-1833. A word, therefore, on the general subject of Victor "enhancement."

Recording on tape makes it possible to change the sound with each transfer from tape to master; and the companies have been going back to the original tapes of older recordings to cut new masters with the new standard RIAA curve and with variable groove width to achieve full dynamic range. But Victor has "enhanced" a large number of Toscanini recordings by adding artificial echo and intensifying, or "peaking," treble—with results that have varied from damaging to ruinous. After the unresonantly dry Beethoven *Eroica* issued on LM-1042 in 1950, the brighter "enhanced" version issued in the 1953 limited edition seems better; but when one listens again to the 1950 original one realizes that what is unresonantly dry is nevertheless the true sound of violins, which in the "enhanced" version is made false by the electronic gloss from the artificial echo. Also, the notes of low strings, the drum-beats, the forceful chords which in the 1950 original are cleanly defined, compact, solid, are less so in the "enhanced" version. And in the second "en-

hanced" version substituted for the original on ML-1042 (identifiable by stamper nos. 30s and 25s and higher after the master numbers, on sides 1 and 2 respectively) larger amounts of echo change the violin sound into a liquid stream of electronic gloss, and produce a similar liquefying and blurring all the way down which dissolves the solidity and clean definition of chords, drum-beats and bass-notes into a mush of rumble. In addition the peaking of treble and reduction of bass make the sound brighter but shallower, and alter the timbres of some of the instruments: the horn sounds more like a trumpet; the trumpet is sharper; the change from dark to light and from dry to glossy makes the cellos unrecognizable; the gloss similarly falsifies the clarinet and bassoon. Also, the peaking of treble increases the high-frequency hash around the climaxes of the second movement, and thus makes the big buzzing confusion unlistenable.

SUCH damage in varying amounts has been inflicted on all the "enhanced" Toscanini recordings. Some, like the *Eroica*, had defects which invited the attempt to improve them; but the method of improving them made them worse. These included several dubbed from 78-rpm recordings: the dim and weak Mendelssohn *Midsummer Night's Dream* music on LM-1221 (stamper no. 20s and higher) and Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* Symphony on LM-1036 (nos. 30 and 25 and higher); the atrocious-sounding Mozart *Haffner* and Haydn *Clock*, made unlistenable on LM-1038 (no. 20). And also the tape-recorded Beethoven Second and Fourth on LM-1723 (nos. 5 and 10) and Fifth on 1757 (no. 15).

Others were dubbings from 78 rpm that were bright and clear, providing no reason for the "enhancement" that produced the altered and false Beethoven *Leonore* No. 3 on LRM-7023, Rossini overtures on LM-1044 (no. 20) and Tchaikovsky *Romeo and Juliet* on 1019 (no. 30); the unlistenable Mozart Symphony K.551 on 1030 (no. 15), Beethoven *Leonore* No. 3 on 1043 (no. 15) and *Consecration of the House* Overture on LM-9022 and Berlioz *Romeo and Juliet* excerpts on LM-1019 (no. 25). Similarly the tape-recorded Parsifal excerpts on LM-15 and Tchaikovsky *Manfred* on LM-1037, though of the

same period as the *Eroica*, were lustrous and spacious; and there was no justification for damaging the first on the later LM-15 and LM-6020 and spoiling the second on the later 1037 (nos. 20 and 10).

Still less justified was the tampering with those recordings which, like the Debussy *La Mer*, offered beautiful reproductions of Toscanini's work. The damage was slight in the Brahms-Haydn Variations on LM-1725 (I found a no. 11 unchanged; a no. 14 "enhanced"), the Brahms Fourth on 1713 (no. 5) and Wagner Preludes to Act 1 of *Lohengrin* and Act 3 of *Die Meistersinger* on LM-6020. But it was greater in the Beethoven Septet on a later LM-1745, the Beethoven *Pastoral* Symphony on 1755 (no. 10), Seventh on 1756 (no. 5) and Eighth on 1757 (No. 15), the Smetana *Die Moldau* on 1118 (no. 25) and Strauss *Don Juan* on 1157 (no. 10).

NOR has the damage been inflicted only on previously issued recordings. The beautiful sound of the tapes of the 1952 "pop" recordings was left untouched in the *Dance of the Hours* first issued on LRM-7005 and the introduction of the *Mignon* Overture on 7013; but the rest of the *Mignon*, the *Carmen* Suite on 7013 and the *Zampa* Overture on 7014 were given a shallow, coarse, raucous "brilliance." Similarly Musorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* was first issued on LM-1838 with its magnificent sound distorted by peaking of the treble that produced the ear-piercing trumpet sound at the beginning, the snarling sound of the brass in *Catacombs*, the harsh, raucous sound of the full orchestra elsewhere.

When Toscanini retired David Sarnoff wrote him that "happily" his performances had been "recorded and preserved for us, and for posterity." But if the Metropolitan Museum of Art were to exhibit its Cezannes with their colors and forms damaged by someone's touching up, this would be comparable to what Victor has done with its recordings of Toscanini's performances.

And not, I might add, only Toscanini's. The dubbed sound of Koussevitzky's marvelous performance of Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphony with the Boston Symphony, which was good on LM-20, has been spoiled on LM-1797.

April 21, 1956

Theatre

Harold Clurman

I NEVER READ a French review of Anouilh's *Antigone* (Carnegie Hall Playhouse) but report has it that when it was done in Paris during the Occupation it was considered a covert piece of propaganda urging defiance of the Nazi government. Yet the Nazi authorities permitted its production. It seems to have meant

different things to different people.

In the hush of its present revival by a new theatre organization—Mazda Productions—I believe I discern how this case of mistaken identity could occur. Anouilh's *Antigone* defies Creon not because her moral sense has been outraged, but because, having been informed that her

Stalin's Side of the Story



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brother was a despicable thug by the very reasonable politician Anouilh has made Creon, she sees that life isn't worth living at all. All is corruption: life dulls, coarsens, depraves men's initial goodness, and those who go on living become mere "cooks," compromisers content to come to terms with the shabby routine of ordinary existence. And the police shall inherit the earth. It is better to die pure.

This is a perverse romanticism—typical of much French writing since 1937, the key to Anouilh's ideology, whether he writes in the pink vein of *Thieves' Ball* or in the black one of *Eurydice*. The Lark is a quasi-ironic illustration of the exceptional (saintly) person who redeems the mess that most Frenchmen make.

On a higher level (in Camus' work let us say) the thought may be summed up as follows: life is nonsense, let us revolt against its absurdity and then make some sense of it. It is a desperate manner of thinking and though beguiling theatre patterns may be made of it in the acidly sentimental way of which Anouilh has taken full advantage, I distrust it. Its appeal is to a basic weakness in us. Anouilh's Antigone is an anti-heroic heroine; in a word, an hysteric.

I think it an error for the ambitious organization on 57th Street to have chosen *Antigone* as its first bill, but I am glad we have the organization, and look forward to seeing it produce better work in more suitable plays.

MISTER JOHNSON, a dramatization by Norman Rosten of the novel by Joyce Cary (Martin Beck), made me uneasy. My uneasiness arose not only from the fact that I did not enjoy it, but from my inability to determine exactly where its fault lay. The subject matter is interesting: Johnson, a colored citizen of South Africa, is a kindly and sensitive young man neither free from the primitivism of the Bush nor mature enough to behave in accordance with a civilized state: he is "nowhere." His end must be tragic: he is shot to death by his most understanding friend, an English government official.

But the play turns out to be a mixture of stage exoticism (sweetly flavored with a certain unconscious condescension), quaint humor, stud-

ied naiveté and rather elaborate theatrics. A conspicuous artfulness bedecks what is essentially very sober material. Despite the talent visible in every department, the result is finally unpleasant.

IF YOU can imagine a Jane Austen who is a Russian gentleman you may get some idea of the quality which marks Turgenev's *A Month in the Country* (Phoenix). Emlyn Williams' adaptation emphasizes the Austen delicacy by shrewdly eliminating certain of the Russian's factual straightforwardness of characterization which makes the original play—written in 1847—somewhat less gossamer and more psychologically solid. Nevertheless, Turgenev's gift for telling the truth gently and touchingly is still there.

Like the exquisite plays of Alfred de Musset, Turgenev's *A Month in the Country* is a water-color study of the tremors of the heart. But the plays by the romantic Frenchman toy with and prettify reality in an ecstasy of playfulness and anguish; Turgenev, being Russian, is *bon enfant* with a kind of earthy, unspoiled honesty and common sense which brings him closer to most of us. Turgenev hardly emphasizes anything, he makes no special point, he preaches no gospel: he depicts. To show us with tender goodheartedness and decency and only a pinch of sadness or asperity what little tragedies and comedies are inherent in all affairs of the heart is his sufficient purpose.

Married to a commonplace but thorough good fellow and mother of a ten-year-old boy, his heroine has encouraged the passionately platonic friendship of an intellectual; she then falls in love for the first time in her life with her son's tutor, a man younger than herself. Her dazzled discovery of this frightening phenomenon, her innocent guile in rivalry with her seventeen-year-old ward who is also in love with the tutor, her unknowing cruelty to the intellectual to whom she clings for support without yielding anything of herself but her graces—these almost undramatic facets of a tempest in a teapot supply the substance of Turgenev's story. Yet what delightful nuances of sentiment and meaning are revealed. The ultimate bitterness and sense of futility of the unsatisfied lover (in his portrait of

the intellectual Turgenev punishes himself a bit), the basic kindness of such a lack-lustre but useful citizen as the husband, the intelligent rascality of the awakening peasantry and the stirring middle class—represented by a country doctor and the tutor—the usual triumph of decorum and sanctioned domesticity over the temptations of the romantic impulse—all are drawn with effortless charm.

Michael Redgrave has directed the play with a nice appreciation of all its values in the vein of the Williams adaptation. The cast he has chosen is most sympathetic—always a little less “ripe” in quality than a European cast might be. Uta Hagen, striving to convey the upper-class aspect of the play’s chief lady, strikes one at moments as somewhat mannered and a trifle more heavily dramatic than Turgenev meant her to be. Natalya, for all her reading of French novels, is an unsophisticated person, a healthy and bubbling babe of a soul, fresh, rosy, bewildered, unselfconscious. The gravity of the part is in Turgenev’s mind, not in the person represented.

The most thorough performances are those of Luther Adler—juicy, robust, bold—and Michael Strong, whose purity makes gold of the husband’s dross. Alvin Colt’s costumes are a delight. The main point however is that, despite flaws, the evening as a whole is refreshing.

Films

Robert Hatch

FROM Sweden, *The Naked Light* is an unblinking view of love’s agony in a down-at-the-heels caravan circus. Its insistence on the squalor of life is no doubt very artistic, but it is also a little self-satisfied and dated. Albert, the circus owner and ringmaster, is a mountain of grossness hiding a timid and comfort-loving mouse of a spirit. He is torn to suet between a yen for the bareback rider who shares his wagon and a yearning for the competent and comely wife who is so prudent that she will not take him back. The equestrienne, a girl innocent of everything but sex, experiments briefly with a Valentino-haunted juvenile from a local repertory, but only confirms her preference for the somewhat paternal lust of her ringmaster.

The picture uses a good deal of ready-to-wear symbolism: a trained bear resembles the circus owner and dies of the bullet which the man is unable to fire into his own head; the leading clown is partially paralyzed, the emotional unrest is acted out in a spell of uncommonly wet weather. Ake Groenberg plays the powerful hero gone vulnerable through age and obesity with a good deal of

touching insight, if without much originality. Harriett Andersson, as his bedfellow, is properly disheveled but unhappily dim. A flashback in which the clown, Anders Ek, carries his wife away from a nude swimming party she has gaily entered into with a company of soldiers, evokes genuine horror and pity, but even it is overdrawn, drawn-out and emotionally self-indulgent. The whole picture is a reminder that Emil Jannings was remarkable because he could make self-pity dramatically absorbing. It was written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, who previously directed *Torment* and wrote the screen story for *Miss Julie*.

RONALD NEALE, using a screen play by Nigel Balchin, has directed a scrupulous re-enactment of the great British intelligence hoax summed up by the title, *The Man Who Never Was*. The body of a British marine officer, washed ashore on a Spanish beach, was carrying papers that made the Germans uncertain whether after all the invasion of Europe would come through Sicily. Some military forces were moved to protect alternate targets in Sar-

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dinia and Greece, and the real attack therefore met less resistance. A dead man, bearing a completely bogus personality forged to the finest details, served his country well.

The story of how this fake personality was created drags a little—perhaps because the outline of the great stunt is now generally known—but once the body has reached Spain and the Germans start checking in London to see if the officer really existed, the plot becomes pins and needles. I suspect that this section of the film is largely fabricated—in the best British espionage style. Clifton Webb, commander of the intrigue, is pleasantly waspish and a relief from the suave types who usually conspire for Britain. One can suppose that in civilian life he teaches algebra and writes testy letters to the chess editor of the *Times*.

THIS season we are getting a refresher course in ancient history: Ulysses, Helen of Troy, Genghis Khan and now *Alexander the Great*, written, produced and directed by Robert Rossen.

Rossen's tale of the boy conqueror is a Wild Eastern like all the others, though he seems a bit more punctilious as to facts and he has the advantage of the striking Richard Burton in the title role. The trouble with the picture is that it tells us

what Alexander did—which in general we all know—and says nothing of what Alexander was like, which we cannot know, but which would be at least an interesting speculation. It is a circus with dialogue, and you must be an invincible child at heart to focus on it all the way.

Burton manages to look like an unearthly handsome and dangerous Greek stripling, but he talks cine-maese and is occupied most of the time in brooding, strutting or leading wide-screen charges.

The photographing of the Greeks, high-plumed and bare-backed on their horses, is very beautiful. The figures have the tense, elongated profile of archaic vase silhouettes. But why do the movies make the sets of ancient cities look so brand new? Presumably the citizens of Pella and Persepolis scuffed up their towns just as did the Parisians and Londoners in centuries after them.

Barry Jones played Aristotle and raised my hackles through no fault of his own. It is one thing to watch Frederic March impersonating Philip of Macedon and Danielle Darrieux his scheming wife; we have no special regard for either of them today. But when an actor, familiar as bread from a long succession of character roles, takes on the toga of Aristotle and makes with philosophy, the performance seems brash, if not impious.

Television

Anne W. Langman

IF YOU were watching television on a Sunday afternoon in January, you might have seen Sean O'Casey, in his apartment in Torquay, England, talking with a young American friend. "What is life, Bob, what is life? Well, I have found life an enjoyable, enchanting, active and sometimes a terrifying experience, and I've enjoyed it completely. A lament in one ear, maybe, but always a song in the other. And to me life is simply an invitation to live."

He said a great deal more in that conversation, his distilled wisdom in lines of sharp beauty. The program was one of a series, *Conversations With Wise Men*. It has been on the air in one form or another since 1952 and has presented such distinguished elders as Pablo Casals,

Bertrand Russell, Edward Steichen, Arnold Toynbee.

Such attempts to excite the mind, deepen knowledge, stimulate new areas of interest are becoming increasingly frequent on the TV screen. In one remarkable Sunday to Sunday span in March, one could see excellent performances of *Richard III* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, *See It Now's* examination of the Middle East war-in-the-making, a thoroughly responsible study of mental illness, *Out of Darkness* (reviewed by Lucy Freeman in the March 31 issue), and the story of Hitler, *The Twisted Cross*.

There have been other such programs and there will be more. And behind each show there are men with ideas, with convictions, with

energy and courage. Men who are demonstrating to "the industry" as well as to the public that TV can be a great deal more than a carrier for commercials.

There is the performer with an idea. Bergen Evans, AB, AM, PhD, B. Litt., Phi Beta Kappa, Rhodes scholar, author and professor of English Literature at Northwestern, is one of them. Although he has become a "television personality" as M. C. of the panel quiz show *Down You Go* and chief question maker for those who aspire to \$64,000, Evans is also a thoughtful man. Listen to his modest fifteen-minute radio show, *Of Many Things*. He takes a subject; once, for example, "On Critics": "It is their function to explore, and then to interpret. For them to pass judgment . . . is simply arrogant or silly. The critic is not properly an agent of mediocrity, but a servant of greatness." Thus Evans has tackled "the American Language," "Wit, Humor and Comedy," "Chaucer—the Last Civilized Man," "Mark Twain"—assorted ideas which he knows something about and which he discusses with an easy, generous erudition. This show demonstrates the ABC's of electronic communication. Give a man a mind, a method and a microphone and you don't need a line of dancing girls or a panel of experts.

But it is not always that easy. When you move from the performer with an idea to the producer with an idea, communication becomes more difficult. Robert Graff, the NBC producer of *Elder Wise Men*, says that the key to getting an idea across is simplicity. "If I can understand it, anyone can understand it." Simplicity, he adds, is not achieved by luck but by skill; it is the basic skill of the producer with ideas. Another young NBC producer, Henry Solomon, believes that the audience absorbs by feeling. After recreating the story of the war in *Victory at Sea*, he embarked on a study of twentieth-century man—who is he, what is he and why—in a series of historical dramas, *Project Twenty*. To bring alive the recent past he uses news films, reenacted dramatic scenes, fluid, almost lyric narration. In *The Twisted Cross*: "Now Germany marches to the twisted cross, the swastika, and the man for whom the torches are lighted says 'Yes! We are barbarians.'" On the screen, col-

umns of soldiers form a blazing swastika with their burning torches. Or, with a shot of litters being carried off a hospital ship: "The soldiers do not see the Führer either—the soldiers he sent to Tunisia and the Caucasus, to Stalingrad and Sicily. They did not see him at El Alamein or on the Anzio beaches . . . they fought for him, and thousands died for him, and some—only some come home." Salomon says: "I wanted a broad design so that people can see and feel and think and therefore know the major issues of our time. Then, perhaps, they'll do something about it." Both *Nightmare in Red*, on Russia, and *The Twisted Cross* had that kind of solid impact.

ON the executive level, the problem again becomes one stage more complex. Here the idea and skill of the producer must be balanced with the total network operation. Irving Gitlin, director of CBS Public Affairs, has a long "idea" career behind him (he produced *The Search* series on American universities and was the executive producer for *Out of Darkness*). He believes that the TV stereotype is changing, that programming is moving into areas previously considered "long-haired" for two related reasons: TV burns up material so fast that its drain on writers has forced the use of documentation, and audience standards of taste are rising remarkably fast. Although the limitations of the medium make it much more difficult to tell a "reality" story than to put on an entertainment show, the possibilities are constantly expanding.

Stories must be carefully selected. The subject of a series, or a one-shot documentary, must be important to the public, must be able to be told effectively and, since this is a highly competitive business, must attract an audience. Gitlin must always prove audience interest to justify his programming. If the audience responds with sufficient enthusiasm, as measured by mail, phone calls and those ephemeral and sinister ratings, he knows that "a job has been done." He will also be helped to know it if a large enough section of the press approves. All too often, Gitlin comments, the critics rage over shortcomings, demand better programming, but when something is good, limit themselves to mild expressions of approval.



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Sunday, April 22

LET'S TAKE A TRIP (CBS). One of the most enchanting of the children's shows. This week John Harlan, temporary host while the program comes from the West Coast, escorts Pud and Ginger through the United Airlines Maintenance Depot.

PRINCETON '56 (NBC). The atom in a changing world of science is the subject of this week's chapter in a series of discussions on science.

Monday, April 23

REPORT FROM AFRICA—PART I (CBS; See It Now). The stirrings of unrest among the underdeveloped peoples of Africa and their current struggles for freedom required a seven-month, 15,000-mile tour of See It Now's news and camera men. Part I covers the Gold Coast, Kenya, Liberia, the Belgian Congo, Union of South Africa and Rhodesia. Part II (May 17) will report from Algeria, Libya, Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia and Uganda.

Wednesday, April 25

THE STORY OF ANIMATED DRAWING (ABC; Disneyland). Examples of the work of pioneer artists illustrate the evolution of screen cartoons. Starts with a 1906 effort and leads up to the "Nutteracker Suite" from *Fantasia*.

NOON ON DOOMSDAY (ABC; U. S. Steel Hour). Rod Sterling's play about prejudice brought to focus by a crime. It stars Everett Sloan. Produced by the Theatre Guild.

Political Broadcasts

Governor Averell Harriman: Sunday, April 22 (ABC; College Press Conference). Adlai Stevenson: Sunday, April 22 (NBC; Meet the Press); Wednesday, April 25 (ABC); Thursday, April 26 (NBC; Home Show).

A. W. L.

Letters

TV and the Campaign

Dear Sirs: In his article, *TV and the Campaign* (March 17), Mr. C. A. Siepmann gives the erroneous impression that networks were losing money while putting on public-service broadcasts. Actually stations are licensed under conditions set up by the Federal Communications Act which provides that stations set aside a substantial part of their schedule for broadcasts of a public-service nature. Although stations may be compelled to cancel commercial programs for national emergencies, elections and special events, they write off such broadcasts toward their legally assumed obligation with time and funds set aside annually for this purpose.

The public-service provisions of the Federal Communications Act have been hailed generally as one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's most farsighted and soundest achievements. It seems strange that one of *The Nation's* contributors now finds it necessary to shed crocodile tears over the networks' "losses."

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Does the article by C. A. Siepmann on TV and the Campaign really represent the liberal point of

view? Mr. Siepmann repeats here, with evident approval, the exaggerations and specious reasoning that characterized the arguments advanced by Dr. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, when he called for an amendment of Section 315 of the Federal Communications Act last May. For example, Mr. Siepmann says there were eighteen parties in the field in 1952, and he invites the inference that the broadcasters were (and are) obliged to grant "equal time" to each of these "parties."

He recalls that Dr. Stanton proposed to hold "electronic Lincoln-Douglas debates" between the major-party candidates at no cost to the contestants, adding sadly that "as things now stand, it (the proposal) is . . . still-born." "For Section 315," he says, "would require that equivalent time be granted, free, to the candidates of the Church of God Bible, Poor Man's Party, Spiritual Party, Vegetarian Party and all the other parties in the fight." The very selection of a list of parties known to be political freaks betrays a prejudice most unbecoming in a publication that respects facts and honest argument. (The Vegetarian candidate, incidentally, was not on the ballot in a single state and the broadcasters were under no compulsion to grant him time under Section 315.) The facts are that in 1952 the various networks gave free time to Presidential candidates for the following parties: Republican, Democratic, Socialist Labor, Socialist, Socialist Workers, Prohibition, Progressive and Vegetarian.

At first blush the thought of a modern-day version of the Lincoln-Douglas debates is intriguing, but the first and indispensable requisite for such debates is a great issue on which the candidates are diametrically opposed. Today such an indispensable requisite does exist, it is true—capitalism or socialism—but on this the major-party candidates are as one. Where both parties of a so-called two-party system exclude any proposal for basic social change and agree on every major question—as do the Republicans and Democrats—what is it but a Siamese-twin party system?

I should like to add, as a statement of fact, that in no campaign since Section 315 was adopted have minor-party candidates ever been given equal use of broadcasting facilities either in duration or desirability of broadcasting time.

ERIC HASS

Socialist Labor Party candidate
for President in 1952
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Siepmann's Reply

Dear Sirs: I never said, as Mr. Hass asserts, that all minor-party candidates were given equal use of broadcasting facilities in 1952. I did say that, where free time was given to one, each and all other candidates were entitled to claim equal time. Innuendo and recourse to arguments on matters extraneous to the subject matter of my article notwithstanding, the facts about Section 315 were and are precisely as I stated them.

C. A. SIEPMANN

New York, N. Y.

Plea for the Marshalls

Dear Sirs: Regardless of my deep admiration for *The Nation*, J'accuse! You have not said one word about the people of the Marshall Islands who are to be endangered by nuclear tests near their homeland. As an American citizen I feel the deepest sense of obligation to these people for whom my country under the United Nations is trustee and guardian.

Please, before it is too late, speak for the conscience of America.

LUCILLE FORBES MILTON

Palo Alto, Calif.

[Although we may not have referred specifically to the Marshall Islands, all through the past year *The Nation* has been pointing out the dangers and illegalities inherent in nuclear test: Peril from A-Dust by C. H. Waddington (February 19, 1955); Perils Unknown—Effects of the H-Bomb by Carey McWilliams (April 9, 1955); Biology of the Bomb by Paul 'Espinasse (June 25, 1955); The Legality of H-Bomb Tests by Emanuel Margolis (December 31, 1955), as well as various editorial comments on the subject.—THE EDITORS.]

A Cheer for Morris

Dear Sirs: After reading the article by Daily Texan editor William Morris in the March 24 issue of *The Nation*, my immediate reaction was to show it around, which I did; the reaction of some fifteen or twenty of my staff colleagues was as overwhelmingly favorable as mine. Mr. Morris certainly shows great perception of the problems involved in living in contemporary America, and his analysis of the college newspaper field hits the nail right on the head. We too are daily subjected to a flow of inane college publications with their "support-the-team" editorials and their lack of comment on anything beyond their own backyards.

DICK MEISTER

Editor, *The Stanford Daily*
Stanford, Calif.

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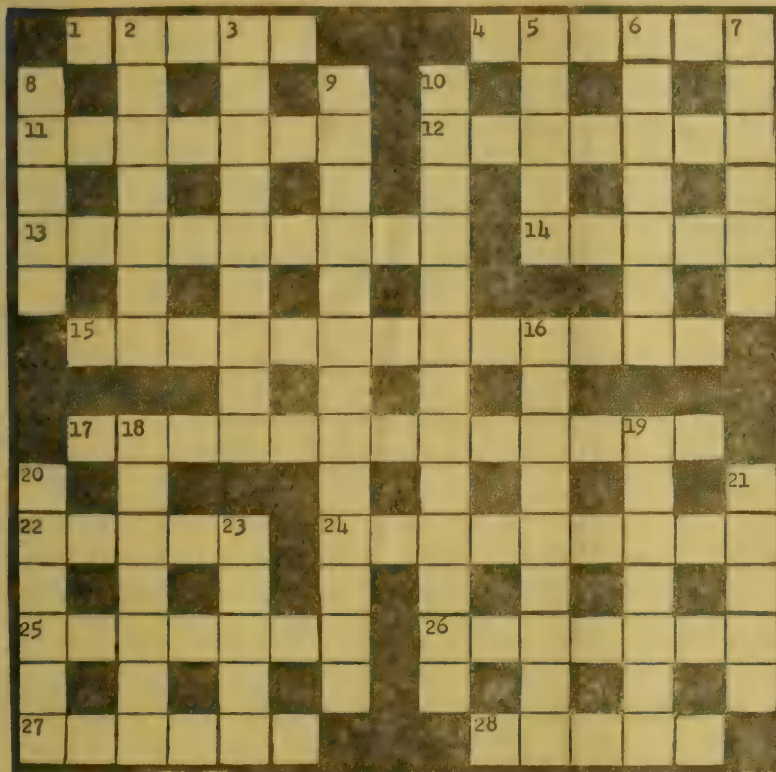
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Crossword Puzzle No. 668

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Obviously horses have their good points. (5)
- 4 No mass is better arranged for the operative stage. (6)
- 11 The preceding's leading lady. (7)
- 12 Brings forward leaders on short notice. (7)
- 13 Evidently a complete ruler can not be sharing it. (9)
- 14 Probably paid to be an explorer, but not a particularly popular one. (5)
- 15 In fine particles the reverse current has an inclination to go to one side, but is operative. (13)
- 17 It is one, of the greater manner. (13)
- 22 Poorly rated stamp, perhaps. (5)
- 24 Trained it to be of medium brilliance. (6,3)
- 25 For a starter, there's something extremely modest about the Spanish. (7)
- 26 The Pirates of Penzance stole with this 22. (7)
- 27 Spares the rod, to keep her in. (6)
- 28 Saw this time after time, it seems. (5)

DOWN

- 2 One-rail control. (7)
- 3 Blockade a dissident rebel with heart trouble. (9)
- 5 Summer, but not at the French coast. (3,2)
- 6 Helps naive persons, by the sound of it. (7)

- 7 Set. (Or upset in the end, similarly.) (6)
- 8 Good at making a small administrative division? (5)
- 9 Takes a star and lights on it once a year. (9,4)
- 10 One wouldn't want to be in the gag writer's files! (8,5)
- 16 Elia, like the boy at the bottom of 7, gets beaten. (9)
- 18 The first lady to stay at the Summit? (7)
- 19 Taking care to see the sun rising around the top of the circle? (7)
- 20 Principle commodity at the office suppliers? (6)
- 21 I would have less, if I had a little more! (5)
- 23 A cherry or a plum, for example, seems to hang down by the sound of it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 667

ACROSS: 6 and 6 down MUSIC MASTER; 10 LISTENS: 14, 17, 34, 4 across, 16 down, 1 across, 5, 31 and 11 TELL ME WHAT YOU EAT AND I WILL TELL YOU WHAT YOU ARE: 15 SETTLER: 16 AMEN: 19 UPSWEEP: 20 DANA: 22 SHOW: 24 FURNISH: 26 PERMIT: 27 TANDEM: 32 UPSILON: 33 REEDS. DOWN: 1 INLAY: 2 and 35 INCLUDE ME OUT: 3 LINERS: 4 EKES: 7 STEALTH: 8 CASTE: 12 EEL-POUT: 13 STOWING: 14 TEMPEST: 18 TOW: 21 NURTURE: 23 HIDALGO: 24 FISHES: 25 HANSOM: 26 PRYOR: 28 MANET: 29 STAY: 30 TUTU.

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by MARIAN TRAINOR



AROUND THE U. S. A.

A Touch of Depression in Automobile Row

Detroit

ON THE tenth anniversary of the signing by President Truman of the Full Employment Act, approximately 100,000 auto workers are without jobs because of industry cut-backs or shut-downs. And because the auto industry is the pump primer for all business here, an additional 55,000 workers have been laid off in industries which supply the car assembly lines—auto hardware and stamping, electrical equipment, rubber and others. Beyond this is the effect the layoffs have had on retail trade. The entertainment industry, grocers, saloons and clothiers have suffered losses in receipts ranging up to 50 per cent. Department stores cut down their Christmas payrolls instead of adding to them. The Department of Street Railways went far into the red and has reduced services.

Some of the business decline must be attributed to the local newspaper strike which closed up this city's three big dailies just about the time the first auto layoffs began. Merchants estimate that the strike cost them about \$36,000,000 in gross sales. Yet the business decline extended to small business, which has no advertising budget and which therefore was relatively unaffected by the newspaper shut-down. On Detroit's East Side, where most of the auto plants are located, the loss of Christmas business in the neighbor-

hood shops was devastating and the outlook is still glum. A saloon-keeper near the Packard plant said, "Unless things pick up, I'll have to go out of business." The manager of a finance company in the same area is having a long pull to collect on accounts: "People are letting their payments slide and it's going to take some time for them to catch up." A supermarket manager quipped that he was tired of selling "one pork-chop and an aspirin." Another merchant looked at a floor full of shiny appliances. "One or two sales a week," he said, "means the difference between profit and loss to me." He pointed out that most of his business was in installment buying, and that many of his customers were "already up to their necks" in debt.

THE story is an old one, of course. It crops up with every seasonal lay-off: the collection of unemployment insurance, supplemented by cashed bonds and the expenditure of savings to keep families housed and reasonably fed; "scrounging" for part-time jobs, wondering where the next "buck" is coming from; doubling up with relatives; wives leaving—something that hasn't been happening here for many years.

Layoffs mean not only that surpluses are soon wiped out but that many months of future earnings must be mortgaged to keep going. They also have important political significance. Politicians recall 1954. By September of that election year there were 190,000 unemployed in the Detroit area. Tens of thousands were recalled after Election Day, but by that time it was too late for the Republicans. The Democrats and their allies, the union chiefs, had pounded on the unemployment issue from one end of the state to the other—and Michigan went Democratic.

This year, again, election results in Michigan will depend largely on auto sales. Already state Democratic leaders are criticizing the manner in which the Full Employment Act—recently characterized by Truman as one of the most important pieces of domestic legislation enacted while he was President—has been administered by the Republicans. Before sailing for India, Walter Reuther charged that unemployment in Detroit was more than just "seasonal" and stated that the unions were go-

ing to come up with plans for getting the men back to work unless the situation was alleviated within the next month or two.

The Republicans look to the calendar for help. Autos begin to move out of salesrooms and onto the highways with the coming of spring. "We have every reason to expect an upsurge," says William J. Bird, vice-president in charge of sales for Plymouth. "We expect to reach a balance between stocks and consumer demands in the near future and production can then be increased. I predict an excellent year for Plymouth and the auto industry generally." The Michigan Employment Security Commission forecasts an early drop in unemployment.

For the jobless among the auto workers, there is also compensation in the thought that hereafter the seasonal layoffs will no longer hit them so hard. The next time there is a cut-back or shut-down, workers will receive supplemental unemployment benefits provided in the "guaranteed annual wage" plan agreed to by the auto companies during last summer's negotiations with the United Auto Workers. By helping the worker, the G. A. W. will also help all those who depend upon him for their livelihood.

MARIAN TRAINOR

[Marian Trainor is a Detroit journalist.]

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by Edgar Kemler

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The Shape of Things

What's Needed Is Peace

Tension in the Middle East has diminished, thanks to Dag Hammarskjöld's mission and last week's conciliatory statement by the Russians. Yet it would be a mistake to think that any of the basic issues have been resolved. Hammarskjöld has *pro tem* averted war; he has not made peace. Egypt still asserts its belligerent rights; the Suez Canal remains closed to Israel shipping; the fate of the Arab refugees has not been settled; the preponderance of modern arms is shifting to Cairo; the borders remain provocations rather than barriers to military adventure; the Great Power play for oil continues. The Middle East desert, productive of so many miracles, has yet to produce the miracle of peace.

Nor has Molotov's pledge, last week, to work through the U. N. to "lessen tensions" changed anything radically. The casting of a veto is also "working through the U. N."; and it must not be forgotten that only the Security Council, where the big powers have the veto, can invoke sanctions against aggression. The U. N. is a marketplace where nations bargain in behalf of their national interests; as such, it fulfills an invaluable function. But no member ever gave anything to the U. N. without demanding, directly or indirectly, something in return.

What *quid pro quo* is the Kremlin likely to ask in return for supporting a permanent Middle East settlement? One clear signal is given in the Molotov statement itself: the concern with "military alliances" in the service of "imperialism." Said the *New York Times*, reporting an exchange between Molotov and newsmen:

When Mr. Molotov was asked whether the Soviet appeal for measures to lessen tension countenanced also an agreement to block arms deliveries to either the Arabs or the Israelis, Mr. Mikoyan (First Deputy Prime Minister) said: "And what about blocking shipment of arms to countries of the Baghdad Pact, what about control of arms to countries in the North Atlantic alliance?"

If this remarkably frank statement strips the pretense from Russia's "peace-loving" role as the supplier of Egyptian arms, it does no less for the role of the West. Are Western arms for Arabs the way to peace any more than Eastern? The bullets are British which the Jordan Legion has been shooting across the border. The tanks churning up the Saudi Arabian dust are American. The Iraqi army is Western armed and Western trained. Indeed, the reason Egypt's airmen are today learning to fly MIGs instead of Sabrejets has nothing

to do with American high principles. The record has been substantiated: we offered arms to the Egyptians before the Russians did; we made no sale simply because we wanted cash on the barrel head rather than credit.

Imbalance of Terror

The picture slides into focus. What is needed in the long run is not an armament race, but a disarmament one. The U. N. disarmament subcommittee, now meeting in London, is closer to the heart of the Middle East matter than Cairo or Jerusalem, Amman or Baghdad. Mr. Hammarskjöld could not have won his battle for a cease-fire at a more appropriate moment. The Americans are meeting the Russians across the table of the disarmament subcommittee sessions; Bulganin and Khrushchev are also in London; the world is sick of Gaza and the upstart pretensions of "strong men" who subvert legitimate nationalist revolutions to their own purposes. Out of a disarmament agreement could come the kind of four-power pressure which alone could force the Arabs to sit down with the Israelis and conclude a peace which both sides need and the world demands.

This is the program to which Washington and the West should bend all their energies. It must not be forgotten that the world cannot forever exist on the balance of terror which an arms race entails. But even worse is an imbalance of terror. With each day that passes, the Egyptians become more proficient with their MIGs and Czech arms. A legitimate balancing of weapons—not on a quantitative but on a qualitative basis—is the best reassurance that the cease-fire will stay in existence long enough to be turned into a lasting peace.

Very Vital Statistics

In the year 1955, 413 miners lost their lives in American coal mines and 19,710 were injured. *The Nation* has been quoting these frightful statistics for so many years that, if the issue were not so serious, we would want to apologise to our readers. But we offer no apologies for once again reminding them that this awful slaughter continues, year after year, with little diminution. In the fifty years prior to 1952, 93,000 coal miners lost their lives in mine accidents of one kind or another (*The Nation*, February 9, 1952). In January, 1956, fifty-seven miners were killed. How much longer must this senseless slaughter continue before something is done about it?

PURGE OF STALIN'S GHOST

Inquiry Into an Inquest . . . by Mark Gayn

ON DECEMBER 21, 1955, *Pravda* appeared with a three-column photograph of Joseph Stalin on its front page. The day was the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birthday, and, as has been its custom for years, the party newspaper marked the occasion with expressions of unalloyed devotion. Two editorials hailed "the faithful pupil and continuer of the work of Lenin." They praised his "masterly exposition of Leninism," they lauded "the new postulates of Marxist theory" he had formulated and they extolled his tireless struggle for "the Leninist unity of the party" and against "various distortions of the Marxist-Leninist doctrine."

That day, the faithful, the obedient and the wary could see for themselves that all was as it had been for thirty years, and that the downgrading of Stalin begun right after his death had not yet reached the point where his birthday anniversary could be ignored or the required praise omitted.

Yet, only two months later, one speaker after another rose before the Twentieth Congress and, with violence and biting irony, denounced the dead leader as a vain and half-mad despot, a murderer, an anti-intellectual and a despoiler of Leninism-Marxism. At the congress and later, Stalin was accused of guiding Soviet foreign policy into a dangerous blind alley, of ignoring agriculture, of making stupendous wartime blunders, of distorting history, of practicing a bloody form of anti-Semitism and of being a "Great Russian chauvinist."

THE charges testified to the fear, hatred or contempt that some of Stalin's heirs and followers have long had for him. But why was it that on

December 21, 1955, they did not know that only sixty days later they would be knocking Stalin off his pedestal? And what had happened between December and February that made them risk this immense shock to the Communist movement and dogma the world over?

The answer, I believe, must be sought in January, 1956, when the regional party units met for their pre-congress discussions and members of the Central Committee began to flock to Moscow from the provinces. Put together, the reports of the regional conferences and the first-hand testimony of the hundred-odd local party bosses provided the top leadership in Moscow with an overall view of the way the party, government and economy were functioning three years after Stalin's death. The effect, judging by the published record, was staggering. And if some of the men were already toying with the idea of purging the ghost of Stalin, the discovery of how things were going must have hastened their action.

WHY ARE they doing it to Stalin?

Neither the guesses made in the West nor the fearsome tales now being told all over the Red world by thousands upon thousands of agitators come even close to the real truth. Just as surely as this historic move was not a retreat before Mr. Foster Dulles' dynamic policy, so was it not a payment on old grudges, or a punishment for Stalin's many sins, real or fancied. The risk of a shock to the entire Communist movement was so great that Moscow could chance it only for the most profound of reasons. Neither Stalin's murder of 5,000 Red Army officers eighteen years ago, nor his refusal to heed warnings of Hitler's attack, nor his maltreatment of the present rulers in Moscow could possibly qualify as a profound reason.

The real explanation lies buried in the half a million words uttered at the congress held in Moscow in

late February. In a nutshell, this explanation is that if Stalin had helped to make the Soviet Union great, he had also—in his death as in his life—been a "powerful brake" on its maximal progress. Sometime last January, the Soviet leaders must have discovered in dismay that their effort to deflate Stalin gradually was yielding no result, and that stagnation was overcoming the Soviet economy, government, party machinery, science, philosophy and the arts.

HOW THIS stagnation had come about formed the most dramatic story of a congress that was filled with drama. When Stalin took over the party in 1927, the Soviet Union was primarily a country of ill-taught and impoverished *mujiks*. He set out to industrialize the nation, at whatever the cost to the individual, to Marxist dogma, or to the international Communist movement. Back around 1932 or 1933, Stalin also introduced the now famous *kult lichnosti* (cult of the individual), reorganized all Communist parties so that they would operate with blind obedience, centralized the Soviet government and party to an unbelievable degree and made the purges a standard device for punishing dissent or whipping up some enthusiasm.

But, as party theoreticians now pointed out, Stalin did not understand that the Soviet Union, the world without, and even he himself, were changing. The process of forced industrialization which he had instituted was radically altering the shape of Soviet society. By 1939—and especially by 1950—the Soviet Union was no longer a nation of *mujiks*. Twenty or thirty million of them had by now become industrial workers. For those who remained on the land, mechanization and electricity had become a part of the daily life. There has also appeared a highly trained, literate and sophisticated *intelligentsia*. The new Soviet society could not be treated as was the

MARK GAYN, author and foreign correspondent, has traveled extensively in Eastern Europe and is a close student of Soviet affairs. Among his books are *Japan Diary and Journey from the East*.

society of 1926. In 1952, the last year of Stalin's life, close to 12 per cent of the party had had a taste of higher education and another 20 per cent or so had high-school education. Yet, as a matter of survival, these literate people were required to engage in humiliating and childish idolatry as strictly formalized as Shamanism. Artem I. Mikoyan, "father of the MIG," is one of the world's most brilliant jet-plane designers. Yet, after a visit with Stalin, he, too, was required to say, "I found Joseph Vissarionovich a genius in this field. In our talk, he was able to help me out with some problems that bothered me."

Living in the isolation of the Kremlin, Stalin hatched his theories, such as that expressed in *The Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR*. Stalin's argument that the industrial output in the West was bound to decline could be disproved by any competent economist. But no one dared to disprove, and the philosophy that underlay this 106-page booklet also underlay Soviet relations with the West. Nor, in fact, was anyone equipped to disprove anything. Anastas Mikoyan, who as foreign-trade chief had known the truth all along, was especially bitter on this point at the party congress: "We often confine ourselves, for purposes of agitation, to plucking isolated facts about the symptoms of the approaching [capitalistic] crisis, of the impoverishment of the toilers, but we do not make a complete and profound evaluation of the developments taking place in the life of the foreign countries. Our economists, in studying the economy of the Soviet Union and the people's democracies, often skim the surface without probing the depths. . . . And, really, who among us can make a serious study of these questions? Before the war we had an Institute of World Economy and Politics. It was liquidated!" The party congress was also told that if the United States had fifteen or more establishments studying the Soviet Union, no such study of the United States was allowed in the Soviet Union.

THE same kind of paralysis was produced by Stalin in every other field of study, from pure science down. In some areas, such as economics or philology, Stalin personally set the line; in others, it was



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Yesterday's Red God

defined by such of his favorites as Lysenko. But the net result was a generation of timid scholars, of scientists who deliberately picked "non-sensitive" subjects to study. "Most of our theoreticians," said Mikoyan, "are busy repeating . . . old quotations, formulae and postulates. But what kind of science can there be without creativeness?" And Professor A. M. Pankratova, whose attack on Stalin was among the most significant at the congress, cried, "Scientific problems cannot be solved by orders or by taking votes. The party teaches us that science develops through a free interchange of opinion. . . ."

STALIN'S psychoses became imbedded in Soviet *mores*. He was spy-happy, and this made precise facts unavailable not only to foreign agents, but to Soviet scholars as well. Soviet economists and sociologists who were aware of the immense changes taking place in their country could get no data to support their assumptions, for—as Mikoyan put it—all data were "kept behind seven locks in the Central Statistical Directorate of Comrade Starovsky." And though Soviet interests in Asia were vital, Stalin had shut down the 139-year-old Moscow Institute of Eastern Studies. The Academy of Sciences kept its Eastern Institute, but, the congress was told, "if the entire East has now been awakened,

the institute is dreaming to this day." Worse than that: where any study was in progress, it followed the crooked channels prescribed by Stalin. One of the interesting minor themes at the congress was the attack on Stalin as a "chauvinist." Specifically, an end was urged to the glorification of the Czarist policy in China. Had Peking, perchance, asked for it?

But the Stalinist stagnation was not confined to the social and exact sciences. The Soviet Union is an enormous land mass with a fabulously growing industry and inadequate means of communication. Yet, as Stalin aged, he kept tightening his grip on the economic and political life of the nation. Since no major decisions could be made on the spot, the immense new plants in the Urals or Kazakhstan had to wait interminably to get Moscow's permission to rationalize production, or buy, or sell. Moscow became an encampment of managers, come from remote factories or collective farms to spend weeks and months in the waiting rooms of various ministers to win approval of this or that project. Stalin and Moscow had thus become a tight bottleneck.

WORST of all, from the Soviet point of view, was the decay of the party *apparatus*. The party became an army of millions of bureaucrats, trained in no other arts than party work. The result was that ignorant amateurs, holding great political powers, tried to run the world's second largest economy without understanding much about it. It was this theme that dominated the regional party meetings last January—"The party bosses don't know what it's all about. They're holding up our work." Yekaterina Furtseva, the Moscow party secretary (and a chemical engineer) informed the congress that henceforth all Communists under her would cease studying Stalin's biography and his *History of the VKP (b)* and would instead devote themselves to the study of economics and industrial skills.

Mikhail Suslov told the congress: "Many rank-and-file Communists, too, realize the abnormality of the situation. Comrade Ignatov [a Stalingrad farm worker] put it very well: 'For the thirteenth time now I have been attending a party history group. For the thirteenth time the tutors are telling us about the [anti-Com-



Figaro (Paris)

"Don't Go in Now, They're Fighting"

munist] *Bund*. But have we nothing more important to do than criticize the *Bund*? . . . We have to know about the present and the future, but our tutors are so bogged down in the . . . *Bund* business that they simply cannot get out of it!"

THE debunking of Stalin thus becomes a historic "getting-out-of-it" operation. Stalin's heirs may have hoped to change the Stalinist methods and patterns of thinking gradually. Sometime between last Christmas and February they realized that Stalinism could no longer be uprooted by gentle tugging. If Comrade Starovsky kept all statistics behind seven locks under Stalin, the seven locks were still on in 1956. If scientists were timid under Stalin, most of them remained timid three years after his death. The ignorant party bureaucrats still tried to run a great economy with rah-rah speeches, Moscow was still jam-packed with managers come to seek trivial decisions, minor Soviet republics were still denied authority, and Soviet youngsters still devoted themselves to the study of Stalin's genius as depicted in two books he himself had helped to write. The vast industrial plant that Stalin had helped to create belonged to the twentieth century; the superstructure on it—the myths, the methods, the ritual of faith—belonged to the age of Ivan the Terrible. The only way to remove the superstruc-

ture, the Soviet rulers now discovered, was to dynamite it. The risks were great. But what was at stake was the continued progress of the Soviet Union itself.

As expected, the explosion in Moscow rocked the Communist parties abroad. Obviously, they had not been forewarned, and—with but one exception—they all showed dismay, confusion and at times dissension. Some parties, such as those of Hungary, Bulgaria and Poland, initiated changes similar to those in Moscow. Communists in Britain and the United States seemed to be stunned even more than they were after the Soviet-Nazi pact. The French party was tardy in following Moscow's new line; the Italians and the East Germans, if anything, outdid the Russians.

The sole exception was China. There, the campaign against Stalin was deliberately underplayed. In fact, it was given one tenth of the attention, if that much, that the party devoted a year or so ago to a campaign against a relatively obscure Chinese writer. Yet, the Chinese leaders obviously understood the significance of the anti-Stalinist drive better than any other non-Soviet party. An editorial in the official party organ in Peking, which carried an imprint of Mao Tse-tung's hand and was re-published in *Pravda*, was the best analysis of the campaign that I have read in any Communist publication. It sympathized with Moscow; it explained why Stalin deserved to be purged; but it also made it plain that the Chinese Communists could view the affair with some detachment.

YET, however great the dismay among the Communists abroad, the big impact is probably yet to come. Stalin employed terror as a major device to ensure hard work, loyalty and obedience, in the Soviet Union as in the smaller Communist states. If this device is used less extensively, will there be a loosening of the bonds between the Soviet Union and the Red edge of Europe? Will men who worked hard in fear continue to work hard in response to pleas? Will the non-Soviet Communists dabble with deviations? What will be the pull of "Titoism" on the neighboring "People's Democracies"? And, in case of trouble, would Moscow turn back to the tested Stalinist method

of the purge, the arrest and the confession at a public trial?

There are just two more facts that should be noted. One is that the new revolution in Moscow changes only the method and not the doctrine—and even some of the methods remain unaltered. Accent on heavy industry is still the prime article of faith. Police excesses may have been curbed, but just the other day *Pravda* spoke in its old, stern, Stalinist tones in attacking the "rotten elements" who were "echoing the lying inventions of capitalist propaganda." And if Stalin is being debunked, a vast, and a familiar, drive is now in progress to build up the myth of Lenin. In the past few weeks, the party has extolled Lenin as a military genius, the real father of Soviet industrialization and the author of the only correct policy towards the national minorities. Only last Saturday a sixty-foot statue of Lenin was unveiled in Tiflis, capital of Stalin's native Georgia.

The other notable fact is the display of extreme caution in Moscow's campaign against Stalin. Days pass without a single mention of the subject. And more often than not, *Pravda* borrows its dynamite from Communist publications abroad, from Warsaw to Peking. This is probably the first time in three decades or more that Moscow has allowed foreign Communists to fight its own domestic battles.

If anything is clear now, it is that the campaign in the Soviet Union will be carried out slowly and cautiously. It may also be spread over years, with the credit for most Soviet achievements gradually shifted from Stalin's to other shoulders, dead or living. Plainly, also, the basic features of Soviet life, work and political philosophy will remain unchanged. What will change is some of the methods of government, party work, economic management, scientific research, education—and relations with the West and the Communist parties abroad (as this is written, the announcement comes from Moscow that the Cominform has been dissolved). All this can only win friends for the Soviet Union and strengthen it. But the eventual outcome of the purge of Stalin's ghost (and of all the changes that go along with it) may be as incalculable as was Stalin's own seizure of power some thirty years ago.

OUR STRANGLING HIGHWAYS

The Vicious (Traffic) Circle . . by David Cort

TO SOME people the United States is not seen as people, but as a gigantic skeleton of hard-surface roads crawling with motor vehicles. Seen in this way, the mammoth web of concrete is a monstrosity. But the monstrosity is necessary, say the big thinkers, because seventy million American car-owners are daily impelled to drive an average of twenty-five miles—a statistical total of 1,700,000,000 miles per day. Even if half or three-quarters of this traffic were utterly unnecessary and unprofitable to everybody, they say, it must be maintained and encouraged. The reason? American prosperity depends on perpetual boom in the automobile industry and the production and sale of eight million new cars every year.

It may be time these articles of faith were more closely examined. The crisis of a fatal illness attacking the country is adequately, though unintentionally, described in a new publicity book issued by Henry Ford II, *Freedom of the American Road*, plus the current news about toll roads. Mr. Ford's foreword justifies the fine title in a sentence that will be returned to later: "We Americans have always liked . . . freedom to come and go as we please in this big country of ours." However, the freedom he is discussing is only the "freedom" under license to drive a motor vehicle on a roadbed never paid for by the automobile industry. A licensed right is never an absolute, sovereign right. The use of the word "freedom" in this context is a play on words, perhaps a dangerous joke.

The book makes clear that America's present road-building boom began hardly ten (nearer five) years ago. In that interval little bands of patriots arose in such localities as California, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Oregon, Washington, Maine, Boston, Port-

land (Oregon), San Francisco, Detroit, Albuquerque, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Dallas and Atlanta. Their communities were being strangled to death by traffic. Like modern Herculeses, they saved their world by epic labors and legislations. Henry Ford's writers raise them to the highest echelon of peace-time American heroes. One can hardly criticize anything they did; besides, now it is done.

Thus the total United States road picture is now as follows:

Roads	Miles
National Interstate-----	40,000
Federal-Aid Primary-----	195,000
Federal-Aid Secondary-----	483,000
Rural Feeder Roads-----	3,012,520
City Streets-----	353,670
TOTAL-----	4,084,190

Elsewhere in the Ford book another total, 3,366,000 miles, is given without a breakdown. For the present, I accept the larger total. The city streets are described as carrying half of all "traffic"—an undefined word, but one conveying the general fact that the cities are the crux of traffic.

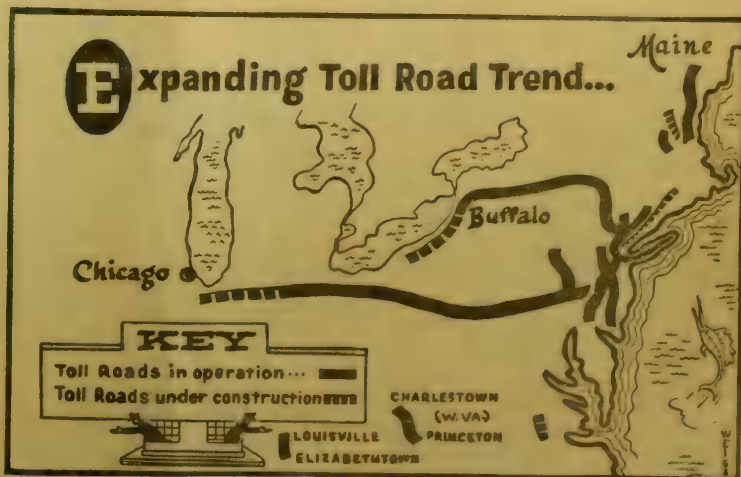
Some of the expressways are over 400 feet wide. The New York Thruway is generally 200 feet wide; rural hard-surface roads run between

thirty and fifty feet wide from margin to margin, including shoulders, ditches and verges. If the average works out at only fifty feet, the total acreage taken over by United States roads is 40,000 square miles—a good deal more than the area of the five New England states excluding Maine.

I do not resent this loss. For the sake of communication among all the forty-eight states, we can afford to liquidate five or six. The fact is given only to put a going value on this communication and pose the question of how much more calcified skeleton, how much more monstrosity, we can reasonably afford.

The Ford book for all its enthusiasm gives the unexpected effect of tracing a dreadful disease over the body of America. Pullulating bumper to bumper, unassimilable organisms were about to kill the victim; then the doctors stepped in and accelerated the flow. No wonder the treatments invariably conclude on an ominous diagnosis.

For California, the 1954-55 highway budget was the highest in the nation and yet "All we can honestly say is that at the moment we are no longer losing ground." . . . If anything has been learned, it's that it is almost impossible to overestimate



Toll Roads in the Northeast Region

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life editor, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

April 28, 1956

modern highway needs. Yesterday's wildest dreams now seem quaintly reactionary. After completion, the common criticism of a highway that seemed fantastically expensive is, 'Why didn't they make it big enough in the first place?'

For North Carolina: "The people of no other state by vote of their representatives or their own vote have committed so large a part of the wealth of their earnings to their roads.' Today the people of North Carolina need still another road program—just because of their foresightedness. Their once-splendid primary roads were built too early. Many are becoming less and less adequate for today's traffic."

This ominous note is fully justified. It is doubtful whether a continuously multiplying traffic load could be handled by doubling our 40,000 square miles of roads. Eighty thousand square miles? 200,000? 500,000? The United States has only three million square miles, many of them unsuitable for highways. But the crux is the cities. Adequate roads there obviously demand the flattening of at least half the buildings in our metropolises. End of joke.

THE problem is not people. True, the cities are full of people, but a walking human being needs only three square feet of surface at any one moment and the safety margin is important only for women with raised umbrellas. A slow-moving automobile needs a space eight by fifty feet for safety, or 400 square feet. Hence, a city has a limit to the number of automobiles it can take. If all America's 75,000,000 motor vehicles were on the road at the same time, they would require over 5,000,000 miles of one-lane highway. The present roads could handle them if they would spread out evenly, moving slowly, over every existing road. But of course they don't, won't and can't. Most of them are always going to the same places—fast. Too many want to get into the same 400 square feet. Since each driver has been encouraged to believe that he is entitled to this "Freedom of the American Road," the organisms pile up monstrously at critical points. The classic California pile-up was at Bayshore's Boneyard Hill—seventy-four vehicles in one gigantic crash.

The old way of treating a bac-

terial infection was to slash at the pockets of pus. Men like Robert Moses of New York have grown famous for their bravura with this therapy. Their knives cut through the living tissue of our civilization and make way for artificial drains to carry off the strangling congestions. The destruction is epic; the drains are awe-inspiring; but there seems no end to the disease. Every day, every year, the great surgeon is called on for one more miracle of surgery.

And this sort of operation has really been quite easy to sell to government and people. The public need and willingness to pay are so obvious that toll roads have attracted the cupidity of private capital. Investors have liked the prospect of federal tax exemptions, sure earnings and good yields on the investment. The only connection the private toll-road Authorities have with government is usually that their boards are appointed by the governors. The bonds are specifically not state obligations.

The toll-road boom was opened with two bonanzas by the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Turnpikes. The former at least proved an inspired road in eliminating murderous mountain driving at one of the lowest toll charges in the country—an average of 4.2 cents a mile for trucks. The New Jersey pike batted on luxury traffic along the seaboard, earning in 1955 on its \$430 million in bonds nearly twenty million in net operating revenue (before interest). Its bonds are rated A by Moody.



Indiana and Ohio leaped onto this bandwagon to such purpose that by the end of this year a driver in a hell of a hurry can go from New York City to the outskirts of Chicago in sixteen hours at a toll cost of \$11 and a speed up to seventy miles an hour.

BUT something has gone wrong. The Ohio Turnpike in its first five months of operation is well behind the rate of earnings required on its bonded interest. The chairman is indignantly optimistic but money men appear not to believe him. The trouble is that the Ohio Turnpike, crossing flatlands at an average truck toll of 7.2 cents a mile, parallels free roads that the turnpike has marvelously freed of the more nervous sort of traffic. Truckers are not fools. They have moved over to the free roads.

The flat failure of the West Virginia toll road, "the pike to nowhere" (Charleston to Princeton, West Virginia—eighty-eight miles), has apparently killed plans for connecting toll roads across Virginia and North Carolina. Altogether last year \$3,600,000,000 worth of toll-road projects were "postponed."

The principle that toll roads cannot possibly solve the highway problem has already been laid down by the United States Bureau of Public Roads. It notes that virtually all the profitable ones parallel and duplicate the free-road system of the national interstate network. Congress has seemed to agree by knocking out of a pending road-aid appropriation for thirty-seven billion dollars in the next fifteen years (the Fallon bill) a provision calling for 90 per cent credit to toll roads begun after 1955.

In my opinion the chief indictment of the great skeleton of expressways derives from a discovery that the overwhelming mass of tolls on a road are for short hauls. The man or truck in a hell of a hurry all the way from New York to Chicago is, in fact, not a prime factor.

Neither the cross-country expressway nor private enterprise is going to solve the problem. In fact some bondholders have begun to wonder whether they will escape with their lives. They find themselves on the edge of a death-struggle far too big for them—the Bureau of Public Roads is asking for \$126 billion for roads

over the next ten years. When a nation is fighting for its life, it is not easy to make a quiet buck. *Business Week* of February 11, 1956, thinks even the modest Fallon bill "could mean the end of toll-road financing."

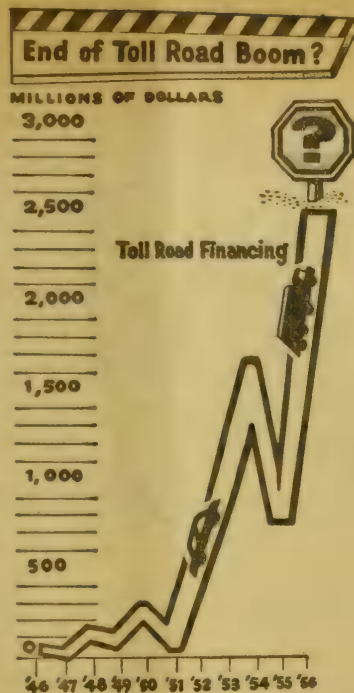
The Province of Ontario last month gave the subject a dose of the usual magnificent Canadian common sense. No private companies, says Ontario, will be given toll-road concessions. All toll roads must be part of the over-all system. When the road is paid for, toll charges will cease. Since the people ultimately pay for all roads, there is no such thing as a "free road."

"FREEDOM of the road" recalls "the right of departure" lost by the Russian people after the Mongol conquest. This right has never been questioned for Americans. But should an American pedestrian claim "the right of departure" from New York City and try to go cross-country afoot, he would find himself confronted by highways as by a net of Chinese walls. Notably in the Bronx and Queens, he is stopped by a great embankment. If he can, he clambers up it, only to face the peril of his life in a stream of cars plunging past him. At a break in that one-way traffic, he darts to the median line and teeters there watching the other-way traffic. This next dash may cost him his life.

Most municipal magistrates would be astonished to be informed that that pedestrian has an absolute right to cross that expressway. Municipal "jay-walking" ordinances are all essentially unconstitutional. The driver contests the pedestrian's right with only a *licensed* right. If the sovereign citizen, the proprietor of the road, scuttles across it, he scuttles only as a practical matter of survival, not in fear of violating any ordinance forbidding him to leave his viscera "spread out like strawberry jam." The driver's right depends on his observance of his responsibilities and the rights of other drivers and pedestrians. Like a licensed pistol-wearer, he is given the power of life or death over his fellow-citizen. Any sensible society naturally hedges such a right.

America's great problem is not even traffic but, as with every civilization that ever existed, to keep and curry the love of its citizens for the whole society and its arrangements.

April 28, 1956



In an ancient Babylon, Egypt and Rome some of that love drained out of a citizen confronted with mammoth public works comparable to the Queens highway that stops the cross-country pedestrian. It is not very metaphysical to say that when a civilization intimidates, excludes and terrifies even one citizen, it is a little nearer its death.

These great highway structures cannot be loved, and are not. The East River Drive in Manhattan, for example, almost completely excludes pedestrian Manhattanites from the East River. Every expressway excludes a number of people from what they love on the other side of the road. Structural gigantism is a fairly sure way to kill the individual's love for his world.

This estrangement of the American family by gigantism may be the clue to the whole automobile problem. It may often be just this estrangement that gives the family head the compulsion to buy a car. His car identifies him with the gigantism. It is his car, with a bum carburetor, a few individual dents and some interior litter. When he rides out into the maelstrom, he re-establishes his part in the huge thing rushing past his door. This compels the civilization to build yet more gigantic highways and the citizen feels worse again.

The family drives out to visit

Aunt Esther in Hempstead, whom they don't like, instead of dropping around the corner to see Aunt Myrtle, whom they do like; or to a restaurant twenty miles away that is worse than the one down two blocks. The real purpose of the trips is to get into the maelstrom, which they all pretend to hate.

The price they pay for their cars is ruinous. According to a crack car salesman, he will give a \$4,000 car to a probably solvent customer for \$3,600 nowadays. However, the price including insurance and carrying charges really comes to \$4,200, if it is paid over three years. The car is worth about \$2,500 practically as soon as it is driven out of the sales-room. At the end of one year, the customer will have paid \$1,400, owe \$2,800 and have a \$2,000 car to show for it. A year's use costs him \$2,200, excluding operating expenses.

We are told that Detroit must be kept happy, unless the United States is to go on the rocks. We have done our best with the subsidy of ten billions a year for the roadbed for Detroit's products. It is not enough.

BUT IF we can allow Detroit to take care of itself, there is a solution to the highway and traffic problem: fewer cars on the roads. The details:

1. Because a single bus or train takes between twenty and 1,000 cars off the roads, we must certainly allocate subsidies to buses and, in particular, railroads. (The old anti-railroad prejudice, inherited from the land-grant period, is obsolete; Eastern railroads never got land grants.) Inter-city passenger traffic in 1953 was 86 per cent by car, 5.6 per cent by railroad and 5 per cent by bus. The railroads that year carried an average of about a million and a half passengers every day, pulling off the roads about a million cars. If the railroads were equipped to carry around twenty million passengers a day, the huge subsidies for highways could be cut down to size. The saving in gasoline, rubber and metal as well as nervous system would make America a rich and happy land.

The present auto mania is so appalling or ridiculous, depending on where your sense of humor lies, that even urban traffic is over 87 per cent by car and only 11 per cent by transit systems. Railroads won't solve this.

2. The privilege of driving a car must be made immensely more honorable and exclusive. License examinations must be rigorous.

3. Licenses must be suspended at the first violation of responsibility or first indication of incompetence. The suspension period ought to be in terms of years, not weeks.

4. Detroit must be required by law to build lower speeds into cars and trucks.

5. Ruinous terms of installment purchase must be outlawed.

6. Creation of central shopping districts cleared of motor vehicles and streets, except for underground service tunnels (as in the new Fort Worth plan). In Manhattan, for example, only people and subways

would be admitted to an area at least from 34th to 59th Streets between Sixth and Lexington Avenues.

To these proposals I gladly add those submitted in the Henry Ford book by Robert Moses: movement of certain goods at night; staggered work hours; more parking meters; "adequate loading and unloading and off-street parking in all new buildings"; "public subsurface, surface and upper-level public parking at reasonable rates"; "strategically located bus garages and truck terminals"; arcaded sidewalks to expand streets; "much more drastic zoning restrictions."

The Moses list might serve as interim measures while the railroads, bus lines, licensing bureaus and po-

lice departments are getting into position for the all-out solution.

Whether or not the answer has been given here, some solution is inevitable—and fairly soon. America is not a sick body; the disease of the automobile is only a metaphor. Otherwise, with such a disease, the patient would surely die. But it can be predicted that any solution must stop the propagation of more and more cars and roads.

The automobile may have converted the descendants of American pioneers, the toughest, most energetic and open-minded people in the civilized world, into lazy and fat-seated invalids in forty years. But it is yet to be proved that it has also made them fat-headed.

THE DIXIE BOYCOTT

Is Your Brand "Pure White"? . . by J. J. Seldin

IN LESS THAN two years the White Citizens Council movement, starting in Mississippi, has spilled across into other Southern states including Texas, Alabama, Arkansas, South Carolina and Tennessee. It embraces and offers leadership to dozens of home-grown, white-supremacy outfits like White America, Inc., Patriots of North Carolina, Inc., Southern Gentlemen's Organization, Pro Southerners, Caucasian League, Citizens Segregation Committee, Knights of the White Christians and the National Association for the Advancement of White People in their local programs of obstruction and defiance of the historic Supreme Court segregation decision of May 17, 1954.

The council movement officially shuns violence; such acts, where committed, are explained as the work of hot-headed members acting as individuals. (One of the four men who attacked Nat King Cole, Negro performer, on a Birmingham stage recently was an officer of a White Citizens Council at nearby Anniston.) The official council weapon

is "economic and political pressure" applied to Negroes and whites who venture to work openly for integration. For example, in Yazoo City, Mississippi, names and addresses of fifty-three Negroes who signed a petition to the local school board were printed in a page ad in the local newspaper "as a public service by the Citizens Council of Yazoo City." The result for the fifty-three signatories was described by the Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier Journal*: "White merchants refused to sell them food; wholesalers refused supplies to those of them who had small groceries. . . . Many have left town to live elsewhere and only two signatures, both of people who have left, remain on the petition."

Cases are recorded of Negroes losing their jobs, handed stiff rent hikes, denied bank credit and squeezed in other economic ways for expressing belief in the Supreme Court ruling. Several white families were reported driven out of Holmes County, Mississippi, for the same "crime."

The turning of the economic screw on Southern Negroes and whites who work for integration, the occasional violence (official or otherwise) and

the rabble-rousing tactics of the councils are condemned by Mark Ethridge, editor of the *Courier Journal*, as "openly contemptuous of law and civil rights." Some liberals liken the rise of the councils to the growth of Nazism in Germany. To the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *Journal*, they reflect the "hateful specter of the old Ku Klux Klan riding again, without robes or nooses or whips, but practicing the same sadism and terrorism with more subtle weapons for the same purpose." To Hodding Carter, Pulitzer Prize winning editor of Mississippi's Greenville Delta *Democrat-Times*, council members are "blood brothers of the Capone mob."

This atmosphere of prejudice and terrorism provides the right soil for seasoned professional haters of Catholics, Negroes and Jews. Bigots like Gerald L. K. Smith, John W. Hamilton, Conde McGinley, Gerald Winrod and Frank Britton are welcome in the council movement. They were asked by Robert P. Patterson, executive secretary of the Mississippi council, not to forego their individual pet hatreds but to unite on the all-important "anti-segregation issue" and to "speak out for separation of the black and white races."

JOSEPH J. SELDIN, a frequent contributor to *The Nation*, is a New York advertising man.

Take John W. Hamilton as an example. At the war's end, he learned the race-hated business in Boston as a lieutenant of anti-Semite Gerald L. K. Smith. After a few years he split with Smith and went into business for himself in St. Louis, setting up the National Citizens Protective Association, of which he named himself chairman. But St. Louis offered him meagre support. In the 1950 elections, running as a candidate of the Christian National Party, he got only 402 votes of the 266,997 total cast.

ON a speaking tour of the South last fall, Hamilton told an audience at Little Rock, Arkansas, as reported in the *Little Rock Gazette*, that he was "proud to be a believer in white supremacy." He boasted that his National Citizens Protective Association had broken up demonstrations by Negroes who wanted to eat at an all-white restaurant at St. Louis. The demonstrations stopped after a group of his association members appeared "carrying heavy magazines rolled into tight club-like cylinders."

Back at St. Louis, Hamilton went after bigger game. He tackled the Falstaff Brewing Corporation, the nation's fourth largest brewer, whose regional plants at St. Louis, Omaha, New Orleans, Fort Wayne and San Jose (California) made the company particularly vulnerable to the race question in the South and Midwest. In the October issue of *The White Sentinel*, racist organ of his association, Hamilton front-paged a photograph showing Karl Vollmar, Falstaff vice-president, handing a \$500 check to the representative of the NAACP. The check was for life membership. Hamilton warned his readers that "when you purchase Falstaff beer . . . you are aiding the integration and mongrelization of America." Mongrelization is a favorite word of Hamilton's.

In the November issue of *The White Sentinel* the attack was stepped up. Hamilton accused Vollmar of "trying to explain away the facts" by claiming that "Falstaff joined NAACP in 1953 before the Supreme Court's . . . decision." To repudiate this, Hamilton reproduced a page in the official NAACP publication recording Falstaff's life membership as having been received during the first seven months of 1954. In the same issue of the NAACP publication were names, which Hamilton chose to ignore, of distinguished Americans whose life memberships in the same organization were also recorded during that seven-month period: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, song writer Richard Rogers, publisher Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, California Governor Goodwin J. Knight, Pulitzer Prize winner James A. Michener, Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., publisher Richard L. Simon, actress Tallulah Bankhead and playwright Robert E. Sherwood.

Anyway, the date of Falstaff's joining was to Hamilton not the issue. "The fact that Falstaff gave its moral and financial support" to NAACP "is the issue. . . . Let it repudiate its support . . . and publicly cancel its membership at once." Otherwise, Hamilton warned, the \$500 gift might "cost \$5,000,000 in lost sales as Falstaff drinkers all over . . . changed to other brands."

To carry out his threat, Hamilton effected the circulation of an estimated 80,000 reprints of the photograph showing Falstaff's joining NAACP. Circulation was chiefly in Mississippi and in other places "where Falstaff does business." Hamilton soon reported "spontaneous buyers' resistance" and Falstaff acknowledged growth of "some sales resistance," particularly in Mississippi.

The war was short. Falstaff Brewing Corporation surrendered to

Hamilton. In a registered letter dated November 29, 1955, Joseph Griesedieck, Falstaff president, wrote the NAACP that the brewing company's policy was "not to participate in controversial organizations"; he denied he had authorized "membership or participation in your association." The company explained that the \$500 contribution had been made "on the appeal of one of its Negro salesmen" and was intended "as membership for that salesman."

BUT IF Falstaff hoped to quell the storm, the results were highly disappointing. Hamilton jubilantly reported the victory to his racist followers and tossed bouquets to Citizens Councils in several states for distributing thousands of copies of the Falstaff "exposure." But Hamilton also proved an ungracious victor. He demanded that Falstaff "sue the NAACP for defamation of character" and vowed that his National Citizens Protective Association would "never look favorably on Falstaff. . . . Personally, I will never drink Falstaff again." Apparently, a business firm cannot resign from this kind of war, a lesson which Falstaff failed to realize.

Meanwhile, protests against Falstaff mounted in Negro circles. The *St. Louis American*, Negro weekly, headlined its front-page story, Falstaff Bows to Mississippi Bigots. The firm's resignation from the NAACP was an "insult to its thousands of Negro customers." Its editorial asked: "What profit the Falstaff company if it loses its integrity and gains a bigot's ephemeral trade?" It felt that Falstaff stood to gain more good will from the "increasing mass of Americans who are opposed to such human indignities" than by catering to a "temporary bias bloc."

Flushed by the swift victory over Falstaff, Hamilton wrote to this writer in response to an inquiry:

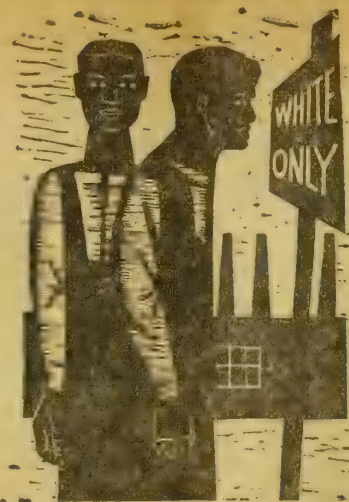
PHILIP MORRIS PRESIDENT RECEIVES URBAN LEAGUE AWARD

FALSTAFF BREWERY SUPPORTS ANTI-WHITE DRIVE
GIVES \$500.00 TO BECOME LIFE MEMBER OF NAACP

FORD FOUNDATION GIVES \$50,000 TO NAACP

Headlines from *The White Sentinel*, which tells its readers about firms it believes are "friendly" to Negroes.
April 28, 1956

Our policy is simply that any firm which engages in race-mixing propaganda or aids the enemies of the White Race such as the NAACP or the Urban League, should be exposed. The 140,000,000 White Christian Americans should know when companies, whose products they purchase, are secretly or otherwise stabbing them in the back. Each company is contacted and asked to cease and desist. If they refuse, then their miserable record is exposed. So far we have only exposed Falstaff, Philco, Ford and Philip Morris. The first two have recanted and we are not at present mentioning them. The last two continue aiding and subsidizing the enemies of the White Race and we will continue to expose them until they change their ways or are bankrupt.



Hamilton's reference to Philco's "recanting" is his own interpretation of the facts. Last fall Philco presented a TV play in which a light-skinned Negress played the wife of a Negro longshoreman. But Hamilton mistook her for white and demanded "100,000 letters of protest" from white-supremacists for this "public insult to White womanhood." When Philco assured him that the female was a Negress and closed its letter with the stereotyped "we deeply appreciate expressions of opinion from our TV audiences," Hamilton accepted this letter as an "apology and explanation." But he harbored suspicions because "she looked White, while enabling Philco to answer she wasn't White at all" and he angrily questioned "why Philco sponsored the negro show in the first place."

HAMILTON'S objections to Philip Morris result from what is probably the best race-relations record in the tobacco industry. As noted in the Pittsburgh *Courier*, Negro weekly, Philip Morris was the first cigarette company to employ Negro salesmen and the first to advertise in the Negro press. It was first to extend security benefits to seasonal tobacco workers—most of whom are Negroes—and it makes annual contributions to the Urban League. The *Courier* lauded this distinguished record as the living reflection of the Philip Morris slogan: "People and not machines make cigarettes."

Seen in Hamilton's white-supremacy mirror, Philip Morris has the "worst record in the tobacco industry" since it hired the first Negro salesmen and led "other tobacco companies to hire negro salesmen."

In his letter to this writer, Hamilton credits the 17.2 per cent drop in Philip Morris sales for 1955 to the buyers' strike promoted in *The White Sentinel*. He believes that the "attempt to counteract the growing buyers' resistance" by taking "full page ads week after week in many negro papers" was wasted because Negroes "weren't interested and continued to smoke whatever brands they felt like. All the money, time and effort—all the niggers PM hired as 'executives'—were lost on the negro population. But a growing number of Whites resented PM's nigger-loving policies and the result was a 17.2 per cent drop in sales last year."

These are Hamilton's distortions of the facts. *Business Week's* compilation of annual Philip Morris sales shows that they had been declining since 1950. From forty billion cigarettes in 1950, sales slid to twenty-four billion in 1955. The sharpest drop was in 1954, before the White Citizens Councils began operating. But for the first quarter of this year, according to company reports, sales have risen 26 per cent over the same period last year.

Hamilton resents Ford because of the \$50,000 gift by the Fund for the Republic to NAACP's legal arm and because about one-third of the Fund's \$4,000,000 in expenditures have been for improving race relations. Despite the Ford Motor Company's lack of control over expenditures by the Fund for the Republic, Hamilton and the Citizens Councils hold the auto firm directly responsible for the Fund's gifts. Members of the council were told to boycott Ford products because "when you pur-

chase an auto, truck or tractor . . . the Ford Motor Company's profits go to subsidize mongrelization."

Southern opinion, however, is not united on boycott as a policy. Many Southerners fear that such a policy will only extend the counter-boycotts already started in Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and South Carolina. The *Wall Street Journal* reported many Negroes in Alabama stopped buying a soft-drink brand "when rumors spread that various local bottlers had contributed funds" to the White Citizens Councils. In Tennessee a bottler acknowledged that "twelve or thirteen" Negro merchants cancelled accounts with him because he entered his name on a legal suit which sought to withhold state money from desegregated colleges.

MANY Southern newspapers are expressing misgivings. The Florence, South Carolina, *News* is worried that the counter-boycott will be "drastic to our economy. The purchasing power of the Negro isn't on a par with that of the white population, but it is important enough to make the difference between success and failure in many business establishments in the South." The Augusta, Georgia, *Chronicle* fears the "battle of economic reprisal" and asks for "reasonableness and level-headedness." The Macon, Georgia, *News* tells of the "realization on the part of prominent businessmen and industrialists that economic retaliation is a sword which is sharp on both edges. Boycotts beget boycotts and the total colored population in the state accounts for a large percentage of trade." And the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* warns that "it is not the Negroes or the White Councils alone that are likely to suffer but the entire community . . . in a self-crippling of its own economy. The only hopeful phase of all this folly is that from it the racists may learn, even though they choose the hard way to do it, that . . . segregation retards . . . a healthy business life for the community."

The Montgomery bus strike, capable in a few weeks of bringing the bus company to its economic knees, despite mass indictments of Negro leaders, provides a lesson sharp and clear for the entire South—Negro and white—to see. Even the racists cannot mistake that economic lesson.

Capital Punishment: Pro and Con

Few articles published in The Nation in recent years elicited so much reader response as did Fred J. Cook's Does the Death Sentence Prevent Crime? which appeared in our March 10 issue. Governors, state attorneys general, prison wardens and chaplains, as well as the general public, have flooded us with letters—the great majority of them supporting The Nation's stand against capital punishment.

Here is a sampling of the letters received. In coming weeks we will publish more of them, just as we intend to publish additional articles throwing light on this important subject. THE EDITORS.

Dear Sirs: I have never favored capital punishment and six years as governor of a state which does not impose the death penalty has merely served to reinforce that conviction. I have yet to see any evidence which indicates that the death penalty is effective as a deterrent to major crimes.

As a matter of fact, the murderer more often than not is one of the best prospects for parole. In most instances the crime for which he was sentenced was his first serious offense—a single violent act committed under extreme provocation which it is unlikely would ever be repeated.

Here in Wisconsin all murderers who are sentenced to life terms are eventually paroled, and experience has shown that they generally establish outstanding records while on parole, ultimately are pardoned and continue to live as useful and productive citizens.

WALTER J. KOHLER
GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN

Dear Sirs: I have now been in law enforcement for some twelve years. I have grave doubts as to the efficacy of capital punishment. As a matter of fact, I think that it could well promote violence rather than deter it.

In this state, a committee of citizens known as the Attorney General's Advisory Committee on Crime Prevention has been working for a period of two years on many problems. Capital punishment is one of the subjects under discussion. We feel, however, that it should be done under a grant from the Ford Founda-

tion and we are at present attempting to obtain one. If we do, the Law School of the University of California and the Advisory Committee will undertake a nationwide study. If not, we will make a study of our own within the limits of California and make such report as we feel advisable.

EDMUND G. BROWN
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF CALIFORNIA

Dear Sirs: I have been mildly opposed to capital punishment, but the brutal bombing of forty-four airborne travelers, including his own mother, by John Gilbert Graham of Denver has convinced me that capital punishment should be continued.

EDWIN C. JOHNSON
GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

Dear Sirs: As a result of twenty years of experience in criminal court, certain observations have become convictions with me. . . . It is punishment as a concept at which we should take a fresh look. Actually the process of taking such a fresh look is well under way, for we find in the federal prison system and in California a rather full range of penological institutions from the fortress to the open farm.

This whole development is, I think, part of the general trend towards what might be called the paternalistic government, and is bringing into existence effective methods of rehabilitation. I am thinking of such institutions as the California Institute for Men at Chino or a few others like it dotted over the country. In the institutions that follow this philosophy the repeater rate has gone way down. . . . It seems to be indicated by current experience that almost fifty per cent of our prisoners could be treated without the benefit of maximum incarceration.

My point is that with the growth of this new kind of penology the death penalty is likely to wither away naturally, but this is no reason to relax the direct attack on it.

CURTIS BOK
JUDGE, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: What motivates legislatures in reversing the trend toward abolition of the death penalty? In my judgment it is a response to in-

sistent pressure. Brutal and sensational crimes like the Lindbergh kidnapping case create an atmosphere of passion and prejudice. Legislatures, in adding another to the list of capital crimes, reacted like parents punishing a child in anger, without due regard to the ultimate objective of such punishment. Public indignation at the loss of life resulting from the sabotage of a commercial airliner is now being directed at Congress and our state legislatures. While such shocking crimes cannot be condoned, it is doubtful if imposing the death penalty is the best means of discouraging them.

Those who advocate the imposition of the supreme penalty insist that it is justified as a deterrent to similar crimes. The evidence available to support this view is not convincing. . . .

DON EASTVOLD
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF WASHINGTON

Dear Sirs: I would have you list me as one who favors capital punishment. In a century in which barbarism has returned and triumphed in so great a part of the world, in the efficient form of gas chambers and slave labor camps, I think that we people of the English-speaking world are becoming a bit *precieuse* in our consideration for the lives of hardened criminals. I do not find it necessary to analyze my reasons for wishing the world rid of such individuals, though I have never been convinced that the threat of death is not a deterrent. I do not ask myself why these fiends should die, but why should they live.

JO M. FERGUSON
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF KENTUCKY

Dear Sirs: Since there is no evidence to support the claim that capital punishment deters crime, let me point out four ways in which life imprisonment would be superior to the death penalty.

1. It gives the state a chance to rectify any mistake it may make and heaven alone knows how many have been made in the course of human history. . . .

2. Life imprisonment gives the criminal a chance to atone for his crime. In "practical" America, when the father of one family kills the father of any other family, we solemnly proceed to take the life of the remaining one, with the result that

we have two dead parents and two orphaned families. Why not keep one of the fathers and make him do double duty, requiring him to make restitution at least for the economic damage he has done. . . ?

3. Life imprisonment gives a criminal a chance to repent and reform.

4. Furthermore, by showing a reverent reluctance to take even the life of a convicted murderer and then holding out the hope of his ultimate reformation, the state, by its own example, could do more to affirm the sanctity of all life than by a thousand precepts or a thousand laws.

DAVID RHYS WILLIAMS
MINISTER, FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: The homicide rate in South Dakota, as cited in Mr. Cook's article, is very low. No prisoners have yet been sentenced to death since I became Governor. I hope the need for capital punishment will never arise in this state.

Frankly, I have always been opposed to capital punishment as I do not believe it is effective in crime prevention. I, too, value human life very highly, and I believe the entire matter of capital punishment should be reviewed by the legislatures of those states which have laws permitting the death penalty. I am sending Mr. Cook's article to the Legislative Research Council so members of the legislature may have the benefit of his research in this important matter.

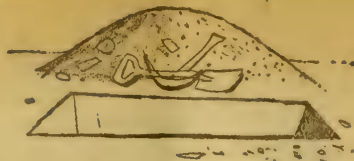
JOE FOSS
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Dear Sirs: As for my own views on capital punishment, I refer you to the 1937 Session of the Pennsylvania General Assembly when I had the privilege of serving as Majority Leader for the Democratic representatives. At that time a bill was introduced to abolish capital punishment. I voted against a motion to recommit it and then for its passage. It was defeated; but when reconsidered later in the session I voted for it again. This time it passed but was buried in Senate committee.

As you can see, I opposed capital punishment at that time. My views have not changed since.

HERBERT B. COHEN
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF
PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Sirs: There is one argument that has occurred to me which is not included in Mr. Cook's article. It is the very detrimental effect that a contemplated execution has on the morale and general well-being of the



prison inmates, as well as upon the rehabilitative program of the institution. The entire population is upset for months before the execution actually takes place, especially if the condemned man is one known by the inmate body.

I certainly favor the abolition of capital punishment. I question whether man can legislate away his responsibility under the Sixth Commandment, which reads: "Thou shalt not kill."

J. E. OVERLADE
WARDEN, INDIANA STATE PRISON
Michigan City, Ind.

Dear Sirs: I wish to say that I am highly in favor of capital punishment for certain crimes. In North Carolina, the death penalty is the punishment for first-degree murder, first-degree burglary, rape and arson. However, our statutes have been amended in recent years and now the jury may, in its discretion, recommend life imprisonment in every instance of conviction of the capital offense.

WILLIAM B. RODMAN, JR.
ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL,
NORTH CAROLINA

Dear Sirs: The law concerning capital punishment, at least in this state, has defeated itself because of preferential treatment by our courts and those associated with them. I believe the state has lost its right to take a life. In our courts there have been too many deals, too many fixes, very little uniformity in applying the law. Just this summer I accompanied a man to the chair, a pathetic case, and we fought to the end. At the same time his partner, the actual accomplice, was given the opportunity to plead guilty to second-degree murder and thereby get a life sentence. Our law on a robbery-homicide calls for the death penalty for all involved. How can the state allow one to die and the other to do life? This to me is a farce. . . .

How, then, do I feel about capital punishment? Well, basically the state has the right to take a life providing it proves beyond any possible doubt that a person is guilty of first-degree murder. But to exercise this right it must exercise perfect consistency. Since deviation is so obvious in all

states, capital punishment should be abolished.

I also add this thought. Nothing is more inhuman than an execution. Those assigned to fulfill this chore, by reason of duty, treat the condemned worse than a wild animal. That is, in the actual mechanics of putting a man in the chair. No thought whatever is given to the sacredness of the human body. It is absolutely cruel, inhuman and paganistic. I really believe that all judges, prosecutors, even jurors if possible, should be made to witness an execution, then they might think much more sincerely and seriously before giving the death penalty.

My final thought is this. The primary penalty for crime, murder or otherwise, is punishment. To anyone who has any penal experience, it is far greater punishment to make a man serve a life sentence (twenty-year minimum) than to snuff out his life by the death penalty.

J. W. REYNOLDS
CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN,
CONNECTICUT STATE PRISON
Wethersfield, Conn.

Dear Sirs: The application of the death penalty in a given culture connotes the prevalence of certain attitudes. It is an expression of society's own sadism and cruelty. It indicates a tendency to purge oneself of guilt feelings by projecting them on to the criminal, who is then offered up as a blood-sacrifice. It is a manifestation of society's belief in its own infallibility. These unhealthy attitudes, when carried to an extreme, are the hallmarks of paranoia.

The periodic expression of these attitudes through the dramatic and well-publicized ritual of executing a criminal (our modern equivalent for the barbaric public executions, burnings at the stake and crucifixions of the past) reinforces, encourages and caters to psychopathic tendencies, particularly among impressionable youth, and helps to push some borderline delinquents over the border into overt criminality and murder.

ISIDORE ZIFERSTEIN, M. D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: My opposition to capital punishment is based on the fact that this type of punishment is not fulfilling its purpose. In other words, it does not seem to be a deterrent to crimes of violence, and in many instances relegates the convicted murderer to the position of a martyr.

E. R. CALLISTER
ATTORNEY GENERAL OF UTAH

Germany: New Myths for Old

THE GERMAN FIFTH COLUMN IN WORLD WAR II. By Louis de Jong. Translated from the Dutch by C. M. Geyl. University of Chicago Press. \$5.

RETURN TO POWER. By Alistair Horne. Frederick A. Praeger. \$6.

By Frederick L. Schuman

IN J. R. R. TOLKIEN'S epic trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*, it is told how a Ring of Power, conferring upon its bearer invisibility and omnipotence, brings ruin to those who possess it—until it almost passes to the Dark Lord of Mordor whose wickedness, once he holds the talisman, will bring all to ruin. A hero, capable of renouncing temptation, is given the task of salvation by seeking, at infinite peril, to destroy the Ring by casting it into the fires of the Crack of Doom.

The theme is as old as original sin and as recent as Goethe's *Faust*. In our century it has come to its most hideous expression in Germany. Long will men keep asking: what demonic magic drove the Germans, two decades ago, to undertake the destruction of European civilization? What elements of the magic remain today? What role are these people, once tragically bewitched and only doubtfully cured by disaster, to play in the world in the days to come?

These two new books throw light, albeit murkily, on the possible shape of answers. Louis de Jong, author of *Holland Fights the Nazis* (1941), broadcaster in exile, and now executive director of the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation, undertook a study for UNESCO five years ago of the German "fifth column" in World War II. He now sees that his original judgment was wrong and that he, among others, was the victim of a myth, fraught

with paralyzing fear. His new book is a marvelously detailed and meticulously footnoted dissection of the myth and of the reality behind the myth. It is a masterpiece of analysis, more absorbing than any TV thriller, of the major "secret weapon" of Hitler's madmen.

All the facts are here. The Nazi "fifth column" was a reality in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Scandinavia, the Low Countries and Russia. De Jong perceives, however, that popular impressions were magnified far beyond the facts. His prime concern is with this defect of perception, which led to such cruel irrationalities as the American deportation of the Nisei and Soviet deportation of the Volga Germans. He exposes the unintended myth-making of Edgar Mowrer, Leland Stowe and the present reviewer, all alike trapped by the "fixed image" of the Nazi equivalent of the Trojan Horse. He shows in masterly fashion how much was true and how much was false in the image. His insight into the roots of terror and his skill in separating fact and fiction are superb.

If any adverse criticism is merited, it might be this: De Jong neglects the diabolical genius of the Nazi psychopaths in manufacturing fear by the methods of advertising. The success of the "fifth column" was due, as De Jong shows, less to fact than to fiction, accepted as fact by millions of the panic-stricken. Such masterpieces of deception, perfected by all the totalitarians of our generation, are possible only because the victims are doomed to self-defeat by their own neurotic anxieties.

AS FOR the Germans of today, Alistair Horne, perceptive correspondent in Bonn of the *London Daily Telegraph*, has given us what is easily the most informative account in print of the politics, at home and abroad, of Adenauer's truncated Reich. His "report on the new Germany" is enormously readable in style, yet encyclopedic in content. Do you want to know the story of EDC and WEU? German rearma-

ment? The Saar? The incredible restoration of the Krupp empire? Werner Naumann and Otto John? Elections and public opinion? The "miracle" of the West German economy? Neo-Nazism? The workers revolt in East Germany in 1953? The hero-tale of the *Volkswagon*? The present balance of forces in the *Bundesrepublik Deutschlands*? The answers are here in rich detail. There are omissions, to be sure. The Gehlen espionage organization is mentioned only once and dismissed as "nebulous." Of the Republican ex-Chancellors, all good Catholics and conservatives, bitterly opposed to Adenauer's policies, Bruening receives due attention, the late Josef Wirth is treated contemptuously, and Hans Luther is never mentioned at all. This is, nonetheless, the best of all available books in English on post-war Germany.

SO MUCH said, let a caveat be entered. Horne is an admirable reporter. But, like all of us, he has his "frame of reference" in his interpretations and his rare editorializing. It coincides with that of most British Tories and of all American policy-makers, Democratic and Republican alike, since 1949. The premise of this position is that German rearmament is essential for European security, that "negotiation from strength" will induce Moscow to accept the unification of the two Germanys, and that an armed and united Reich will tip the balance of power in favor of the "Free World." These myths are uncritically accepted by all Americans save James B. Warburg, J. Alvarez del Vayo and a mere handful of other critics of current stereotypes.

In fact, as this reviewer sees the facts (no doubt fallibly, since certainty is not to be had in such matters), Germany's "return to power" is a fallacy. No Reich, united or divided, armed, allied, or neutralized, can ever again play a Great Power role. The reasons are three: (1) the industrialization of Russia; (2) the ability of the USSR and its allies to match German rearmament, if need be, division for division, tank for tank, and plane for plane, leaving the balance of military forces on the

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College, is the author of *Germany Since 1918*, *The Nazi Dictatorship*, *Europe on the Eve*, *Night Over Europe* and other books.

Continent exactly where it is today; and (3) the certainty that, in case of war, all of Western Germany will be totally destroyed by a dozen H-bombs, thanks to what Lidell Hart has called the "suicidal" strategic plans of NATO. Under these circumstances a new Wehrmacht can play no role whatever, defensively or offensively, against Russia, as more and more Germans are dimly beginning to see.

German rearmament involves no risk of World War III through any

effort to liberate "lost provinces." Even mad statesmen shrink from national annihilation. The risk involved is a new German domination of Western Europe, with possible Russian connivance. This risk is appreciated by our French allies. It is neglected by Alistair Horne and by the policy-makers of London and Washington. If anyone supposes that today's Germans have renounced the temptations of power, Horne's book, read thoughtfully, will cure the misapprehension.

The Fun of Being French

THE GREEN MARE. By Marcel Aymé. Translated from the French by Norman Denny. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THE WICKED VILLAGE. By Gabriel Chevallier. Translated from the French by Edward Hyams. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

By Maude Hutchins

THE GREEN MARE by Marcel Aymé, said to be a steady bestseller in France and his most talked-about novel, gets off to a hilarious start.

"Something has happened! Something has happened!" The tumult reached its height in Haudouin's farmyard, where the people of Claquebue recovered all the vigorous malice of former days. While the oldest of them besought the cure to exorcise the green mare, the six Republicans shouted "Down with the Empire!" in his very face. A riot started and the Mayor received a kick in the rump which caused a speech to rise instantly to his lips. The younger women complained of being pinched, the older ones of not being pinched. . . .

When Jules Haudouin appears in the stable door, his hands bloody, and confirms the extraordinary birth: "She's as green as an apple," he shouts.

The green mare soon succumbs and a painting of her becomes a talisman; like an ancestor she hangs on the dining-room wall between, first the Emperor and Canrobert, then Thiers and MacMahon, then Jules Grévy and Gambetta. It is a fine painting and "You'd almost think it could talk!" murmurs Haudouin.

MAUDE HUTCHINS is the author of *The Memoirs of Maisie, My Hero, Love Is a Pic* and other novels.

And it does. The green mare is a talking horse. She doesn't laboriously tap it out either, she uses a pen, and this green mare is a blue stocking, too, *bas bleu*. She writes like an angel and whatever answers there are in the book, to questions, by the way, that have never been asked, are hers. Her prose is the prettiest and her language the most refined and her thesis is love. She speaks endearingly of "my fruitless obsessions and two-dimensional lusts" and we wish there were more of her. "The only truly bad behavior is that which assails property or diminishes its value," observes the green mare. Of course, she is Marcel Aymé.

The novel seethes with characters and personalities and women. There is a big plot and little plottings; politicians, complacent maidservants, naughty children, Republicans, Royalists, a memorable *curé*; a darling postman, the only non-sensualist of the lot; a policeman, a Bavarian infantryman, etc. There is a brutal needling study of a nasty man (Ferdinand), sensualist and prig, hypocrite and censor, horrendous, maniac, opposed to his brother (Honoré), sensualist and angel, great lovable innocent.

The green mare, preoccupied with love and lust, keeps up a running comment, single foot; at times she becomes sentimental, at others a little involved, intellectual, rather dull, too scientific, and in the end she points out the moral of the story. Here M. Aymé disengages himself from his horsey costume as he, as an artist, must, and it is true that the green mare is fallible. She has made a bad mistake. What has become of her "two-dimensional lust" when

she says, "The moral of this tale is that there can be no enduring love, rooted in true happiness, except within the family"? Granted, it is a good moral but it is not the moral of this story. For this story, there is no moral.

The meaning of the tale: the strong implication that political and social and property battles are in essence sexual rivalry, their subconscious or conscious objective the defloration of the enemies' womenfolk, gives *The Green Mare* its real importance as a novel. One might reread *Romeo and Juliet* with this in mind. Perhaps Juliette, daughter of Haudouin, is named from her. Like the Capulets and Montagues, the Haudouins and Malorets wage war and their children lust after each other.

The Green Mare can be read for fun, too, without the reader's troubling himself with what it means. However, artistically, it is as crowded as a busy room, too many diverting objects on a mantelpiece.

"WHAT we are concerned with, then, is the chronicle of a little, rustic backwater in the course of evolution." This, in the words of Gabriel Chevallier, the author, is what *The Wicked Village* is, and is about. It is an understatement. "The chronicle of Clochemerle between 1919 and 1936 has real documentary value," he says, and, "Clochemerle," one of his characters says, "Clochemerle is average humanity." True, but *The Wicked Village* is of more than documentary value. "In all this baying clamor, expressive of love and hatred, blood and money, pleasure and pain, wealth and poverty, it was surely possible to be happy, in heaven's name! Clochemerle was still Clochemerle, wasn't it? Its land was still beautiful, a great blue-and-green cleft in the fold of the mountains, brilliant with color under the stinging lash of the southern sun."

M. Chevallier's style is so pleasing and easy without any affectations or seeming effort that if this novel were nothing but words without content it would satisfy. But it is like the Beaujolais wine from the vineyards of Clochemerle, red, but slow to intoxicate. "Would you call eternity with nothing to drink paradise? Come be serious," says the *Curé* Patard to the baroness, chatelaine of the Clochemerlins. There is plenty

to drink in *The Wicked Village*, and in Clochemerle, but it makes only strangers drunk.

M. Chevallier uses no device as M. Aymé does in *The Green Mare* to say what he thinks. The novel is one long speech by himself, but he is well worth listening to and perhaps there will be more to come in further novels of the extraordinary and yet quite ordinary people of Clochemerle—average, one feels, only because there is no cypher among them. Heady characters they all are and the author loves them and forgives them every one. "There is nothing against it, Baroness," says the *curé* when she asks, "You'll have been forewarned, no doubt. I wish to be saved, but without derogating from my rank. Is it possible?" "You can find anything and everything in the

Scriptures, a right-wing as well as a left-wing religion. The Evangelists, who were by no means half-witted, foresaw all the political changes." "What an epoch!" sighs Samothrace, the town's poet, the only platonic lover of Flora, the slut.

At first glimpse, and even after a prolonged stare, Clochemerle seems indeed a wicked village but his Grace, the Archbishop, felt himself disposed toward the Clochemerlins, and "the vines of Beaujolais were planted at divine command by Noah's hand," says an old ballad.

The oaths on page 262:

"*Scropia de la fafouette!*" "*Nique-doine de gazadagne!*" "*Beuseu-queux!*" "*Mangemataouille!*" are untranslatable anyway. "*Je n'écris pas pour ma petit soeur,*" quotes the author himself by way of a preface.

Explanation by Formula

SIX KEYS TO THE SOVIET SYSTEM. By Bertram D. Wolfe. The Beacon Press. \$3.75.

By Harold J. Berman

BERTRAM WOLFE'S essays of the past fifteen years, collected in this volume, unlock many of the weaknesses of the Soviet system but give few clues to its sources of strength.

Whether he is writing about the struggle for succession to party leadership, or suppression of freedom of scholarship, or restrictions upon labor mobility, or the purges and the labor camps, or Soviet imperialism, Mr. Wolfe has a single message: the Soviet state is conducting war upon its own people, using as weapons mass propaganda, terror, isolation, indoctrination, total organization and total regulation. The image he presents is that of a "country of the blind," an Orwellian inferno, in which two plus two is what the rulers say it is. If there has been some apparent relaxation of internal and international tensions since Stalin's death, he writes, it is only because "the men in the Kremlin are moving from weakness and the uncertainties of their internal struggle."

HAROLD J. BERMAN is an associate of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University and the author, among other books, of *The Russians in Focus* and *Soviet Military Law and Administration*.

April 28, 1956

It is a part of the author's thesis that totalitarianism is driven to become ever more and more oppressive. "No system," he writes, "which aims to dominate, coordinate and prescribe everything, no system which . . . claims to be able to explain by a single formula the entire past, control the entire present and determine the entire future, can tolerate the unpredictability which springs from difference, creativeness, spontaneity, uniqueness." "There is a fearful dynamic to totalitarianism that drives it to rupture the entire fabric of consent and consensus. From thence springs its fear that men will not believe and not obey. But once fear is present, it drives to the use of further terror. And terror exercised against one's people or associates begets greater fear."

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GRAHAM GREENE's The Quiet American

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Few are as expert as Mr. Wolfe in telling and documenting the gruesome story of Soviet terror. But is that the whole story? Is the drive "to dominate, coordinate and prescribe everything" the only major determinant of Soviet policy? Has not Mr. Wolfe, together with many other American scholars on the Soviet Union, himself fallen victim to a "single formula" for explaining Soviet history, a monistic theory of political determinism ("the struggle for power") which is just as fallacious as the monistic Marxist theory of economic determinism ("the class struggle")?

MR. WOLFE demonstrates the evil effects of political interference in science by recounting the demonic story of the Lysenko purge of geneticists; but that story does not explain the great achievements of Soviet science and technology in other fields. Nor is the development of the Soviet economic system, with its mixture of planning and chaos, of regimentation and incentives, to be explained primarily in terms of power politics or power ideology. Nor are the concessions which have been made to religious freedom during the past two decades a result of the "fearful dynamic" of totalitarianism. Nor was the shift in the mid-1930's away from utopian Leninism to traditional Russian values and to legality in non-political spheres a consequence of the Stalinist lust for domination. Mr. Wolfe is able to maintain his thesis only by omitting discussion of these matters.

The Soviet leadership is not as omnipotent as it is popularly believed. It cannot govern without some degree of "consent and consensus." It must respond to historical factors and cannot merely dictate them. Stalin understood this. His successors appear to understand it much better.

The total revolutions of our time are indeed monstrous and diabolical. But the "devil" theory of totalitarianism is dangerously misleading when it forgets that Lucifer is a fallen angel, who commands the art of persuasion and not only the art of coercion, who knows how to win friends and influence people, and who is capable of giving many rewards and much satisfaction to those who are willing to accept his leadership.

Orthodoxy in Scotland

TWO WORLDS. An Edinburgh Jewish Childhood. By David Daiches. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

By Jacob Korg

THERE ARE subtle elegiac overtones in this account of a warm and happy childhood by an eminent literary scholar and critic. Daiches' father, the leading rabbi of Scotland and scion of a line of rabbinical scholars, preached a brand of Judaism that was intended to harmonize with modern life without yielding an inch in the matter of ritual. The atmosphere of his home mingled a thoroughgoing orthodoxy with a high degree of intellectual enlightenment. In the Daiches family complicated rituals were strictly observed, but free discussion of religious doctrines was encouraged. As a boy in the streets and schools of Edinburgh, Daiches encountered no anti-Semitism. He learned to read Hebrew before English and this became an advantage when the teacher of a Bible-study class made it a practice to call upon him for close translations of the original.

Rabbi Daiches did not expect either of his sons to carry on the rabbinical tradition of the family, but he must have hoped that they would preserve the Judaism he represented. Often enough, Daiches tells us, the ostensibly unrelated Scottish and Jewish cultures of his boyhood life merged into Proustian clusters of sensations which he still finds unforgettable. But the sound of the bagpipes aroused a pang as it reminded him that his ancestors had had no part in Scottish history, and when he grew older he sensed the anachronism of the kind of religion he had been brought up to observe. Ultimately he became an agnostic and married outside the Jewish religion. As a boy under his father's influence he had often dreamed of becoming professor of English at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem; but when the position was actually offered to him, he declined it.

The frankly ruminative story mentions many of the delightful peculi-

arities of the tiny Jewish community of Edinburgh. Rabbi Daiches, seen in the middle distance (which is the usual position dignified parents hold in the minds of their children), was a gentle, earnest, vigorous man who devoted his life to the cause of gaining the Jews a recognized place in Scottish national life. We see him playing golf in his own awkward fashion, swimming at a seaside resort in Fife, drinking beer in a pub and engaging in other unrabbinical activities. There was more than a surface incongruity to all this, for modern developments, especially the rise of Hitler, were making his whole gallant effort on behalf of Judaism obsolete. Like the old Scots Yiddish dialect that Daiches describes, his father's outlook and way of life were the precious products of a delicate balance between two cultures. It is a little sad that they were bound to vanish as time moved on.

Cities to Order

THE BRITISH NEW TOWNS POLICY. Problems and Implications. By Lloyd Rodwin. Harvard University Press. \$7.50.

By Albert Guerard

THE TOPSY ("just grown") school of sociologists denies that a city can be deliberately created. As a matter of fact, Greeks, Phœnicians, Romans, did make cities to order; France is strewn with medieval *Villefranches* and *Villeneuve*s; and with us, Washington, Gary, Longview and Radford offer four widely different types of the "artificial" city. In 1898, Sir Ebenezer Howard started the idea of the comprehensively planned garden community; Letchworth and Welwyn were due to his initiative. Their success was but moderate. But, in 1946, three factors determined a revival of the idea. The first was the destruction wrought by World War II. The second, the desire to check the formidable concentration in the London area. The third was the bold enthusiastic spirit of the British New Dealers, the Labor government. Then the creation of "New Towns" was adopted as a policy. Fifteen were started: eight in the London region; one just north of it,

JACOB KORG is a member of the Department of English at the University of Washington.

one in Wales, two in County Durham, three in Scotland. The severe postwar depression, and many administrative conflicts, paralyzed their development. Still, not one of them had to be abandoned; and it seems as though they would now enjoy a healthy growth.

The experiment, then, is far from decisive. Howard and his followers labored under the delusion that the intrinsic advantages of a well-planned community would suffice to attract the crowd—as Emerson believed of the better mousetrap, or some Esperantists of the simpler, easier language. This was also the faith of the many Socialist settlements in the nineteenth century. Reality is more complex. Men prefer a live slum to a stillborn paradise. And to make paradise live requires more than garden amenities. There must be an economic reason for the new city: its location should be part of regional and national planning. This, Howard had not sufficiently emphasized, although Patrick Geddes and later Lewis Mumford certainly did. We may add that England's "New Towns" are deplorably featureless; they seem to have been created in the image of Earl Attlee. They may be functional but they are not attractive; and in a city as well as in a spouse, attractiveness is the very essence of functionality.

Rodwin's study brings out the best

there is in the English mind: "always in touch with the practicable, always in sight of the ideal." He brings out also, although he is too courteous to put it in crude terms, the English capacity for muddling through somehow, and at times just muddling. He believes—and I heartily concur—that Howard's recipe is not a panacea: "Why impose an urban straightjacket? Why not have big, medium and small cities, dormitories and self-contained cities; unitary, satellite, linear, star, finger and ring shaped cities?"

The lesson of the book is modestly tucked away in Appendix A, "The Achilles Heel of British Town Planning." Planning should not be dominated by architects, engineers and surveyors. It is a social field. It requires the collaboration of the sociologist, the economist, the political scientist, on the national scale. It demands the services of the artist, and, even in a totally new settlement, those of the historian. City planning is a complex and exacting cultural discipline, in every sense of the word cultural. It is the richest, most baffling, most fascinating discipline I know. And Rodwin's book, in the form of an austere factual report, is an admirable introduction to its spirit and method.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of L'Avenir de Paris, and many studies in city planning.

Epigraphical Note

They arranged what was left and put it away.
Lysidice was young enough to lie alone.
Her house and the bones of her house were there to stay.
We read, from the incised stone:

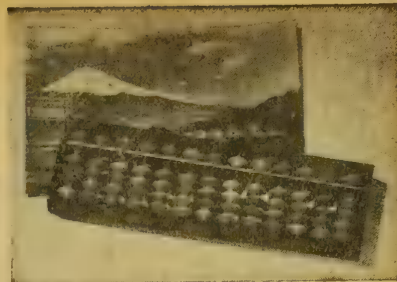
*I tell those who come here: there shall be a curse
on him who shall handle, dirty, or defile
me and my image, or dislocate, or force,
or shatter, obliterate, remove anything. May God not smile*

*on him, but smite him with terror of the eyes, distress
his wits and body with fever chills itch blight;
may he not tread ground nor sail water; die childless;
go cold in the sun and blind in daylight.*

And so forth. Lysidice died and meant to stay dead.
She had stood in the sun. She had loved poetry
and truth, as surely as she was sweet and young, she said.
She did not want to die. Now let her be.

They excavated, intensely loving, collected
the fragments, read her, and sorted her in a sieve.
Now she is scientifically resurrected,
and these bones live.

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Television

Anne W. Langman

QUIZ SHOWS—giveaway shows—why are they so successful? A question, an answer, a prize: you can see the formula at work a dozen times a week. Of course you add a cheery master of ceremonies with a warm handshake, a glamorous personality in an evening dress, question cards, time signals (anything from a ticking clock to a symphony orchestra), a studio audience keyed to laugh and applaud on signal, pretty girls to lead contestants onto the stage. And prizes—lots and lots of prizes. The gimmicks and the packaging change from one grab bag to the next, but the formula is always the same—and sure fire.

The newest quiz show is *The \$64,000 Challenge*, whose premiere I watched from the studio. The gimmick here is a "spell down" in which bold challengers square off against graduates of the parent *\$64,000 Question* and try to beat them at their specialties. "A beautiful little format," said the announcer during the warm-up period. In the dressing rooms, being readied for the fray, were the now-famous champions of specialized information and their unknown opponents. The eleven-piece orchestra rehearsed three bars over and over; radiant Barbara Britton's gentle persuasion made "Lanolite lipstick on your lips" sound like a line from Keats; mid-stage, the exceedingly likeable master of ceremonies, Bill Fox, grinned at a couple of extras standing in for the contestants: "And now, Myrt, for four thousand dollars. . . . That's right!" On a quiz show it is very important for the m. c. to warm up. Four cameras and a crew of fifty, producers, directors crowded the small stage of the converted neighborhood theatre. The studio audience—no faces anywhere else—are so sadly anonymous—watched a glittering red curtain go down over the twin isolation booths; the beautiful little format was on the air.

Well, by now we know that Polonius is not the father of Desdemona, and that the challenger's reward—the quizmaster having withdrawn his over-hasty confirmation of the champion's error—was settled at \$2,000. We know, too, that this latest

addition to the big money quiz parade is dull watching. But if you don't look at such shows, the phenomenon remains a mystery, and you risk being scorned by Jack Gould of the *New York Times* as one of those "boring snobs who have tried to concoct an intellectual superiority out of a noisy refusal to watch television."

There are many variations: the rowdy, romping parlor games of *Beat the Clock*, the kindergarten questions (name three things beginning with B you could see in the sky) of *Feather Your Nest*, the embarrassing personal revelations of *Strike It Rich*, the unexpected expert of *The Big Surprise*. Louis G. Cowan, who created *The \$64,000 Question*, attributes the phenomenon of its fifty-five to sixty million viewers weekly to a combination of "the achievement of reality," the charm of the people who are the contestants, and the audacity of those three zeros.

Contestants who are just plain folks, prototypes of the American viewer, make possible our fantasy of equality, says Dr. Gerhart Wiebe, psychologist and assistant to the president of CBS. "We're all pretty much alike and we're all smart . . ." might be the unconscious "empathy force." He also pointed out the vicarious competition which the audience can enjoy in this "encapsulated" form: small penalty for armchair losers, large ego-reward for winners. Suspense and tension, painlessly created, are quickly resolved. If the contestant goes down, viewer feels superior and comfortably sympathetic; if he exhibits extraordinary brilliance, the viewer can, again comfortably, identify with him. It would seem that quiz shows fulfill in some part the yearning of Americans to emerge as somebodies—even by electronic proxy. If this is why they succeed, it might give psychologists something to think about.

OVER at NBC, they're making Responsibility Reports. Chairman of the Board Sylvester Weaver says that these are ". . . a practical means for television to achieve its full poten-

— TV Forecast —

April 29 through May 1

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, April 29

SHAKESPEARE ON TV (CBS). This intelligible and intelligent series of lectures by Frank C. Baxter starts its re-run this week. Included in series are "Richard III," "Macbeth," "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Monday, April 30

DODSWORTH (NBC; Producers' Showcase). Sidney Howard's play from the Sinclair Lewis novel now adapted for TV. Frederic March, Claire Trevor and Geraldine Fitzgerald will be directed by Alex Segal.

Tuesday, May 1

THE VIKING ROCKET STORY (NBC; Armstrong Circle Theatre). This series specializes in dramatizations based on fact. The conquest of outer space is the subject for this chapter.

THE BOB HOPE SHOW (NBC; Chevy Show). The guests will include Pearl Bailey and film Songstress Kathryn Grayson, plus a great deal of Hope.

Thursday, May 3

EMPTY ROOM BLUES (CBS; Climax). Celeste Holm in a dramatic role with singing.

Saturday, May 5

THIS HAPPY BREED (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). The long-fanfaired American premiere of the drama written and directed by Noel Coward and starring him as the father of a middle-class suburban family. Mr. Coward says the play is "mostly a salute to human beings for how they manage to get along with each other." Edna Best plays the wife in this 90-minute adaptation of the London hit. (Color).

KENTUCKY DERBY (CBS). Chance to see a horse win \$125,000 without answering any questions.

April 30 through May 11

HOME SHOW (NBC) will devote a portion of its program to an intensive study of housing conditions.

Radio; May 1

H-BOMB TEST AT ENIWETOK (All Networks). Transmitter aboard the U. S. S. Mount McKinley will beam reports to Guam and thence to the United States. This is first time since 1946 A-Bomb tests that reporters have been allowed to cover Eniwetok.

POLITICS AND PRIMARIES (NBC). State primaries and the issues affecting them are presented each week. This time, Ohio and Indiana.

tial as the most vital force for cultural good since speech itself." Each producer and director has been instructed to enlighten, illuminate and inform the public by "conscious integration of informational and cultural matter in existing shows." And he has to report what he has done, each month, to Mr. Weaver. "If you have done nothing, you should report that, too," read the instructions. "We have some suggestions. . . ."

The monthly responsibility report, running to some forty-five single-spaced pages, implies that nobody around NBC has taken advantage of that sinister afterthought. The fellows seem able to transform almost anything into enlightenment. Remember the Tournament of Roses Parade—that annual flower pageant? It's listed as a single enlightenment program. Or the ice-skating ballet, "Boy Meets Girl," in the Sunday spectacular? That shows up as integrated enlightenment material. Mr. Weaver will readily agree that ballet is a force for cultural good.

The producer of NBC Matinee Theatre should get a very good report card. He integrated in six shows in one month. *Yesterday is Gone* was all about an early renounced love affair of Thomas Jefferson. Historical and edifying. Then there was *Mr. Krane*, a science-fiction drama with urgent appeal for world peace

and an obvious integrator. I don't quite see how Edith Wharton's *Old Maid* made it—maybe because it was adapted from a Pulitzer Prize play and that sounds responsible.

I'm not sure we should give too much responsibility credit to *Tonight*, which would claim it for a water ballet, performed in the Saxony Hotel outdoor pool by members of the Florida State Water Ballet—though what achieves full TV potential on ice should be at least as improving in the water. Everybody knows it's responsible to promote the March of Dimes, but the "Doody Dime Day" campaign on the Howdy Doody series carries responsibility about as far as it will go.

The Pinky Lee Show reports a "Teacher of the Year Contest" as its integrated enlightenment material. I missed the show, but I hope they gave the award to Teacher Weaver. In case they didn't, he can be content with his recent Peabody radio-television public-service award which honored him "for broadening the horizons of television; . . . and for showing a respect for the intelligence of the public refreshing and commendable among officials in comparable high places in the television hierarchy."

And speaking of enlightenment, when is somebody in television going to tackle desegregation?

Music

B. H. Haggin

JEROME ROBBINS' contribution to the New York City Ballet's recent season was *The Concert*, described in the program as a charade, and actually a series of vaudeville and revue sketches representing the reveries induced in a group of people as they listen to Nicolas Kopeikine playing a number of piano pieces by Chopin. Robbins gave us one such sketch in the "Percussion" episode of *Fanfare*; and in *The Concert* his comic gift operates with equally amusing effect. In some instances the effect is achieved with dancing; in a few it is not. On the one hand we get LeClercq's high-stepping entrance on points as a romantic young lady who then sits gazing soulfully at Kopeikine, or her frenzied pas de

deux with terrified little Richard Thomas, or her joining Bolender and four boys in a burlesque mazurka, or a group of girls wrecking a Balanchine-style ensemble piece with their mistakes; on the other hand we get these girls being carried in and carted about and set down—now here, now there—like inanimate props, or LeClercq trying on ridiculous hats and choosing one joyfully, only to be crushed by a meeting with someone else wearing the same hat, or Mounsey making one attempt after another to do away with her husband and managing each time to do away with herself instead. In addition there is a serious interlude—a lyrical solo beautifully devised for LeClercq's lovely style. In the other

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sketches she and Bolender exhibit their superb gifts for comedy, with assists from Mounsey, Barnett and the rest of the accomplished cast.

As a choreographer Bolender, besides making last fall's *Souvenirs* even funnier, turned serious in *The Still Point*, in which Hayden repelled sex as personified by Tobias and Mandia, to the first movement of Debussy's String Quartet, took to it sluttishly, to the second movement, and was redeemed by pure love in the person of d'Amboise, to the third movement. All very embarrassing to watch, except for a few effective details—like Hayden's wild spin with frantic flings of her arms at the climax of the second movement. By now Hayden has become a specialist in the dancing of Profane Love, and she did it as well in this new piece as in Ashton's *Illuminations*; but d'Amboise's appearance is suited to innocence only when it is gay, not when it is solemn.

I might add that not enough thought seems to be given to what roles certain dancers are and are not suited for—to the fact that d'Amboise's face makes him convincing as the Sugar Plum Fairy's Cavalier in *The Nutcracker* but not as the Prince in *Swan Lake*. Or that Adams can replace Tallchief in *Scotch Symphony* but cannot replace Mounsey in *The Prodigal Son*.

IT WAS disquieting to read that the New York City Opera's *Il Trovatore* would use a permanent basic set by Lester Polakov, with changes of scene achieved by backdrops in the style of Gothic stained glass, "with the singers so lighted as to suggest that they are actually figures in a stained glass panorama," and with the backdrops "viewed through . . . permanent interlocking arches, while a permanent hexagonal-shaped platform, with varying step arrangements, will enable the action in the foreground to proceed on diverse levels." And my advance uneasiness was justified by the results of this preoccupation with fancy ideas instead of with such realities as what Ellen Faull (Leonora), Aldo Protti (Count di Luna) and Piero Miranda Ferraro (Manrico) look and act like, and what must be done with make-up, wigs, costume and direction to make them dramatically effective or even plausible on the City Center stage. Those results—the actual

stained-glass backdrops, the anything-but-stained-glass appearance of the singers, the constant climbing over the hexagonal-shaped platform—made the production, like numerous others at the City Center, one strictly for the ear, which heard an excellent pacing and shaping of the work by Julius Rudel, singing by Faull that was outstanding in vocal beauty and style, an impressive vocal performance by Irene Kramarich (Azucena), an unimpressive one by Protti, good use of a fresh voice by Ferraro, and a good performance by Norman Treigle (Ferrando).

THE FIVE sides of Angel 3537 offer a *Rigoletto* that is made outstanding by Tito Gobbi's performance in the title role, in which the voice is less opulent than Warren's in the Victor performance but is used with more variety of dynamics and color in more sensitive inflection of phrase. Nicola Zaccaria's Sparafucile exhibits similar use of a beautiful bass voice; and I can't recall having heard the wonderful duet of *Rigoletto* and Sparafucile at the beginning of the second scene sung as effectively as it is in this recording. Di Stefano is the Duke, and sings well in the usual mannered style. And the Gilda is Callas, whose singing occasionally is made unpleasant by the shrillness and strong quaver of the upper range of her voice, but often is made exciting by the extraordinary timbre and expressive force of the middle and lower range that is still beautiful, and also by her unfailing sense for continuity of musical phrase, her power of expressive projection. The smaller parts are sung well; and Serafin conducts effectively.

Some of the engaging music from *The Bartered Bride* on Epic LC-3181 is sung well by Edelmann; but most of it is not enjoyable as sung by Hilde Zadek and Hans Hopf. Loibner conducts the Vienna Symphony.

London has assembled on one 12-inch record, LL-1334, a number of Corena's superb performances on 10-inch records—of Cimarosa's amusing *Il Maestro di Capella* and arias from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Rossini's *Barber* and *La Gazza Ladra* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi*.

Also, London LL-1255 offers Tebaldi's lovely voice in excerpts from the recordings of *Aida*, *La Traviata*, *Otello* and operas of Puccini.

Crossword Puzzle No. 669

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 When the planter's out, he might have. (4,2,4)
- How to fix a body up; sin would make it real. (4)
- 10 Allow this wrong to be Baltic, in ■ manner of speaking. (7)
- 11 This goes in to W. P. A. thinking. (7)
- 12,26 down and 8 down Moussorgsky's finished with the Great Gate at Kiev. (8,2,2,10)
- 13 Such prints might 19. (5)
- 15 Spurs. (5)
- 17 One who joins in when Felix is about to get something to eat. (9)
- 19 One isn't supposed to out of school. (9)
- 21 Ten to one this might be it! (5)
- 23 Slippery little fellow, isn't one? (5)
- 24 These might show me others when I follow them. (8)
- 27 One way to get on in the world. (7)
- 28 How can irritation with such a small creature be fashionable? (7)
- 29 Herculean job. (4)
- 30 It might involve 7 to right ■ wrong. (10)

DOWN

- 1 Would such a little water be necessary for a fish? (4)

- 2 and 14 down Zero, except at the top! (7,3,3,4)
- 3 Torque. (5)
- 4 It barely makes the slip reach its shape! (9)
- 5 A presidential candidate has its first to be in Colorado. (5)
- 7 It takes time to be certain to make a good 30. (7)
- 8 See 12 across
- 9 Such a rascal wouldn't measure the rate of a couple! (3-5)
- 14 See 2 down
- 16 Rested above a Sumerian city ■ short time. (It's a good time for it!) (8)
- 18 One might hurry to dine on what spinach is, when chopped. (9)
- 20 The way to make an old family live poorly with such a set-up? (7)
- 22 Paint my noisemakers for me! (7)
- 24 No tag-dance, certainly. (5)
- 25 Survival. (5)
- 26 See 12 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 668

ACROSS: 1 BARBS; 4 SAMSON; 11 DELILAH; 12 ADDUCES; 13 PARTAKING; 14 PROBE; 15 INDUSTRIALIST; 17 REARRANGEMENT; 22 TREAD; 24 TITIAN RED; 25 PRELUDE; 26 CATLIKE; 27 ESTHER; 28 ADAGE. DOWN: 2 AILERON; 3 BELEAGUER; 5 ADD UP; 6 SUCCORS; 7 NESTED; 8 ADEPT; 9 CHRISTMAS TREE; 10 LAUGHING STOCK; 16 LAMBASTED; 18 EVEREST; 19 NURSING; 20 STABLE; 21 IDLES; 23 DRUPE.

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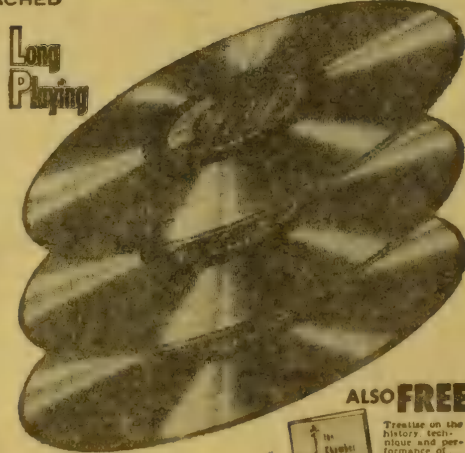
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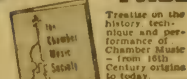
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★ DEBUSSY: Quartet in G, Pascal String Quartet
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THE *Nation*

MAY 5, 1956

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Great Boomerang

The Irony of Containment

by William A. Williams

That Maverick Morse

by Robert L. Riggs

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Letters

More on Capital Punishment

[The comment of Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan on Fred J. Cook's article, *Does the Death Sentence Prevent Crime?*, which appeared in our April 28 issue, was received too late to be included in the round-up of comment printed last week. It is presented here together with letters from other readers which were crowded out of last week's issue. THE EDITORS.]

Dear Sirs: I have read *The Nation's* article on capital punishment with great interest, and the facts contained strengthen my belief that Michigan should not return to the death penalty which was abandoned 110 years ago.

Stevens T. Mason, first governor of Michigan, describes in one of his journals the disgraceful spectacle of a public hanging in Detroit, at which the victim and most of the spectators were intoxicated. Partly as a consequence of public disgust with such methods of punishing crime, the death penalty was dropped in 1846, and life imprisonment for first-degree murder was substituted.

Since that time there have been scores of attempts to re-institute the death penalty—usually as a reaction to some particularly heinous crime. Since 1875, thirty-one bills calling for the execution of persons convicted of murder were introduced. Only two of these measures got through the Legislature. One, in 1929, was vetoed by Governor Fred W. Green. The other, adopted in 1931, contained a referendum clause, and was rejected by the people 352,000 to 269,000.

The people, I believe, were wise in their decision, and no legislature has ventured since then to pass a capital-punishment bill.

The evidence that the death penalty does not deter crime seems to me to be overwhelming. But from a governor's viewpoint, I am also impressed by the instances which I have personally experienced of persons convicted of first-degree murder where there existed a clear presumption of innocence.

We had the case in Michigan where a woman, convicted of poisoning her husband, spent twenty-six years in prison. The case came to my attention when the Parole Board, in the normal course of events, recommended that I extend her executive clemency, commuting her life sentence so she could be paroled. In the Parole Board's report of the case, there was clear indication that she never should have been convicted at all. I saw no reason

to parole her on those grounds, and instead granted her a full pardon.

A second case which attracted nationwide attention was the case of Vance Hardy, who spent twenty-seven years in prison for a murder allegedly committed during a holdup. Through the good offices of the so-called "Court of Last Resort" headed by Erle Stanley Gardner, the noted detective-story writer, a new trial was obtained and Hardy was acquitted.

In 1953 the *Detroit Free Press* interested itself in the case of Willie Calloway who had served eight years for first-degree murder. A new trial resulted in acquittal.

Had Michigan been a capital-punishment state, these persons, later found to be innocent or at least (in the woman's case) not conclusively guilty, would probably have been executed years ago.

Michigan has a fair and equitable judicial system. I do not believe that courts and juries in this state are any more prone to error than in other states. The conclusion is that similar errors, resulting in the execution of innocent persons, probably occur in capital-punishment states. These cases would not be likely to come to light years later, as did the three Michigan cases I have cited, because nobody is interested in proving the innocence of an alleged murderer long years in his grave.

It seems to me intolerable that a civilized state, founded on a belief in human dignity, should risk such tragic misuse of its authority, particularly when the record indicates it does not accomplish the objective of deterring crime.

G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
Governor of Michigan

Dear Sirs: In my career as a prison chaplain I have seen too many cases where a person was convicted of murder and later vindicated. I am especially thinking of the Hoffner case where an unscrupulous district attorney concealed part of the line-up evidence in order to have a case settled, and only the stenographic report that was still held by the court stenographer proved that part of the line-up minutes were kept from the original trial.

Had the jury not recommended mercy, Louis Hoffner would have been executed. After serving twelve years of his life sentence he was freed by people who believed in his innocence.

KURT L. METZGER
Rabbi, Temple Beth-El

Glens Falls, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I believe capital punishment had a point and purpose in the days of the ancient Hebrews when care was taken to indoctrinate the children thoroughly on the sanctity of life from the earliest days of childhood. But it is my conviction that it is wrong to exact the death penalty when unaccompanied by such indoctrination in the sacredness of human life, the sanctity of the home and all related social responsibilities. Capital punishment itself is powerless to stop the march of crime without these teachings, and with such a comprehensive program of education it is doubtful if capital punishment would be needed. It is useless to retain capital punishment in a country where a flood of crime comics and other indecent literature is permitted to poison the minds of children and adults alike.

ALBERT A. SORENSON

Protestant Chaplain,
Joliet-Stateville Prisons
Statesville, Illinois.

Dear Sirs: I must say that I can't recall a single murder case in my years of coverage of matters of violent death where the penalty had any effect on the mayhem at hand. The cold professional killers conduct themselves according to plan, and for business reasons. There is no thought of the penalty, unless they are caught. Then they have their political and legal connections. Little thought is given to the law, which will frequently be on their side.

W. M. EVERETT, JR.

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The Shape of Things

The Risk of Peace

There is wide agreement in the press that President Eisenhower's speech of April 21 to the newspaper editors, coming as it did in the wake of important foreign-policy speeches by Adlai Stevenson and Senator Barkley, heralds if not the end then the beginning of the end of the cold-war phase of American policy. In different ways, and with different phrases, both the President and Mr. Stevenson were expressing their willingness to abandon the postures, attitudes and policies of the cold war. The President, of course, felt compelled to defend the policies of the last three years just as Mr. Stevenson felt compelled to attack them. But the President in private would doubtless accept some of the criticism just as Mr. Stevenson, in private, would perhaps concede that the Eisenhower-Dulles program to which he objects represents, in most respects, a quite logical extension of the Truman-Acheson policy.

Basically there was little disagreement; both men agree that new policies must be devised to meet a new situation. Their specific proposals were limited, tentative, uninspiring, but both speeches, as Walter Lippman pointed out, were made by men who are still "at the stage of asking the questions rather than of preparing the definitive answers." This is not surprising. After all, American policy since as early, perhaps, as 1937, has been based on the anticipation of war, the existence of a state of war, or, as in the last decade, the waging of a cold war. The nation, like its leaders, is in the position of deciding which questions to raise. Are we willing to accept the assumption of France's Foreign Minister Pineau that "the policy of war has been ruled out; it is a question now of pursuing a policy of peace"? And just how is peace to be pursued? And with what risks? In the meantime we are reluctant to abandon, overnight, the old bristling slogans and defiant postures.

A cold war can't be terminated as a hot war can, by armistice, negotiation or surrender; it has to be abandoned discreetly. To acknowledge publicly that the cold war is over would mean that we might also be forced to concede that our present China policy is utterly mistaken and neither party, of course, can muster the courage to make this concession in an election year.

All the same, American policy is making the big turn, negotiating the bend in the stream. Both the President and Mr. Stevenson would probably say "amen" to

some recent remarks by Nehru to the Indian Parliament:

This business of cold war and anything that leads to cold war completely lacks sense. It has no meaning, because cold war is only a step to prepare the atmosphere for a hot war. Cold war means the development of hatred and the spirit of violence and the preparation for war, violence all the time. It is folly to spend all your energy to do something which you want to avoid doing. It has no meaning. Again, you may do it because of fears and the like. There is always that conflict in people's minds. But it is a wrong policy, fundamentally.

Anticipating the News

This last week the nation's press finally began to be curious about the remarkable California politician, Mr. Murray Chotiner, who bobbed up in the news as the recipient of a \$5,000 fee from some clothing manufacturers under investigation in Washington. With an air of presenting brand-new facts, the *New York Times* reported (April 26): "Mr. Chotiner . . . was identified in California today as having been associated with the campaign of Senator William F. Knowland" (in addition, that is, to having been Vice-President Nixon's political impresario these many years). Chotiner's career in California politics, including his handling of Senator Knowland's 1946 campaign, was described in detail in *The Nation*, July 2, 1955. More recently, Doris Fleeson devoted a column (February 28, 1956) to Chotiner in which she said ". . . for some reason Chotiner, who taught Nixon how and has been his campaign manager, has escaped national attention." Quite the contrary; our article had simply escaped Miss Fleeson's usually keen and roving eye. One may now confidently predict that political dopesters, "inside" Washington columnists and others will be discovering Mr. Chotiner every hour on the hour. We are delighted that the press is beginning to share our interest in the Chotiner story. To spot a good news story first is one thing; to see it headlined in the general press nearly a year after it has been reported in these pages is part of the fun of getting out this paper every week.

A Case for the FCC

Under what circumstances can an organization dedicated to the protection of civil liberties secure TV time in New York? Recently the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee was asked, by a concern interested in sponsoring a civil-liberties program, to prepare a series of such programs. All network channels were found to be unavailable; their timing and programming is con-

trolled far in advance. Most of the independent stations in New York gave various reasons for not accepting the programs; finally, Station WATV in Newark agreed to accept them. A contract was signed by the sponsor and forwarded to the station for execution. After announcements of the series had been released, station officials asked to see the script and then returned the contract unsigned with the explanation that the station had decided, as a matter of policy, not to allow commercial sponsorship of a program "about political or controversial matters." The E. C. L. C. then offered to pay for the time itself but again the station declined to accept the program. The case provides the FCC with an excellent opportunity to determine at a public hearing whether it is possible to buy time on TV outlets in New York for political or controversial programs.

Mr. Moses and the Mamas

Robert Moses, who holds innumerable public offices in New York to none of which he has ever been elected (see David Cort's article in our issue of March 31), is a brave man. The victor, often alone and unaided, of many bruising encounters with councilmen, legislators,

Congressmen, bankers and pressure-group officials, he is not the man to reckon the odds before doing battle or to whistle for the cops once the fighting starts. But even men as brave as Mr. Moses would have hesitated to take on, as he did recently, a group of tearful and enraged mothers fighting to save a small section of Central Park as a playground for their youngsters. In the dead of night, the commissioner moved in, took possession of the disputed terrain, and had it fenced against the little intruders and their mothers. Dawn found the former playground area in possession of a police inspector, twenty patrolmen and six police-women. Commissioner Moses had decreed its seizure so that the owner of the Tavern-on-the-Green, a restaurant leased from New York City, might enhance the value of his concession by installing a neat, hygienic, well-kept, solidly paved parking lot at a cost of \$400,000—to be deducted from future rentals.

This latest victory is in the best Moses tradition. It is as though the commissioner, having read David Cort's comment that "whenever Moses discovers that a thing is loved by people, he feels emotionally driven to move it or improve it," had decided to prove its correctness to the satisfaction of the entire population of New York.

THE TOLERANT TIGER

Alger Hiss at Princeton . . . by Robert Sklar

Princeton, N. J. TO MOST undergraduates of Princeton University and to the dozens of press representatives that swamped the campus, the appearance of Alger Hiss here last Thursday night, his first in public since his release from prison fifteen months ago, was a little disappointing. In spite of threats and predictions of disorder, no disturbance and little noise greeted his arrival or marred his talk before 200 members of the Whig-Cliosophic Society and a jammed press section. The speech itself, on "The Meaning of Geneva," was conventionally delivered and conventionally received; what made the occasion notable was the fact that he was able to speak at all.

Princeton University's American Whig-Cliosophic Society, which bills itself on letterheads as "the old-

est political and debating society in the world," has seen better days. Since the middle of the last century, when it was at the zenith of its prestige, Whig-Clio has steadily lost ground to newer extra-curricular activities, modern diversions and the post-war political apathy which has overcome most undergraduates. At its annual colloquium last year, an embarrassing forty listeners turned out to hear one of the featured speakers, a United States Senator.

In an effort to recoup its position, the society's new slate of officers sent out invitations early in March to nineteen prospective spring speakers. In so doing they ignored the normal custom which calls for undergraduate organizations to consult with the university administration before issuing invitations. Included in the impressive list were Vice-President Nixon, Generals Marshall and MacArthur, Senators Knowland and McCarthy, Cabinet members Benson and Dulles, and Alger Hiss, former

State Department advisor and convicted perjurer who has steadfastly denied his guilt.

When Hiss, only recently released from the penitentiary after serving three years and eight months of a five-year sentence, accepted the invitation, Whig-Clio president Bruce O. Bringgold brought up the matter with university officials. Following a meeting of the president's Administrative Council, the "full scope and serious implications of their action were made clear to the students, as well as the probable impact on public opinion," according to the Princeton *Alumni Weekly*. But the administration refused to order the society's officers to rescind the invitation and thus relieve them of a responsibility which it believed was purely theirs.

After considering the matter over the Easter recess, the officers returned determined to proceed with the program. The date for the speech was set for April 26, a statement was released to the daily *Princetonian*,

ROBERT A. SKLAR, a former California journalist, is a sophomore at Princeton.

and the first public announcement of Hiss's appearance was sandwiched into the society's monthly bulletin dated April 5:

In a meeting restricted to the Princeton faculty and students, Alger Hiss will discuss "The Meaning of Geneva," with particular emphasis upon the relation of last summer's summit conference with previous Big Three or Big Four conferences. Although Hiss's record is not condoned, his case and career are of political significance, and his experience and opinions should be of interest and value to Princeton undergraduates. Following his address on Thursday, April 26, Hiss has indicated his desire for a question period.

The *Princetonian's* story told how a similar invitation to Hiss by Swarthmore College's chapter of Students for Democratic Action had been killed by the parent organization, Americans for Democratic Action, on the grounds that Hiss was a "convicted traitor."

As soon as the wire services picked up the story, adverse reaction began to pour into Princeton from alumni and non-alumni alike. "Some of it was irrational and abusive," said the *Alumni Weekly*, "but more than half was understanding, thoughtful and constructive." Yet by Monday, April 9, enough critical responses had been received to prompt President Harold W. Dodds to make this first official statement:

The American-Whig-Cliosophic Society, the student debating group, on its own initiative has invited Alger Hiss to attend and address a meeting. Although the university administration some weeks ago warned the officers of the society of the implications of an invitation to a convicted perjurer, we think it unwise now to take responsibility for the decision out of the hands of the student organization.

On the following day Livingston T. Merchant, Princeton '26, Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs and the next day named Ambassador to Canada, wired Clio, of which he was a member: "I am certain that [Hiss's] appearance under your auspices would do lasting and irreparable damage to Princeton. I urge in strongest terms reconsider invitation."

Undergraduates were shocked and somewhat puzzled at the furor raised by the invitation, but when Bringgold again refused to cancel the speech, they stood staunchly behind



Alger Hiss

him. Spot polls taken across the campus Tuesday afternoon showed nearly 90 per cent of those questioned approved of the speech, even though few were sympathetic with either Hiss or his views and many believed that he should never have been invited to speak in the first place. But now that the speech was scheduled, they would, in the words of one senior, "stick by it in the interests of academic freedom."

The *Princetonian* reiterated this position in its first editorial statement the following day. While the editors questioned Whig-Clio's motives for inviting Hiss (as did many others, who felt that publicity and the possibility of drawing a crowd were the dominating factors), they praised the university's stand on the issue:

... Princeton's reputation will suffer more if the bid is rescinded than if Hiss comes here as scheduled. It would imply that Princeton is an institution which can be browbeaten by outside pressure groups. We believe that this stigma would be too great a price to pay merely

to pacify the people who object to Alger Hiss.

By Wednesday, April 11, it was apparent that the torrent of criticism had just begun. University officials admitted their alarm over the damaging publicity. A spokesman for the administration said officials were worried by the extent of public misinterpretation of Whig-Clio's sponsoring of the speech. "Some believe the university is offering Hiss a lectureship," he said. The society's officers conferred again with university officials, with no change in the policy of either.

By now the affair had reached the floor of the House of Representatives. T. James Tumulty, the 350-pound Democrat from Northern New Jersey, berated Princeton and suggested "there's a little poison ivy creeping into the Ivy League." Two undergraduates, Raymond W. Apple and Richard J. Kluger, were quick to reply. They sent a telegram to New Jersey's Senator H. Alexander Smith (Princeton '01) and Representative Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen (Princeton '38), countering that the "undergraduate invitation to Hiss no more implies our tacit approval of his past actions than does Congressional questioning of, for instance, admitted former Communists imply that Congress approves of that Communist activity. . . . The question is, will you allow us to continue to be curious, or will you insist on telling us what to be curious about?"

The American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars added their voices to the list of critics. Organized alumni protest also appeared with a three-column advertisement in the *Princetonian* by the Princeton Alumni Association of North New Jersey. "THINK IT OVER, WHIG-CLIO," it read, making three points: 1. The affair has already brought discredit to the university; 2. It will hurt annual giving; 3. It will reflect on students as individuals.

By Monday, April 16, ten days before the scheduled speech, the *Princetonian* editorialized that "for the first time since the Hiss controversy developed, it now appears that [Hiss] will be permitted to speak on the Princeton campus." To support this view, the campus paper cited two weekend developments: a comment by Adlai E. Stevenson (Princeton '22), declaring that "If

the students choose to ask [Hiss], I would think that's the students' business," and a unanimous vote by the Undergraduate Council backing the university's stand.

While university spokesmen optimistically reported more favorable letters on Tuesday and Senator Smith finally replied that "the Whig-Clio Society has acted in a way to bring discredit and negative publicity on Princeton's good name," the most significant development was the Chicago *Tribune's* offer of its Washington correspondent, Willard Edwards, as a speaker to balance Hiss. Edwards, who covered both Hiss trials, is "something of an expert on Yalta," the *Tribune* asserted. Father Hugh Halton, outspoken chaplain to Roman Catholic students on campus, proudly accepted the offer, announcing that he had invited Edwards to speak on "The Meaning of Alger Hiss" on April 25, the day before Hiss's scheduled appearance. Halton's action was unpopular with many students, who believed that it would merely serve to aggravate the situation.

Fifty-two of Princeton's undergraduate veterans, meanwhile, signed a petition censuring the V. F. W. and the Legion for "their interference with an American citizen being allowed to express his views in public." And the Washington *Post* editorially defended the university position from the standpoint of academic freedom, the first newspaper to back Princeton in the controversy.

When the Board of Trustees—which includes New Jersey's Governor Meyner—finally backed President Dodds's decision "to refrain from authoritarian censorship" by a 26-4 vote, there was no longer any question that Hiss would speak. But while voting to hold hands off, the trustees unanimously registered their disapproval of the action of the students who had extended the bid.

BY last Wednesday, when Edwards was to speak, the campus seemed to be girding for battle. Roads were blocked off, the proctorial staff was increased, and 200 people were turned away from McCosh Hall, where the *Tribune* reporter was to

appear. The 500 who did get in (the hall is considerably larger than the one in which Hiss spoke) hooted and jeered at Father Halton ("This is Princeton's darkest hour") and at the surprise appearance of Representative Tumulty ("I love Princeton more than you do"). Nevertheless the audience gave a standing ovation to Edwards, who traced Hiss's career with little hint of *Tribune* editorial bias and replied to a question on whether Hiss should be permitted to speak: "That's Princeton's business, not mine."

A little more than twenty-four hours later Hiss arrived at the front door of Whig Hall at 7:35 P. M. and left by a back door before 9 P. M., leaving several hundred spectators out in front to face the newsreel cameras alone. To most undergraduates the affair was over and they were willing to forget it. But one university official had a different idea. "This," he said, "is only the beginning." It was not clear whether he meant that hereafter Princeton was in for more trouble or Mr. Hiss in for less.

IRONY OF CONTAINMENT

A Policy Boomerangs . . . by William A. Williams

ONE OF the most neglected, yet illuminating, aspects of the history of the cold war is the recent decline in the United States of Sir Winston Churchill's prestige as a strategist of foreign affairs. His coincident retirement from active politics has little causative relationship with this eclipse of his influence. Rather the explanation lies in his argument that Soviet strength has increased the chances of avoiding a major war. American policy-makers and their cabal of experts at first tried to overlook such heretical mutterings from the man who delivered the keynote address of the cold war back in

March, 1946. But Churchill refused to bow to the new priests of his old orthodoxy. In March, 1955, he asserted his revisionism in terms which made it impossible to misunderstand him, even though, as subsequent events have demonstrated, he could be ignored.

"It may be," he observed, "that we shall, by a process of sublime irony, have reached a stage in this story where safety will be the sturdy child of terror." This remark was so devastating to the assumptions and rationalizations of the policies of containment and liberation (which Kennan now admits are "two sides of the same coin") that American leaders made a concerted effort to stuff it down the memory hole as quickly as possible. Churchill's facility and weakness for the dramatic phrase did him a disservice in this

instance, for those who did comment on the speech concentrated on twisting the phrase about "the sturdy child of terror" into an endorsement of the ideas of "Negotiation from Strength" and "Peace through Power."

Churchill was making a radically different point, of course. He was saying, in short, that the policies of containment and liberation have worked, but for reasons and by a logic exactly the opposite of those advanced by their originator and supporters. If this is in fact the case, then the practical conclusion which follows is both very clear and vastly significant. It means that a narrow and militant anti-Soviet policy works to increase the power, influence and prestige of the Soviet Union throughout the world. And startling though it may seem, the record of the last

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ten years offers considerable support for such an interpretation.

It would appear worthwhile to examine this hypothesis, moreover, because neither official policy-makers nor their advisors seem able, either independently or in collaboration, to reach a consensus on this key question. There are, as the new *York Times* pointed out a year ago, two competing interpretations of the relationship between American policy and current events in Russia. The containment-liberation crowd asserts that American pressure, impinging upon the basic weaknesses of the Soviet system, is directly and primarily responsible for the recent modifications in Russian policy. But another group argues that these changes have come from within, as a consequence of Russia's recovery from wartime devastation and its subsequent progress. This second view, of course, has important implications for any analysis, though its proponents do not acknowledge or discuss such ramifications. By and large, therefore, the existing dispute does not deal directly with the central issue.

This confusion is painfully and obviously apparent in the public side of the debate. Secretary Dulles touched it off with his remarks that the Soviet economy was "on the point of collapsing" and that the system was "bankrupt," thus implying that containment was about to produce liberation. This analysis provoked Kennan to make a very sharp retort—"I don't recognize the world Mr. Dulles is talking about"—even though the comment rendered a rather damning judgment on his own policy of containment. Dulles graciously retreated, as if in repayment for Kennan's earlier resignation, and acknowledged that the international situation was still bad even though there had been some improvement.

Most of those who have supported containment (which includes about 99 per cent of the nation's leaders) have sided with Kennan in the ensuing discussion. They, too, seem oblivious to the implications of such a position for their earlier actions. Thus Senator O'Mahoney asserted at the close of 1955 that "world peace is further away now" than at any time since the end of the Korean War. As late as April 4 of this year, Harry Truman agreed, seeing the

Russians "more dangerous now than ever before." Averell Harriman, who seems to view himself as a combination of the Samuel Adams and the George Washington of the cold war, contradicts and confutes himself in the same speech. First he cries out that American policy has failed, but then he goes on, in a swirl of language that obscures the logic-chopping, to assert that the only thing that can save us is more of the same.

Still others, who are generally credited with more subtle minds than either Truman or Harriman, advance equally curious arguments. Clifton Daniel, who just won a prize for his handling of the news in Russia, offered one novel interpretation while on a recent *Meet the Press* panel, arguing that all our troubles started when the Eisenhower Administration got too tough with the Russians, thus forcing them to retaliate by becoming more devilish than ever. The most charitable explanation of the *Times* assistant foreign editor's performance (and, very likely, the correct one) is that he really understands the "sublime irony" of containment to which Churchill referred, but hesitated publicly to pull the rug out from under his cantankerous father-in-law. Certainly Daniel is quite aware that Dwight D. Eisenhower has been far less belligerent toward the Russians than was Harry S. Truman.

ADLAI Stevenson has done no better than Daniel, and with less excuse. It takes considerable research, for example, to come up with a more confounding bit of analysis than the following gem supplied by the Bard of Michigan Avenue. "I hardly need point out," he commented recently, "that for this nation to walk to the verge of war three times in three years while drastically reducing our military defenses for domestic political advantage can only be counted as 'suicidal folly.'" The implicit meaning of his comment is that it would have been quite all right to walk to the brink of war three times in three years if only we had not reduced our armaments.

All these examples, and countless more which could be cited, emphasize the need to establish the actual relationship between the American policy of containment-liberation and the development of Russian domestic and foreign policy. For if it is true,



Fitzpatrick in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
Toward a New Brink

as Churchill suggests, that containment has worked to strengthen Russia by reinforcing ideological and nationalistic forces, then it would seem wise to abandon such a policy as the essential first step in developing a viable program for coexistence. Such an analysis needs to begin with a review of the relative power of America and Russia at the time when Kennan formulated, and Truman accepted, the doctrine of containment.

The central feature of this comparative power alignment, of course, was America's unilateral possession of the technological and military capacity to produce and deliver atomic bombs. Beyond this, the United States had a navy larger than the combined fleets of the rest of the world; an army trained, equipped and battle-conditioned with the most advanced and mobile weapons; the world's only undamaged industrial plant and unharmed managerial and labor force; and possession of, or access to, a great number of military and economic bases extending from Germany on around the Soviet Union to Japan.

It is customary, at this juncture, for official spokesmen to point out indignantly that the United States demobilized whereas the Soviet Union did not. Even if this assertion were true in the sense in which it is presented, which it is not, it would still be necessary to assess relative power after such disarmament. But the facts of demobilization do not fit the official shibboleth. America disarmed, as this writer overheard

an admiral remark in 1947, in the sense that it got a bazooka under one arm, a B-B gun under the other, and then dropped the B-B gun. On another level, much is made of the navy's Operation Mothball, in which the fleet was supposedly zipped up in cellulose storage bags. Not only is this false in an absolute sense; it ignores the fact that Russia's deep-water fleet was not even capable of challenging what was left of the Royal Navy. At the center of the analysis, however, stand three unalterable facts: America's monopoly of nuclear weapons and a strategic bombing force; its colossal and undamaged industrial strength; its excellent geopolitical situation.

RUSSIA did not occupy so fortunate a position at the end of the war. Perhaps the most distorted and misunderstood aspect of its power position concerned its occupation of Eastern Europe. In the first place, as Senator Russell pointed out, those countries "were all devastated as badly or worse than our allies." On balance, moreover, the area was weaker than Western Europe, even under the best of circumstances. Moscow's policy of ruthlessly draining those nations to supply Russia's immediate needs served, furthermore, to increase their dissatisfaction with Soviet occupation. These considerations led General Gruenther to discount even the possibility of Russia using them as a springboard for an attack on the West prior to 1952, and even then he estimated that the chances of such action were so small as to be meaningless.

The evidence of absolute and relative weakness becomes even more dramatic when one examines the situation then existing in Russia itself. The contrast with the United States was stark and undeniable: no atomic armaments; no strategic-bombing force; no blue-water navy; a devastated and over-strained industrial and transportation system; a mangled agriculture; a depleted labor force; and a sad, weary and lethargic population. As for the army, General Gruenther reported that it mustered less than three million men in 1947. Nor was it being equipped with new arms that matched America's, for the Russian economy was being converted to production for peacetime reconstruction, and output was down.

In their unguarded moments, America's own cold warriors have let slip the fact of Russia's relative weakness at the time. Kennan himself acknowledged, in the famous "X" article, that Russia, "as opposed to the Western world in general, is still by far the weaker party." As late as 1950, Harriman reported that the "economic strength is all on the side of the free countries"; and Secretary Acheson added that Moscow had "nothing to match E. R. P. and the Point IV concept in the economic field . . . nothing to match the North Atlantic Treaty concept in the field of defense."

Perhaps the most impressive evidence comes from the two top Soviet leaders' revelation of Stalin's formal request for a six-billion-dollar loan from the citadel of capitalism, and Molotov's recent remark that no one in the Kremlin even dreamed, as of 1945-46, that Russia's position could conceivably be so strong in a mere ten years. Small wonder it was, then, that Senator Taft (let alone Henry Wallace) was so reviled by the Republican and Democratic bipartisans for containment when he commented, back in those days, that "it has sometimes seemed to me that the Russian threat is over-estimated."

INSTEAD of long-term credits and candid negotiations, the Russians got Kennan's containment, Truman's doctrine and Dulles' liberation. Emphasizing the grave and immediate danger of Russian power, and arguing that Soviet leadership had to expand in order to keep itself in power, Kennan minced no words in stating the purpose of American policy. The United States, he concluded, "has it in its power to increase enormously the strains under which Soviet policy must operate, to force upon the Kremlin a far greater degree of moderation and circumspection than it has had to observe in recent years, and in this way to promote tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the break-up or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power."

Nine years later Kennan argued that he had been misunderstood. "I did not," he claimed, "want people to take a despairing and dramatic view of Soviet relations, as many of them were inclined to do." And he went on to deny that his policy recommendations had any implicit or

causative relationship to the militant and militarized policy which followed upon his advice of 1945-47. He did not explain, however, why he had waited so long to get around to clearing up the confusion about what he had meant.

NOW it is wrong, of course, to maintain that Kennan was solely responsible for American policy toward Russia after 1945. For one thing, he did not have that kind of power. But he did have tremendous influence: directly with such figures in the Truman Administration as Harriman and Forrestal; and indirectly through the medium of his "X" article, which became the ideological and intellectual touchstone of American thinking on relations with Russia. And, while it is true that Harry Truman was not a man to let a bureaucrat make policy, he was, as he recently remarked, a man "who never went in for half measures." Once he accepted the argument and objectives of containment, it was not surprising that he put it into operation as a Monroe Doctrine for the world.

It is pertinent, in view of this story and Kennan's more recent protestations of innocence, to review the language and tone of the "X" article. For contrary to what he says in 1955, his own words of 1946 would seem to qualify as "despairing and dramatic." Kennan first described the Soviets as "fierce," "jealous" and characterized by "aggressive intransigence." Then he asserted that they were only "sensitive to contrary force, more ready to yield on individual sectors of the diplomatic front when that force is felt to be too strong." And he concluded by describing their policy as moving "inexorably along the prescribed path, like a persistent toy automobile wound up and headed in a given direction, stopping only when it meets with some unanswerable force," or when it runs into "superior force" or "unassailable barriers in its path." His recommendation to "confront the Russians with unalterable counter force" was based on the assumption that the United States "had in its power . . . to force upon the Kremlin" a general compliance with American will.

Either Kennan can not accurately set down on paper what he really had in his mind, or he sought, in

his recent apologia, to minimize his own responsibility during the last decade. Whatever the answer, it is certain that the makers of American foreign policy took Kennan's 1946 language at its face value. Abroad, therefore, they embarked upon a program of forcing the Soviet Union to accept extreme terms of settlement. At home, meanwhile, they "bombed the American people," in the words of one sober and ideologically impeccable student, "with a 'hate the enemy' campaign rarely seen in our history; never, certainly, in peacetime."

There ensued a widespread competition among American leaders (in which, it should be mentioned, Kennan participated) to see which of them could lay down the most all-encompassing prospectus for Russia's salvation. Secretary Acheson's pre-Korea speech at Berkeley in 1950 would seem, on balance, to have been the winner of this American Century Sweepstakes. Acheson laid down seven prerequisites that the Russians would have to meet, not for peace, but as conditions for negotiation. Since compliance with these demands would have reduced the Soviet bargaining posture to that of supplication, it is hardly surprising that Moscow described Acheson's "total diplomacy" as a policy of demanding unconditional surrender as the price of not fighting a war. A year after his Berkeley speech, Acheson unintentionally revealed the psychology of American policy. For although they were directed at Russia, his words cast a glaring light on Washington's attitude: "As long as there is a great disparity of power which makes negotiation seem to be unnecessary to one side, that causes them to believe they can accomplish their purpose without it."

ACCORDING to Kennan's theory, application of this kind of American power was supposed to produce, in *weak and fearful response*, either the mellowing or the collapse of the Soviet system. What actually happened was somewhat different. First, the Soviet Union reacted with a forced march to meet strength with strength; and second, once it had achieved this objective, it began to employ its vitality and confidence to reform and rationalize at home, which in turn extended its influence abroad.

May 5, 1956



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Neglected Banner

Appearing as a classic and literal verification of Marx's most apocalyptic prophecy, the policy of containment strengthened the hand of every die-hard Marxist and every extreme Russian nationalist among the Soviet leadership. Those who defend containment as a necessity for America must also admit the validity of Stalin's argument that it was necessary for him to meet strength with strength, for justification by necessity knows no bounds of geography, ideology or morality. Thus the subtle interpretations of a Eugene Varga were brushed aside in Russia just as the sophisticated analyses of a Lewis Mumford were ignored in the United States.

Armed with the language and actions of containment, which underwrote and extended his existing power, Stalin could and did drive the Soviet people to the brink of collapse and, no doubt, to the thought of open resistance. But the dynamic of revolt was always blocked, even among those who did have access to the levels of authority, by the fact of containment and the open threat of liberation. Thus protected by his avowed enemies, Stalin was able to force his nation through extreme deprivations and extensive purges to the verge of physical and psychological exhaustion. But he also steered it through the perils of reconstruction to the security of nuclear parity with the United States.

There is considerable evidence

that Stalin understood how narrowly he had skirted catastrophe, and sensed the need to relax the tempo and the rigor of Soviet life. And his successors, appalled even as hardened revolutionaries by the costs of two such forced marches in one lifetime, were both philosophically and psychologically inclined, and politically able, to move in that direction much more rapidly and extensively. That they did so as a consequence of their own strength seems established by comparing the timing of such reforms with Russia's absolute and relative power positions as of 1945-47 and 1954-56.

Thus this review of the record appears to verify Churchill's insight about the irony of containment. In his own inimitable and fumbling way, moreover, Secretary Dulles has further substantiated this analysis. For he remarked, not long ago, that the present relaxation of tension was assured by American policy at Geneva. He seemed unaware, however, that such a comment implied the bankruptcy of the containment-liberation policy. But it does in fact do just that, for it was Eisenhower's assurance of peace, not the "get tough" language of Kennan, Acheson, Truman and Dulles, that convinced the Russians they could relax and embark upon reforms at home.

BUT Churchill's use of the adjective "sublime" must be questioned, for the costs of containment to Russia and the United States, let alone the rest of the world, can only with sarcasm be described as "sublime." It would seem more fitting to refer to it as the harsh irony of containment. Not only is this more accurate, but such a phrase might serve as a useful reminder to American leaders as they work out a program for coexistence.

It is even possible, and perhaps worthwhile, to suggest that the history of containment points a moral for the practice of coexistence. Nor need we be disturbed or disappointed that Thucydides saw it shining through his study of an earlier war. Indeed, we can let his statement of it stand for our time, too. It is very simple. It is also very true. Its only weakness is that those who would live by it must have great courage and self-containment. It reads as follows: "The greatest exercise of power lies in its restraint."

THAT MAVERICK MORSE

Critical Test in Oregon . . by Robert L. Riggs

Washington

IT IS evidence of the jumbled state of political affairs that the candidate providing this year's one clear-cut showdown between two conflicting philosophies has been a member of his party less than two years.

There are many sham election battles throughout the nation in which it will be difficult to determine, without the help of a scorecard, who is the Republican and who is the Democrat. But there is no doubt in Oregon. For all that Wayne Morse is a johnny-come-lately in formal party affiliation, he is one Democrat who can say that his votes, his public utterances, his entire record come close to coinciding with what the Democratic Party professes to stand for.

His opponent, Douglas McKay, is equally equipped to be the living symbol of what Republicanism is supposed to represent in the era of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Handpicked by the White House to undertake the chore of defeating the one Senator the President is said to despise, McKay has a firmer grip on the Eisenhower coattails than has any other Republican candidate. As the recently-resigned Secretary of the Interior, he embodies the Administration's controversial resources program, a program the President's lieutenants like to refer to as a "partnership policy," but which Democrats prefer to call the big giveaway.

FOR all that so much is at stake in the form of solid issues, the Oregon Senatorial contest is more bound up in personalities than perhaps any other in the country. More accurately, it is bound up in one personality. For, regardless of McKay's views and his relations with the President, the main issue will be Morse himself. There seems to be

no neutral ground where he is concerned: you either admire him beyond measure or you grind your teeth in anger when his name is mentioned.

The pugnacious, bouncy Morse apparently wants it that way. His acid tongue is as ready to lash the people on his side as it is to attack the enemy. That trait made him the first to carry the attack directly to Dwight Eisenhower. For more than three years, Morse has been describing the President as "the most dangerous man who has been in the White House." As long ago as January, 1953, he declared him to be "completely lacking in political morality" and to be short both in principles and in judgment.

THE deep hatred which National Chairman Leonard W. Hall and other Republican leaders bear toward Morse arises, of course, largely from the fact that he left their party while still in office and reduced their numerical strength in the Senate. The emotions of the President and his close lieutenants go beyond the issue of party desertion. The Morse assault upon the President is, to them, a matter of personal desertion, for the Oregon Senator was one of the first Republicans to call for Eisenhower's nomination in 1952. As a practicing politician, he did something practical to bring about that nomination. As early as 1950, he urged Thomas E. Dewey to run again for the governorship of New York, arguing that unless he (Dewey) had control of the New York convention delegation, it probably would be impossible to stop Robert A. Taft and to give the nomination to Eisenhower. How much weight Dewey gave the Morse argument is debatable. But the governor did pursue the course Morse advocated and did make Eisenhower the nominee.

But by the time Dewey had finished the task Morse assigned him, by the time the 1952 convention

closed, Morse was off the reservation—as completely disenchanted as he had once been enchanted with Eisenhower. It was not, of course, the first time he had fallen out of love. In 1947, he was among those who looked upon Harold E. Stassen as the shining hope of liberalism. But he got over that state of mind soon enough not to do any work for the former Minnesota governor at the 1948 convention.

EVEN before the 1952 Republican gathering in Chicago, Morse began to have doubts about Eisenhower based on the reports drifting back from Europe about Ike's "chief-of-staff complex." But Morse put aside these doubts and worked at Chicago for the general's nomination. His big jolt came when he learned that Eisenhower was willing to accept what Morse characterized as the "perfectly shocking" platform presented to the convention by the resolutions committee—a committee from which Morse was adroitly excluded. The Senator wanted to make a floor fight against the platform. But the leaders of the Eisenhower campaign feared such a row would cause the general to lose some conservative-minded delegates.

"It then dawned on me for the first time," Morse says, "that Eisenhower was not above political expediency."

The next step in his disillusionment came with word that Eisenhower wanted Richard M. Nixon to be his running mate. Morse had been trying to get the second-place post for Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts. "I was shocked," Morse says, "when two Eisenhower emissaries came to me and said Eisenhower was very much opposed to having anybody but Nixon nominated."

In spite of his disappointment, Morse still expected to support the nominee when he left the Chicago convention for a trip with Senator Russell Long to inspect NATO in-

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Two Views of Senator Morse

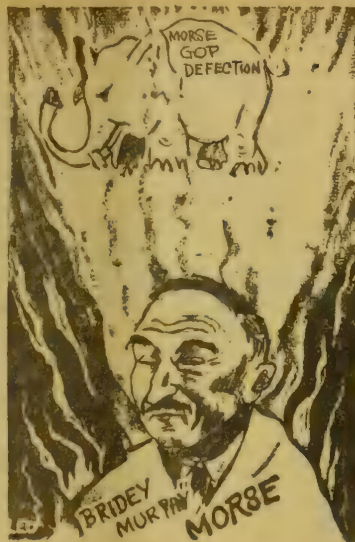
stallations in Europe. The trip did nothing to enhance Eisenhower's reputation in Morse's eyes. "I heard many serious criticisms of Eisenhower," he says. "Many men who had worked with him considered him to be just plain dumb and regarded him as a man whose idea of compromise was to do the expedient thing, irrespective of what principles might be sacrificed in doing it."

Even so, Morse had not yet changed his mind about supporting Eisenhower. Upon his return from Europe in September, however, a new element entered the picture. "I began listening to Adlai Stevenson, whom I had never met. As I compared his speeches with Eisenhower's, I realized that a historic and dramatic thing was taking place: a brilliant statesman was running for the Presidency for the Democrats, and a demagogue, who was obviously willing to commit any expedient act for support, was running for the Republicans.

"Every speech of Stevenson's I listened to thrilled me; and every speech of Eisenhower's keenly disappointed me. I soon found myself in the midst of a terrible conflict of conscience. As I talked to Eisenhower's emissaries, I came to recognize that Eisenhower's campaign was completely lacking in political morality."

SO Morse decided to abandon the Eisenhower campaign, but to take merely a stroll, not a walk. Soon, however, he felt impelled to make speeches for Stevenson. And because he had criticized Joseph H. Ball in 1944 for bolting the Republican nominee without leaving the party, Morse quit the Republicans. But he didn't join the Democrats. Hence, when Congress assembled in January, 1953, he was a Senator without a party. The majority party—the Republicans—took away his places on the Labor Committee and the Armed Services Committee. So far as Majority Leader Robert A. Taft was concerned, Morse could have stayed on Armed Services. But Taft didn't want him casting a deciding vote on Labor Committee legislation. The obstacle to retaining him on Armed Services was that Morse's old liberal Republican friend, John S. Cooper of Kentucky, wanted the post. So Morse was dropped from both.

Democratic Leader Lyndon John-



Capital Journal, Salem, Ore.

An Oregon "Bridey Murphy"



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hellish Canyon Project

son, to whom many looked to take care of Morse, steadfastly held to the position that it was the duty of the majority to provide for homeless Senators. For his part, Morse, with typical stubbornness, insisted it was the duty of the Senate itself, not of either party, to assign him to committees. There followed a wrangle in which most of Morse's liberal Democratic Senate friends, protecting their own choice committee posts, aligned themselves with both Taft and Johnson.

Perfectly content to castigate his Democratic friends, Morse soon had such liberals as New York's Herbert Lehman almost in tears over the issue of committee assignments. He referred to Lehman, Mike Mansfield of Montana and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota as "gutless wonders." Lehman was so upset that he offered to surrender his own Labor Committee seat so that Morse could have it. The Senator from Oregon, refusing to take what he called charity, remained during the two years of the session in the two minor committees to which Taft had sent him. He likewise maintained throughout that time his status as a member of the "Independent Party." As such, he frequently devoted most of the Friday afternoon Senate sessions to full reports on what he called decisions arrived at during a caucus of

his one-man party. It was a device which did not cost him any popularity among Senators, because it enabled them to flee the city for a long weekend at home without fear something important would pop up on the chamber floor during their absence.

Although classifying himself as an Independent for two years, Morse voted with the Republicans to organize the Senate. But before the 1954 elections, he announced that after January, 1955, he would vote with the Democrats. His argument was that a heavy majority of the people had voted Republican in 1952; hence, the GOP had been entitled to organize that session of Congress regardless of Morse's personal feelings. But after the 1954 elections, according to his reasoning, the Republicans wouldn't need him if they won a majority. And if the Democrats won, he said, that would further justify his voting with them. As it turned out, his vote was almost essential to enable the Democrats to take charge in January, 1955.

THE 1954 election increased Morse's stature in the Senate in more than one way. In addition to having the deciding vote virtually in his own palm, he showed up with a new Democratic Senator from Oregon,

the first that state had sent to Washington in forty years. With Richard L. Neuberger as his junior colleague, Morse became a man to whom Democratic Leader Johnson spoke with the highest respect. And when Morse formally became a Democrat, he won the affection of some of the most conservative Senators from Dixie. Certainly, the Democratic leadership of the chamber did its best to show its devotion. Although there is always a long line of applicants for appointment to the Foreign Relations Committee, one of the two seats available to the Democrats went to Morse. The other went to that freshman Senator, Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky. The Democrats also put Morse on the important Banking and Currency Committee.

As a result of this affection which grew up between Morse and the Democratic leadership, there has been none of the heckling that went on between them during the first two Eisenhower years. True, Morse doesn't go along as obediently as Johnson might wish. He was a member of that small band which fought Walter F. George when the foreign-relations chairman insisted on handing to President Eisenhower what many regarded as a blank check to make war at will over Formosa, Quemoy and Matsu. He joined Senator Lehman in protest when James

Eastland, Mississippi's symbol of racism, was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which handles all Senate legislation dealing with civil rights.

But the more the Republicans hate Morse, the more the Democrats love him. There probably is not a Democratic Senate member, regardless of the horror with which he may view Morse's political philosophy, who would not do what he could to help him win re-election. Of course, that's not all altruism, for it may well be that upon a Morse victory will hang the decision whether several Southerners will continue to be committee chairmen or will revert to the status of ranking minority members.

The unanswered question at the moment is how Democratic sympathy for Morse will be translated into practical help during his campaign. All Democratic organizations, from the National Committee on through the Senatorial and Congressional campaign committees, have empty pockets. Morse estimates he will need \$250,000 to put on a campaign that will come even close to what the Republicans are planning to do in behalf of McKay. This is in contrast to the \$54,000 he spent in 1950 to defeat the "genuine Republican" who ran against him in the party primary. Morse had to pay off much of the 1950 expenditure by making

lecture tours for months after he returned to the Senate. He had one important bit of help: for the fall campaign six years ago, the Republican Party organizations, for some reason never fully explained, allotted him \$5,000 to go through the motions of beating a Democrat.

In most states dominated by one party, as Oregon has been for decades, it would be virtually impossible for anyone to do what Morse has done—change parties—and hope to win. In the ordinary one-party state, the political machine would quickly smash the rebel. Morse has no fear that such a fate will overtake him. The voters of Oregon, he says, are an independent breed. In philosophy, he believes, they are much closer to him than they are to Douglas McKay. Moreover, McKay has his own troubles; many Oregon Republicans resent him as an "imposed candidate" and there is considerable support, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, for his rival for the GOP Senatorial nomination, Phil Hitchcock.

So Morse is confident that the Eisenhower coattails will prove far less a help to McKay than the Republicans hope. The Oregon Republicans will have to run on the issues and on their party record. When that point arrives, Morse believes, McKay will have virtually no ground to stand on.

REVOLT AGAINST PETRILLO

Stirrings in Los Angeles . . . by Elizabeth Poe

Los Angeles
FOR THE first time in his career as a union leader, James Caesar Petrillo, who for many years has been calling the tune for the members of the American Federation of Musicians, has a serious revolt on his hands. The rebels are the 2,000 members of Local 47 (second largest in the federation), who make the

music for 97 per cent of the movies you see and for much of Hollywood-produced TV shows. Already the local has voted out of office its pro-Petrillo president, John te Groen, and his colleague, recording secretary Maury Paul. The oustings have been challenged as illegal by Petrillo and the matter may soon be going to the courts.

In the meantime the House Un-American Activities Committee, never slow to capitalize on labor conflicts, has opened hearings to determine whether the second fiddler

or the cymbals-player in this or that Los Angeles orchestra is really a drum-beater for the Communists. Thirty-five subpoenas have been handed out, which exactly suits Petrillo because he would like it to be thought that the revolt against him is Communist "inspired." What labor leader in his position wouldn't feel the same way?

The actual immediate issue is a bread-and-butter one, involving the disposal of fees accruing to musicians in connection with the music they make for the movies, TV and

ELIZABETH POE recently completed a study of political blacklisting in the motion-picture industry for the Fund for the Republic.

recordings. Beyond this, however, is the broader question of democracy in organized labor: Who should run a union, its members or absentee bosses?

First a little background. Under federation by-laws, the power to negotiate the musicians' contracts with national industries such as the movies, TV and phonograph companies rests not with the locals, but in Petrillo's office. The argument for this procedure is that unless the negotiating power is centralized, employers would be tempted to play locals against one another and thus destroy the musicians' bargaining power. Theoretically, Petrillo's powers as a negotiator can be reviewed at the federation's periodic national conventions. The A. F. M. has 700 locals which cast a total of 1,500 votes at the conventions, but no one local has more than ten votes. This means that the Los Angeles, New York and Chicago locals, which among them represent 20 per cent of the federation's membership and the great bulk of its total earning power, control only thirty votes.

Thus, so long as Petrillo can hold the support of the majority of the small locals scattered around the country, he can ignore the wishes of that fifth of his membership who play the most music, earn the most money and pay most for the support of the union. And this, according to the rebels of Local 47, is precisely what Petrillo has been doing.

THE immediate issue is the federation's large Musicians Performance Trust Fund, set up to give work to musicians by supplying free concerts and supporting symphony orchestras across the country. No one doubts the laudable cultural purpose of such an enterprise. But the Los Angeles musicians, who although they love culture must also eat, argue that while they are paying almost half of all moneys going into the trust fund each year, they are getting out of it no more than 4 per cent. This is because the Los Angeles players, located in one of the country's biggest markets for music, are obviously more steadily employed—and therefore need fewer grants-in-aid—than those of, say, Indianapolis or Milwaukee.

But the rebels' argument goes further. They say that most of the people profiting from fund disburse-



ments are only "week-end" musicians whose basic means of support is non-musical; they are doctors, lawyers, clerks and factory hands. The violinist in a Hollywood studio, who depends upon such engagements for his livelihood, is not lacking in respect for the factory worker who wants to play the fiddle for the joy of Beethoven or even of a few extra bucks. He just feels that under the circumstances it isn't fair to expect him to finance this extra-curricular activity. And he is especially incensed when the player who gets help from the fund isn't even a federation member.

LOCAL 47 spokesmen agree that an unemployment fund is highly desirable for a union. But they argue that (1) it should be at the disposal only of union members and (2) no one should be eligible as a beneficiary unless he has worked a reasonable minimum of time at the musical profession. As things are, say the Local 47 rebels, Petrillo is using the fund to entrench his position with the small scattered locals whose votes he needs to maintain himself in power.

The money for the fund traces back to a variety of sources, all of which, on examination, bear a close resemblance to the musician's pocketbook. The rise of TV and the growing use of the film by the new medium created a problem: if the actor and writer got a rake-off from this operation, why shouldn't the musician? After some false starts, Petrillo finally negotiated a flat \$25 fee for each musician involved when a movie film was sold to TV. But

last June Petrillo decided that the trust fund, and not the musician, should get the fee. Local 47 has been in a turmoil ever since.

The fund also skims something off each time a phonograph recording or TV sound track is made. In the latter case, say the rebels, the skim is often so big that TV film producers find it cheaper to import the music. A foreign sound track can be made and flown to Hollywood for as little as \$300 a show, whereas—in one instance, at least—a Hollywood-made sound track cost the producer \$3,200: \$1,600 to the musicians and \$1,600 in payments to the fund. No wonder, say the rebels, that TV film music is being increasingly recorded abroad, and that, in the midst of the biggest show-business boom in Hollywood's history, unemployment is on the increase among local musicians.

PETRILLO'S supporters argue that music recorded here displaces musicians elsewhere in the country, and therefore local recording artists should agree to royalty payments to help out their less fortunate colleagues. But Local 47 insists that taking money from one under-paid musician to pay another is no way to combat the pernicious effects of modern technological progress. They ask that Petrillo demand, instead, that musicians enjoy the same performance rights as members of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, which would help control unfair competition between the live musicians and those who exploit recorded music for profit without payment to musicians. Radio stations, for instance, should be required to hire live orchestras in return for the use of a certain amount of recorded music.

It is odd that the Un-American Activities Committee should be moving into the picture at a time when a labor union is asking not for socialism but for some more American capitalism—more free enterprise and more private profit. But, then, many things the committee does are odd—including the fact that the thirty-five musicians it subpoenaed are not involved in the current fight, but were involved in a successful fight two years ago to amalgamate Local 47 with the federation's Los Angeles Negro local, a move opposed at the time by the pro-Petrillo forces.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Poetic Means and Meanings

STORM AT CASTELFRANCO. By

Chester Kallman. Grove Press. \$1.

MOON'S FARM. By Herbert Read.

Horizon Press. \$3.

GREEN ARMOR ON GREEN

GROUND. By Rolfe Humphries.

Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.

Translated by Horace Gregory.

Grove Press. \$1.25.

SECTION: ROCK-DRILL. 85-95

de los cantares. By Ezra Pound.

New Directions. \$3.

By M. L. Rosenthal

ONE NIGHT a committee consisting of Lucifer, Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, Dr. Faustus and Albert Camus came to knock on Chester Kallman's door. Exactly what they told him I do not know—probably that ancient civilizations are terribly dead and Hell very forlorn. "Why, *this* is Hell," Mephistopheles must have said—repeating himself, of course—"nor are we out of it." And Chester Kallman listened, and nodded reluctantly, and wrote these poems of Death for every modern child of darkness to read.

It is the death of *hope* that is, reluctantly, Kallman's major theme—a sort of surrender of the will in advance, as of one who had studied Faustus' life too well:

Hope that had been ■ habit of the will,
Hope that could not believe
The body awake at dawn, filling no day,
Hope that could fill the empty morning
With one note, is still.

But the melodic, soaring movement of these lines strains against their own negations. In the short poem "Page from a Diary," perhaps the single most successful piece in the collection, that rising movement has to be beaten down by imagery—at first shrieking, and always amazingly active and varied—until the

M. L. ROSENTHAL is poetry editor of *The Nation*. He is associate professor of English at New York University and his most recent book is *Exploring Poetry*.

poet forces his concept of hope to dwindle into its opposite:

Then, savage and small ■ pond life,
Familiar lust.

The pall of fatalistic dismay hanging over so many of Kallman's poems is to some extent fashionable, a post-war, post-Audenesque, post-Existentialist cliché. It is belied by the turbulent inner life of the writing itself. The pain and compassion of "The American Room" and "The Eavesdropper" do seem irreversible, but they are not really accepted finally as clues to the inevitable. The dedicatory sonnet, too, rings every utilitarian change, yet keeps itself buoyant through a boisterous foolery. "Night-Music" and "Aubade" catch up the true music of this whole book—an interwoven music of romanticism and fearful denial of belief—better, it seems to me, than do the longer, more pretentiously lugubrious "Atavisms" and "Elegy"; better, even, than the rich, involved title poem that concludes the volume with a genuine effort (beautifully managed in its final section, too long though that section is) at transcendence. Kallman's chief faults are discursiveness and a kind of brittle, clattering brightness. But when he comes clean in form and thought, his poetry breaks free of unnecessary heaviness and posturing and becomes an absorbing play of shifting forms and colors, lights and shadows: the awareness of a cultivated and conscientious mind. It is not the mind of Faustus at the point of damnation, or of Camus contemplating the impossibility of counting on a continuity with the future; it is more delicate, uncertain, caught among confusions—but nonetheless as real in its own right.

NOTHING in Herbert Read's new volume of poems, *Moon's Farm*, has the power of some of his earlier work—of "The Lament of St. Denis," for instance, which reads as if written in horror and agony and which ends with one of the most unbearable outcries of grief in modern poetry. Yet Read, a poet whose pur-

ity and authority have never won the response they deserve in our country, remains a master in a special sense. An utter truthfulness of heart enters his work. No other poet could match the deep quiet sensitivity of "The Death of Kropotkin" in this collection: the simple, incantatory description of the revolutionist's funeral, the sweet-spirited fineness of the idealism, the love for and rapport with another personality—all conveyed through the simplest of details, with an idiomatic unpretentiousness that is almost homely, almost merely factual. This very sophisticated poet does not trouble, ordinarily, to strike out against what he abominates. His effort is to identify the values of the feeling self, and to organize the sensibility, plainly and simply, around them. The poems, therefore, are largely affirmations of or soundings for these values. Typical are "The Well of Life," one of Read's richest lyric pieces; "The Gold Disc," a romantic ode that helps define his secular quietism; and the brief, elegiac, "Grecian" pieces, so modern behind the classical surface. The poems in *Moon's Farm* constitute a body of work both graceful and morally intense. The title poem, a dialogue for three voices produced in 1951 by the BBC, is a projection of Read's views of life which it would be good to see produced in this country. In the midst of the hysterias, pressures and strainings of a television-viewer's ordinary evening, the calm, humble sanity of its ritualization of contemporary man's predicament might strike a response from Americans even more readily than from Englishmen.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES is a poet of great facility, able to bring many resources to any problem of craft he chooses to attack. One has only to look at "Rhonabwy's Dream" to see his talent for dramatic narration. One has only to read the beginning of "Night Song of Dafydd ap Gwilym" to see his power to charm and intrigue the reader:

All this I was doing
Over a girl,
In loneliness going
Across the bare moor

In through the blind night
In the pitch of the darkness,
Lost from the high road.

And unfortunately, too, one has only to leaf through the pages of his new collection, *Green Armor on Green Ground*, to see at once his great weakness: a temptation to settle for less than he should, to indulge himself with easier effects than he might have achieved. This is largely a book of exercises, and Mr. Humphries in his introduction makes extremely modest claims for them. The exercises are in some rather rigorous forms—"the twenty-four official Welsh meters," together with some freer Welsh patterns—with direct translation held to a minimum but much effort to catch the flavor of the bards while assimilating the forms to English lyric tradition:

Softly, let the measure break
Till the dancers wake, and rise,
Lace their golden shoes, and turn
Toward the stars that burn their eyes.

The rhythm fits the desired pattern (the *awdl gywydd*); but, though deft, it is so bland that little comes of it. Humphries does use Cymric names (including place names) and idiomatic turns, together with archaic, humorous and earthy phrasings to give an edge of vitality to these exercises. His touch is light and easy; he gets some lovely and amusing effects. But he seldom reaches the necessary pitch at which originality and disciplined control converge—except momentarily: in the first stanza of "The Lore of Pryderi," in most of the slight, wispy "Merioneth," and here and there elsewhere. The best part of the book is the final group of poems "in the free meter," most of which were printed in earlier volumes and show a more concentrated, committed energy than has been applied to the bulk of these pieces.

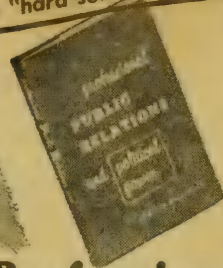
HORACE GREGORY'S translations of Catullus first appeared in 1931, published then by Covici Friede. However, they have been out of print so long that we should utter at least a brief shout of welcome, now that they are available in a handsome paper-bound reprint with an elegant, informative introduction by Mr. Gregory. As he explains, the Catullan spirit matched many of his own interests as a young poet, and—under the influence partly of

Synge and Pound, partly of his classical training and study of translations by Jonson and others—there was a happy coming together of many motivations. Classical studies and an interest in free verse served Gregory as checks on each other. The result is a fluent, freely adaptive precision that recaptures Catullus in all his moods—amorous, angry, exalted, bawdily satiric, desolate. The only disappointment is the omission (obviously for economic reasons) of most of the Latin originals.

THAT VAST CHURNING in the poetic seas?—It is Ezra Pound, age seventy, swimming in great, angry, choppy circles. He is closing in on his unique vision of the earthy Paradise, a vision distilled from many traditions yet infused with the sexual power of the life-force itself. These eleven new Cantos, grouped as *Section: Rock-Drill*, recapitulate root attitudes developed in the preceding eighty-four Cantos: in particular the view of the banking system as a scavenger feeding on the corpse of the Constitution in our country, and as the breeder of war and spiritual corruption in modern society generally; and the view of ancient Chinese history as an illuminating, often wholesomely contrasting analogue to that of the post-medieval West. (It is strange but accurate to think of the Cantos as descending, with some bastardies along the line, from the Enlightenment. They conceive of a world creatively ordered to serve human needs, a conception that is largely a rationalist one; hence the stress laid on the sanity of Chinese thought, the immediacy of the Chinese ideogram, the hardheaded realism of a certain strain of economic theory. It is a mistake to discount the importance of this aspect of Pound's work, however distorted in ways.)

There is a more mystical dimension to all this, provided by moments of pure vision in which the Paradise is glimpsed, glowing with the energies of ancient mythic imagination. A fuller revelation of this Paradise is now promised; particularly in Canto 90, a high point in the poem in its embodiment of Pound's linguistic, melodic and structural mastery and his gift for luminous creation. The section as a whole is a great summing-up before *The Cantos*—in the making, and often revised, for more than forty years—is brought

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to conclusion. Taken by itself, the new group can only hint at the diversity, the drive, the hard surfaces of the entire work. I hope to deal in a later essay with this great experiment and with the character of Pound's virtuosity, which seeks to ex-

tend the limits of poetic art in an enterprise so daringly complex that it risks losing the main chance in a wilderness of multiplicities—including the intellectual and political eccentricities and excesses which have caused such bitter controversy.

Evolution of Courtesy

GOOD BEHAVIOUR. By Harold Nicolson. Doubleday and Company. \$4.

By Edwin Muir

THIS IS A learned, curious, entertaining book. It tells us as much about human nature as about manners. Sir Harold Nicolson's object is to "depict certain patterns of behavior which, at different dates and in different places, have been evolved by minorities as representing the culture of their time." At the start he mentions briefly the manners prevailing in certain circles of the animal kingdom, the "greeting and courting postures" of birds, "snobishness among hens," and kindred matters, but soon passes on to the behavior of civilized societies. He is most interesting on the manners of Greece and of England, and draws an attractive picture of the aristocratic English gentleman in the sixty years before the Reform Bills of 1830: "frank and outspoken, capable of manly sentiment, even of sensibility," yet shunning vulgar ostentation, and "able easily to converse with jockeys, trainers, boxers and fencing masters." The code of this privileged class has a distant resemblance to that of ancient Athens, but tinged with an artificiality which Socrates and his circle never knew. It was destroyed, as we know, by the cult of respectability which afflicted England, the United States and most of the countries in Western Europe in the nineteenth century. Sir Harold brings this to horrible life, but he is unfair in attributing to Jane Austen a base deference to it. She certainly described a highly respectable section of society (though it had its villains, its Mr. Wickhams and Walter Elliots), but her sympathies were with Elizabeth Bennett and Anne Elliott, and I fancy she her-

self resembled Marianne in *Sense and Sensibility* more than Elinor.

The social conventions which arise in the course of history throw an extraordinary light on human nature at its best and its worst. Manners can be used for evil purposes as well as for good. Sir Harold shows them at their worst in his description of the court of Louis XIV, where they were mainly weapons of offense and defense. His account of the early phase of civility, on the other hand, gives a touching picture of the ignorance and good intentions of mankind: the earnest exhortation to the young not to spit across the table, not to clean your teeth with your knife, or rub your back against a pillar when it itches. We feel we are at the true birth of good manners. The lack of hygiene in the early stages of civility brought up all sorts of problems which no longer trouble well-mannered men. Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV was splendid, pompous, ceremonious and shockingly insanitary.

Sir Harold holds truly that consideration for others is the foundation of good manners and good behavior. This being so, good manners exact something more than ordinary kindness, and cannot do without some degree of sensibility and imagination. There are fortunate people who seem to have been born with a natural courtesy and have added to it a refinement of human understanding which merely expresses more perfectly their original disposition. They are the flower of manners. On others manners seem to dangle loosely like an ill-fitting overcoat. On others still they fit so tightly that they shut out any spontaneous impulse of good will. The heart rebounds from them. It was considered to be ill-mannered at one time, Sir Harold says, to laugh loudly in company. That was a barbarous regulation, and summons up a gallery of silently, secretly smiling faces: a most sinister picture. There are also

the manners assumed for the long and laborious climb up the social scale, the most pathetically detestable of all: manners perverted from their fundamental nature.

Sir Harold deals chiefly with Greek, Roman, early Christian, medieval, German, French and English manners. I think he is a little unfair to the early Christians, the conventions of chivalry and the French in general. But on all the others he is wise and illuminating. He writes from his experience of many countries and many classes, and from his reading, which is both wide and curious. His book is not only informative and entertaining, but is a contribution to our knowledge of human life, and the measures which various civilizations have taken to give it a form and a style.

Faith in Freedom

THE SECRET OF DEMOCRACY.

By Suzanne Labin. The Vanguard Press. \$5.

By Alan Barth

"FREEDOM is not an end in itself, but a *means* of advancing. Its highest value rests on the fact it is a tool, not an achievement." This is the central thesis of Suzanne Labin's fervent, reasoned defense of democracy. It appears to be "the secret of democracy" insofar as she offers any definition of her title. In point of fact, it is a vital secret, not fully understood even by democrats and frequently forgotten in these times when any form of individual freedom is likely to be considered a peril to national security.

But freedom, as Mme. Labin makes plain, is an asset, not a liability—from the point of view of the society possessing it no less than from the point of view of its individual members. It is not a luxury to be enjoyed only in untroubled times but a source of stability and strength, needed most and most urgently in times of stress.

The great virtue of Mme. Labin's book lies in its patient, rational examination and dissection of the indictments which Fascists and Communists have leveled at democracy—that democracy is stagnant and

ALAN BARTH is the author of *Government by Investigation*.

EDWIN MUIR, the Scottish poet, novelist and critic, is now lecturing at Harvard University.

totalitarianism dynamic, that democracy is corrupt and essentially weaker than dictatorship, that partisan politics obscures the national interest in democratic states, that political democracy without social democracy is a delusion, that the common people are too ignorant to be capable of self-government.

To the refutation of these charges, Mme. Labin brings passion, eloquence and wit. Her book flashes with phrases which one is tempted to call Gallic; but they have been translated from the French so effectively and so colloquially by Otto E. Albrecht that they seem altogether native. Replying to the totalitarian accusation that democracies are corrupt because they are demonstrably imperfect, she observes: "Our democracy is not rotten because an official has taken a bribe, any more than a girl is a prostitute because she has had a lover." Of authoritarian inflexibility, she says: "A totalitarian accepts his opinion as Cyrano did his nose; the more repulsive it is, the less he brooks criticism of it." Regarding the doctrinaire bases of totalitarianism, she remarks: "Universal keys, unitary theories and infallible doctrines are only pretentious ways of remaining in ignorance. By banishing doubt, they quench inquiry and inflame intolerance. The cult of transcendent causes has followed a career that begins with the absolute and ends with the revolver."

Mme. Labin loathes communism—and, indeed, every form of tyranny. And most of all she loathes the pietistic pretense which leads apologists for communism to equate racial discrimination and isolated lynchings of Negroes in the United States with slave labor camps and political purges in the Soviet Union: "In the case of the United States, it is anonymous outbreaks in which only the lowest members of society secretly indulge; in the USSR, it is an immense river of blood spilled in broad daylight by the supermen of society."

Mme. Labin is not uncritical of the defects of democracy. But she has a vibrant faith in the capacity of the democratic process to remedy the defects. Such faith is rare enough in these days when so many vociferous patriots are striving to defend democracy by emulating totalitarian techniques. Therefore her book is heartening and refreshing.

May 5, 1956

Theatre

Harold Clurman

I WAS utterly absorbed by and thoroughly enjoyed Samuel Beckett's already famous *Waiting for Godot* (Golden). It is necessary to begin this way—it is not usually important for a reviewer to express so bald a reaction—because much abstruse and quite simple nonsense will probably be written apropos of this play.

But even if I did not like the play, I should still admire it. I have my reservations, yet I think it a masterpiece. But should it prove not to be a masterpiece, I should still insist on its importance. This is no paradox; I am merely suggesting that there are various ways of viewing the play—all of them relevant.

It is a poetic harlequinade—tragicomic as the traditional Commedia dell'Arte usually was: full of horse play, high spirits, cruelty and a great wistfulness. Though the content is intellectual to a degree, the surface, which is at once terse, rapid and prolix in dialogue, is very much like a minstrel show or vaudeville turn.

The form is exactly right for what Beckett wishes to convey. Complete disenchantment is at the heart of

the play, but Beckett refuses to honor this disenchantment by a serious demeanor. Since life is an incomprehensible nullity enveloped by colorful patterns of fundamentally absurd and futile activities (like a clown's habit clothing a corpse), it is proper that we pass our time laughing at the spectacle.

We pass the time, Beckett tells us, waiting for a meaning that will save us—save us from the pain, ugliness, emptiness of existence. Perhaps the meaning is God, but we do not know Him. He is always promised us but he never recognizably appears. Our life is thus a constant waiting, always essentially the same, till time itself ceases to have significance or substance. "I can't go on like this" man forever cries; to which the reply is "That's what you think." "What'll we do? What'll we do?" man repeatedly wails. The only answer given—apart from suicide, which is reticently hinted at—is to wait: "In the meantime let us try to converse calmly, since we are incapable of keeping silent."

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Frankly . . .

We think you would like to know specifically what the Fund is doing. We therefore are printing on the opposite page a list of some of the grants the Fund has made. For reasons of space, the list is far from complete; but we think you will agree that the record is an eloquent one.

Because it is our policy to fight cases all the way through, and since the Fund receives new appeals every day, we are making this urgent plea for contributions. Many of the cases we support are on appeal to higher courts and to the U. S. Supreme Court; and substantial funds are needed to help finance these appeals. It is our hope that you and other democratic-minded Americans will contribute your utmost to this Fund to defend our traditional freedoms.

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Bill of Rights Fund Grants

A Partial List of Recipients...

Except in six cases (economic aid and civil liberties education, not listed here) all grants made by the Fund have been for legal expenses. Most of the cases are summarized according to issues.

First Amendment Cases

DR. LLOYD BARENBLATT, former Vassar College teacher, and DR. HORACE CHANDLER DAVIS, formerly at Michigan U, indicted for contempt of Congress for refusal to testify before House Un-American Activities Committee. Barenblatt's case on appeal.

DR. LEON J. KAMIN, formerly of Harvard, McCarthy Committee witness, acquitted of contempt charge in December 1955.

WILLIAM PRICE, Newspaper Guild member questioned by Eastland Subcommittee; subsequently dismissed from his Daily News job.

MR. AND MRS. HERMAN LIVE-RIGHT and four other witnesses subpoenaed by Eastland Subcommittee in New Orleans in 1956.

Fifth Amendment Cases

LEO SHEINER, Miami, Fla., first attorney disbarred for pleading Fifth Amendment. Won his case in Florida Supreme Court, but is again faced with disbarment, this time for alleged Communism.

PROF. BARROWS DUNHAM, formerly of Temple U., Un-American Activities Committee witness, indicted for contempt, acquitted in 1955.

Religious Freedom Grants

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, Los Angeles, a test case of Calif. Levering Act requiring loyalty oaths from religious institutions as a condition of tax exemption. Oath considered a violation of First Amendment provision separating church and state.

VERN DAVIDSON, Nat. Secy., Young Socialist League, jailed for three years when his conscientious objector plea was denied.

Internal Security Act of 1950 (McCarran Act)

JEFFERSON SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, N. Y. C., for appeal from an order of the Subversive Activities Control Board to register as a "Communist front" under this Act.

Smith Act

ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG and GEORGE BLAKE CHARNEY, New York Communist leaders, for legal expenses in new trial granted after Harvey Matusow confessed he testified falsely against them.

CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT, Illinois Communist leader, and JUNIUS SCALES, North Carolina, first defendants convicted under Smith Act membership clause. Both have appealed to U. S. Supreme Court.

State Sedition Laws

STEVE NELSON. A grant for an amicus curiae brief, and another grant for direct legal defense of Nelson, Communist leader convicted in 1952 for violating Pennsylvania's Sedition Act. The State Supreme Court's reversal of Nelson's conviction was affirmed by U. S. Supreme Court, which decided, 6-3, that prosecutions for sedition are exclusively the jurisdiction of Federal Government.

MR. AND MRS. CARL BRADEN and LEWIS LUBKA, of Louisville, Ky., indicted in 1954 with four other defendants under the State's hitherto untested sedition act. Braden was tried, found guilty and sentenced to 15 years and a \$5,000 fine. Case on appeal.

U. S. Army Undesirable Discharges

EIGHT SOLDIERS, for a suit to enjoin Army from giving them undesirable discharges for alleged subversive activities prior to induction.

Immunity Act of 1954

WILLIAM LUDWIG ULLMANN and EDWARD J. FITZGERALD, for test cases challenging constitutionality of Immunity Act, which undermines Fifth

Amendment by offering witnesses immunity from prosecution to compel testimony. Ullmann's case reached U.S. Supreme Court, which in March 1956 upheld constitutionality of Immunity Act, 7-2.

U. S. Attorney General's List of Subversive Organizations

NATIONAL LAWYERS GUILD, for a case testing constitutionality of this arbitrary list.

REBECCA PETERS, for a suit against New York Housing Authority, testing constitutionality of the Gwinn Amendment, which bars members of organizations on Attorney General's list from tenancy in federally-aided housing projects. Mrs. Peters won her case.

Passport Suits

DR. OTTO NATHAN, executor of Albert Einstein estate, who brought one of first court suits for a passport. After long legal fight, Dr. Nathan obtained his passport.

DR. JEROME DAVIS, sociologist-teacher, whose application for a passport for travel to Far East was eventually granted.

Other Grants

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH, AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION, for general legal defense work. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BRANCH, ACLU, for similar work.

EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES COMMITTEE, for legal aid fund.

JAMES KUTCHER, legless veteran, for a suit to regain his job in Veterans Administration, which dismissed him because of his membership in Socialist Workers Party (Trotskyite). Suit is still in the courts.

JAMES A. HUTCHIN, Socialist Labor Party member, for a suit asking damages from Rohr Aircraft Corp., which discharged him for distributing Socialist Labor Party pamphlets.

ABRAM FLAXER, for appeal from his contempt of Congress conviction resulting from refusal to produce for Senate Internal Security Subcommittee the names of 30,000 members of United Public Workers Union.

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trate in almost childlike images of the contemporary European—particularly French—mood of despair, a distorted mirror reflection of the impasse and disarray of Europe's present politics, ethic, and common way of life? If this play is generally difficult for Americans to grasp as anything but an exasperatingly crazy concoction, it is because there is no immediate point of reference for it in the conscious life of our people.

Art, someone has said, is the articulation of an experience. Beckett's experience is almost commonplace by now to the middle-class European *intelligentsia* and valid by virtue of that fact alone—and his expression of it is sharply witty, inventive, theatrically compact. (He uses even boredom as a means of entertainment.) Yet the play may be said to be too long, too simple, too clear, too symmetrical a fairy tale, because it is an abstraction. Abstract art, it often occurs to me, is far too logical and direct as compared to the more "realistic" art. We see through too soon to its meaning. *Hamlet* is in many ways still a puzzle to us, because its abstract significance is part of the complex stuff of its material, which being humanly concrete must be somewhat elusive. In *Waiting for Godot*, almost everything is named. When abstraction is so clear, our attention weakens. As soon as we perceive the play's design everything else appears superogatory.

Finally, I do not accept what *Waiting for Godot* says. When it is over my innermost being cries out "taint so." We all, at times, feel as Beckett does (so much, alas, in the contemporary world gives us reason to do so), but in the sum of everyday living we give this mood the lie. Beckett is what in modern times we call a genius: he has built a cosmos out of the awareness of a passing moment. But what saves humanity is its mediocrity: its persistence in becoming wholly involved in the trivia of day-to-day physical concerns out of which arise all our struggles and aspirations, even to the most exalted level. It is this "stupid" appetite for life, this crass identity with it; which is its glory, sometimes called divine.

I can imagine a number of different ways of staging the play. Herbert Berghof's way of doing it is admirably understanding of its dual aspect: the farcical and the pathetic.

I missed certain depths of feeling and poetic exaltation, a certain anguished purity which the play may have, but I am not at all sure that this lack should be ascribed to the play's direction. Even so, Bert Lahr

(a true and wonderful clown with a face that conveys all), E. G. Marshall, Alvin Epstein and the others are remarkably good—and likely to improve with further playing. All in all, a memorable evening.

Films

Robert Hatch

ALTHOUGH by now as much ■ myth as the Cardiff giant, Primo Carnera is still in splendid health and primitive high spirits. That, I think, is the salient point of interest in Carol Reed's *A Kid for Two Farthings*. This Wolf Mankowitz story is commercial sentimentality—easy tears and concentrated sugar on the surface, but at heart cold and contrived. Reed has made a mawkish, calculated picture of it, exploiting the child lead, a six-year-old named Jonathan Ashmore, for his china-doll prettiness and apparently ■ not caring that he is little more communicative than ■ china doll.

The kid of the title is a baby goat with a deformed single horn; the boy buys it in the belief that it is a unicorn and can work miracles. One of the miracles is that Carnera, cast in his real-life role of professional wrestler, should be beaten in ■ grudge fight by one of those curly-headed weightlifters whose pictures appear on the covers of health magazines. This comes to pass, in a scene of revolting but phony brutality, and all Petticoat Lane (a pretty London slum) rejoices at the chain of happy events that follows. The color is gaudy; the tone is cute—a long fall from *The Fallen Idol*, where Reed worked with the inventions and insights of Graham Greene.

IF PICTURES could be opposites of one another, then *Lovers and Lollipops* would be the opposite of *A Kid for Two Farthings*. It is unpretentious, honest and above contrivance, and its plain little girl is brilliantly eloquent. *Lovers and Lollipops* is by Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin, who earlier made *The Little Fugitive*. They have developed a spare and effective style which resembles, but is not the same as, the documentary. It is as though a very-talented amateur photographer had

taken a concentrated sequence of snapshots of a few people and arranged them in an album to tell a story. The photography is remarkable only in that it is surpassingly explicit and the performers do not so much act as assume poses that reveal as clearly and completely as possible the implications of a particular moment in the developing situation.

This gives the movie a somewhat static quality and there are moments also when the camera seems to run on because the action happens to be composing well, and not because the footage is adding much to the story. Each scene is edited for itself, not for the picture as a whole. On the other hand, the story has an intimacy and a credibility only rarely achieved by conventional means. I suspect that this artless art has a limited vocabulary, that it is no real substitute for the rich rhetoric of the theatre and would soon become a cliché. But as an experiment in naturalism it is most winning.

The picture concerns a widow (Lori March) and her little girl (Cathy Dunn), who one summer meet a young fellow (Gerald O'Loughlin) on leave from his business. They wander about New York together—The Museum of Modern Art, Central Park, The Statue of Liberty, one of the nearby beaches. The man and woman fall in love; the little girl is acutely watching, sharply testing for her place in this new love. There is a flare-up, the chance of happiness is almost missed, but in the end the three come together and become a family. It is not a memorable story, but it is a charming one and presented with real affection for the awkwardness and sweetness of human relations.

READERS who think they have exhausted the possibilities of the can-can are invited to see what Jean

Renoir has done with the dance. *French Cancan* is a bright and foolish musical comedy, run up with some wit and performed at top speed and a flirt of the skirts. Jean Gabin, a little jaded, plays the original impresario of the Moulin Rouge; Françoise Arnoul is the prettiest of his protégées. The picture makes the preposterous assumption that Montmartre at the turn of the century was the abode of happy-go-lucky innocence and the music lilts out a child-like gaiety.

But it is the dance itself, which brings the picture to a whirling,

abandoned conclusion, that you will remember. It is a ridiculously obvious dance, requiring energy and suppleness, but almost no talent. Renoir has staged it (with what historical authority I do not know) in a section cleared of the customers' little tables, and it turns almost at once into an erotic rout, with screaming, high-kicking girls being caught and flung into the air by silk-hatted sports. It sounds messy, but it looks joyous and proud of its animal strength. The French have an unrivaled gift for treating sex as a clean joke.

Music

B. H. Haggin

WHEN Oistrakh played Mozart's Violin Concerto K.219 with the New York Philharmonic I noted the tone that was made over-rich by vibrato and the phrasing that was made over-expressive by swells and portamento, as against the pure tone and simple sustained phrasing of the performance on Period 590, which he recorded in Russia a few years ago. I now find similar differences between his performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto on Angel 35162, which he recorded in 1954 with the Stockholm Festival Orchestra under Ehrling, and the earlier Russian one on Concert Hall 1303: the elaborating inflection of phrase in the more recent performance at times seems to me excessive for Beethoven, and the occasional portamento slide and archness I don't like in any music.

I have also heard Milstein's performance of this concerto with the Pittsburgh Symphony under Steinberg on Capitol P-8313; and Milstein's leaner tone and simpler phrasing, his quiet lyricism and general distinction, make this one of the finest performances of the work I can recall.

The continence of tone, phrasing and style of Oistrakh's Russian performances of the Mozart and Beethoven concertos is heard in his beautiful playing in Bach's Concerto in E with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, on Columbia ML-5087. The record also offers an excellent performance of Bach's Concerto in A minor by Isaac Stern in

his more vigorous style; and the two violinists play admirably an arrangement of Vivaldi's Concerto Op. 3 No. 8 from *L'Estro Armonico*, in which the finale is replaced by an unidentified movement from another work. In these performances it is the Philadelphia strings, as conducted by Ormandy, that sound heavy and over-rich.

Two years ago I reported a Town Hall performance of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* by the Virtuosi di Roma in which the extraordinary string-playing and superb musical style rose to exciting incandescence. The performance is no less incandescent and exciting now on Victor LHMV-26, and makes this one of the outstanding records of the year.

Similar brilliant string-playing and musical style, with interesting differences in tempo and phrasing, are heard in the performance of *The Four Seasons* by I Musici on Epic LC-3216. I would want both performances; but if I had to choose one I would decide for the Virtuosi.

Neither the transparent and sharply defined string tone from these two small groups of real virtuosos, nor the sharply detailed inflection to which the tone lends itself, is heard in the performance of *The Four Seasons* by the strings of the London Philharmonia Orchestra under Carlo Maria Giulini, on Angel 35216. But with the more voluminous rich sound of the large group of strings and the musical taste of

Giulini's operation it is a beautiful performance of its kind; and it is given additional musical life, interest and effectiveness by Thurston Dart's unusually inventive realization of the continuo part on the harpsichord.

Serkin does some of his better—less crude and violent—playing in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, on Columbia ML-5037 (with the Concerto No. 2); but he never comes anywhere near Schnabel's playing on Victor LCT-1131, which is some of the most beautiful he ever recorded—relaxed, spacious, lovely in sound, with the old art in salient outlining and articulating of phrase newly refined and subtilized, the total effect one of matured clarification. I should warn



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that this post-war Schnabel record-
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Schnabel's art in inflection and
articulation of phrase was nowhere
more effective than in Mozart's con-
certos; and one hears nothing re-
motely like it in Backhaus's colorless
playing in the Concerto K.595 on
London LL-1282 (with the Sonata
K.331). The performance with the
Vienna Philharmonic also suffers
from Böhm's sluggish pacing of the
first movement.

Mozart's almost never played Pi-
ano Concertos K.414 and 415 are
minor specimens of the genre, of
which the first has only a moderately
engaging Andante movement, but
the second has in addition a few in-
teresting moments at the end of the
exposition and beginning of the de-
velopment in the first movement,
and an affecting episode in minor
that occurs twice in the finale. In the
performances on Epic LC-3214 van
Otterloo provides good orchestral
contexts with the Vienna Symphony
for playing by de Groot that is bru-
tally percussive in the Allegros but
more agreeable and musically effec-
tive in the Andantes.

Alexei Haieff's building up of sus-
tained tension with explosive osti-
nato figures in his Piano Concerto is
no mere imitation of Stravinsky: the
ideas he works with are his own, and
the work he produces with them is
as individual as it is arresting. It is
played well on EMG E-3243 by
Sondra Bianca and the Hamburg
Philharmonia under Hans-Jürgen
Walther; and on the same record
are good performances by Leo Smit
of Haieff's *Five Pieces for Piano* and
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but of a weekly appearance of the old
master mentalist, who will perform
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HONEST IN THE RAIN (CBS; U. S.
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Theatre Guild production.

Saturday, May 12

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will give this beloved music the pres-
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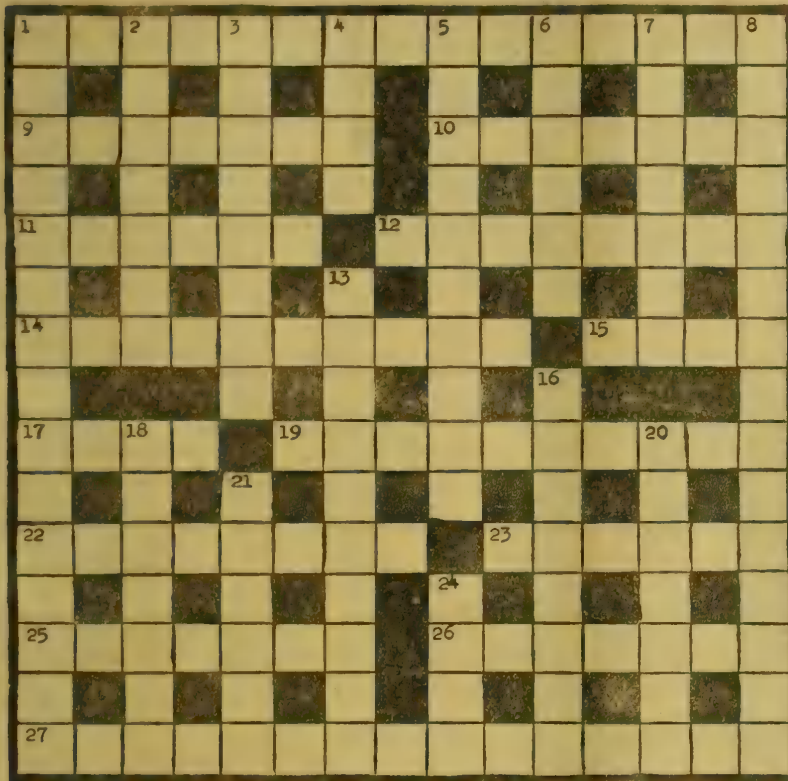
WORLD MUSIC FESTIVALS (CBS).
Start of the fourth summer season of
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merung," with Kirsten Flagstad, in a
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music commentator.

A. W. L.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 670

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 She counts it paid, being somewhat simple. (15)
- 9 Not an act of the faithful. (7)
- 10 Perhaps with a degree of stytic applied to a ball of fire in turn. (7)
- 11 It's only the beginning! (6)
- 12 The famous flow in the turbulent Dee, with unpredictable behavior. (8)
- 14 Puts a surcharge on postage stamps, perhaps. (10)
- 15 The flow of 17. (4)
- 17 Evidently there's a broken bit of glass in back. (4)
- 19 An unruly man in court would hardly be expected to wax emotional (10)
- 22 One of these might make his mark in the list of runners. (8)
- 23 The duties of government. (6)
- 25 Reputedly no detours in flight. (3-4)
- 26 Where one might resort to a tail-twisting? (7)
- 27 Implying other than a court manner. (15)

DOWN

- 1 It's hard to say such things, but Uncle Abe is a trifle uncertain about you, for example. (15)
- 2 Things are looking up, instead of duty being done. (7)
- 3 A number finally would make ■

speech of invective out of place. (8)

- 4 A simple description could be made in a rather useless manner. (4)
- 5 Marked by the passage of trains on it? (10)
- 6 There's a reason for such things, but if we got upset it might be less pressing. (6)
- 7 No agent would be so welcome to a shipping firm. (7)
- 8 Certainly not in the manner of the civil service. (15)
- 13 In the course of the evening, this might allow you some discrimination. (6,4)
- 16 The sort of hair a man of title manufactured. (8)
- 18 An administrative officer has to be almost flawless. (7)
- 20 Putting a quartet (or even a half-dozen) in the test wouldn't be very important. (7)
- 21 Hunking? (6)
- 24 It's a town in Piedmont. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 669

ACROSS: 1 GONE TO SEED; ■ CERE; 10 LETTISH; 11 TOWPATH; 12, 26 and 8 down PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION; 13 THUMB; 15 URGES; 17 CAMEMBERT; 19 TELLTALES; 21 RATIO; 23 ELVER; 24 THEOREMS; 27 ENTRAIN; 28 GALLANT; 29 TASK; 30 CORRECTION. DOWN: 1 GILL; 2 and 14 down NOTHING BUT THE BEST; 3 TWIST; 4 SPHERICAL; 5 ESTES; 7 ERASURE; 9 TWO-TIMER; 16 SATURDAY; 18 MESSENGER; 20 LEVITES; 22 TYMPANI; 24 TANGO; 25 RELIC.

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by Akira Iwasaki

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Letters

The Braasch-Sullivan Case

Dear Sirs: Thank you for calling my attention to the article by Charles P. Larrowe on the Braasch-Sullivan case in the April 14 issue. Your article states: "Shortly after the defendants were sentenced, Sullivan's mother came to Utah to ask the governor's help in seeing that her son was vigorously represented in an appeal. The governor recommended a Wally Sandack, a prominent Salt Lake attorney, and he was appointed by the court."

It is true that the relatives of Braasch and Sullivan asked my aid in the appointment of additional counsel to represent these young men, but my part in making this appointment has been misrepresented. After receiving the request from the relatives, I asked the Utah State Bar Association to submit the names of attorneys who would be available for appointment as additional counsel. In reply I received the names of five Salt Lake City attorneys and I immediately conveyed their names to the court having jurisdiction. The court thereupon appointed two of the attorneys as additional counsel, one being Mr. Sandack. At no time did I recommend an attorney by name or make any appointment of an attorney; I merely served as a go-between.

Mr. Larrowe's article, along with its errors, tended to minimize the brutality of the murder and to eulogize the opinion of one jurist whose views were at odds with all other jurists who heard this case, including the five members of the Utah Supreme Court and the three members of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals. His article seemed to say that it was unfortunate these young men did not have a lawyer sooner because then it might have been possible for the truth to have been suppressed in which case the defendants could have gone scot-free.

J. BRACKEN LEE
Governor of Utah

Dear Sirs: Since I appeared in this case as one of counsel for the sovereign state of Utah, I feel constrained to make a short comment as to the article you have published.

Let me say that I think the article does a disservice to the people of Utah and to any person who may read this distorted account of the Braasch and Sullivan case. The article also is, in my considered opinion, uncompensatory to the judicial processes of the state of Utah and of the nation.

In the first place, the entire article was colored in its presentation in favor

of the lawbreakers who offended the peace and dignity of this state by the commission of a most wanton, heinous and senseless crime. There was nothing in the evidence to show or even indicate that Mr. Manzione, their victim, resisted their attack upon him. The culprits were not picked up and booked by the Las Vegas police on suspicion of a burglary committed in California. Their involvement in the crime at Beaver, Utah, was not brought about from a bulletin received in the police station at Las Vegas; there was no threatening crowd of townspeople carrying guns at the re-enactment of the crime, and there is no reason whatsoever to believe that Braasch and Sullivan were not vigorously represented by their counsel. Nor is it true that counsel was not appointed until the trial began in Beaver, Utah. Nor is it true that the Judge relented and moved the trial to the neighboring town of Parowan. The trial of the case was moved from Beaver, Utah, to Parowan, Utah, upon the ground and for the reason that women had been excluded from the jury panel drawn from Beaver County.

When Mr. Charles P. Larrowe writes of the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals, and I quote: "The higher federal court, confronted with the uncomfortable possibility that if it upheld Ritter, the convicted men might go free, reversed his decision," he is certainly exhibiting his disrespect for and doing a high injustice to that august body of greatly respected jurists. Such a statement is nothing more than an uncalled for inference that the courts of this land seek not to do justice as they see and know it, but that they act only to attain a desired result. Factually, nothing could be further from the truth.

WALTER L. BUDGE
Assistant Attorney General of Utah

Mr. Larrowe's Reply

Dear Sirs: I am disappointed that the response of Governor Lee and Assistant Attorney General Budge to my article was primarily to question my reporting rather than to discuss the basic issue—the propriety of executing Braasch and Sullivan when there is honest dispute over whether they were deprived of their constitutional rights.

Specifically, Governor Lee objects that his role in the case was misrepresented. If the wording I used was unfair to the governor, it was unintentional. I was attempting to show that as the chief executive of the state, Governor Lee's conduct had been im-

peccable; he had done all he could to ensure that when the two indigent defendants appealed their conviction they would have the best available counsel. Mr. Budge's specific objections are in a different category. Although he accuses me of misstating the facts, Mr. Budge really has no quarrel with me; his quarrel is with the decisions of the Utah Supreme Court (229 P. 2d 289) and the United States District Court (126 F. Supp. 564), for these documents were the source of the facts he objects to.

The other points raised in the letters are matters of opinion on which we are in basic disagreement.

CHARLES P. LARROWE
Salt Lake City, Utah

[Commutation has been denied in the Braasch-Sullivan case and the two youths are scheduled to be executed this month.—THE EDITORS].

DeVoto Papers Sought

Dear Sirs: Stanford University has become the depository of the library and the papers of Bernard DeVoto. The collection will be of maximum use to scholars and historians if all those who have DeVoto correspondence will make it available to Stanford. A letter to the Office of the Director, Stanford University Libraries, Stanford, California, concerning any such correspondence will be answered with alacrity and gratitude.

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The Shape of Things

GM and the General Welfare

The characterization by the Senate Judiciary subcommittee in its 119-page report on General Motors that the company's profits are "extremely high" is eloquent understatement. GM did not make a mere billion dollars in profits after taxes last year, as everyone has been told; there was an "overage" of \$189,477,000 which the newspapers, liking round figures, forgot to mention. This overage is more than the profits made by Bethlehem Steel, Kennecott Copper or Union Carbide and Carbon. It is twice as large as the profit of the largest glass company and three times as much as that of the largest rubber company. Indeed, the combined profits of such companies as Philip Morris, Quaker Oats, Philco, Armstrong Cork, American Sugar Refining, Colgate-Palmolive and Scott Paper fell short of the margin by which GM exceeded a billion dollars in profits last year. A final comparison: GM's profits last year were more than the total profits of all corporations in the food-manufacturing industries, that is, of all meat, dairy, beverage, grain, bakery, canned foods and other food-product corporations put together. Last year's profits, after taxes, was 31 per cent of GM's capital investment.

These facts should incite feelings of compassion rather than of envy for GM's management. Doubtless management would have preferred to report a less spectacular figure—a billion dollars after taxes was certain to invite envy, investigation, protest. Even management's special interest in the price of GM stock would not be likely to interfere with its long-range appraisal of company policy. The truth is that GM faces a serious dilemma. The same newspapers that carried stories of the subcommittee's report announced that American Motors had suffered a loss of \$3,500,000 for the second fiscal quarter and that Studebaker-Packard is being cut in for a larger share of defense contracts. If GM were to cut prices, it would probably put its remaining "token" competitors out of business; raising wages might have the same effect.

Too Big for the Law?

And GM's dilemma is shared by the subcommittee, which decided to delay release of its comprehensive report on anti-trust enforcement because a majority of its members felt that the recommendations were not "tough enough." But would any strengthening of the

anti-trust laws cope with the problems suggested by the subcommittee's special report on GM? The fact is that the real industrial giants of our day exhibit characteristics—*independence of capital markets, separation of ownership from control, absence of risk, ability to control prices and profits*—which justify the assertion that we are confronted by a new form of business organization. Management's concern with the problems which this new type of business organization presents should be as intense as the public's, for it could turn out to be true that what is bad for the rest of the country, could, in time, be very bad indeed for the great industrial empires of today.

Uncle Sam: Straight Man

One of the reasons this magazine favors a policy of competitive coexistence is that we would like to see Washington offer Moscow some competition for a change; better competition than a kind of unconscious and embittered collaboration which injures us and helps them. With the Soviets winning sweet editorial commendation for recent statements in their law journals condemning "trial by confession," we proceed to make three entirely unnecessary fumbles.

GIs, we are told, will no longer be answerable for the political beliefs of their cousins, aunts and sweethearts; but the favorable effect of the announcement is promptly countered by the dour postscript that armed-service personnel remain accountable for their own personal political beliefs and opinions no matter how exemplary their service records may be. The Department of Justice announces, after long meditation, that it will not appeal the decision of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals invalidating the screening procedures used by the Coast Guard. The sighs of relief and murmurs of approval are nearly universal. Then the Coast Guard proceeds to promulgate new rules which are nearly as unfair as the old and which put this branch of service in the unenviable position of appearing to evade the court's decision. A Presidential committee recommends that a scientist's loyalty should not bar him from government grants on unclassified material; in other words, it is suggested that scientists who may have contributed to the Scottsboro defense in the middle 1930's should be permitted to engage in research, financed in part by Public Health Service grants, on such projects as the cure and treatment of measles and the common cold. But almost before the ink is dry on the editorial hurrahs which greeted this modest proposal, Senator Eastland says "nix" to the

whole idea. Professor Igor Kurchatov wins world-wide applause for the fullness and frankness of his remarkable address to the British nuclear scientists at Harwell. "I believe," states Dr. Donald J. Hughes, senior physicist at Brookhaven National Laboratory, "that he covered as much as 80 per cent of the total Russian effort in this field." But the same week finds Dr. Hughes and other American scientists pleading in Washington for

greater freedom in the exchange of scientific data. "The Russians," Dr. Hughes rather sadly concluded, "have really stolen the show." So they have. But they would steal less of the show if we were to compete with them instead of continuing to set up situations which they skillfully exploit. Nowadays they have become so confident we will fumble each new play as it unfolds that they act in anticipation of our blunders.

POINT IV FOR AMERICA

Foreign Aid Begins at Home . . by Edgar Snow

SINCE the Communist Party's Twentieth Congress, and indications that the Kremlin may soon house a Third International Chamber of Commerce, serious doubts have shaken Administration convictions that military alliances are enough to save the world from communism. "Increased economic aid abroad"—especially in under-developed Asia and Africa—has become the new panacea for foreign-policy malaise. In March, President Eisenhower called for a doubled foreign-aid appropriation of nearly five billion dollars. By April he was admitting that "arms alone would not prevent vital sections of the world from falling prey to Communist subversion." As this goes to press, the Secretary of State is conferring in Paris with Allied ministers engaged in the grand attempt to "search out new ways" of economic collaboration to save NATO from what Dulles has called a "tendency to dry up."

Any genuine appreciation of the important role of productive aid to backward countries is, however belated, always welcome news. In these columns last year I tried to analyze the nature of the new challenge of competitive coexistence (*The Na-*

tion, October 22 and 29, and November 12). I suggested that to meet it, the West would be obliged to speed up independence in remaining colonies, and hasten the industrialization of Asia and Africa. *The Nation* has, of course, for years contended that arms exports alone could never change basic conditions which provoke nationalist and Communist-led revolutions in our era.

HOWEVER, a word of caution is needed for new recruits to this view. In the long run, gifts of machines and credits cannot in themselves guarantee that beneficiary nations will eschew communism and fascism and embrace the "moderation" of American capitalism. The machine is endowed with no magical power to distinguish between ideologies; it is neutral. What may decide the choice for people in the gray areas is the pertinence of the experiences of the two main systems to their special problems of "industrial integration." The extent to which the Soviet world and the West—especially the United States—solve the great social and cultural as well as the economic dilemmas now more or less common to all countries, and to which each develops lessons easily applicable elsewhere, may determine which system is most copied and hereafter prevails.

EDGAR SNOW, veteran foreign correspondent, is the author of *Red Star Over China*, *Pattern of Soviet Power* and other books. A three-part editorial he wrote for *The Nation's* issues of October 22 and 29 and November 12, 1955, has just been awarded a prize in the Second National Peace Contest sponsored by Lawrence S. Mayers of New York.

Competitive coexistence is not just a matter of persuading coy Cambodians to take dollars rather than rubles or yuan. It is a matter also of developing attractive alternatives to revolutionary extremes—alternatives which not only arouse admira-

tion but which can be emulated by nations in a hurry. And all backward nations are in a hurry—or ought to be.

YET when we consider the relatively simple domestic problems this country has not even begun to face, much less to solve, it does not seem that we have as much to teach Point Four "heathens"—aside from the use of tools and technique—as many of us like to think. We suffer from a severe poverty of new ideas in internal polity, or what might be called "constitutional evolution." Our mythology of "private enterprise" and "free economy" consistently frustrates attempts to develop democratic variants to our real system, which is, of course, Corporate Giganticus. Since the war we have in this respect even retrogressed in the eyes of Europe and Asia. An obvious example is the effort to sweep TVA into the trashcan or at least behind the door. Similarly, the surrender to private corporations of federal rights in atomic energy developed at enormous collective cost to the people, and the recent transfer to private hands of billions of dollars worth of federally-owned oil and mining rights, are anachronisms which belong to the era of the robber barons. They can offer no viable pattern for modern Europe and New Asia.

We are not the only "advanced" nation suffering from obsessive racialism and color neuroses, but we are among the last officially to admit it and to legalize cures for the malady. In benighted Russia racial discrimination, which existed for centuries

and could not be wiped out in a generation or two, nevertheless has been largely suppressed (with some few startling exceptions) under Soviet rule. After only a few years of independence India was able to end centuries-old caste discriminations which had excluded pariahs even from the temples. Yet recently, while the world watched some of our Southern states conspire to violate the federal law—not to mention basic human law—the Democratically-controlled Senate irresponsibly chose Senator Eastland as chairman of its powerful Judiciary Committee—which passes on appointees to the Supreme Court!

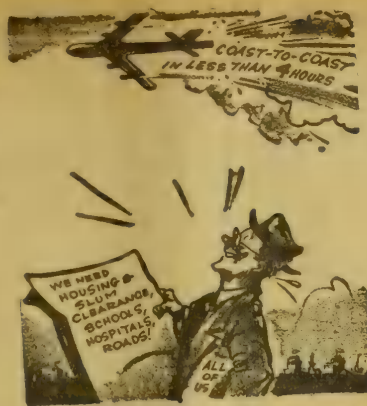
We are still the richest country by far, enjoying our greatest boom and our highest income. But economically less well-endowed nations may have trouble duplicating our prosperity formula and on close examination may choose to avoid it. For at its center is a continuous state subsidy of the arms market, which has absorbed more than 300 billion dollars in production of war goods and services since 1947. In the same period the American people have also been relieved of about sixty billions for "foreign aid."

STUDENTS from abroad may note that despite unprecedented prosperity we still have in the United States millions of people of all ages with incomes below the minimum here regarded as necessary to maintain a satisfactory standard of health. According to a recent Franklin D. Roosevelt Foundation study,* 19 per cent of all urban "consuming units"—24,000,000 people, more than the combined populations of Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Switzerland—live at levels "below prevailing standards of minimum adequacy." Among all substandard families, 40 per cent have children under eighteen years of age. Meanwhile the state holds billions worth of butter, potatoes, beef, pork, grain and other commodity "surpluses." But we have not been able to solve the simple equation of getting these goods from the bursting warehouses and granaries to the needy.

Our current per-capita income

*"Characteristics of the Low-Income Population and Related Federal Programs," Joint Committee on the Economic Report, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1955.

May 12, 1956



Partymiller in
York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily
"We can really do things if we want to."

figure, \$1,700 (U. S. Department of Commerce, 1954), is the highest in the world. According to that, the average family income should be about \$6,400—with the family reckoned to consist of 3.6 income-earners and dependents. But out of a total of 42,000,000 families in the United States the fact is that 14.4 per cent** have incomes of less than \$1,500 per family, 25 per cent less than \$2,500 and 47 per cent less than \$4,000. The majority receive less than \$4,500 per family, before taxes. Of the nation's 10,000,000 "unrelated individuals," censused apart from families, the majority have incomes under \$1,500 and more than 90 per cent gross less than \$4,000. We have 22,000,000 people with a per-capita income of less than \$420 per year, some 42,000,000 with a per-capita income of less than \$700, and nearly 60,000,000 with less than \$970. For about 105,000,000, the figure works out at under \$1,400 per head, before taxes. Income for all these groups would be almost halved if presented in terms of 1939 dollar-purchasing power and must be cut by about 10 per cent to compare with 1948 incomes.

Of course this still leaves us better off than anybody else, as we keep saying. But it does not leave the 105,000,000 people with gross per-capita incomes of less than \$1,400 relatively as much "better off," say,

**Cf. statistical tables on money income cited in "Characteristics," op. cit. Total population figure (1954) minus total of "unrelated individuals" gives balance of total population or consumer units in families; that remainder divided by number of families gives average of 3.64 members per family.

it leaves Harlan P. Curtice with an annual gross wage-income alone of \$800,000. Our "workable alternatives to revolutionary extremes" apparently do not yet fulfill the ideal of "to each according to his need." Nobody in public life is even talking about ways and means of solving the "surplus problem" in terms of improved human equity. No candidate I hear is advocating effective help for the ten to fifteen million children in "substandard" or low-income families to get an equal break in life and equal opportunities for culture and education.

Speaking of education, have we even advanced enough to have methods perfected now and ready for export? In some respects we most certainly have.

But let us reflect also on a few unsolved problems cited last November by Admiral Hyman Rickover, of *Nautilus* fame, and Lewis L. Strauss, of the AEC, during a panel at the Thomas Alva Edison Institute on the nation's severe shortage in trained men.

BOTH in school rooms and teachers to staff them we have fallen far behind the need, as everyone knows, owing partly to unprecedented population increases since the war. But the real crisis, already foreseeable for years past, is yet to come. Our elementary-school population jumped from 22,000,000 in 1950 to 30,000,000 in 1955. But by 1960 it will reach 46,000,000—a 68 per cent increase over 1946! By 1969, secondary-school enrollment will be at least 70 per cent above last year's level. Toward the end of the sixties the number of students seeking to enter college, even if only present percentages are maintained, will be around seven million—more than double what it is now.

Even today our school system is short 140,000 teachers. Half of all college graduates for the next ten years would be needed as teachers in order to hold onto the poor existing standards. But only one-fifth of our college graduates are going into teaching. A principal reason is, of course, that telephone operators make more money than elementary-school teachers, railroad engineers earn more than university professors and mechanics are better paid than high-school teachers. Teaching income stands at the bottom of all profes-



sions. We spend more money on comic books than on all textbooks used in elementary and secondary schools. In 1951 advertising expenditures in the United States amounted to \$199 per family as compared to \$152 per household expended for education.

According to Admiral Rickover, American industry is already short more than 40,000 engineers and needs at least 30,000 annually for years to come. In 1955, we produced 23,000 engineers—half as many as five years ago. In 1954, we needed at least 7,900 science teachers; we produced only 1,700.

TODAY 25 per cent of our high schools offer neither physics, chemistry nor geometry courses. Far from training teachers to correct this, the output has dropped by 55 per cent over the past five years, while the high-school student body grew by 16 per cent. In 1900, physics was studied by 23 per cent of all high-school pupils, but in 1955 by only 4 per cent. Fifty-two per cent of all high school students in 1900 took algebra; now it is only 27 per cent. In 1900, chemistry students were 10 per cent of the total; now they are 7 per cent. Half of our high schools offer no natural-science courses at all.

"In Russian high schools," reported Mr. Strauss, "of the study courses which every student must take, 40 per cent are in science and mathematics." He added: "Ivan is made to work much harder than our Johnny. He goes to school six days a week and [when] he completes high school he has had six years of biology, five years of physics, four years of chemistry and four years of mathematics, including trigonome-

try. I can learn of no public high school in our country where a student obtains so thorough a preparation in science and mathematics even if he seeks it—even should he be a potential Einstein." Both Strauss and Rickover are alarmed that Russia is graduating about twice as many scientists and engineers—120,000 last year—as the United States. By 1960 the total of Russian scientists and engineers will outnumber ours by four to three; by 1965 Russia and China together may have twice as many.

"IT should be a matter of national remorse," said Strauss, "that less than half of our brightest high-school students—those in the top 20 per cent—go on to college, and only 2 per cent judged capable of earning Ph.D. degrees do so." Of the top quarter of eighteen-year-olds in this country, 20 per cent do not finish high school at all and 40 per cent finish high school but do not attend college. An average of 250,000 students in the top fifth leave college after one year. The United States annually lets about half a million of its most talented young people abandon higher education, mostly for financial reasons.

Admiral Rickover recently urged that the government provide 500,000 scholarships for those qualified students in the hope of making them into scientists, engineers and teachers. At \$1,000 per scholarship, that would equal the amount Mr. Dulles this year asked Congress to add to his foreign-aid kitty to convince backward people that our system is better than any other system. Is it not an ironic commentary that this sensible suggestion of a way to save some of our best brains from becoming intellectual scrap material has to come from a naval officer rather than any major candidate for office? Preoccupied with schemes for saving the Free World by way of Bangkok, Madrid, Riyadh and Kabul, are we not neglecting some of our most valuable human resources—the proper development of which is the true best measure of any system? Must our millions of substandard and low-income families, our impoverished teachers and students, secede and become a foreign state before they can receive needed help from the federal government?

Wretchedly inadequate as the

school-aid bill now before Congress is, even that seems unlikely to pass this year. An equally immediate necessity is a large-scale Point Four program for the South—starting with Alabama and Mississippi. Earnest consideration of the economic degradation of his own state might better have engaged Senator Eastland during all that time he was spending taxpayers' money hunting for Communists in the *New York Times*.

Mississippi and Alabama have the distinction of being not only among the most backward areas in the world in their tribal attitudes toward human equality; with Arkansas, they have the lowest per-capita incomes in the Union. They have the lowest labor productivity, the lowest rural income, the lowest factory wages, the highest infant-mortality rate, the highest maternal death rate and the lowest number of hospital beds per capita. Proud of having the lowest number of foreign-born whites of any states except Arkansas and North Carolina, they also have the highest percentage of substandard-income families. In the first year of the Korean conflict, 19.2 per cent of all Selective Service registrants failed the Armed Forces Qualification Test. In the nine Southern states, 24 per cent to 58 per cent failed. Here again Mississippi and Alabama stood highest among the lowest.

THESE states certainly should be a safe area for Point Four investment. The federal government as a starter might launch an extensive program to build adequate school buildings and hospitals, and to train teachers and doctors to staff them. It would seem reasonable to devote as much to this region as we have spent on Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa, which has roughly the same number of inhabitants as Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia. That is in excess of two billion dollars. One result of such a project might be basic racial reconciliation in a heroic joint constructive effort. It could in effect add the equivalent of a whole new nation to the Free World.

George Kennan, author of the early concept of containment, has recently warned that we must expect a continued "reduction of our prestige and influence throughout the world" because of our failure "to shape our own domestic affairs to

whatever purpose we are trying to pursue in foreign relations." Effective foreign policy, in the final analysis, derives from effective domestic planning and achievement. Last week the NATO meeting was described as "fifteen foreign ministers in search of an idea." NATO's ideological poverty may trace in part to

the stagnating effects of the cold war itself—particularly its overemphasis on the arms panacea—on the internal social and political life of its members. Notably in the case of the United States, it exposes our present fear of economic and social innovation and our failure to create modern methods of some universal util-

ity. Until we succeed in developing more dynamic solutions to the problems of the kind discussed in this report, our neutral friends are likely to remain more skeptical of the absolute perfection of the "free-economy" system than they are of the absolute value of free American dollars.

TRADE WINDS AT GENEVA

E.C.E. Spurs Progress . . by *J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Geneva
THE ELEVENTH session of the Economic Commission for Europe, which closed late last month, was particularly well-prepared and well-timed. Secretary General Gunnar Myrdal had made a preliminary exploratory swing through Moscow, London, Paris and other capitals before the meetings opened. The last phase of the session coincided with the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit to London, which brought the question of East-West trade—ECE's main preoccupation these days—into world headlines. Before the meetings ended, even those delegates who in the past were inclined to regard every new Soviet move with profound mistrust were beginning to see the need for a more flexible approach to East-West relations.

The ECE secretariat's comprehensive report, *Economic Survey of Europe in 1955*, opened with the statement that "the year of 1955 was the second consecutive year of rapid economic expansion in Western Europe." The expansion had been achieved, the survey continued, "without any significant increases in price levels" and "with remarkably little deterioration" in the region's balance of payments with overseas areas. Not all of Western Europe profited equally from this encouraging trend, however. Sir Edward Boyle, British delegate, pointed out that because his country had started the year with full employment, it had been unable to take proper advantage of the favorable trading conditions which existed for manufacturing countries during the period.

And, in Sir Edward's opinion, this was a loss which could not be made up, for he foresaw that with most manufacturing in a state of full employment and unable to expand rapidly, this year's trade growth was not likely to be as great as last year's.

On the key point of East-West trade, the British figures for 1955 showed marked improvement over 1954. Exports to Communist countries rose from \$28,280,000 to \$64,120,000, while imports went up from \$117,040,000 to \$175,840,000. These sizeable increases, of course, were achieved in the face of the restrictions imposed by the Western embargo on the shipment of "strategic" goods to Eastern Europe.

SPEAKING for France, Maurice Faure—quoting Foreign Minister Christian Pineau—announced his country's determination to "smash down the iron and bamboo curtains wherever they may exist." Arguing that East-West trade was still much too low, he joined with his Belgian colleague, M. Larock, in a discreet reference to the "political" motives that underlay the economic stagnation. Yet there was evidence that the dynamics of trade sometimes overcome the dynamics of political conflict. Mr. M. Bartur of Israel, whose country has been in an uneasy relationship with the Communist bloc since the shipment of Czech arms to Egypt, reported trade agreements reached with Rumania, Poland and Bulgaria during the past year—agreements made possible through the good offices of the ECE. Mr. Bartur said that trade between

Israel and Eastern Europe had risen by almost 400 per cent since 1953—from \$4,200,000 to more than \$15,000,000.

Ivan Kabanov, Soviet Minister of Foreign Trade, made clear his country's hopes for large-scale trade with nations outside the Communist bloc. Looking to the future, he assured the delegates that whenever American dollar aid is brought to a close, they could turn eastward for the commodities they need to feed their growing industrial machines. He handled the immediate question of the embargo with considerable discretion, perhaps because he knew this subject was to be brought up in London shortly by his superiors (he spoke a few days before the arrival of the Soviet leaders in the British capital). Certainly he was aware of the British position; the *London Times* had been quite open on the matter, pointing out regretfully that "there is little chance for relaxing the embargo in an American election year."

Yet if Mr. Kabanov's polemics were discreet, their direction was unmistakable. Precisely because the Russians believe that world tensions have been diminishing since the Geneva conference of last July, they consider the maintenance of the embargo as a denial of American and British assurances that the West is as interested as Moscow in "competitive peaceful coexistence." The attitude of the Soviet delegation here, as well as what has happened in London, has convinced most European leaders that Moscow is on the threshold of a drive to get the embargo

lifted entirely or, failing that, to get it radically revised. There are those here who believe that this is the price Moscow will insist upon in return for a meaningful change of attitude on the Middle East problem.

In any case, the Russians are counting on long-term pressures to solve the trade issue to their satisfaction. They reason that, with the American Presidential election out of the way, economics will dominate the military (it has already begun to do so, as indicated by the new approach to NATO revealed in some of the recent statements by Secretary Dulles). And they see a fresh opportunity for reviewing the whole situation at another Big Four conference which they confidently predict will take place some time next year. Perhaps, too, they feel that Washington will one day come to agree with Paul G. Hoffman, chairman of the Studebaker-Packard Corporation, who last month told a New York audience that "if self-seeking lobbies, well-financed and fast-talking, continue to exert a major influence" on America's foreign-trade policy, the United States may lose the world economic struggle with the Russians.

Again on the question of the embargo, Gottfried Haberler, professor of economics at Harvard University, anticipated much of what I heard here in an article he wrote for the

Review of Politics, a publication of Notre Dame University, in January of this year. He raised the question as to whether the United States should "bring pressure upon [our] allies to keep their trade with the East at a minimum or should [we] adopt a hands-off policy"? This was his realistic answer:

A policy of withholding from Soviet countries strategic manufactured goods or raw materials is probably doomed to failure. The Communist world is too large, its economics too diversified, its armaments industries too highly developed, and there are too many neutral and neutralist countries in the world to make a trade boycott an effective weapon of economic warfare in peacetime, except perhaps for a short period in such a case of acute tension as existed during the shooting war in Korea.

Mr. Haberler could now, of course, point to Mr. Khrushchev's announcement in London that the Russians—despite the embargo—were managing to develop a guided missile with a hydrogen warhead as a confirmation of his theory.

The discussions here went beyond the European framework. Western experts admitted privately that if Communist countries, including China, can compete with the West in the purchase of almost any raw material or food product that coun-

tries like Brazil, Ceylon, Egypt and Pakistan can produce, they can also compete in the field of foreign aid and technical assistance. News dispatches over the last year make this amply evident. More recently, the Russians have indicated their readiness to assist India in building up an oil industry and have told Egypt they were prepared to assist in a search of the deserts for uranium or other atomic raw material.

WHILE the documented results of the eleventh session were procedural rather than substantial, the atmosphere it has helped to create is of great value. It proved still another instrument for disseminating the notion that cold-war competition must give way to an economic war. What is needed, it is felt here, is the imagination necessary for the creation of a genuine worldwide economic program that would contribute to peace and to the prosperity of its participants. Toward this end there must be evolved a vast plan for technical assistance under the auspices of the United Nations and a response, on similar high level, to the challenge presented by the dawning of the atomic era. The ECE, with real support from its member governments, could be of invaluable assistance in the realization of such grandiose plans.

JAPAN'S NEW SCREEN ART

More Real Than "Rashomon" . . by A. Iwasaki

Tokyo
IN THE streets of downtown Tokyo, teeming with U. S. soldiers and foreign tourists, there are many souvenir shops where all kinds of things Japanese are on sale—things perhaps too Japanese, such as embroidered

AKIRA IWASAKI is a film critic and producer and the author of many books on film theory. He was imprisoned during the war by the Japanese government as a "dangerous element"—a classification applied to all who opposed Japan's war aims.

kimonos in loud colors, figurines in fake-ivory, etc. No Japanese even bothers to look at them; they are only for foreigners. This reminds me of the case with some of the Japanese films exhibited abroad.

The most remarkable fact about the Japanese film industry is that its best products are for the domestic market, and only second-rate pictures are found fit for export. No picture awarded the coveted Mainichi Prize (Japanese equivalent of the Oscar) has ever reached a foreign screen, and of those pictures which have made good abroad only two

ranked among the "ten best" chosen annually by the leading Japanese critics: *Rashomon* ranked fifth and *Ugetsu-Monogatari* third in their respective years.

In 1950, when *Rashomon* was completed and first screened before the executives of the Dai-Ei Company, Masaichi Nagata, the company's president, is said to have been enraged and shouted, "What's this! Nobody will understand this!" The Japanese public understood it all right, but didn't like it much. Whether Kurosawa's style was too affected and sophisticated, or

whether the picture's philosophy that all men are liars and there is no objective truth on earth didn't appeal to Japanese common sense, *Rashomon* was pretty near a flop both artistically and financially. So it was more than a surprise to the Japanese when the Venice Film Festival granted it the *Grand Prix*. Three years later, when Japan got another laurel at Cannes with *Gate*



of Hell, director Teinosuke Kinugasa was astonished, or rather ashamed. He is quoted as saying at a press interview: "It's impossible. There must be some mistake." He was ashamed because his inferior work—he is a veteran director and has made hitherto some real masterpieces—got the prize.

But the Japanese cinemoguls saw a golden opportunity before them. They planned to produce pictures to fit the foreign taste. They believed from past experience that only historical pictures with their peculiar manners and rich colors impress foreign audience. *Gate of Hell* minus costumes and colors would be quite a dull spectacle. Nagata and his Dai-Ei Company took the lead in making export-conscious color pictures with historical themes. After *Gate of Hell*, they produced *Golden Demon*, *Lady Sen* and *Yang Ke Fe*. Other big companies followed with *Mask and Destiny* and *Samurai*. But now all the world is going to know that not every Japanese film is really good.

DOMESTIC films voted as the best by critics here in the last five years: 1951, *Wheat Harvest Time*, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; 1952, *To Live*, directed by Akira Kurosawa; 1953, *Muddy Waters*, directed by Tadashi Imai; 1954, *Twenty-four Eyes*, directed by Keisuke Kinoshita; 1955, *Floating Clouds*, directed by Mikio Naruse. None of these found their way to foreign markets, nor are their directors known outside Japan. This is because these films depict the drab everyday life of common people and lack the color and splendor of old

Japan to attract foreign eyes. Only seldom have films dealing with modern Japan received applause on the European screen: *Mother* in France, and *Children of Hiroshima* in several countries. True Japanese film art remains hidden from alien eyes.

IN THE history of the Japanese film, America has twice played a decisive role: at its origin and at the end of World War II.

The pioneer technicians who laid the foundations of the film industry in Japan in the 1920's were those who came back from Hollywood. They taught their colleagues what they had learned in the studios over there, how to direct, how to light the scene, how to handle the camera. Before that time, the film medium was supposed to be merely a substitute for the stage; the first group of Japanese films were photographed *Kabuki* performances. Without the import of American know-how, the film industry here would not have started at all.

After a long lapse, in 1945, America came back to the Japanese film. During the war Japanese movies were used as a very important "military weapon" in psychological warfare. The warlords and their henchmen had learned from Hitler and Goebbels and made the movies serve for war and invasion. But in the first days of occupation, General MacArthur, as Supreme Allied Commander, issued a directive that Japanese films must henceforth serve peace and democracy instead of war and fascism. The Civil Information and Education Section (CIE) of GHQ was responsible for its implementation. It turned out after a little more than a year that so far as MacArthur was concerned, the talk of "peace and democratization" was only lip-service. But most of the officials in CIE took the directive seriously. And that is why some of them were found "disloyal" and subsequently sent home. But they did much while they could for the liberation of the Japanese film.

When the time came for the movies to be freed from the yoke of fascism, Japanese film makers had become so used to absolute obedience that they couldn't at once realize they were their own masters. Nevertheless, they made progress. SCAP's directive abolished wartime film contracts and censorship. For

the first time in Japan's history, freedom of expression was assured. When, in the course of that first year, the tide changed and MacArthur, finding that the democratization of Japan had gone too far, wanted to halt the trend, he had to use force. First he banned *War and Peace* because it preached an anti-war message at a time when Japan was supposed to rearm as a bulwark against communism. (The picture was finally released, with more than a reel deleted.) Then he mobilized troops to suppress the striking film workers at the Toho studios—peaceful film workers, including famed directors, actors and actresses who opposed the discharge, on the pretext that they were dangerous "Reds," of hundreds of union members. This was part of GHQ's planned purge of "undesirables" from labor unions, schools, universities, the press and government. The film makers had finally embraced the idea that freedom and democracy are the very foundation of true art, and that they must be defended. They had learned this from America, and they are wondering if America herself is forgetting what she taught.

TODAY all Japanese film artists and technicians owe their training to actual work in Japanese studios; there is no regular film school. But foreign film theories are studied. In the days of Eisenstein's and Pudow-



kin's "montage," Russian theory was their Holy Bible. Nowadays America and the USSR coexist peacefully as sources of inspiration for movie makers here.

The movies play an unrivalled role in the everyday life of the common people. In 1955, 870,000,000 Japanese saw both native and foreign films in 5,000 theatres. That means every Japanese saw ten films a year, on the average. This rate is low compared to that of America or Europe, but it is increasing very rapidly.

For this multitude of movie-goers, more than 400 feature films are produced yearly in a dozen studios in both Tokyo and Kyoto, and 180 films per year are imported from various countries.

In the early days of the occupation, Japan was said to be an El Dorado for American capital. Business men and speculators prospered, taking advantage of the post-war confusion and inflation. MacArthur openly protected them. In the film business, his headquarters almost acted as a salesman for Hollywood, forcing its products upon the defeated nation. GHQ ordered the government to set up a quota system for film imports, according to which Japan had to exhibit a great number of American films at the expense of those from other countries. By the San Francisco Treaty, Japan regained her sovereignty, but Washington still dictates in many fields. Film-import regulations remain the same, and more than 70 per cent of the 180 films imported yearly must be American. The Russians and mainland China have no quota at all. It is questionable if this favoritism adds to the prestige of American films, since not many of them can compete against the choice quality of European imports. Our high-brow audiences prefer French and English films to American, and René Clair, Julien Duvivier, André Cayatte, René Clément, Jean Renoir, David Lean, Carol Reed, etc. are big names—though not always certain “box-office.”

PERHAPS the Japanese film public is more artistic—and more critical—than that of other countries. Naturally, they enjoy American Westerns, musicals, slapstick comedies and thrillers; but they want something more than entertainment—ideals, realism and dreams, too.

All this does not mean that Hollywood films are losing ground here; they are still the best money-makers. Among last year's list of the ten best imports, *East of Eden* ranked at the top, *A Star is Born* was third and *Marty* was seventh. Gary Cooper, James Stewart, John Wayne, Toni Curtiss, Ava Gardner, Audrey Hepburn are top stars here. William Wyler, whose *Roman Holiday* was a spectacular hit and whose *Desperate Hours* is now being highly praised, is considered the best director in the

world. Elia Kazan, Joseph Mankiewicz, George Stevens, John Ford and Billie Wilder have well-established reputations.

But despite all this, Japan is one of the rare countries in which native films prevail over American imports. Of the 870,000,000 annual movie-goers, 500,000,000 see Japanese films and 320,000,000 watch foreign (mostly American) films. Only Chaplin and Disney, among Hollywood products, are consistently more successful than any Japanese film. Re-



cently *Limelight* was a smash hit and *The Living Desert* established an all-time record. About 12,000,000 people—one seventh of Japan's population—have seen it.

Since the war, Japan's economy has been that of a colonized and dependent country; it lacks stability or elasticity. We are suffering from a chronic depression; unemployment and labor unrest are increasing. Although the Japanese film industry looks prosperous to an outsider's eyes, nobody would be surprised if the impact of the depression is felt here, too, within the next six months. This could lead to the liquidation of one or two of the “big six” film companies. The film industry, as well as the whole Japanese economy, is standing on feet of clay.

Of the 400-odd films produced yearly, only 10 per cent are worth seeing. But it is the 90 per cent which show the characteristic trends of Japanese films and Japanese audience psychology. The most popular types are domestic dramas, romances and whodunits, as in other countries. But there are types peculiar to Japan; one is *Kengeki*, the historical play in which violent fighting scenes of *samurais* are the main show and which is the Japanese equivalent of the American Western; another is the *Hahamono*, the tragedy of the forlorn mother a la *Stella Dallas*. The former appeals to male and the

latter to female audiences. They are criticized by intellectuals as the remnants of feudalism, the one preaching violence and other being a tear-jerker. But they never cease to be successful. The Japanese liking for tragedy and tears is apparent in the fact that they like boy-almost-never meets-girl films, in which two lovers hindered by all possible obstacles fail to meet and kiss till the very end.

Remnants of feudalism are found in every phase of Japanese life; the feudal elements in pictures are an inevitable reflection. This can be seen also in the “style” of the Japanese film. Its most obvious feature is slowness of tempo, immobility of camera and dull montage. The tempo of a film is naturally defined by the tempo of the society in which it is made, and there can be no doubt that our way of life is slower than that of America and Europe. But there is another factor in Japan worth considering: an ancient artistic tradition which does not lay stress on dramatic force. The Japanese always valued the subtle in art; they hated exactness, definiteness. Such was and still is the spirit of the old-school Japanese *Tanka*, *Haikai* and other forms of literature. It is still alive in the most modern form of art, the film. But now a rebellion against it is under way. The ablest of film artists are seeking new styles, their own styles, which can be both national and international. Yes, and not only style is important; they are trying a new approach to reality, new contact with reality.

WRITERS and directors, as employees of the film company, must as a rule obey orders to produce money-makers. But some have already established their reputation with the public to the point where they can show some independence. For instance, Akira Kurosawa, now world famous, is able in most cases to talk his company (Toho) into producing the films he wants, so long as his work incurs no loss. Thus he was able to make his last picture, *Chronicle of a Living Creature*, a denunciation of the A and H-bombs—a theme which the company would have rejected as too “political” for any other director. The case of Keisuke Kinoshita is similar. Though not yet known widely abroad, he is, with Kurosawa, the most promising

young director. And his company (Shochiku) had to concede very often to him, and allowed him to direct such pictures as *Carmen Is Pure-Hearted* and *Twenty-four Eyes*; both are anti-fascist and anti-war films. An American magazine has said that 95 per cent of Japanese movie makers are Red. This is a white lie. Most are just artists—whether they want to entertain or want to create art—and not political.

Yasujiro Ozu and Mikio Naruse, two directors of the older generation, are the most distinguished masters of genre painting on the screen of modern Japanese life, and they stand very high in their employers' favor. But there are others who preferred, or were forced, to step out of their studios and make pictures for themselves. Some were Red; others wanted freedom of expression. Since 1950, several progressive independent units were founded and produced some thirty pictures, among them such international successes as *Children of Hiroshima*, *But We Are Alive* and *The Street Without Sun*. *Children of Hiroshima* depicts the horrible day of the A-bombing and how it brings death to the victims even after several years. The director was Kaneto Shindo. *But We Are Alive*, directed by Tadashi Imai, was inspired by De Sica's *Bicycle Thief*, and describes the life of day-laborers in a big city. *The Street Without Sun* is the well-known classic of Japanese proletarian literature by Takiji Kobayashi, who was tortured to death by police, and its film version by Satsua Yamamoto found enormous response among workers. The fundamental feature of all these films is their realism. They deal with important social themes, depicting life as it is in this capitalistic society.

The activity of the independent producers is a phenomenon unique in Japan, and deserves its own story. The development was stimulated by the neo-realism of the Italians. And critics in Europe, who have seen some of the independent pictures, now talk about Japanese neo-realistic films! No doubt, realism is what the Japanese film artists are aiming at. They are looking to the future, when they can show in their films the real life and real problems of the Japanese people—not "souvenir" films on historical themes—to the people of the whole world.

Ceylon Elections . . by W. M. Ball

Melbourne, Australia

"WE MAY as well face the unpleasant facts of the case," states a New York Times editorial. "We cannot greet the election returns from Ceylon, at this point, with anything short of dismay. From almost every angle it looks like a setback for the cause of the free world."

We know what the New York Times means. Mr. Bandarnaike, Ceylon's new Prime Minister, has stated his policy very candidly. He is determined to make Singalese the official language instead of English, to nationalize the foreign-owned plantations, banks and insurance companies; to abolish any links with Britain which might imply that Ceylon belongs, however loosely, to the Western power bloc. This last aim has immediate strategic importance, for it means ending the 1947 defense agreement which gives Britain naval and air bases in Ceylon.

Is such a program cause for dismay? It is certainly a quick change for Ceylon. How and why did it happen?

The Ceylon elections were free elections, conducted in accordance with Western democratic procedures. The Trotskyist Party supported the victorious United People's Front, but this is a group with only the vaguest Communist ideology and no links with international communism. The results cannot conceivably be counted a Communist conspiracy.

It is misleading to describe the overwhelming defeat of Sir John Kotelawala's United National Party, which had held office for twenty-five years, as a victory for the anti-Western forces. The people of Ceylon want good relations with the West. But they are opposed to any policy which seems to subordinate their own distinctive interests to Western interests, or which ties them to the West in a way that limits their own freedom of choice. It is surely not surprising that the Ceylonese should feel this way in 1956. The surprising thing is that they should have delayed so long in making this clear

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announcement that they are just as keen as their neighbors in India, Burma and Indonesia to assert their feeling of independence. While Sir John Kotelawala's prestige had been steadily rising in Western capitals, it had been steadily dropping at home. Indeed, it is hardly possible for any statesman in Southeast Asia today to get strong support from both the West and his own people.

Sir John Kotelawala has been losing ground at home almost since he took over the premiership in 1953. He was widely criticized as a "brown sahib," a Ceylonese educated in England with the outlook of the former English ruling class; as a man who was more at home in London or Colombo than in the up-country villages. The villages were themselves producing a new educated class, not perhaps very highly educated, but politically conscious and resentful that the best professional and business opportunities seemed to be restricted to a small and privileged circle of established families. It was easy for these domestic resentments to verge into criticisms of Sir John's attitude on world affairs. While his government declined to join SEATO, it was reluctant to establish diplomatic relations with either Moscow or Peking, and the Prime Minister was often vehement, notably at Bandung, in his denunciation of Communist imperialism. Thus his critics claimed that his heart was in the "Western camp," not in the "area of peace" that Mr. Nehru wanted to establish in East Asia.

CEYLON'S new course will provide a new test for Britain's wisdom and prudence. To lose her naval base at Trincomalee and RAF station at Negombo would mean a radical weakening of her military position. Britain has already withdrawn from Suez, is in acute difficulties in Cyprus and not wholly comfortable in Aden. It is possible that Ceylon's policy towards British military bases may before long encourage Malaya and Singapore to take the same line. And in Hong Kong, the British can only remain so long as Communist China welcomes or tolerates their presence.

It seems fairly clear that the period in which the West could confidently

maintain military bases on the mainland of Asia is drawing to a close. In some ways this is regrettable. Britain today certainly has no "imperial" designs in this region. She is anxious to negotiate stable and peaceful relations with Communist China. And if there should be an act of overt aggression in Southeast Asia, Britain would do everything possible to limit and localize the ensuing conflict. If ever distant military bases were maintained with purely defensive intentions, this can be truly said of British bases in this region today.

Yet, as seen from Southeast Asia, the question of British bases is not as simple as that. Britain is linked with

the United States in SEATO, and Mr. Dulles has repeatedly insisted that SEATO should be linked with the American military pacts further north in East Asia. If, for whatever reason, there should be war between America and China, it is hard to see how the SEATO members, including Britain, could keep out of it. The peoples of Southeast Asia do not want their countries to be used as military bases in such a war, unless their own security is directly endangered.

I am suggesting that the whole question of military defense in Southeast Asia is compromised by relations between America and China, and particularly by Amer-

ica's continuing sponsorship of the Chinese Nationalists. Most politically conscious Southeast Asians feel that war is more likely to come to East Asia from America's fear, idealism and impetuosity than any from Communist designs for expansion. They want, if they can, to keep out of such a war.

I cannot regard this as a cause for Western dismay. I think it likely that the struggle for Southeast Asia will be fought in the economic and political rather than the military field, and that in this struggle the spirit of national independence—which Ceylon is now expressing rather forcefully—is the strongest barrier to the extension of communism.

WHAT THE CAMPUS THINKS

Polling College Editors . . . by Laurence Barrett

WHAT ARE collegiate views on the elections, desegregation and the problem of Red China? Are fraternities and compulsory ROTC losing or gaining ground with today's campus students? Do the majority take an interest in public affairs?

To find the answers to these and other questions, college editors across the nation were polled recently by New York University's communications periodical, *News Workshop*. Forty-five responded from all types of institutions—fifteen from the Northeast, eight from the South and eleven each from the West and Midwest.

If an ideological pattern exists among college students today, it was not revealed by the replies. While 62 per cent of the editors favored Eisenhower for President and 28 per cent pumped for Stevenson (Harri-man, Kefauver and Warren shared the remaining votes), many disagreed with the candidate of their choice on specific issues. As a group, the editors failed to hew either to a distinctly conservative or distinctly liberal line.

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Twenty-five editors agreed that "peace and prosperity" will make "as potent an issue as GOP leaders claim." But eighteen said that it was a slogan, not an issue. With few exceptions, editors on both sides of the political fence listed several issues which they said ought to be debated—agriculture, foreign policy and civil rights were mentioned most often in that order. Only four replies mentioned the President's health. Federal aid to public education was also cited by several editors as an election issue. In a separate question, they voted overwhelmingly—thirty to fourteen—in favor of "extensive" educational support from Washington to local school systems. Only one

declared himself as undecided.

On another educational problem, twenty-five editors maintained that organized resistance cannot stave off desegregation much longer, while seventeen held that this generation will not see full integration in the public schools. Four had no opinion. More than half of those who took the negative view attend school outside the Deep South. One Bostonian said, "If we had any courage, we would enforce the law. But . . . there will be no action." A sprinkling of replies from New York, the Dakotas and the West agreed with him. Opinion from the South itself varied. One answered tersely: "Not in the Deep South, where opposition is violent! !!" Yet a colleague from a neighboring state argued that "intelligent people in all states see that segregation is impractical as well as unfair. They will win over the die-hards . . . [within] a few years." Non-Southerners who saw an early end to segregation differed on how it will come about. Some argued that "mores cannot be changed by legislation" but that these mores are now in a process of modification. Others said that a crucial showdown is approaching in which civil-rights forces can win only with direct fed-



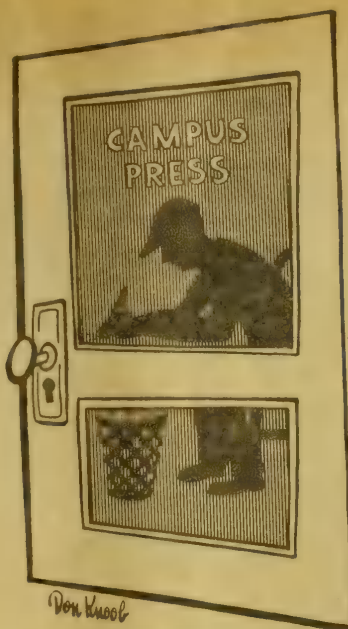
eral support; they saw such support as inevitable.

In the foreign-policy sphere, the editors voted thirty-five to three in favor of President Eisenhower's proposal for long-term foreign aid; seven had no opinion. The ayes argued that since the United States will have to keep spending anyway, we might as well put our expenditures on a regular basis. Several commented that such a program would remove foreign assistance from the political arena, a place where it ought not be. The three nays expressed disgust with foreign spending in general.

American recognition of Red China and its admission to the U. N. drew the usual arguments from the twenty-six who opposed it and the eighteen who supported a reversal of present policy. One was undecided. "Facing the facts" versus "cowardly surrender" sums up the difference of opinion here.

WHAT the United States should do about the Palestine problem stumped the editors collectively. Thirty-three agreed that present American policy (or lack of it) is unsound, five said that the United States is doing whatever it can and seven declined to answer. The comments, some of which sympathized with Israel, some with the Arabs and some with Mr. Dulles, were hazier on this question than on any other. A couple said that the crux lay in "domestic pressure groups." Three questioned the validity of Israel as a state and condemned the American policy which helped to create it. Others said, in effect, that the United States should not sell its soul for a few barrels of oil. Several who had concrete suggestions qualified them with statements like: "Of course, I'm a little confused by it all." For a college editor, this is an admission of consequence.

If the collegiate newsmen showed much interest in many controversial questions, they did not attribute equal interest to their classmates. They were told that a recent poll of 1,500 students on an urban campus revealed that only 18 per cent could name their Congressman, Senators and the Secretaries of Commerce and State. The editors agreed by a margin of over six to one that this result is indicative of the state of political awareness in their schools. From a



rural Southern university came this comment: "Here, as on any other campus located in a small town, students take on an intellectual and social isolation from the world. . . . Too few students look beyond their college." A New Yorker noted: "Most college students simply do not connect themselves with political affairs. It is the job of education at all levels to teach students their connection with the world around them—including the political. Education has failed so far. . . ."

Despite this lack of interest, or perhaps because of it, almost 95 per cent of the editors asserted that college papers should discuss national affairs. Nearly all indicated that their publications do deal with public questions to some extent. Some papers, in areas not served by a metropolitan press, use liberal amounts of wire-service news. Urban college journals usually restrict themselves to editorial comment.

None of the editors, whether from public or private schools, complained of administrative censorship like that applied to the University of Texas's *Daily Texan* (see *The Nation*, March 24). On other campus issues, the editors, by identical votes of twenty-eight to thirteen, condemned compulsory military training in college and opposed the notion that fraternities and sororities are "undemocratic." Campus military training—ROTC—is compulsory for freshman and sophomore

men in many land-grant colleges. Dozens of other institutions also inaugurated training programs shortly after World War I. Most of the arguments against forced training stressed the point that it is impractical since, as one editor put it, "If the student has no real liking for it, he will drop out at the end of the first two years and will have wasted a good deal of time and effort (and some taxpayers' money)." Many also felt that such a program has no place in an academic community. None opposed voluntary training and only a few editors reported appreciable vocal dissatisfaction among undergraduates over the issue. The minority who favored compulsory ROTC also did so in the name of practicality. "In our present state of affairs, it seems that even a limited knowledge of military tactics [would be] advantageous if we were ever faced with complete mobilization," one reply noted.

ON THE subject of the influence of fraternities and sororities, the pollsters referred to a book by Alfred McClung Lee of Brooklyn College which claims that although the organizations have improved, they are still detrimental to the "spirit of democracy." The majority dismissed the idea—with heat in some cases and contempt in others. "If fraternities are undemocratic, then so are the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, Masons, etc.," one irate brother commented. Another called Lee himself a "bigot." Some noted that the "Greeks" perform valuable services for the campus and the community at large. A common question was: "Is it undemocratic to pick your friends?" The minority argued that many groups still discriminate, either openly or covertly. A second point made was that "any social organization which is based on exclusiveness rather than universality is . . . detrimental to democracy."

In general, it may be said that the editors tended to consider issues on their individual merits rather than from the viewpoint of a preconceived ideology. Most were moderate in tone, even on such emotionally tinged questions as desegregation, and sectional lines were largely ignored. Sophistication rather than provincialism appeared to be the only noticeable trend in this poll of college editors.

American Testament . . . by James Stokely

THESE poems, selected from a collection entitled *American Testament*, were written by an apple farmer whose family has lived for generations in eastern Tennessee, in the shadow of the Great Smokies. "From the beginning of this present phase of the race problem in the South," Mr. Stokely writes, "I have been on record, in letters to newspapers and in poems as yet unpublished, as supporting the forces in my native

country which would root out the shameful evil of segregation. It is rude, barbaric, uncivilized, godless, Fascist, Communist, un-American, un-Christian, un-human, and must go. There are more Southerners than I who believe as I do. . . . We represent a middle section, committed neither to the KKK-Citizens Council nor the NAACP, but to simple justice for human beings, both black and white. . . ."

Odessa Gal

In testimony whereof hereunto . . .
My black woman, Odessa,
Has served the family a long time
And is now growing old and will soon
Be of little value as property,
It is therefore my will
That she shall have her own free choice
Among all my children whom she will serve
And my request is that whosoever takes her
Will treat her kindly.
Praise the Lord!
This the thirteenth of April, eighteen fifty-four.
O'Dell Kendrick Randolph, Cataloochee Township.

Well done, good and faithful Randolph.
Odessa can have all the fatback she wants,
All the sowbelly, cornbread and molasses
She can poke down her honest black throat
The rest of her life,
God bless her.
Old mammies never die,
They just bleach into sub-rooms of thought
And quietly sing away in a deep contralto
To green and endless pastures.
Bravo, Randolph!
Earl of Rhododendron, Duke of Nolicucky,
Baron of the long Stud-Dream acres—
Come fetch thy heavenly crown
And rule with aristocratic grace
By the side of thy smiling child bride
Odessa Brown.

Code of Honor

Easy there with rope and trigger!
We're gentlemen in Old Catalooch.
We never scare or shove a lady
When lynching a nigger.

Blackboard Jungle

What was that blinding off-color
truth
The Western World forgot to
teach?
The Mark of Cain
Was a bleach.

Mirror

I met a half-blind Negro
In the big road today;
He stepped quietly aside
To ease my manly way.

I spoke, then goose-stepped on
Without noticing there,
Fierce in its secret orb,
Root of my despair.

Christian Patriots, Inc.

For the good of both races
Let's face it.
Roland Hayes Bunche Campanella
Is not a human being.
He's lying through his teeth
When he kneels, smiles and sings
"I have a soul!"
(Cannibals, O cannibals all!)
Let's exterminate him—
Done with petitions and tirades—
Let's make mincemeat of him,
Soap and lampshades.

Iron Curtain

I am an American
In love with myself.
What more can I lay
On this Christian shelf?

Of course, I have heard
Of a country far
Where people live
Behind a bar.

Let old Mother Russia
Hoard her ignorance;
Love has its own
Sweet-dreaming innocence.

Even in God's Country
Poets rise to die.
And doves, let loose,
Will peck your eye.

Reed Jarnagin

The acres that came down from his fathers
He used well. He was a family man
Who put the South and Cataloochee first,
Then the church and the land,
And finally his fellow man.
He was a neighbor to all
And never thought of building a wall
Except to hold cattle or Negroes;
Such was custom and necessity—
Choke the weed, protect the seed!

Lord, we give him back to the earth
He respected. A good name is to be valued
As well as silos and slaves one collects along the way.
If there's a heaven, and a season there,
Reed will be there, and up before sunrise.
His great courtship was with God's earth—
He honored it like a woman
And wasted it not.
Now, sweet earth, be kind to him;
Segregate not our Reed.

BARONY IN CAROLINA

The Town That Towels Built . . by J. Jenkins

Kannapolis, North Carolina
THE ARCHITECTURE of Kannapolis, "The world's largest unincorporated town," is pure Williamsburg, but for the stranger the effect is pure Kannapolis. Somehow, the throbbing industrial plants in the background offset the clean, restful building lines of the main streets.

There is a modern business section, as befits a town of 34,500 persons. A few steps from downtown are neat, attractive homes. Drive on, and the street suddenly becomes narrow, fire hydrants disappear and so do curbs and gutters. On the right and left as you proceed are modest dwellings, most of them with television aerials clinging to chimneys. Some have privies in their backyards. You are in what would be North Carolina's ninth largest city—except that it isn't a city.

Kannapolis is a twentieth-century barony. The drawbridges are invisible, but they are there all the same, ready to respond to the touch of "Mister Cannon." It is the most impressive example of that persistent phenomenon, the company town, of which other examples are Chapman, Alabama, owned by the Smith Lumber Company, and Kohler Village, Wisconsin, owned by the Kohler Company (see *The Nation*, April 7.).

Charles Albert Cannon (Cannon towels, sheets, etc.) wields his power sparingly. With Cannon Mills personnel and money threaded into every fabric of Kannapolis, situations rarely arise to require its use.

If you are a member of one of the 1,700-odd families which live in Cannon-owned houses, you would be reluctant to invite Charlie's displeasure. Professional men generally have thirty-day leases on their offices in Cannon-owned buildings—which include the heart of the business district—and the urge to kick over the traces must be checked by the knowledge that quick eviction is

possible. All of the twenty-two town policemen, except for two Cabarrus County deputy sheriffs assigned to the area, are paid by Cannon. Kannapolis parking-meter money goes into the county's general fund, but is earmarked for the town's police force. The three Justices of the Peace include two Cannon police officials and a retired Cannon-paid chief.

Kannapolis was laid out in 1906 as a town of one square mile, with the Cannon Memorial Building at its center, by James W. Cannon, father of the present owner. Within that area all the property belongs to Cannon, except for a few scattered lots. And these Cannon can have when he wants them: there is an unspoken agreement that, whenever a lot comes on the market, Cannon may match the highest bid and pocket the property.

Churches which occupy lots on Cannon property do so under leases which provide that the property reverts to the owner if it ceases to be used as a church site. Only one church (there are more than sixty in all of Kannapolis) has a fee simple title to its land. Ministers say that Cannon does not try to influence them. One said, in a sort of whimsical way, "I do wish we had more industry," implying that a one-employer town has disadvantages. Cannon employees dominate all the church boards. One pastor in an outlying residential development has been critical of Cannon Mills in recent months. He has preached several strong sermons pegged to the general theme that the people no longer think for themselves. A member of his congregation predicts that he will leave soon.

Kannapolis is a law-abiding place, with an incidence of violence well below the national average, and for this the churches are given most of the credit. The community straddles the line separating dry Cabarrus County from wet Rowan County. Three-fourths of it lies in Cabarrus but of a Saturday night Rowan

about evens up the population figures. Visit Rowan's "joints" and touch lightly on Cannon. The reaction varies from choleric denunciation—"Bud, when he does something, see who's gettin' the profit," to skepticism—"Cannon University? You can learn a lotta things there," to indifference—"If you had a hundred and fifty million invested, would you protect it?"

It's quite an investment, and one which has yielded returns handsome enough to make Charlie Cannon at sixty-one one of North Carolina's wealthiest men. With 20,000 employees (most of them in Kannapolis; others in Concord, Albemarle, Alabama), he is the biggest individual employer in North or South Carolina. The eleven big Cannon plants together form the largest manufacturer of household textiles—towels, sheets, pillow cases, gauze, blankets, hosiery; anything with cotton in it—in the world. And while Cannon's father founded the nucleus of the kingdom, Charlie, president since 1920, built it to its present size.

Statistics about Cannon Mills are not bandied about, but the company business last year was around \$190,000,000. When three five-day shifts are being operated, the payroll in Kannapolis tops \$750,000 per week.

SINCE the late 1920's and early 1930's, when organized labor put on a North Carolina drive that ended in violence and tension, labor has made little headway here. Some CIO organizers recently tried to move in. They say Kannapolis wages are



about five cents an hour lower than in organized textile plants. The CIO needed an office. Several empty office spaces were located. Owners of a couple of the spaces first dickered with the CIO, gave vague answers and finally said no. Meanwhile,

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other empty spaces which the CIO had spotted had begun suddenly to fill up with items like used furniture. The result: no CIO office inside Kannapolis. The union man who directed the campaign lived in a house trailer—also outside of Kannapolis. Union prospects are dim.

Besides the huge mill profits, the town-that-is-not-a-town chips in a goodly sum. Kannapolis' main business section, of course, is on Cannon property. Businesses lease their buildings, paying Cannon a percentage of the gross.

It is simple, when you own a town, to deal with competition. A competitor of Charlie's Cabarrus Bank found that out. Security Bank, unable to get a Cannon lot, set up business in a field at the edge of town, a few feet from an electric tower. A couple of big theatres, not part of Towel City Theatres, look strangely incongruous standing alone on the highway—off Cannon property.

Within plain view of the Cannon trademark—a cannon with a triangular stack of cannonballs beside it—atop the main Cannon mill, is the *Daily Independent*, Kannapolis' only newspaper. James L. Moore is publisher. Cannon's son-in-law, Robert G. Hayes, is a principal stockholder, and Hubert Safriet, vice president of Cannon's bank, is associate publisher. Cannon sometimes startles members of the staff by inquiring about some obscure news item. Despite the press of his business, little escapes him. When he walks through his miles of plants, he calls perhaps 90 per cent of his employees by their names.

WHAT Cannon owns, he governs—autocratically but efficiently and with regard for the niceties of life. But Kannapolis has spread out in all directions beyond its magic center, and out there in the fringe the governing authority is remarkably vague and the amenities of modern community life are strikingly absent. This is a municipal void, with 500 separate businesses, more than 5,000 houses and a growing population. A good many of the fringe dwellers think there is much to be said for municipal government, but Mr. Cannon does not agree.

Remarkably few rumbles of rebellion stir the paternalistic empire. Cannon himself cannot devote minute attention to all of its phases.



Around Kannapolis, one Cannon executive is recognized as the political overseer, another (who manages Cannon real estate) is the "unofficial mayor of Kannapolis," while another handles civic affairs.

One factor which has served to keep down friction—aside from the knowledge that he who owns and gives can also take away—is the genealogical procession into Cannon Mills. More than 6,000 persons in Kannapolis and nearby Concord have worked for the mills more than twenty-five years.

There are signs, however, that Cannon opponents in politics are making progress. Dwight Quinn, who works for the mills, had a narrow squeak in his bid for reelection to the state House of Representatives. He won by less than 300 votes over young M. B. Shearrin, Jr., a Concord lawyer. Like other Cabarrus representatives for twenty years, Quinn is opposed to arbitrary stream-pollution laws, presumably because cleaning up the waste would be costly for Cannon Mills. Sherrin made removal of seepage and industrial waste from local streams the first plank in his platform.

Its representation in the state legislature is especially important to Kannapolis. As an unincorporated town, lacking a board of aldermen, it often has to depend upon the leg-

islature to serve as a sort of city council once removed. The speaker of the 1953 legislative House, Eugene Bost of Concord, is related to Cannon by marriage and occasionally performs legal chores for him.

NOBODY needs a guide to tell him, upon entering Kannapolis, when he enters Cannon-land—there are fire hydrants. Cannon business and residential buildings within the magic one square mile are served by a water and sewage system, installed and serviced by a Cannon Mills engineering department, that would do credit to a large city. Its residents pay lower insurance rates than the thousands in the fringe areas because the fire department (four regular firemen paid by Cannon, and about 100 volunteers) can hook up hoses to the hydrants. While the firemen answer calls off Cannon property, they have to battle fires with totally inadequate water supplies carried on the trucks. Fringe-area homeowners, as a result, pay the high insurance rate of \$6 per \$1,000.

The great bulk of Kannapolis residents outside Cannon-land have to depend upon septic tanks for sewage disposal and upon a hodge-podge of private, unauthorized wells for water. Water shortages cause the fringe areas great trouble. In such times, baths often have to be taken

at 4 A. M. to eke out enough pressure. Sometimes there is insufficient water for cooking. And always there is the threat to health from sewage. For the home owner, it is an unhappy situation. One Kannapolis citizen asked this reporter to look for himself. In the absence of a sewage system, the citizen's neighbor piped the dirty water from his kitchen and bathroom sinks through a pipe to a hole on the curb. From that hole, the water went down the open street.

The citizen led the way to his backyard. "Guess where the septic tank is," he said. The reporter had no trouble locating it. Where the tank and its overflow was, the grass in the enriched soil was several inches taller.

In the absence of incorporation—a step opposed by Cannon, who would be by far the biggest city taxpayer—and a city system, Dr. J. M. Jarrett of the State Board of Health has suggested that health needs may dictate a return to the old-fashioned outdoor privies. The return already has begun in a limited way.

The water systems serving citizens outside Cannon property number more than one hundred and range in size from one private company with 2,000 customers to a single well with three customers. Only those with ten or more customers come under the State Utilities Commission and are regulated as to water purity and other factors. Many of the small water suppliers got into the business through the back door, and do not like their roles. A man, for instance, might dig a well. A couple of water-hungry neighbors ask if they can tap in; the man's in business.

There must be an ultimate destination for the wastes, both residential and industrial. In Kannapolis it is Buffalo Creek, an unimposing stream which meanders down the valley west of town. Grey with the dye from Cannon Mills, the stream stinks. Fish cannot live in it, and people with sensitive noses cannot stay around it.

The many problems created by the disorganized water systems and the absence of sewer lines outside Cannon property have led the State Utilities Commission to label it "an intolerable situation inimical to health and decency." With more than 6,000 homes dependent upon

private water systems and septic tanks, "it is only a matter of time before the public interest demands appropriate compulsory action by the State of North Carolina," the commission has said.

Unable to overcome Cannon's opposition to incorporation, or to defeat Cannon men for the legislature, citizens who want city-limits signs around Kannapolis now are taking another tack. They hope to induce the legislature to pass a state law making incorporation mandatory when a certain population figure is attained.

Another sure sign that tells the Kannapolis visitor he has reached Cannon property are the streets, most of them spacious with curbs and gutters. There are about 200 miles of state-built and maintained "rural roads" in the area. In and around Kannapolis is by far the greatest concentration of such roads in the state. The state gears its road program to population distribution. Since Kannapolis is a town in everything except fact, its concentrated population requires roads, and since, in fact, it is not a town, it gets "rural" roads.

CANNON'S own street department has built about fifty miles of roads, of which 90 per cent legally are the state's responsibility for maintenance. This, of course, saves the taxpayers some money. But if Kannapolis were incorporated, they would be saved even more. For then the State Highway Commission could draw from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a year from a state fund for maintaining the streets of incorporated communities. But Kannapolis can't profit from this fund.

When you own a town, city planning is simple. One of Kannapolis' main streets was too narrow. Without any hemming and hawing, Cannon sent in house-movers. Residences were jacked up, trucks put under them, and they were carted away to

another street. Where there had been a narrow two-lane street, without parking room, there now is a six-lane street with parking room.

Cannon has given generously to Kannapolis "causes." A donation of around \$2,000,000 went to the new Cabarrus County hospital. The money made it unnecessary for the state and county to accept federal funds for the hospital. And contractors, in the absence of federal funds, did not have to pay brickmasons and other workers a federal wage scale higher than that prevailing locally.

The 1935 legislature set up a Kannapolis school-administrative unit, but the act contains two significant clauses: the unit shall not levy "any taxes of any description" and it shall not elect trustees; they are to be appointed by the county commissioners.

Several years ago, in the downtown section, the remodeling of business buildings was undertaken to give them a colonial Williamsburg style.

Houses which Cannon owns are painted at least every two years, with housewives given their choice of inside colors. For renters who work in Cannon Mills by the month (the "boss" class), the cost of housing is roughly \$10 per month per room. For those whose work is seasonal, or otherwise irregular, rents run between \$10 and \$20 monthly.

THERE ARE those who say that Charlie Cannon realizes that incorporation is inevitable. They say that the Cannon-inspired conservative attitude in politics is gradually giving way. But they say it softly. The visitor to Kannapolis, even for only a few days, understands. "Mister Cannon" carries great weight, not only in the unincorporated town but in the courthouse at Concord. Nobody with mouths to feed is eager to tangle with the guy who owns the grocery store.

A reporter lolling around Kannapolis for a few days at the end of his stay found himself looking up at the huge, electric trademark cannon and the triangular pile of cannonballs atop Plant Number One. The cannonballs, he knew, were mere hunks of glass and filaments of wiring. Just another sign. Yet the longer he looked, the more anxiously he found himself wondering: "Are those cannonballs real?"



Power in the United States

THE POWER ELITE. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press. \$6.

By Robert S. Lynd

POWER, Tawney remarks, is the most obvious characteristic of organized society; but it is also, he adds, the most ambiguous. Professor Galbraith suggests a reason for this ambiguity: "Power obviously presents awkward problems for a community which abhors its existence, disavows its possession, but values its exercise." This awkwardness, markedly characteristic of a capitalist society that professes democracy, has grown in the present century as specialization and the resulting heightened interdependence of social and institutional parts has made it clear that industrial society, like it or not, is a collective society. For collective interdependence requires institutional compatibility and agreement regarding objectives.

On the democratic side of the marriage of capitalism and democracy, our Constitution grants the government no authority over the "general welfare," and the courts have held that every power is a delegated power. Therefore the liberal state has been held back from developing a positive interpretation and open use of power as a resource for broadening and deepening the democratic character of our society. What political democracy intends, and would progressively become if it were not thus blocked off, was well stated by the late Franz Neumann in the *Columbia Law Review*. Discussing "the growing antagonism between the potentialities of our historical situation and their actual utilization," he stressed that "democracy is not simply a political system like any other; its essence consists in the execution of large-scale social changes maximizing the freedom of men."

Under such a conception the people and their development, not institutions, come first. But since the liberal democratic state has been largely prevented from placing the

people first, some other agency must instate its version of collective coherence and purpose as the society's. For the one indubitable requirement—in an age that knows Keynes, the collective benefits of full employment as well as the collective losses of depressions, and the requirements of total war—is some version of integrated action. Largely—and by no means accidentally—it has devolved upon our capitalist economy to provide the statement of our national collective purpose and the methods of realizing it.

CENTRAL to the awkwardness in power today is, therefore, the fact that the conception of "democratic welfare" has become an incidental adjunct to "business welfare": our national purpose is business prosperity measured in dollars and volume of production of those things it is profitable to private business to produce. The unstated assumptions are (1) that private business enterprise produces the things that people need; and (2) that if people earn enough they will know how to turn their dollars into human welfare. The unstated realities are (1) that private business is not interested in such collective needs as better schools and well-paid public-school teachers, in socially adequate housing for the mass of the population, in the qualitative human adequacy and balance of the things involved in a richly diverse development of persons and families; and (2) that an increasingly pressure-sold—the new word is "pre-sold"—population is accordingly encouraged to lose sight of those collective and personal values, important in the development of democratic society, that are not advertised and capable of yielding visible and instant popular status.

The need is to view contemporary power not piecemeal but as a whole, in its full setting, and when one writes about detailed aspects of power to do so in this perspective. To say this is not an academic counsel of perfection, but a sober conclusion from considerable evidence of the obstruction to clear thinking

about power that results from analyses that deal only in immediate terms of personality, or of whether monopoly is or is not efficient, or of bureaucracy, or other isolated aspects. The most characteristic feature of power in society is that separate powers, however based, tend to flow together in working arrangements and so to become a structure of power coterminous with the society; and this means that attempts to deal fragmentarily with power and the problems it raises are largely frustrated.

In the temper of our times bold and candid writing about power is a most direct form of putting one's head into the lion's mouth. The writer's greatest temptation is to be so circumspect that he can be reasonably sure in advance that the lion won't really bite. Within limits, power is a saleable topic. It has a secret fascination, particularly for those who fancy they are, or are about to become, members of the powerful. A book can sell if it is forthright enough to arouse talk, and yet smooth enough to leave no deep grudge with the reader. Power may even be personalized so long as many persons in many spheres are named. But the writer on power much more surely invites the lion's jaws if he forsakes discursive talk about the powerful and lays it on the line that good and bad persons—including even leaders—are incidental, and that it is the whole structure of society and its institutions, which strong men like to think of themselves as serving and ornamenting, that is at fault. It was doubtless good salesmanship for the American publishers of Tawney's *The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society* to soften and blur the title of the American edition to *The Acquisitive Society*. For who would doubt that we live in an acquisitive society—but that it is "sick"!

It is not surprising, therefore, that our literature dealing directly and analytically with power is meagre. One may cite such comparatively recent books as Bertrand Russell's ambling *Power*; Robert Brady's important *Business as a System of Power*; books with a prevailingly psychological or logical-deductive

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focus by Lasswell; de Jouvenel's *On Power* with its religious, semi-authoritarian bent; and Hans Morgenthau's *Scientific Man vs. Power Politics*, with its bitter emphasis upon the irrational, whereby "The very act of acting destroys our moral integrity."

To this list is now added *The Power Elite* by Professor C. Wright Mills, whom many will identify from his *The New Men of Power*, on American labor leaders, and from his *White Collar*, which deals with the middle class. *The Power Elite* should be one of the widely discussed books of the year. Much of the picture of power is here, and interestingly presented. Mills is a sophisticated man who writes with a muscular vitality that never allows the reader's attention to flag; and his forty-nine pages of footnotes, many of them elaborations of the text, indicate the breadth of the materials from which he draws. Such a book invites the application of the criteria for writing about organized power set forth above.

THE substantial core of the book, following the opening chapter in which the author defines what he means by "elite" ("a set of higher circles whose members . . . command the [different] institutional hierarchies of modern society"), comprises chapters five through eleven on the Very Rich, Corporation Executives and the Corporate Rich, the Warlords and the Military Ascendancy, the Political Directorate, and an excellent chapter on the fallacy of imputing a "satisfactory or even good" balance to the *status quo* of conflicting interests in our society. The remaining seven chapters, on Local Society, Metropolitan 400, Celebrities, Mass Society, The Conservative Mood, and the Higher Immorality, depend unevenly from the hard core of the book. The architecture of the book leads up rather gently and discursively to the hard-biting middle group of chapters, and then glides down again so as to deposit the reader on familiar ground in scarcely more ruffled mood than he might experience after reading one of the occasional critical articles on American institutions in *Harper's*.

This point on the book's over-all structure is relevant because it explains the reader's growing uneasiness over the possibility that per-

haps the analysis—all this significant documentation and good thinking—was not intended to get anywhere. Whether a book cumulates in meaning towards the point of joining its several strands in an interlocked body of conclusions, however tentative, is a matter of choice for the author. But not to do so in a book of such weight and potential importance on this subject seems peculiarly unfortunate.

Mills's failure to deal with the meanings for democracy of the impressive power trends he analyzes is the colossal loose-end of *The Power Elite*. He simply fades out on the expectation his pages encourage that this crucial arc in the analysis will be closed before the book ends. The book's opening paragraph stresses the central importance of this problem: "'Great changes' . . . from every side . . . now press upon the men and women of the mass society, who . . . feel that they are without purpose in an epoch in which they are without power." This invites the hope that the pages to follow will provide a confrontation between the purposes of the powers-that-be and the efforts of men in democracy to affirm other purposes for which democracy stands. But, curiously, the potentially crucial chapter on The Mass Society is deferred until the third from the end, when the book is already tapering off, and then contents itself with describing what mass societies are and how they happen. Mills tells us that "The United States today is not altogether a mass society"; but he describes a movement towards a mass society that is in full tide, and the power setting of the rest of the book implies that it is to continue unchecked. If Marxism encourages distortion through viewing society from the bottom up, it may be the characteristic distortion of elite analysis that it looks from the top down, and not very far down at that.

This leaves one wondering whether the great bulk of modern society is to Mills but fodder for his elite. If so, he may be correct; but, if so, this becomes the most momentous un-

stated and unexamined conclusion of his book. If this is what things add up to, then reading about the who's and why's of elites is for me like reading about the scurry of mice zigzagging under the feet of a herd of elephants. Again, this may be correct for our generation. But such a conclusion simply repeats the bankrupt scarcity theory of power: that some people have it, and because they have it none is available for the rest of us. And, over longer time, does what the democratic idea intends provide nothing for ~~the~~ to fight for, and with?

The book has a hit-and-glide quality which derives, I think, from its central effort to instate elites as the master key in the analysis of power. Elite analysis is popular among sociologists nowadays. Its popularity derives, I believe, quite as much from the things it enables an analyst to avoid, as from the things it enables him to do. Most important, it provides a glittering focus above common, troublesome things like capitalism and the class structure of a capitalist society.

LET'S look at Mills's book in terms of what the approach to power through elites does to his analysis.

Power is a factor, unconscious or conscious, in all relations between people. It takes many forms, ranging from affection and spontaneous persuasion at one extreme to organized force at the other. One observes it in action in persons, in small groups and large organizations, in classes, in institutions, in whole societies. Mills sees power as basically in institutions, and the elite in terms of "institutional position," with "position" referring to the horizontal stratifications of people in institutions. He selects three institutions as the Big Three: the economic, the political and the military. From each of these, men emerge at the top. These are, respectively, the economic elite, the political elite and the military elite; and, together, they comprise "the American elite." In their persons, in informal and formal interaction, understandings are reached and crucial policies that control the country are launched into effective action. Roughly, this is all right, as far as it goes.

But it leaves important questions unanswered. Mills correctly stresses the need to bring the diversity rep-

Next Week
A History of the
English-Speaking Peoples
by Winston Churchill
Reviewed by James R. Newman

resented by the several elites together, to see the resulting American elite as a whole. The simplest unity may be seen in the fact that, though they come up from different institutions, these diverse members of the elite do arrive at concrete, agreed-upon policies. This poses the question: what is responsible for the readiness of these top persons to agree? I see three possible answers:

(1) Men who rise that high in society may be counted on to be seasoned administrators who by long experience recognize the need, through adjustment and compromise, to reach some workable agreement about things to be done. This answer, correct as far as it goes, bases the tendency to agree upon nothing more substantial than influence and expedient bargaining among individuals. (2) Elites from different institutions act together and reach common agreements because one institution represented in the total American elite has power and rewards enough to force other institutions and their respective elites to act in the main in ways compatible with its interests. If this is the answer—as it is in part—Mills would need to assess and to identify the relative weights of his three institutions. This he does not do. (3) Elites from different institutions act together because the same influential class in society spreads across all institutions and controls them in a common general direction. This answer—which includes the relevant parts of the two preceding—provides much the broadest and soundest basis for the analysis of power in American society.

BY locating the cohering factor in the elite superstructure, Mills leaves other weighty factors unlashedin and flapping like loose sails. He does not hold steadily in focus the massive continuities involved in the fact that ours is a capitalist society; the factor of class is belittled; the relative weights of his three institutions in a capitalist society go unassessed; and an unwarranted autonomy is imputed to the several institutions.

Capitalism appears intermittently in the analysis. The author knows that we live in a capitalist society; and I am sure he is aware of how important it is in our system of power. At certain points he makes this explicit:

The corporations are the organized centers of the private property system. . . . the corporate revolution . . . has transformed property from a tool of the workman into an elaborate instrument by which his work is controlled and a profit extracted from it.

Now the corporate seats of the rich contain all the powers and privileges inherent in the institutions of private property.

The trouble is not that the author fails to deal with capitalist power. He does so explicitly in the chapters on the very rich and on corporate big business. But he reserves property as a basis of power for one discrete set within the elite, and makes no solid effort to appraise the relative weight and the diffused spread of the power of property throughout all institutions under capitalism. He holds back on such unifying tendencies in order to reserve this dramatic role for his elites.

Mills is correct in insisting that power does not inhere in persons, and that it is not prevailingly a conspiracy. To analyze power under capitalism as a conspiracy of persons, rather than the weighted movement of circumstances in a given society, belittles the realities of power. But can one escape facing the reality that, historically, capitalism means and has always meant that the whole institutional system has become weighted so that, like loaded dice, events tend to roll with a bias that favors property?

There is a similar in-and-out vagueness about class in the book. Through most of the pages one tends to assume that the author takes the presence of classes for granted. He is explicit about it, for instance, when he says that "to have power requires access to major institutions, for the institutional positions men occupy determine in large part their chances to have and to hold . . . valued experience"; or when, in discussing the role of big business executives, he says they have reorganized "the property class . . . into the broader economic and political interests of a more genuinely class type"; or when he says that the elite "derive in substantial proportion from the upper classes. . . . The bulk of [them] derive from, at most, the upper third of the income and occupational pyramid." He even refers to "the elite as a social class." But three-quarters of the way through

the book it turns out that he does not really mean "class," as class is historically identified. By confining the term to the economic sphere (" 'Class' is an economic term."), and by forcing the term class into the extreme meaning of economic determinism, he limits the involvement of class so defined in the totality of his elite to the immediate representatives from the strictly economic sphere. This enables him to reserve for the elite as a whole the spreading, unifying tendency long identified with class as it operates across the institutions of a capitalist society. But then he must qualify his reference to "the elite as a social class" by differentiating it from a "ruling class." If " 'Class' is an economic term; 'rule,' " he says, is "a political one." So he prefers to identify the imputedly non-class character of his "elite as a social class" simply as a "power elite." If the reader has difficulty in following these sophistications, so did I.

SINCE when has the concept "class" been only "an economic term" and ceased to refer to social aggregates? Along with Mills, I, too, dislike the term "ruling class." But if we dislike its over-inclusive implications, surely we may not overlook the fact that the essence of power under capitalism is ability to exercise continuing influence, to the point of control where that is deemed necessary, over major decisions. Does one dispose of such upper-class power under capitalism by fleeing to the term "power elite"? "Who or what," Mills asks, "do these [elite] men at the top represent?" He wrestles to explain why it is that the elite exhibit such unity of interest and direction of policy, why they tend to have "codes and criteria in common." And he forsakes the social and institutional level and resorts to the psychological level in such explanations as that "There is a kind of reciprocal attraction among the successful." Agreed. But what is it in our society that gives such emphasis to "success"?

All of this confusion stems from Mills's effort to give to his elite an independence and a diversity in outlook uncomplicated by the solid realities generally associated with class membership and interest and with the desire of those marginal to economic power to get under its tent. If Mills's reasoning does not

appeal to historically-oriented social scientists, it should permit members of the American "power elite" to sleep better nights.

IF Mills does, by main strength and awkwardness, hold his elite somewhat apart from our society's upper class, he has more trouble in keeping institutions apart. Of course he does not intend or imply that institutions are actually sharply separated; the issue is, rather, are institutions and the elites that represent them sufficiently autonomous under capitalism so that, for instance, the economic elite may be expected to have interests and commitments markedly different from the elites representing other institutions? Of corporate business and government he says: "We should . . . be quite mistaken to believe that the political apparatus is merely an extension of the corporate world, or that it has been taken over by the representatives of the corporate rich." Of course. His saving word here is "merely." But the question is—and this is the kind of question he repeatedly avoids: how much big-business control is enough to give it preponderant control? He does say:

. . . today the successful economic man, either as propertied manager or manager of property, must influence or control those positions in the state in which decisions of consequence to his corporate activities are made.

The long-time tendency of business and government to become more intricately and deeply involved with each other has [since the 1930's] reached a new point of explicitness. The two cannot now be seen clearly as two distinct worlds. . . . As of World War II [the corporate business chieftains] have come to dominate [the political directorate].

. . . today [corporations] are, of course, as much political as economic. As political institutions, they are of course totalitarian and dictatorial, although externally they display much public relations and liberal rhetoric.

[Speaking of "decisions responsibly made in the interests of the feudal-like world of private property and income"] Not the politicians of the visible government, but the chief executives who sit in the political directorate, by fact and by proxy, hold the power and the means of defending the privileges of their corporate world. If they do not reign, they do govern at many of the vital points of everyday life in America, and no powers effec-

tively countervail against them, nor have they as corporate-made men developed any effectively restraining conscience.

Selected statements like these seem to march straight toward an important conclusion—so much so that they appear to refute my strictures on the inconclusiveness of the book's analysis. The questions that all but ask themselves from these assembled excerpts are: If the contemporary trends in corporate business power and its influence in government are as here suggested, why pretend that government and business are any longer importantly apart? Do such statements imply, when taken with the present increasing dependence of the political sphere upon business prosperity, that big business is increasingly in the position to dominate political democracy? Is the increasingly mass character of our society prevailingly traceable to the serviceability of a mass society to capitalist mass production?

These are weighty questions, and one has no right to insist that a man who writes a book shall answer them. But if that man sees warrant for making such judgments as the above

quoted passages imply in a book devoted to the appraisal of power, is one justified in asking that he go on to ask the questions that then become unavoidable, to attempt to answer them, and that his answers—however guarded and tentative—be made the explicit basis for whatever else he thinks is relevant enough to the problem of power to be discussed in his book?

I am indebted to Professor Mills for much that he says in his book, particularly for his straightforward documentation at a number of points. But the basis of my criticism, as the above suggests, runs deep. The book reads as though it were written by two people: one with a relatively sure grasp of the realities of a capitalist society, and the other bewitched by the plausible appeal of a book on elites; and that the two never got together, but the man at work on elites succeeded in blurring and impairing what the other had to say.

So, to conclude: This book demonstrates the need to return to a more full-bodied approach to the problem of organized power in society than elite theory provides.

The book that tells how anti-semitism is used today as a political weapon

CROSS-CURRENTS

by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein

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Rebellion Against What?

MUST YOU CONFORM? By Robert Lindner. Rinehart and Company. \$3.

By Ruth L. Munroe

THIS VOLUME is a collection of lectures delivered by the late Robert Lindner to various audiences and now loosely held together by the title theme. Except for some sections of the chapter entitled "The Instinct of Rebellion," the book has the clarity and sprightliness of the well-spoken word. It is always interesting, and deals provocatively with topics on which a psychoanalyst with special experience on prison wards might be expected to have enlightening views. Actually only the first two chapters deal at all directly with social misfits: "The Mutiny of the Young" and "Homosexuality and the Contemporary Scene." The others approach the problem from a broad sociological and psychological angle: "Political Creed and Character," "The Instinct of Rebellion," "Must You Conform?" "Education for Maturity."

THE TERM "social misfits" for the young mutineers and the homosexuals was chosen by me, partly because I couldn't think of a better one, and partly because it is a good point of departure for a discussion of Lindner's major thesis. The very term "misfit," for Dr. Lindner, would imply a society to which we are all expected to conform. The problem of our times is that society has become the master of men instead of their servant. Individual creativity is lost in the new Mass Man, equipped only to run with the herd. New, that is, to our civilization. Lindner appears to subscribe to a cyclic view of the growth and decay of cultures.

In such times of approaching decadence as ours a type of personality emerges known to the psychiatrist as the psychopath. All infants are psychopaths in the sense that they demand immediate gratification of impulse, express themselves promptly

in action, and are supremely selfish, since as yet they have no boundaries for their own "self," and no conception of the "self" of other people. In a good society the infant learns control and circumspection, respect and love for his own mature self and for other people. The psychopath remains emotionally an infant in an adult world, showing the same traits without the beguiling helplessness of the infant, without the infant's teachability, and with adult power to execute impulse on a grand scale. Psychopathy may show itself as "senseless" rapine, vandalism and murder among teenagers; it may show in the oligarchies of Nazi and Communist states; increasingly in the democracies (e. g., McCarthyism). The strong psychopathic leader provides the only focus lesser psychopaths can understand—and our civilization, nowadays the whole world, is so far in the grip of its Frankenstein-society—that we breed psychopaths. (Communists, up to the success of the Communist regime, may be characterized as neurotics in search of a religion as an escape from personal problems.)

The solution Dr. Lindner offers to our problems is a psychic entity which he calls "the instinct of rebellion." He supports this "new" instinct with imposing quotations from Freud, from modern biologists, and finally from contemporary cybernetics. The human species instinctively "rebels" against its limitations, and the seat of this rebellion is the cortex. Children should be "reared in the exercise of skepticism." Parents and teachers must have the "self-knowledge to avoid making those of whom they have charge the pawns of their own unconscious strivings."

THUS far the present reviewer has tried merely to summarize Dr. Lindner's message. His sweeping generalizations as to the psychology behind communism and fascism seem to me oversimplified, especially as regards the American Communists, fellow-travelers and student radicals I knew before the consolidation of the militant Russian state. They did not seem to me "neurotic" as a group. I have the notion, indeed, that there would be less vandalism among pres-

ent-day youngsters if more of them were "radical," if their teachers dared to express belief in some militant promise for the future, in something more heroic than supporting at the polls an administration just possibly less deplorable than its opposition, in some large devotion which could withstand not only the witch-hunts of Congressional committees but the diagnosis of "neuroticism."

DR. LINDNER suggests that psychopathy is the consequence of doting, overindulgent maternal care. A more common supposition among psychiatrists is that it results rather from the *absence* of parental figures with whom the child can identify, whose love he can trust, whose strength he can take as model, whose morality he can introject as his own conscience. The naturally "psychopathic" infant grows into a mature person through the parental "no" as well as through the parental "yes."

The capacity to tolerate postponement of gratification is rooted in the complex emotional relationship of the child to its guardians, not in a chilly education to rationality. A reasonable authority, a sensible, loving, self-respecting demand for compliance with the minimal requirements of his culture seems a better prescription for parents than the blanket invitation to rebellion suggested by Dr. Lindner. Except for severe neurotics, I cannot accept Dr. Lindner's emphasis on "self-knowledge" for parents. Too often parents who take this prescription seriously become self-conscious and timid, anxious and guilty—qualities rather worse for the child than the natural errors of the parent who belongs in his culture, and is himself the model for cultural values.

The trouble with our age for both parents and children is that we no longer have any strong convictions as to what is "reasonable" for society. The problem is cyclical in the sense that past cultures which have attained physical ease and intercultural contacts sufficient to break down belief in the absolute reasonableness of local mores and religions have usually become effete—"psychopathic." As psychologist I cannot share Dr. Lindner's faith in the instinct of rebellion as such to overcome this problem, or his trust in skepticism. What we need is a more

DR. RUTH MUNROE is a clinical psychologist. She has taught at City College of New York and Sarah Lawrence and is the author of *Schools of Psychoanalytic Thought*.

reasonable focus for rebellion. It must be a rebellion rooted in our guts as well as in our minds, rooted in parents and schools which dare to prohibit, which dare to offer positive goals. We need psychiatrists who can help us channelize the human capacity for a large devotion along increasingly reasonable lines instead of branding as "neurotic" those who believe in a cause, even in a cause they must later revise or abandon, seeking other means to ac-

complish an enduring and essentially valid purpose.

My answer to Dr. Lindner's title question would be yes, within a framework of social values which I would try to make increasingly more reasonable and humane. It is precisely the psychopath who is radically non-conformist, who accepts no law beyond the realistic gratification of impulse, *his* impulse, uncontrolled by the great irrationalities of long-term human values.

A Too-Measured Prose

THE PRESENCE OF GRACE. By J. F. Powers. Doubleday and Company. \$2.95.

By William Goyen

THIS NEW collection of stories by J. F. Powers, published heretofore in the *New Yorker*, *Accent*, *Commonweal* and the *Partisan Review*, is one of inconsequential though well-wrought anecdote. There is a curious voice in Mr. Power's stories. It speaks in a wry, dead-beat, direct, sometimes cagey, sometimes sinister tone; it is dull, plain, perfectly rendered, unrelievedly monotonous, a sort of special speech made out of speech—so that it seems, ironically, literary artifice. It might just be that such is the danger of stringent literary method where craftsmanship further harnesses an already gaited subject. For the world of these stories is the small one of priests and rectories.

In "Dawn," "A Losing Game," "Zeal," the title story, "The Devil Was the Joker," Mr. Powers' priests all speak alike, in one voice, from one story to another. In "The Devil Was the Joker," Mac, a drummer of religious articles, speaks in the same tone of voice as Father Malt, an aged priest, and the rectory cat in "Death of a Favorite." Mr. Powers is in the company of contemporary writers like Jean Stafford, Peter Taylor, recent Eudora Welty, Frank O'Connor (and, curiously, J. F. Salinger) on whom Irish bears heavily, and whose writing is said to be poetic without being poetic, where a half gleeful, half grim author-frivolity is at play in the characters

WILLIAM GOYEN is the author of In a Farther Country, Ghost and Flesh and The House of Breath.

May 12, 1956

they create. Their fierce sense of method burns out theme and dries out subject matter as though it had been kept too long in the oven. No manner of frosting, sudden shocks or off-beat wit or whimsy, seems to change the taste. Mr. Powers' style chews hard.

To this reader, then, scope seems missing in the story-telling art of Mr. Powers, measure is perplexed, a sense of realm is lacking and human extensions feel curtailed. Considered within this limitation of style which damages the life of human characterization—humor and perception notwithstanding—these pieces are masterful examples of intelligent and expert writing over which the machine of discipline planes away, finishing, like wood, the natural grain of some measured timber only a sawmill's distance from the living tree.

Ball Players

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY. By Mark Harris. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

A SERIOUS-HUMOROUS novel in the vernacular is difficult; one about baseball players seems impossible. This one disproves the rule for about half its length. The man-to-man sentimentality is as good as some of Hemingway; the tone and probability of life as it is recognized are all there. And then it goes sour and embarrassing, possibly confirming that these Lardner-like goings-on are for the short story or very short novel length, but cannot stand up to prolonged inspection without falling into a sense of repetition and mockery.

DAVID CORT

New Work in Psychology

THE MYTH OF THE ETERNAL RETURN. By Mircea Eliade. Translated from the French by W. R. Trask. Bollington-Pantheon. \$2.75. Profound and pregnant research in the psychology of time and the intuitive forms of the mind as revealed by the early cultures' attitude toward history. The learned author, a Rumanian, links these forms with the Leibnizian-Kantian concept of the mind as a dynamic power (in refutation of the Lockean-Positivist theory of the mind as tabula rasa). This little book makes sense, if read in connection with the work of the parapsychologists. And it sheds light on the "eternal recurrence" theories of the Hindus and of Nietzsche.

WALDO FRANK

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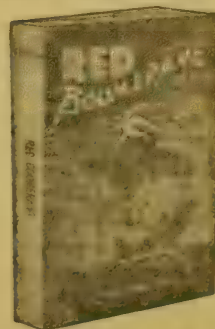
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Early Years of a Radical

SPEAK MY OWN PIECE. By Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Masses and Mainstream. \$2.75.

By Roger N. Baldwin

FOR HALF a century, from 1906 on, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn has figured as one of the few women leaders on the radical Left in the United States. For the last eighteen years she has figured as a leader in the Communist Party, and currently she figures as a federal prisoner for taking part in the Communist conspiracy to advocate the hypothetical overthrow of the U. S. government.

But her book of memoirs stops far short of her Communist conversion in 1937; it runs only to 1927, and another volume is promised to cover the later years. This record of her tireless working-class activities begins with her first speech at sixteen on women and socialism and ends with her defense of Sacco and Vanzetti.

In between she traveled from coast to coast as speaker and organizer in the struggles of the Industrial Workers of the World (to which she belonged for more than a decade), of the leftist trade unions and of anarchists, the Irish, the suffragists and the birth-controllers. In 1918 she organized the Workers Defense Union, and for half a dozen years led a fight for civil rights for all-comers. She was elected to the board of the American Civil Liberties Union on which she served for many years until the inconsistency of her Communist membership forced her expulsion.

ELIZABETH FLYNN came to her radicalism by inheritance from a Socialist Irish immigrant father and a free-thinking Irish mother. Her heroes are the martyrs and saviors of labor, touched by something of the same vision to which she "happily dedicated" her life: a "Socialist America"—presumably now a "Soviet America." But the Russian revolution and communism get scant attention; indeed the struggle for Irish freedom gets far more. And it was a decade after her

ROGER N. BALDWIN was director of the American Civil Liberties Union for many years.

present story ends that she submitted to the fetters of a rigid party line.

Her loyalty was always to "the workers," and she "hated those who exploited and betrayed them." She writes: "I became in my youth and I remain now a mortal enemy of capitalism." Despite her hatred, she writes without bitterness; and she has not revised history or her opinions of people to fit her later Com-

munist line. Her greatest admiration is expressed for a leader of the IWW who did not, and I think could not, accept the gospel according to Lenin.

Miss Flynn has contributed a personal story to the violent struggles of industrial warfare on the Left in a period too scantily recorded in first-hand testimony. As a defender of the rights of workers on countless platforms and in organizing legal aid and raising funds, the record shows she was tireless, courageous and uncompromising.

Television

Anne W. Langman

IN EGYPT'S Nubian desert is the site for the High Dam. It will take ten years and \$350,000,000 to build it out of granite from the same quarries that used to provide obelisks for the Pharaohs: Prime Minister Nassar tells us that it will be modern Egypt's Great Pyramid. A thousand miles to the south, in the vast Sudan, enumerators with arm bands move from village to town to city, taking the first census in that country's history, in order to measure the extent of underpopulation. And in Libya the prime minister denies smuggling arms into Algeria but boldly states that, if he were an Algerian rebel who wanted freedom, he would do business with the devil himself, and that in this climate the devil is Soviet Russia.

These are a few of the sights and sounds of *See It Now's* Report from Africa-Part II, scheduled for May 17. It will deal with the civil war in Algeria and the problems of other countries in the northern half of the continent. Before Edward R. Murrow says "Good night and good luck," his audience will have seen much of the struggle for freedom in Libya, Ethiopia, Egypt, Uganda and the Sudan.

The first half of the report, on the air on April 23, dealt with the countries in the south of Africa. The theme was self-determination—the revolt against colonialism. It appears to be advanced in some countries, just beginning in others. On the Gold Coast, strong-jawed Prime Minister Nkrumah told CBS reporter Alexander Kendrick that Africa's most urgent need is political

emancipation. In Liberia, a few hundred miles away, the heritage of its freed American slave founders was vividly illustrated by children pledging allegiance to their flag in words almost identical to ours, and by the native army marching to "The Caissons Go Rolling Along." President Tubman, politically bland, said that it is as difficult to predict when all Africa will be free as it is to tell when will be Judgment Day. In the crown colony of Kenya, a group of Mau Maus, who looked astonishingly mild and good, were confessing to a British lady interrogator. Governor General Sir Evelyn Baring, wearing a plumed helmet at a garden party, stated that the Mau Mau experience has opened the formerly pure white government to Africans and Asians. The reluctant goodbyes to Father Trevor Huddleston, recalled to England from the Union of South Africa after a courageous fight against *apartheid*, set the stage for some telling sequences on the current challenges to this policy of separation of the races.

Kendrick and William McClure, top cameraman, spent seven months in Africa and sent home 250,000 feet of film. In the editing to 6,000 feet for each hour show, pygmies and elephants fell to the cutting-room floor. Only occasionally, as when the roar of Victoria Falls followed the protesting silence of the Black Sash Women, were scenes kept for their atmospheric comment. Transparent maps were superimposed on the film from time to time. "If you brought the audience back to New York to look at a map," said Fred Friendly,

co-producer, "it would destroy the illusion of spending an hour in Africa which we tried to create."

The complexity of what John Gunther calls "our last frontier . . . the richest prize on earth" forces any geographer to select a particular point of view, a specific interest. The partnership of Murrow and Friendly chose to present Africa as shaped today by the struggle for freedom going on in each of its parts. Until recently, the continent has had to be considered as a series of land-islands, each surrounded and isolated by a sea of land. Now the airplane makes an overall view possible. And *See It Now*, after more than four years as a weekly half-hour show, has a more capacious and flexible format which enables Murrow and Friendly to tackle large survey projects in sixty, ninety, or in this case 120 minutes.

Critics of the African show have said that half a continent is far too much to cover in one hour; many have wondered why there could not have been a series of shows, one country to each. The producers

answer that their theme of the search for freedom as Africa's common denominator could not have emerged from a series. People do not watch every show in a series, and if they did would lose the continuity of thought from one week to another. Therefore Murrow and Friendly were prepared to sacrifice the kind of probing and provocative study that they have done so well in the past. They are showing us all of Africa struggling under the yoke of colonialism that seems as senseless as the heavy hand of a husband holding an unloving wife to her marriage vows, to use Friendly's descriptive metaphor.

To those who know something of Africa, this approach seemed at times to simplify almost to the point of being misleading, as in the Liberia sequence where the overlay of American democracy was allowed to mask what takes place beneath the surface. It seemed to me that the program was optimistically assuming a great deal of basic knowledge to which the viewer could add this

up-to-date report. It was a graduate course and, as a freshman in Africa, I kept wishing that I could stop for a moment to absorb what I had just seen, to listen to Murrow's explanations (which now seem completely lucid in the script on my desk) without the continuing impact of new visual distractions. I believe that this gamble for a broad picture was worth taking and that the show was valuable. But if TV continues to give us such advanced fare—and the move is in a welcome direction—it might consider subsidiary innovations to match this progress. The network could distribute, in advance of such a show, a fact-sheet for the briefing of the uninitiated viewer, who would then be able to absorb much more of its content without confusion. Some such device is almost sure to be necessary if programs are to be beamed above the lowest common knowledge denominator.

REPORT from Africa—Part I was an important hour, worth a second viewing. Sometimes the networks re-run their outstanding programs, recent examples being "Out

— TV Forecast —

May 13 through 17

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 13

CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST (NBC; Princeton '56). Origins of the Arab-Israeli clash, aims of both sides and implication of the trigger situation for American foreign policy will be discussed by Professors Marver Bernstein and T. Cuyler Young.

TREES IN THE WIND (NBC; Frontiers of Faith). A dramatized episode in the life of painter Chaim Soutine, written by James Yaffe, produced under auspices of the Jewish Theological Seminary.

IVORY HUNTER (ABC; Famous Film Festival). J. Arthur Rank film on the struggle to save the wild game of Africa from extinction.

PRESIDENT (NBC; Alcoa Hour). Claude Rains in the role of a retired Supreme Court Justice who runs for President and finds the political arena a raw and dangerous stage. This drama may throw light on what makes judges—or generals—run.

THE BELFRY (CBS; Alfred Hitchcock Presents). Father is host, daughter

stars in another horror story of this dramatic series.

Wednesday, May 16

SURVIVAL IN NATURE (ABC; Disneyland). Kill-or-be-killed battles among nature's smaller creatures: a horned toad and a rat, coyote and an armadillo, and a microscopic close-up of the rotifer, smaller than a fleck of dust, which feeds on other micro-organisms. Disney's simplest creatures comment, by implication, on the biology of more complex societies. For the kiddies?

Thursday, May 17

REPORT FROM AFRICA—PART 2 (CBS; See It Now). Discussed in this issue.

Radio

MUSIC ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON (CBS). CBS Radio Orchestra and Chorus and recorded light music, punctuated by baseball scores, weather and traffic information. Andre Baruch is host on this summer weekly series. BOSTON POPS (NBC). On Mondays from May 14 through July 9 Arthur Fiedler conducts the Boston Symphony and guest soloists in light to medium music. Narrator: Ben Grauer.

A. W. L.

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of Darkness" and "A Night to Remember." A consistent re-run policy, say a few hours each week devoted to a review of the best shows, would be another welcome innovation and an encouragement to thoughtful programming. Or perhaps there is a courageous soul in the industry who

would start a re-run station where viewers could see repeats of the best shows of all networks—a repertory station based on quality. It could have a happy effect on the intellectual and artistic standards of this new, and at present sadly ephemeral, medium.

Music

B. H. Haggin

IN HIS performance of Prokofiev's Cello Concerto No. 2 with the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos the Russian cellist Rostropovich revealed himself as a brilliantly accomplished performer in all respects but one: as against the variously beautiful tone that Janos Starker, Frank Miller, Leonard Rose and Pierre Fournier produce from the cello throughout its range, Rostropovich's tone is thin and dry, and though agreeable in the lower and middle range of the instrument, gets to be shrilly whining in its upper range. As for Prokofiev's new concerto, in the process of providing the soloist with the means of displaying his command of every resource of his instrument the first two movements seemed to me, at this first hearing, to ramble on from one thing to another endlessly; and I found particular details here and there attractive but the movements as wholes formless. Only the finale, with its vertebrate theme-and-variations structure, had formal clarity and coherence which made it, for me, the most effective movement of the work.

At this concert Virgil Thomson's Concerto for Flute, Strings and Percussion also was played, with John Wummer as soloist. It is, according to Thomson, a bird piece, which he makes amusing to read about in his program note ("Sometimes it is a tender and meditative bird, sometimes an exceedingly angry and agitated one. But in no case is it a lady or gentleman flute player."); but I didn't find its elaborately contrived "hopping around, bird-like calls, swoops and ascents" interesting to listen to; and the best thing about it was its brevity.

In these new works, as in the Molinari transcription of Debussy's *L'Île joyeuse* that opened the con-

cert, Mitropoulos operated with a concentration on his tasks that left him no time for extravagance, and the orchestra, in response, did some relaxed and beautiful-sounding playing—these being things which this conductor and orchestra don't do always. And while I am on the subject of the Philharmonic I will add that disquieting reports about Cantelli's work with the orchestra this year led me to listen to his broadcast performances of a Vivaldi concerto grosso and Strauss's *Don Juan*. I was a little shocked by the change from the simple lyrical flow one used to hear, to the monkeying with tempo, the distentions, the portentous pauses that impeded this flow now; but the following Sunday I heard performances of the "Good Friday Spell" from *Parsifal* and Verdi's *Te Deum* which flowed simply and naturally as before.

AT THE final concert of the Symphony of the Air under Leonard Bernstein the poised, continently phrased and beautiful-sounding violin-playing of Isaac Stern stood out in an over-blown performance of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 with especially overblown piano-playing by Bernstein himself—the weight of orchestral and piano sound making Paul Renzi Jr.'s flute-playing barely audible. Stern was the soloist also in Bernstein's Serenade (after Plato's *Symposium*) for Violin, Strings and Percussion—a piece which, like Thomson's, was uninteresting to listen to, but unlike his was not amusing to read about in the program and went on interminably.

As for the *School for Wives*, which the New York City Opera presented with Mozart's *The Impresario*, Rolf Liebermann's music proved to be a modern-style hubbub of little in-

trinsic interest which carried a stage production that was made distinguished by Wolfgang Roth's scenery and costumes and by John Reardon's powers of presence and projection, notably in his last-minute appearance as the *deus ex machina* of the proceedings. On the other hand, the few pieces of music that Mozart wrote for *The Impresario*—chiefly the lovely overture and the two brilliant arias that were sung well by Beverly Sills and Jacquelynne Moody—were engulfed in the lengthy, pretentious and foolish play devised for the production by Giovanni Cardelli.

RCA Victor LM-1907, which offers Berlioz's *Les Nuits d'été* sung by de los Angeles with the Boston Symphony under Munch, is one of the outstanding records of the year. It is that, first of all, because of the songs themselves, which overwhelm anyone I play them for, and overwhelm me anew each time. I have been playing the Columbia performance by Steber with an orchestra under Mitropoulos; and part of its overwhelming effect results from Steber's opulent and powerfully expressive singing and the remarkable way that Mitropoulos shapes and times the orchestral details to work with the vocal phrases. But the songs turn out to be equally overwhelming as performed in a totally different manner—with more animation and delicacy—on the new Victor record. The loveliness of de los Angeles' singing is no surprise; but Munch hasn't often produced such exquisite playing with his orchestra; and Victor's engineers haven't often achieved such clear and faithful reproduction as they do of the delicate sounds in this performance. The gleaming violin harmonics in "*Au Cimetière*" that can't be heard in the Columbia performance; the rapid passages for basses in "*L'Île inconnue*" that are blurred—these are wonderfully and excitingly clear on the Victor record. But I must report one exception: many of the plucked bass-notes that are so exciting in "*Au Cimetière*" are strangely inaudible. And I must report also that, whereas the Columbia record comes with the French texts as well as English translations, the Victor comes only with especially bad English versions.

Another fine vocal record is Vanguard BG-558, with a number of madrigals by Morley, Weelkes,

Wilbye, Vautor and others—the gay ones charming, the slow ones, with their dense textures and their chromaticism, deeply affecting—sung by the Deller Consort with extraordinary refinement of tone and phrasing.

Similarly, among the instrumental

pieces by Dowland on EMS 12—pavanes, galliards and almands—the several grave ones, including the four *Lachrimae*, are most impressive. They are played well by a small group of modern strings and lute, the Geneva Chamber Ensemble, directed by Franz Walter.

Letter From Paris

Gerald Sykes

THE RECENT centenary of Heine's death, more honored here in the city of his adoption than in his native Germany, called to mind a *bon mot* of his which seems pure fun but has curious relevance even today. He said: "It is easy to understand why the Romans conquered the world—they didn't have to learn Latin." Try as I will, I cannot think of a neater explanation of the misunderstandings that continue between the New World and the Old, and especially those that confuse the relations of the United States and France.

Lately I have been talking to teachers, schoolchildren, parents, professors in an attempt to reach the source of this misunderstanding which appears to be a difference in education. I am now convinced that the fundamental difference lies in our attitudes toward the past. We Americans are Romans in the sense that, born into a young and dynamic world power, we rejoice in our relative freedom from cultural baggage. The French, on the other hand (and they have been called the modern Greeks so often that it has become a cliché; a saleswoman sprang it on me the other day) believe in such baggage. To them no one can hope to be happy unless he is ballasted by a complex heritage that demands a great deal of hard intellectual discipline.

AT OUR worst we take a bombardier's attitude and want to blast the hell out of every remaining monument—like the young American aviator quoted by Gabriel Marcel in *The Decline of Wisdom* who said: "You should be grateful to us for bombing all this old stuff. Now you can build a clean new town."

The French at their worst make a *snobisme* of cramming the heads of the very young—amazing how ma-

ture their six-year-olds can look!—with an essentially literary training that, by crude survival standards, may actually unfit them for life as it is today. Not to mention the French cult of patina, which is turning the Musée de l'Art Moderne (1937) into an antiquity before its time, by mere avoidance of the mop.

It is a fine point, how much of the past can be safely jettisoned, and no two people, let alone peoples, will agree about it. Obviously a great many Americans admire Superman and believe they can attain some of his power by non-surgical lobotomy. Obviously a great many Frenchmen admire the bureaucrat and want nothing more than to fuss with papers and argue about Chataubriand, the writer or the steak. It is also fairly clear that history is going to be unkind to both these national exaggerations.

My only hope is that none of our foundations decides to do something about it. Some gaps are unbridgeable. A friend of mine recently overheard, through a thin hotel wall, a quarrel between a GI and his French girl friend that may have been a very symbolic drama of neo-Roman and neo-Greek. Indignantly in the middle of the night the GI ordered the girl out of his bed and sternly made her sleep on the floor.

"But why, cheri?" she pleaded.

"What did I do?"

"I won't tell you."

"What did I do?"

"I won't tell you."

Finally after six hours of tears she got him to admit why he had thrown her out. He was still outraged: "You said I didn't have any culture."

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ago, when she was eighteen. Her publisher is René Julliard, who also published last season the poems of either Minou Drouet, aged eight, or her foster mother, who is somewhat older (no one knows.) The newest volume in M. Julliard's youth movement has had a first printing of either 400,000 or 150,000, depending on whether you believe the newspapers or the literary agents, and the critical consensus is that it proves Mlle Sagan was no flash in the pan. Some reviewers have spoken of its appalling emptiness, which they say would bore anyone not looking between endpapers for that which can only be found between sheets, but they have been drowned out by another kind of reader who doesn't get lost-generation self-pity served up so smoothly every day. Or erotic advances from strangers in movie houses, or continual whiskies, or adultery with the husband of one's benefactress and complete forgiveness afterwards.

IN SPITE of the Mendès-France campaign for milk and street posters depicting this country as the most alcoholic on earth, heavy drinking continues in other examples of popular art, notably in the films *Je Suis Un Sentimental* and *Les Héros Sont Fatigués*. I haven't seen so many bottles emptied in a Hollywood film since William Powell days. In the first it is Eddie Constantine, a transplanted American modelling himself on Bogart and Cagney, who pours it down. In the second it is Yves Montand, a French Gregory Peck, who gives this sure-fire demonstration of virility. The best thing in the latter picture is that it is authentically laid in Liberia, with a gang of worthless whites trying to crash colored society and being justly—and amusingly—spurned.

LIKE MOST other people in my neighborhood, I wait until films arrive around the corner, where I can see them for about thirty-five cents. Fortunately there is never a double feature. The program is rounded out with documentaries (one about Paris backyards was truly poetic), newsreels, commercials (when the lights go up and the candy-butchers go forth)—and always an attraction. This is a vaudeville act: acrobats, cartoonists, singers, dancers. The best was a pickpocket who lined

eight people up on the stage and presented them with the wrist watches, wallets, keys, fountain pens he had stolen while choosing them from the audience. And then in the midst of an argument with a pretty

girl he stole her brassiere right off her front and apparently without her knowing it! I don't think there is a spot for him back home in TV. But the Paris audience loved it. And I must say I loved them.

Dance

Edwin Denby

THE RUSSIAN feature-length ballet film *Romeo and Juliet* is more fun to watch if you don't like classic dancing than if you do. The whole cast keeps behaving like the operatic *boyars* and *mujiks* one is acquainted with from Russian historical films. They rush up and down stairways, they fence by hundreds, they stare, feast, dance and mourn with an unquenchable agility and vehemence. Seen close-up, they ham an emotion with a capital letter. They do a little classic dancing too, and tie it in by heavy character acting. They are completely convinced, if not completely convincing. You can't miss any point they make, but you do miss a delicacy of implication. The action hasn't that aura, or overtone, of grace and human sweetness that in Shakespeare or in classic ballet lets the wonderful side of a meaning appear as if of its own accord. Instead, the film has a great deal of the energetic obviousness, the enthusiastic conventionality we are used to in the ballets of our screen musicals. On that level *Romeo* does very well.

But one expected another level. This *Romeo* is intended to show Russian ballet at its best. It has been adapted from one of the best post-war stage productions, the *Romeo and Juliet* of the Bolshoi of Moscow. It has been choreographed and co-directed by Lavrovsky, the choreographer of the theatre version. The original ballet score by Prokofiev is the film score. It is danced by Bolshoi Ballet, headed by the most celebrated of Soviet ballerinas, Galina Ulanova, who created the same Juliet in Moscow. Very likely the film keeps the style, the general plan and many of the best moments of the

stage version; certainly it shows every sign of care and devotion in its realization. And on this level one looks for a general effect much more interesting, and for a show with more sparkle.

BUT A local ballet fan is too curious about Soviet ballet to leave it at that. He comes to the film delighted with the chance to see the difference in style between these dancers and ours. He watches the detail for moments when what they do will show the kind of force the style has.

And he does see effects that communicate. Juliet, with the Friar's potion in her bodice, as she begins to dance with County Paris, has a moment when she thinks she is dancing with Romeo; the insane flash of it is real, though the style is melodramatic. Romeo has a strange rushing entrance in the tomb scene, and he lifts high what he believes is Juliet's corpse with a gesture that brings back the grandeur of the verse. Mercutio in the midst of the sword fight in which he is to die has a rush of darting and twisting leaps that makes one see his spirit all quickness and no venom. Two acrobats leap through the carnival crowd with a vivid gusto. And when the whole population of Verona is dancing its stamped and Slavic step in the carnival square, in the general enthusiasm the remoter groups can't hear the beat and gradually shift to a later one of their own: this shift is so real it pulls you right into the crush of the crowd. These moments are not effects of classic dancing, they are effects of acting, of mime. And I was delighted as by a sort of virtuoso mime specialty, when Tybalt made his face look the absolute peak of fury, and then slowly altered it to look twice as furious.

But the local fan keeps thinking, what about showing us some choreography? There are groups strolling,

EDWIN DENBY, formerly dance critic for the New York Herald-Tribune, is the author of *Looking at Dance*.

crowds milling, pretty girls in tears, people running very fast or standing still, cutting capers, feasting, brawling and constantly making faces and violent gestures. At the ball there is lots of genial ogling and drunken lurching, and with this motivation, slices of four or five dance numbers. But as far as their choreography goes, that turns out to be surprisingly commonplace; uninteresting in its material or in its development to the score. The big folk dance in the square, choreographically speaking, is nothing at all. But the unimaginative choreography of the two decisive *pas de deux* is what astonishes the fan most. The situations are the greatest—those of the balcony and of the bedroom scenes; the dancers are the best. And here at the poetic climax Juliet's dances have no brilliance of choreographic invention, no power of choreographic expression at all. They are elementary. While Romeo's part consists of giving his partner support with now and then the crumb of a leap thrown in. The dancers carry the situation by mime, like fine actors putting across a decisive scene in which they have only a banal text to work with.

THE choreographic text is consistently elementary so as not to distract from the mime expression. Very likely the Russians don't even look for expressive values in that text. Very likely the point of our best ballets would be lost on them if they saw them. They would take them for exercises in virtuosity. How could they know that they were meaningful when all the dancers looked so pleasant and so civil?

One comes to see that these Russians don't try for the same lucidity of dance action and of dance rhythm that we are used to, and that an interesting choreographic text calls for. They like to be off the measure. They prefer to fling out a whole step sequence to the general rush of a musical phrase or two, as if they heard in the music only its rhetoric or drive. They prefer to let the mime element—the acted emotion—blur the shape of the step and the classic carriage of the body. There is an exception in the classic-style group dance with mandolins, but the discipline here is meant to register as nice party manners. Only Ulanova shows a consistent powerful exactness of line in feet and legs; but even

with her the mime emphasis makes the shoulders rise, the wrists tense, the floor-contact thicken. And the habitually lifted rib-cage (the habitual pouter-pigeon silhouette of Soviet ballerinas, which means "Here is my heart") breaks the line of her back and shortens her neck.

ONCE a local fan gives up looking for what we call choreography and classic style, he can see that the whole of this *Romeo*—dancing and mime—is keyed to a dominant mime image, a melodramatically violent one intended to characterize the environment of the brawling Capulets and Montagues. That the violence is a Slavic one, and not an Italian, is natural enough. But Shakespeare uses the brutal families as a foil for the marvelously civilized lovers—whose strength and delicacy suddenly become a wonderful and growing power that gives to the tragedy its joyous radiance. The kind of point Shakespeare makes can be and has been made by classic ballet when the piece (as in *Petipa*) takes its key from its lucidly dazzling grand *pas de deux*; just as the English play takes its key from its most dazzling sweet moments of verse.

But the Russian choreographer has turned the foil into the protagonist, and has taken his key from the rude and heavy mime motions that signify brutality. Everything in the ballet is oppressed by some reflection of the key. And the insistent intentionality of the mime key has a depressing effect in another way. The effect is that the only human relations left in the piece are intentional ones.

Anyway the heavy mime style bores you. So when Lady Capulet, with an awesome gesture, rends her bodice in grief over Tybalt, you find yourself peeking at her underwear to see if that too is in period. When Juliet in the bedroom scene keeps falling agonized to her knees, you notice that it isn't in front of the Madonna that she drops, but in front of a full-length mirror—and you see Ulanova-Juliet with a ballerina's practice mirror in her bedroom.

But after an irreverent breather, the fan can watch again. Not the acting, but the movement, and how beautifully Ulanova runs. How handsomely they all run. And the fan is struck by how the men sail through the air, all of them, with

a fine sustained stretch that few of our boys achieve. They sustain the extension through the powerful middle of the body, they don't hold it as well in the ankles, knees and nape, classic style. So they increase the effect of a weight that sails. The weight the dancers suggest in their action becomes the men better than it does the women. And the men's strong stance is a pleasure. And as the fan watches, he gets to see that the expressive vigor of their action comes from the dynamic *sforzando* attack they give to a stretching motion, a *sforzando* that comes from the midriff, and that has been trained in many graduations. Ulanova is a virtuoso of both the attack and the development that follows.

And one can well imagine—when a stage is full of heavy men and



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women dancing with this kind of powerful sforzando thrust and leaping up with a powerfully sustained extension in the air, so that a continuous pulse of ferocious energy pours out over the audience while the orchestra blares full strength—that the theatre effect becomes so overwhelming one doesn't so much watch the dance as abandon one's self to the orgiastic discharge of it. One can well imagine the mass scenes of *Romeo* or any other piece creating such an effect, so that when Ulanova appears, so slight and small compared to the rest of the cast but so rapid and decisive and so occupied with a particular inner life, the shock of seeing an individual again is shattering. One doesn't ask for more, one sees her through tears of gratitude. One can well imagine it, but the film doesn't show anything like it.

Nor could it. A large stationary stage accumulates energy (or else lucidity) in a way that the swiveling narrow field of a camera can't. A camera can't keep its mind on dancing. In a mass scene its eye catches a hardness of strain in a movement and reminds you that the dancers have been repeating this take so often they are past their best form. The camera eye looks at a few steps of Ulanova's and observes that her waist is not a pretty one. It also observes her worn face, but after a few moments that turns out to be in its own way quite pretty. Of all her many dance qualities, it is her lovely airiness in lifts and supported leaps that best keeps a trace of its stage magic in this film.

It has been a long film but it is over now. The fan has caught the copious visceral vitality of these dancers which would make them a stage success anywhere. Their style has less visual and musical continuity than it has visceral. Conventional ideas when they take this expression become what some of us call vital, human and earthy. What a wow this company would make of *Sheherazade*. The expression of their style is strongest just where that of our ballet is weakest, and vice versa. When they come to New York, what fun it will be to see the contrast. As for myself, as I went down into the subway on my way home, I began to wonder what Rubens would have done if he had been a Russian choreographer.

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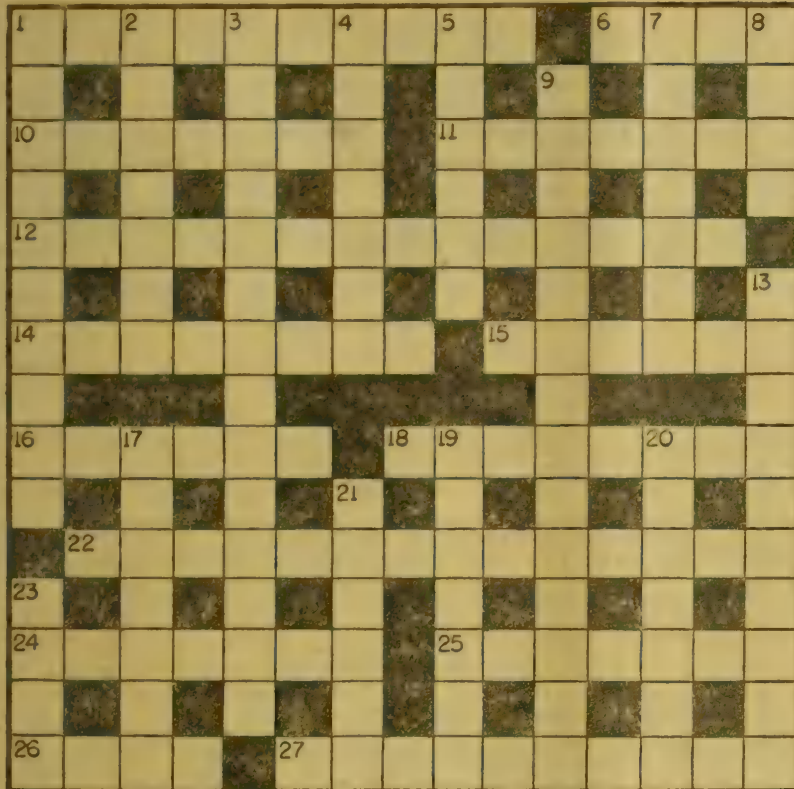
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BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 One of these was genuine leather in Oklahoma. (10)
- 6 Check the support. (4)
- 10 The thing that makes fair game with hounds in the first year. (7)
- 11 Following ■ main course, perhaps. (7)
- 12 Does it associate the hall with wax-work if one has to, particularly between wars? (6,8)
- 14 Lobster? This variation suggests a number of uncooked meals for Friday. (8)
- 15 Not so pretty a sort of carpet to recline in. (6)
- 16 Smith was this on the totem pole. (3,3)
- 18 If you treat an Irishman like this, you'll 6. (5,3)
- 22 No service, or at best places study the arts. (14)
- 24 Busy with ■ ring? (7)
- 25 A sure sign that the wrong type will come in to a shaky cause. (7)
- 26 This has its ups and downs, but there's a string attached to it. (2-2)
- 27 See 23 down

DOWN

- 1 Led astray, with poor choice inside. (This type is not always well prepared!) (4,6)

- 2 The villain's evil laughter might show where he comes from. (7)
- 3 Fliers in 12? (5,2,7)
- 4 Falls upon. (7)
- 5 Leave waste. (6)
- 7 This sort of hard labor is interrupted by what's on the tombstone. (The Marines have landed) (7)
- 8 His job should be safe at least! (4)
- 9 Frank would never imply acting so, unless you dig in. (14)
- 13 The race of Seth scattered amid the brambles? (10)
- 17 Hardly a correct manner. (7)
- 19 A short way in a narrow one implies a lot of work. (7)
- 20 Haunt. (7)
- 21 A first one would hardly be an old scholar, but we sometimes see one on the road. (6)
- 23 and 27 across Would the following signature be faithfully copied? (4,5,5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 670

ACROSS: 1 UNSOPHISTICATED; 9 PER-
FIDY; 10 ALUMNUS; 11 ORIGIN; 12 ES-
CAPADE; 14 OVERPRINTS; 15 NEAP; 17
NAPE; 19 UNROMANTIC; 22 ELECTORS;
23 TARIFF; 25 BEE-LINE; 26 SPATIAL;
27 EXTRAJUDICIALLY. DOWN: 1 UN-
PRODUCIBLE; ■ SERVICE; 3
PHILIPPI; 4 IDYL; 5 TRANSITION; 6 CAU-
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In the Wake of B. and K. . . *by Konni Zilliacus*

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Letters

Pro Lindesmith

Dear Sirs: Professor Lindesmith, whom I missed meeting in London by a day last year when I was on a similar study mission in England, has described accurately the narcotic situation in this country (April 21 issue).

Narcotic addicts are citizens like the rest of us. The punitive legislation which we employ must continue to fail because it has been erected on a fallacious foundation: that drug addiction is a crime. It is, instead, a symptom of psychological disorder, as the article emphasizes.

Appreciation of the addict as a sick man will permit his rehabilitation in hospitals or clinics without drugs where it is humanly possible to do this, and with them where no other course is feasible.

In accepting this responsibility medicine is acting in the highest spirit of altruism because the very nature of the problem will demand, for the most part, government hospitals and clinics.

The Senate subcommittee report which arrived in the mail almost simultaneously with Professor Lindesmith's article shows that our legislators are continuing the impossible task of trying to legislate morals; of seeking to cure disease with policemen's battalions. It is another milestone down the unfortunate punitive path which we have been following all these years.

HERBERT BERGER, M. D.

The Berger Clinic

Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: The damage done by the interpretation given to the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 in preventing physicians from treating narcotics addicts and turning over to the police what is essentially a medical problem can be undone if the law makers are made to understand the nature of the problem as Dr. Lindesmith describes it so well.

N. H. COOPER, M. D.

Welfare and Health Council
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I enjoyed the article on drug traffic by Professor Lindesmith in the April 21 issue and think it poses an interesting problem. My own belief is that taking drugs is no more a criminal matter than over-indulgence in alcohol. I feel that unless there is a crime committed by the addict, addiction itself is not a matter for the police, the district attorney or the courts. All too often, in my experience with judges, district attorneys and proba-

tion officers, there has been an air of embarrassment as to what to do with a drug addict who is being charged with taking drugs. This I feel definitely is a matter for doctors, psychiatrists, clinics and other specialists. I would not, however, advocate the use of drug clinics except on a nationwide basis.

CHARLES B. BRADLEY

Youth Counsel Bureau

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Con Lindesmith

Dear Sirs: It was disappointing to me that Alfred Lindesmith missed the most important point. Opiate drug addiction is not, at bottom, "an essentially medical problem," but an essentially sociological one. It is the more disappointing that Mr. Lindesmith, himself a distinguished sociologist, should have missed this.

Are we to draw no inferences from the fact that addiction has become a serious problem in our own highly secularized, competitive, unstable society, while it has remained a minor problem in the relatively more secure society of Great Britain? Is there no significance in the timing of the trend toward juvenile addiction, which, as Mr. Lindesmith points out, began during or shortly after World War I, and accelerated during the Great Depression and World War II? Were these not times when old ideals were crumbling, cynicism, disillusion and despair grew fashionable and adolescents were given little besides inconsistencies to live by? Is it merely coincidental that drug addiction is most widespread among the portions of our population to whom we ration or deny outright those prerequisites we define as the good things of life?

In his peroration, Mr. Lindesmith states: "The main hope of control must be based on prevention." No one, I think, would demur. But I fail to see how he reasons from this proposition to the conclusion that the medical profession must be our rod and staff in the matter. The medical profession is, almost by definition, limited in philosophy and practice to therapy. Treatment of drug addicts? Perhaps. Prevention of drug addiction? I cannot follow.

Nor is medical education currently producing physicians competent to the task Mr. Lindesmith assigns them. Total preventive medicine will require that the physician be, to an extent, a social psychologist, applied anthropologist and social worker, as well as

epidemiologist, psychiatrist and internist. It is conceivable that the arts and sciences of biological man and social man can be thus fruitfully combined and mastered by an individual with sufficient interest, talent and training. I believe the revolution of "social medicine" will, in fact, occur within a lifetime, perhaps within a generation. But I prefer not to make a solution of the addiction problem (read also the divorce problem, suicide problem, etc.) contingent upon the consummation of this revolution.

Mr. Lindesmith is much too impressed with the present capabilities of medical science. He is much too modest concerning the capabilities of social science. My hope (and my hunch) is that the social sciences are not quite so impoverished as social scientists, along with most of the rest of us, may think.

PAM ANDERSON

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The article by Professor Lindesmith makes two rather strong assumptions: (1) That the punitive attitude of the government has increased addiction and (2) That only the medical profession can do anything about it. It will be hard to prove either.

Drug addiction has increased among young people only in a few places like New York and at no greater rate than juvenile delinquency. Generally, many contend that the withholding of punishment has caused such increase while Dr. Lindesmith holds that too much causes it. They cannot both be

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The Shape of Things

Peace Is Breaking Out

Peace is imminent. The news keeps pushing through the headlines. Even the headlines are less stern: "Dulles to the Brink of Peace," reads one; "Dulles' Hush-Hush Four-Point Plank," reads another. Cold warriors still man the ramparts and the old alarms continue to sound but less often than they did and much feebler. Numberless items in the news, seemingly unrelated, provide striking proof that spring is subversive and peace is near—that is, *acknowledged* peace, publicly accepted peace, not peace in the future but peace here-and-now.

Item: The remarkable way in which the name of General Curtis E. LeMay was driven from the headlines by the President's confident assertion that having what a nation needs in the way of armaments does not necessarily mean having more than some other nation; it means having what you need.

Item: The admission by Allen W. Dulles, director of Central Intelligence Agency, that he finds a measure of "genuine hope" in the spread of "educational, thinking processes" in the Soviet Union. His is the pithiest summing-up of the recent goings-on in Russia that we have seen: "education educates."

Item: The hostile reception accorded George Brown, Labor M. P., by an audience in Liverpool for his churlish behavior at the Labor Party's dinner for Messrs. B. and K. in London (see article by Konni Zilliacus on page 424).

Item: Mr. George Kennan's recent statement in Pittsburgh that a new U. S. policy toward Russia is "decidedly overdue." We should, he says, "adopt a more relaxed and a more normal attitude" in our dealings with the Russians.

Item: The Pulitzer Prize awards to Lauren K. Soth of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* for an editorial inviting a Soviet farm delegation to visit this country and to William Randolph Hearst, Jr., Kingsbury Smith and Frank Conniff for their remarkable interviews of Soviet leaders. (*The Nation* praised the initiative shown by these journalists at the time and nominated Mr. Soth for a prize; see our issues of March 12, March 26, May 28 and August 13, 1955).

Item: Speeches by Democratic Senators Hubert R. Humphrey and Mike Mansfield "challenging" the Administration's emphasis on the military side of its foreign-aid program.

Item: Public-opinion polls indicating that a great

many Americans would not object if Messrs B. and K. were to visit Washington.

Item: Justice William O. Douglas' recent speech at Roosevelt College ("the whole theory of containment is obsolete and outdated").

The signs are clear even if the headlines are still a bit on the lurid side; peace is breaking out.

Trials Are for Courts

The marriage of an American actress to the Prince of Monaco is news, big news, but when a federal district judge publicly rebukes J. Edgar Hoover only a few newspapers deign to record his comments. Out in Butte, Montana, Federal Judge William D. Murray became annoyed with Mr. Hoover's well-known habit of issuing a barrage of press releases on the eve of trials in which the FBI has a special interest. In this instance, the head of the FBI was quoted in Washington as saying that a Smith Act defendant who was to be tried in Butte had travelled in many communities in Montana and Idaho in carrying out his duties as a Communist Party organizer. He was also quoted as saying that this defendant had written articles and given speeches in support of the Communist cause. The statements, of course, were widely reported in the local press. Here is what Judge Murray had to say about the statements in open court when the defendant applied to him for a reduction in bail:

Such statements by the director . . . are not in accord with the American principle of trial in a court, and I condemn in the strongest terms the issuance of statements by police officials or investigating officers with reference to facts in the case, presenting them to the public in an effort, apparently, to try the case outside of court.

If this case had been in my division, immediately that I saw such a statement, Mr. Hoover and his agents would have been called before me to account for such un-American, unfair tactics; and so, I say to you, and to all the public, that Mr. Hoover's statements as to the facts are not before this court, and the court makes no decision upon anything Mr. Hoover may believe, whether they are true or not. The place to present these facts is in court, and let him be advised of it. . . .

Nickel Millionaires

Fortune editor William H. Whyte, Jr., has come up with a new term, "budgetism," namely "a person's desire to regularize his income by having it removed from his own control and disciplined by external forces." Young American homemakers, hypnotized by the regular rhythm of their monthly payments, hold

weirdly mistaken notions of the amount of interest they are paying. The couples interviewed in this survey made an average estimate of 5 1/3 per cent per annum when asked about interest rates on monthly car-purchase contracts; the actual interest paid was 19 per cent. These junior executives, trained to manage other people's money and affairs, exhibit "an almost romantic disinterest in money." "What," one young man is quoted as saying, "would any of us have today if we waited to pay cash?" Credit men, amazed at the willingness of these young people to stay "bought up," point to the fact that some stores are making more profit on the interest charges than on the goods sold. *The Wall Street Journal* made a similar study of today's "nickel millionaires" and reached the same conclusions. Without exception those interviewed believe that the government won't "let another real depression come about."

Their attitude toward money and how to spend it is an aspect of their experience; they are too young, in most instances, to have known the general economic debacle of the 1930s except as children. But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of their attitude toward money and debt and savings—"thrift" has become "un-American" in their eyes—is the fact that the close budgeting of income provides these young suburbanites with a peace of mind that is "more coveted than luxury itself." These superbly disciplined recruits in the new mass army that has been enrolled to cart away the

surpluses created by the American industrial machine seem to have nothing to worry about; theirs is not to do or die but to spend and buy, consume and pay.

Spring in Bexar County

Acting as though in response to Don Marquis' lines, "Oh, what the hell, it's Spring! And just for the sake of argyment, I'll show 'em who is King," two teen-age Negro boys jumped into a swimming pool in San Antonio on April 28 and thereby ended a century of segregation. Before the day was out, twenty-four Negro youngsters made the same big dive—and nothing, absolutely nothing, happened. Police were on hand to quell riots which never happened; no "troops and bayonets" were used. Even earlier, the city's public golf courses and tennis courts, libraries and municipal auditorium had been "desegregated" and the Bexar County Medical Society, inspired by the new spirit, had removed a restrictive clause from its charter which barred the admission of qualified Negroes to membership. Not a drop of blood was shed in Bexar County as these inroads were recorded on an "ancient way of life"; the sun still shines and the skies have not fallen. Texas, of course, is not "Deep South," but Bexar County's experience with desegregation is relevant to much wider areas of the South than the fearful moderationists in our midst are willing to concede.

BRITAIN IN A DITHER

In the Wake of B. and K. . . by Konni Zilliacus

London

THE RECENT Bulganin-Khrushchev visit has given peace a top priority on the British national agenda and has started a competition between the major parties as to which shall be the peace-makers in peace-making. Involved in this competition are a host of embarrassing dilemmas which the Russians—with a nice sense of non-discrimination—heaped with equal generosity upon the leadership of the Conservative Party, the Labor Party and the general public alike.

"Bulganin put us over a barrel in what he said about disarmament," a member of the Eden government admitted privately. "There is no

doubt at all that the West has, as Bulganin charged, run away from its own disarmament proposals." And the public, who are getting sick of staggering along under a £1,500,000,000-a-year defense budget (one third of the total budget, 9 per cent of the national income, and amounting to thirteen shillings a week for every man, woman and child in the country) are beginning to want to know why. After all, they say, the Russians want peace, don't they? So what's it all about?

THAT feeling is strengthened by the Soviet trade offer of orders up to a billion pounds over the next five years. Eden has emphasized that these orders will mostly fall on the already over-burdened engineering industry and used that fact as the basis for a little sermon to the engi-

neering workers. But the March, 1956, Defense White Paper points out that defense orders compete directly with civilian production in the engineering industry. Aneurin Bevan has pointed the moral: it is no use for the Prime Minister to point out, he says, that we cannot fill Soviet orders unless we step up production in this industry. We can't do that until we slash defense expenditures and release a large part of the 1,500,000 men locked up in the armed forces and the war industries, with corresponding amounts of materials and machinery.

On top of this, cold warriors are haunted by the fear, from what the Russians let drop, that they are getting ready, after one cut of 640,000, to slash Soviet forces by a further 1,000,000 men. That would be the unkindest cut of all, a really mean

KONNI ZILLIACUS, M. P., is a member of the Labor Party's left wing.

and dirty trick—unilateral disarmament, no less!

What that would do to an over-taxed British public, who are already getting restive about keeping four divisions in Germany and two-year conscription, is what worries the authorities. The Germans haven't helped, either, by their refusal to help pay for those four divisions, by cutting their own conscription to a year (with the prospect of it being abolished altogether) and by lowering their taxes. Nor have the French, by withdrawing twelve of their fourteen divisions for their disastrous and, it may well be, suicidal colonial war in Algeria. In short, NATO is in ruins today, militarily a very bad joke and politically looking more and more like an expensive mistake. And British opinion is beginning to feel that we are the fall guys in this setup and have been taken for a ride by Mr. Dulles and Company.

THAT IS one aspect of the growing feeling, among Conservatives as well as Labor, that U. S. intransigence is making it impossible for us to arrive at a reasonable settlement with the USSR, piling impossible defense burdens on our backs and strangling our trade, while U. S. policy and oil interests are backing Arab nationalism in order to take over from us in the Middle East.

The grievance about the American embargo on supplying China with trucks and tractors—the Chinese say they are in the market for 1,000,000, which would be a boon to a British automobile industry beginning to work on short time—is now reinforced by Eden's declaration that from one-third to one-half of what the Russians want is on the American-imposed blacklist.

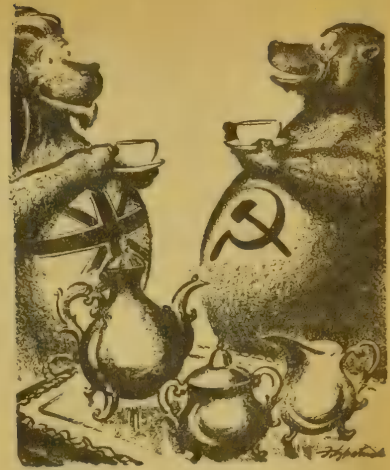
The Soviet offer to stop supplying any Middle Eastern country with arms and to cooperate with the other powers to keep the peace in the Middle East, if Britain will do the same and drop the Baghdad Pact, was welcomed by public opinion. But one Foreign Office official has let slip that it was "embarrassing," because Britain was committed to supplying certain Arab states with arms and wanted to stick to the pact.

Khrushchev's warning about Germany, in his straight-from-the-shoulder speech at that famous dinner party of the Labor chieftains, is, I believe, being taken pretty seriously

in official quarters: he said the Soviet government remained willing to settle the German problem within the framework of an all-European agreement, through the United Nations or otherwise, to which both the East and West would be parties. But if the West went on trying to arm Germany and to include her in a military alliance against the USSR, Moscow would once more have to reply to this Western policy by herself making a deal with Germany. "We can," he said in effect, "offer her national unity, unlimited markets and as much arms as she wants if she leaves NATO and enters into a friendship pact with us. If that happens—don't blame us. You have asked for it."

The truth is there is a profound contradiction in the government's position. On the one hand, Eden admits the Russians, too, want peace and professes to desire peaceful co-existence with them; on the other, he clings to a vast defense budget, to Western alliance in Europe and the Middle East and to the Dulles policy, embodied in the Declaration of Washington and in the 1955 and 1956 Defense White Papers, of "anti-Communist liberation" (I prefer to all it inverted Trotskyism—"permanent counter revolution"). That is an interventionist and aggressive policy that affords no basis for settlement. The danger of having these contradictions brought home to them probably accounts for the government's reluctance to have a debate in the House on the Russians' visit. They are afraid of being found out by the country. And the fact that Labor is caught in the same contradictions probably accounts for the readiness of the Labor leaders to fall in with this dodging of a debate. They are afraid of falling out with their own rank and file.

ON PAPER, the Labor Party has officially broken with the bipartisan foreign policy and committed itself to proposals of its own on how to reach agreement with the Russians in Europe and the Middle East. But it never occurred to the leadership to question Khrushchev and Bulganin in order to find out whether they thought Labor's policy might form an acceptable basis of negotiation. On the contrary, they decided to leave relations between governments out of their discussions, thus tacitly



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Height of the London Social Season

accepting the view that Labor still adheres to the bipartisan policy. They further decided that while not discussing with the Russians how to make peace (which, I happen to know, is what the Soviet leaders expected them to discuss and were ready to discuss), they would insist on raising the question of Social Democrats in prison.

It was bad to raise this subject divorced from the content of how to improve relations between the two countries. It was worse to do so in a gathering of fifty or sixty people instead of in a private talk. It was worst of all to do so on the basis of wholesale lists prepared by irresponsible and vindictive émigrés, and to adopt the émigré point of view—that is, to hold the Soviet government responsible for political prisoners in other countries and to talk, as did Morgan Phillips, the secretary general of the party, of "citizens of the Baltic states in Soviet custody."

This provoked the famous row at the Labor Party dinner for the Russians and may have touched off a further struggle between Right and Left in the party. But the practical conclusion is already being drawn that the Labor Party must formulate clearly, and its leaders must take their stand and act upon, a positive policy of its own. If not, the Tories may steal a march on Labor in the jockeying that has been the aftermath of Khrushchev's and Bulganin's shrewdly-timed and shrewdly-executed tour.

THE JURY SAID "DEATH"

Second Thoughts on a Murder . . by G. Marine

ON APRIL 28, 1955, fourteen-year-old Stephanie Bryan started through the parking lot of Oakland's plush Claremont Hotel. She carried a purse, a French textbook and another book, purchased only minutes before, on the care of parakeets as pets. The hotel lot was a frequently-used short cut from Stephanie's junior high school to her sedate, upper-middle-class home; at its edge, she separated from a schoolmate and was never again seen alive by friends or relatives.

An intense, statewide search for the girl remained fruitless for eleven weeks, until July 15. On that evening, a family named Abbott reported finding, in the dirt basement of their Alameda home, a purse which apparently was the one Stephanie had been carrying. The next day, police dug in the basement and turned up the parakeet book, several other books and a brassiere.

On July 20, bloodhounds uncovered a brown and white saddle shoe and searchers unearthed the decomposed body of the girl, buried shallowly on a steep forested slope about 285 miles from the Oakland-Alameda area—but only about 335 feet from the Abbotts' mountain cabin. Burton Abbott, a twenty-seven-year-old accounting student, was arrested and charged with kidnapping and murder. He was not charged with criminal assault or rape (the body was too badly decomposed to offer evidence). He insisted, and still insists, on his innocence.

The trial began November 7 and lasted through three months—forty-seven days in court, and the jury deliberated for seven days more. In the last week of January, 1956, it found Abbott guilty of first-degree murder and of kidnapping with intent to do bodily harm—both crimes which in California carry mandatory death sentences in the absence of

leniency recommendations from the jury. There were no such recommendations for Abbott.

The press covered the trial with a macabre completeness. Whether the coverage was prejudicial to the defendant, as many charged, is a fascinating study but out of place here. What must be noted for our purposes is that everyone in the bay area, grade-school children included, had access to the facts of the trial and was ready with an opinion. At trial's end a significant segment of the public was still not completely convinced by the entirely circumstantial case against the student. No murder weapon was found. No proof or motive, opportunity or acquaintance between Abbott and the girl was forthcoming.

This, in turn, raised in the public mind the ominous question of the death penalty. True, the case against Abbott, while circumstantial, was good; given the facts as they are known, most reasonable people would tend to agree that there was a decided probability of guilt. Perhaps, in the absence of so irrevocable a penalty, most might have found him guilty.

BUT THE Abbott case is one where an alternative explanation, were it to be shown to be true, would be a sensation but would really surprise nobody. During the trial, this reporter was in a department-store employees' cafeteria one afternoon when a salesworker rushed in with a crazy rumor that Abbott's wife and his brother had confessed to committing the murder and framing Abbott; the impressive thing was the immediacy with which all of those present, including some who moments before had been arguing Abbott's guilt, accepted it as true.

Capital punishment, as it happens, was already a hot issue in California. In 1955, one bill for outright abolition and another for a five-year, experimental moratorium were introduced in the legislature and are now

under study; a third bill, to make the penalty apply only on a specific jury recommendation, actually passed the Assembly only to fail in the Senate. A moratorium was endorsed by the Attorney General, who is also the state's leading Democrat. Begun by religious groups, the movement for it has spread. In Los Angeles, a KTTV commentator gave arguments on both sides, then conducted a poll; among 15,000 who voted, the result was nine to six against the death penalty. In San Francisco, the Scripps-Howard News ran a series of front-page articles and assisted in producing a TV program on the subject.

The Abbott case, so far, has done no harm to the battlers against the gas chamber. For in this case, more so than in many, it is clearly apparent that any death penalty must involve the possibility of legally murdering an innocent man.

Why, then—if these questions are so apparent to the general public—was Abbott found guilty, or why was he not found guilty of a lesser degree of kidnapping or murder, or at least given the benefit of the jury's recommendation for leniency? If the evidence so affected the public, why didn't it so affect the jury?

The answer, I think, is threefold. It can be found, first, in the composition of the jury; second, in the nature of the crime itself; and third, in the shrewdly calculated strategies of District Attorney Frank Coakley and his assistant, Folger Emerson.

The influence of the first factor is glaringly evident. When a capital case is tried in California, the prose-



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cution asks each prospective juror about his or her attitude toward capital punishment. Anyone who demonstrates a shred of civilized doubt is summarily rejected; in the Abbott case, one venireman after another went down on this point. So long as the death penalty remains in the law, it can hardly be different; but it remains a fact that a good many of Burton Abbott's peers could not be represented on the jury. And it is a fact, too, that in selecting twelve jurors and two alternates who had no qualms about a death sentence, Coakley and Emerson were simply insuring that a guilty verdict, on either count, could have no other result.

The press made much of Judge Wade Snook's routine comment that the jury had available eight possible verdicts, four on each count. Under California's "Little Lindbergh" law, kidnapping with intent toward bodily harm is a capital crime; should the jury recommend leniency, the sentence would be reduced to life imprisonment without parole. Under a separate law, Abbott could have been found guilty of kidnapping with no specific intent, a one-to-twenty-five-year offense. Or, of course, he might have been found innocent. Similar divisions apply to the murder charge. Theoretically, Abbott might have been found guilty of kidnapping without intent and of second-degree murder, and with concurrent sentences could have escaped with five years in prison.

BUT ONE must remember the nature of the crime. The girl's decaying body was found fully clothed except for underwear. Her panties, apparently removed by slashing with a knife, were knotted around her neck (the cause of death, however, was blows on the skull); her brassiere was found intact, hundreds of miles from the body, buried in Abbott's basement.

Parental supervision of Stephanie was strict and her behavior unimpeachable. Mrs. Bryan was immediately alarmed when her daughter was late by only a few minutes. The girl was in all respects a neat, perfectly mannered, well-behaved child with good school grades and no wild tendencies.

Into this picture intruded the sudden violence of murder. Should it



be proved to the jury that Abbott was the killer, there could be little hope for any verdict short of death. Emerson, the assistant district attorney, made the point with perfect clarity: "If there ever was a crime that fitted the punishment of death, this is it." He was right; it was, as he said, the "foulest and blackest" of crimes, and a jury composed of people who had explicitly accepted the principle of capital punishment actually had only two alternatives: acquittal or death. Any other verdict would have been a confession of doubt—and with so hideous a crime, no juror could have reconciled such a doubt with any kind of guilty verdict at all.

Coakley and Emerson were completely aware of this death-or-nothing situation, and their strategy was designed to that end. Only this can make clear their trial behavior. The tricks were constant. At one point Judge Snook ruled against the introduction of a particularly gory photograph on the defense's objection that it was presented "for no other reason than to inflame the jury and raise prejudice against this defendant." On the same day, Coakley introduced into evidence, for "identification," the clothes from the dead girl's body—clothes which, of course, had not been washed, but which had been kept in a closed box. The odor drove some people from the courtroom—and the effect on the jury was obvious.

It was in the closing arguments, however, that the death-penalty strategy of the prosecution was easiest to study. Emerson, beginning with the sentence quoted earlier

about the foulness of the crime, pointed out quietly that the state "endeavors to take a life in the most humane way possible," and, lest there be any lingering reluctance, continued with a question dubious in both logic and syntax but enormously effective: "Wouldn't it have been a blessing to Stephanie that if she had to die that she could have died that way than the way she did?"

And then another theme intruded itself, one which has a tremendous bearing on the death-penalty arguments. "I think," Emerson purred, "that what happened to Stephanie before she was killed was worse than death itself."

Back in early December, a pathologist had testified that it was impossible to determine whether Stephanie had been raped. That was the only testimony on the subject of sex; yet in his opening argument Emerson stated suavely that "I think it is time to say from the evidence in this case that the original intent of the defendant when he kidnapped Stephanie Bryan was to commit a sex crime" (emphasis mine). This may have been; but for the death-or-nothing strategy of the prosecution, the question of sexual attack was apparently raised more as a tactic than to provide a motive.

THIS issue was clearly drawn. Defense Attorney Stanley D. Whitney, his finger pointing at his client, argued: "There is no evidence that man is a lunatic." Reminding the jury that Dr. Douglas Kelley, University of California psychiatrist, had examined Abbott before the trial, Whitney went on: "Don't you believe if that man was a lunatic, Dr. Kelley would have been on the witness stand telling you? Why, of course he would."

Not necessarily; the prosecution knew what it was doing when it neglected to enter psychiatric evidence. In fact, Whitney might have gained by calling Kelly himself. Had the psychiatrist testified, Whitney would certainly have pinned him down on Abbott's sanity.

And had Kelley indicated that Abbott was "sane," the jury, confident that no sane person could have done what was done to Stephanie Bryan, might well have decided that he was not the man. Had Kelley called Abbott "insane," the injustice of the death penalty would have

been all too evident even to the lay jurors. It was much easier for the prosecution to leave the question of Abbott's sanity to the final arguments.

On January 17, Coakley stood before the jury, his body aggressively crouched, his hands clutching the intact brassiere and the slashed panties. Brandishing the dead girl's garments, he shouted, "You've heard the defense counsel ask, 'What is the motive for his crime? What is the reason? Why? Why Why?'" He offered the underwear in mute reply (to a question the defense never asked), and went on from there: the body, he said, was buried where the defendant could easily "relive the experience"; he expressed the belief (unsupported in any way) that the defendant occasionally fondled the brassiere for sexual gratification; treading cautiously, he likened Ab-

bott's "composure" to that of a psychopath, and having established the identification, went on to describe "such people" in terms that were obviously meant to be applicable to Abbott. The defendant became "the typical psychopath," the "pathological liar." Of the removal of the underwear, Coakley snarled that "Those things happen only in murders committed by sex maniacs, by perverts and by psychopathic personalities." He seemed determined to destroy any image of Abbott as a human being and to replace it with a picture of some alien, perverted creature completely beyond human understanding. He closed with the classic argument of prosecutors in capital crimes, phrased in a metrical, alliterative and striking sentence: "Are you going to set him free to sing again his siren song of sex?"

After fifty-two hours of deliberation, almost all the jurors were still visibly shaken; many retreated to hideaways to recover. But the foreman, ex-marine Harry Whitehead, made it clear that Coakley's arguments, replacing as they did any kind of evidence about Abbott's mental condition, had their effect on a jury untrained and uninformed in the subtleties of mental disease. "I have no more compunction stepping on him," Whitehead told reporters, "than I would stepping on the head of a rattlesnake. . . . He's just a mad dog that has to be put out of the way."

And there, of course, was the prosecution's strategy: Abbott was a dog, a rattlesnake, anything but a human being—anything that would make his execution something nearer an animal hunt than a murder of legal vengeance.

JIM CROW IN CHURCH

Challenge to Christians . . . by Stanley Rowland, Jr.

THE SPARKS of race violence in the South erupt from one of the century's most explosive and hopeful forces—the revolt of the majority against "white supremacy." From Alabama to Africa, race tensions delineate only one aspect of the current world revolution of the downtrodden and oppressed. But race is perhaps the most sensitive aspect.

In this racial crisis, where stands the Christian?

Before World War II the churchman frequently postured like the ostrich, head in the pastoral sand, while men practiced discrimination and some Christians decried the church as the nation's "most segregated" institution. In recent years and months church leaders in the North have been thundering against race prejudice and for integration. Their words are echoed, calmly yet

unequivocally, by a number of church leaders in the South. Christian leadership, for the most part, wants integration.

But there is something wrong. Many local churches seem paralyzed by custom and inertia; they are witnessing against discrimination only in spots, and church leaders are being left with their platitudes down. To understand why, it's useful to look, first, at the historical background of Christianity and its attitude toward racialism; second, at what church leadership is now saying; third, at the contrast between the professions at high level and the performance at parish level—and the reason for the discrepancy.

In the era of colonialism and slavery, part of the "white man's burden" was to preach Christ to the non-whites. White supremacy was supported partly by a pseudo-scientific argument that contrasted European civilization with barbarian cultures. Some saw primitive natives as living "missing links" in the evolutionary scale. This idea had a nasty jolt

when some of the "missing links" began to win college degrees. Modern biology and psychology have reduced the argument to farce, though it's still bruited by some extremists.

White supremacy was also supported in part by a pseudo-Christian argument that rested on scattered quotes from the Old Testament, notably Genesis 9:25 and Genesis 21:10, where it is said that the son of a slave should be cast out and not inherit with the son of the free. This argument and the pseudo-scientific one boil down to the idea of inherent superiority for peoples of a tribe (civilization). Blood descentancy was deemed important, and "pure Anglo-Saxon blood" is praised today by men of the White Citizens Councils. (One remembers a German *fuehrer* who ranted about pure Aryan blood.)

The hollowness of the pseudo-Christian argument is plain from an honest reading of the Scriptures, which repeatedly emphasizes the oneness of all persons and races in

STANLEY ROWLAND, Jr., is a religious-news reporter for the New York Times. This article, of course, does not necessarily reflect the views of the Times.

Christ. Nor does the existence of slavery in St. Paul's time mean it was condoned, and those who quote Scripture to support racialism are really trying to ossify Christianity in an old and dead form it never really had.

The argument isn't left a prop when one views the Bible in the perspective of a story of progressive spiritual insight by a people—the progressive revelation of God to man. The tribal God who led the Jews out of Egypt is seen by Jeremiah as the God who will be present everywhere with the persecuted, while the complex God of the New Testament comes equally for all men. Christianity not only affirms racial equality; it demands that its adherents work as “reconciling agents” in the struggle for brotherhood.

Non-whites use the Bible and Christianity, brought to them by whites, as one basis for their demands for equality and integration. Negroes in this nation created the spirituals in the muck of slavery and the white light of their love of God, and these songs are still rolling down the years, springing from the lips of a people who are not going to be shoved to the rear any more, and who are going to be equal with the white man—or in spite of him. Christian leaders regard the challenge as an opportunity to serve God by advancing human brotherhood.

CHURCH leadership and governing bodies are emphatically condemning discrimination. Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel of New Orleans has branded segregation as “morally wrong and sinful” and declared his intention to integrate the city's parochial-school system, largest single school unit in the state. Those who try to stop him may be excommunicated. Nor is this an idle threat. Three women were excommunicated last winter when they beat the teacher of an integrated class. (They were reinstated after repenting.)

On the whole, Louisiana Catholics have taken this quietly. They have no fear of being “swamped,” since less than 5 per cent of America's 9,000,000 Negro church-goers are Roman Catholic (the rest are Protestant). Some local priests may not agree with integration. But when a Roman Catholic priest disagrees with a policy laid down by his

bishop and backed by the Vatican, there's little the priest can do except pray.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has condemned segregation and is working for integration. A notable example is south Florida, where the diocese summer camp and conferences have been integrated and further integration is proceeding. In South Carolina, however, Episcopalians have clambered into a refuge of ambiguity, from which vantage point they are muttering about voluntary racial alignments and beseeching the troubled waters to be calm.

The Methodist Church, largest Protestant body in the nation, recently moved to abolish its segregated Central Jurisdiction. The Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. has flatly declared for integration. Delegates of the Southern Baptist Convention, largest church body in the South, surprised even themselves when they endorsed the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregated schools. Leaders of the Congregational Church are thundering against racial prejudice, major Lutherans want no part of it and spokesmen of other churches are emphatic in their condemnations.

The National Council of Churches, a federation of thirty Protestant and Orthodox bodies, has condemned racial inequality and has quietly launched a program of interracial Christian conference teams to help communities over the jolts of integration. Inconclusive samplings indicate that 10 per cent or more of the nation's churches are racially mixed, which is much better than a decade ago but hardly constitutes an inclusive Christian fellowship.

The situation at the local level is pinpointed by a poll a Southern Sunday-school teacher took among

more than a hundred adults in his class. They agreed unanimously that segregation is un-Christian and undemocratic, and all said integration is inevitable. Yet the great majority also agreed to oppose integration and hoped it would not come for their children. It should be noted that these people do not belong to the violent fringe of Negro-haters, but are thoughtful enough about their religion to attend Sunday school and recognize Christian teachings of brotherhood.

This absurd contrast between what they know as their Christian duty and what they will actually do points to the painful reason for local inertia: the churches have compromised too much with local custom, identified too much with the society they seek to serve. Speaking boldly would have meant pain and heavy loss of financial support. So in many local churches the soaring voice of prophecy has been sacrificed on the altar of Mammon.

Churches know they must burrow deep in their communities, feeding the spiritual hunger of the people and helping the downtrodden with social action. But if they are to be Christian first and only secondly national and local—which is the only way to be Christian—then they must always stand enough apart from the local community to act as its conscience. This, in the main, they have not done. For if segregation is un-Christian today it was un-Christian yesterday and before. Thus the local churches should long ago have been prepared by their pastors and church leaders; had that happened, today they would be spearheading integration instead of jangling along behind the express train of history.

BUT THERE are exceptions on the local level. Roman Catholic Bishop Vincent S. Waters of North Carolina faced mob violence in at least one town where he forced the integration of churches. In Talladega, Alabama, one hundred white and Negro Protestant students from ten colleges met recently to hammer out methods of integration. The spark of their meeting was lighted at Christmas in the little town of Athens, Ohio, where 3,500 students from eighty nations discussed the Christian role in the revolutionary world and in the attainment of racial equality.



Messages of support and thousands of dollars are pouring in to aid the Negro bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. But only one white clergyman in Montgomery is supporting The Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King and other boycott leaders. Twenty-four clergymen were indicted for leading the boycott; Dr. King was convicted, his home was bombed, but he refuses to hate and has lifted the boycott above race to the plane of Christian love and prophecy. In this spirit it rolls on. In Dr. King's words:

If we are arrested every day, if we are exploited every day, if we are trampled over every day, don't let anyone pull you so low as to

hate them. We must use the weapon of love. We must have compassion and understanding for those who hate us. We must realize so many people are taught to hate us that they are not totally responsible for their hate. But we stand in life at midnight, we are always on the threshold of a new dawn.

All of which sounds a little disquieting to the countless comfortable church-goers who are busy knitting knotty socks for the poor and clinging to custom. And well it might sound disquieting, for the United States is in many ways a post-Christian civilization peopled by creatures of a popular culture.

Much of our popular culture con-

sists in a worship of the economic boom and the female bust. A number of churches are busy baptizing secularism or trying to grin in the tentacles of local custom and prejudice, while millions of people are prey to breezes of doctrine and follow frantic little gods—McCarthyism, White Citizens Councils, religious quackery and shallow optimism. It is in this society that a key part of the century's racial struggle is being waged and watched by the world, and it is from this context that Christians must stride to shoulder the Cross for human brotherhood. With them rides much of the future social vitality of Christianity in America.

PORGY AND BESS

Ambassadors at Large . . by Ira Wolfert

IN THE negotiations now going on in Geneva between the United States and Communist China, a bargaining point is *Porgy and Bess*. "Let our people out of jail and we'll let you see it." These words have not been spoken by an American at the Swiss conference talks. They would cause both sides to lose face. But they are understood there nevertheless, having been uttered and replied to both in Washington and Peking in the manner appropriate for reaching the ears of those concerned.

This is only one of the unexpected roles the twenty-year-old folk opera has played recently. For the last four years it has been functioning as a kind of guided missile in the cold war. United States General Dale O. Smith saw its impact on his command area (he was then in Italy) and wrote, "I intend to recommend that the entire company be decorated" by our government. Our ambassadors have stood clamorously in line to use it as an instrument of foreign policy. Wherever invited, it

has been only after debate in the highest government councils—in the Kremlin by the "collective leadership" itself. The show was on the table at the summit conference in Geneva. It was thrust back under the table at the abortive negotiations over Point Three ("Cultural Relations") of the agenda of the Foreign Ministers Conference last fall.

IS EVERYBODY nuts? You hear of people paying \$150 for tickets to *My Fair Lady*. But a mere show to be treated by the leading actors in international affairs as if it were as important as an oil well? Still, it actually happened. President Eisenhower himself—that avid reader of boy stories of the West whose loftiest aspirations to art are only an approach shot to the magazine cover—wrote Blevins Davis, president of the non-profit corporation that produces *Porgy and Bess*, "I cannot emphasize too strongly how serious and enduring the value of [*Porgy and Bess's* political] work seems to me."

What's *Porgy and Bess* got that can make it accomplish political feats of serious and enduring worth? The answer may lie less in the show itself than in the world in which it is being shown. When it first opened

twenty years ago, it was a flop. It cost George Gershwin \$10,000 to have the orchestration printed. His brother Ira told me that \$10,000 was exactly all George had made out of it before he died. During World War II, in a new production by Cheryl Crawford, it became an American hit—no *Oklahoma* or *South Pacific*, but solid nevertheless. That has also been its lot in the United States in its newest production by Robert Breen—a smash but not a crazy smash. Only in Europe, South America and the Middle East and there only in the cold-war years has Breen's production made *Porgy and Bess* the best known work of theatrical art ever created by Americans. Significantly, that darling of the American public, *Oklahoma*, fell flat on its face before the same audiences at the same time.

In fact it was Europe—specifically in the person of a man whistling the music to himself on a Paris street—that gave Breen the idea of putting on a new production of the folk opera. The British and the French invited him to put it on in Berlin and the State Department agreed it might not be a bad idea to have Negro stage people serving as ambassadors of the American way.

IRA WOLFERT, author of *Murdered Men*, *Tucker's People* and other novels, recently toured the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe with the *Porgy and Bess* troupe.

When the company arrived in Berlin, the Communist press ignored it. But the Western sector was stuck with it and had to comment. "Decadent" was the word used. It's a word favored by Europeans who believe that American life lacks a central meaning. Hollow at the core, we ravage art, politics, life itself for mere "kicks." Man and his great works are cathedrals of the sensibilities, but we use them only to pray that they grant us what Coca-Cola can give. So they believe who throw the word "decadent" at our American efforts.

WE NEED divisions of American troops to chase the Russians out," complained a West Berlin journalist at a press conference before the opening, "and you send us a company of actors."

But then an unexpected thing happened. Even though the East Berlin press remained silent, Communist marks began to appear at the West Berlin box office. Ordinarily, these are acceptable in West Berlin only at the rate of five for one. But our State Department alertly ordered them taken in at face value, one for one. The flood from the East became so great the press there finally had to give in. Four days before the closing, the first news of the show appeared in an East Berlin newspaper.

The success set a great many things in motion—in Washington and abroad. American companies cannot perform abroad without subsidies. Our wages are too high. For instance, an English production of *Call Me Madame*, with but two Americans in the cast, had to pay out only \$2,000 a week in salaries to play opposite *Porgy and Bess*, whose all-American cast collects \$15,000 a week (only half of it payable in the currency of the country). The State Department, made lively by the success in Berlin, wanted more of the same. It put up the money out of its own funds to underwrite losses, and asked ANTA to pick other shows that could do as well abroad.

This made for an expert team—ANTA's show-business experts deciding on the shows and foreign-policy experts deciding where they should play. But this was America, understand, and soon everybody was getting into the act. Under President Eisenhower's prodding, an Emer-

gency Fund was set up with an annual appropriation of \$5,000,000 to finance propaganda ventures—half to underwrite trips abroad for American industrial exhibits, half to underwrite trips abroad for American art, chiefly theatrical productions. With a Congressional appropriation to be accounted for, the experts went out the window and politics came in. ANTA's power to pick the shows was reduced to advising on them and the Operations Coordinating Board—the old Psychological Warfare outfit with its ramifications in the Defense Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, the United States Information Service, the State Department and Congress—took over.

Everybody who could play a musical saw wanted to go abroad and strike a blow for our side in the war for men's minds and also to get a piece of the fame and the \$5,000,000. An astonishing number seemed to know Congressmen who didn't see why a home town "combo"—naturally from the Congressman's home town—couldn't show off the American way just as well as those big-shot Broadwayites. It's an old story that it takes heroes to keep Congressional appropriations safe from political pressure, and the present Administration has never successfully been accused of being heroic. But this summer hearings are being held in Congress to determine whether the so-called Emergency Fund should be made permanent and an attempt will be made to take the program out of politics and give it back to the experts.

WHILE ALL this was going on, *Porgy and Bess* was singing and prancing its big, warm, wild heart out in cities as far apart geographically as Belgrade and Lima, as far apart politically as Cairo and Tel-Aviv. In Zagreb, tickets were in such demand that families divided up to keep the peace, one seeing the first half of the show, the other the second. Nightly at every intermission, anyone standing in the lobby was bowled over by the stampede to collect coats and give seat stubs to those who had been waiting outside for their turn. The company became the first American one to play La Scala in Milan, and the show itself was the only one ever to play that historic house for an entire week.



In Warsaw, a city of a million, the Ministry of Culture received requests for half-a-million tickets. Tel-Aviv went just plain "crazy"—in the bebop sense of the word. It was difficult for any member of the cast to pay so much as a taxi fare and the crowds clustered outside striving to hear this music through the cracks in the doors were greater than the crowds inside. In Stalinogrod (the former Katowice) I myself saw the police and fire departments violate all their own fire rules by placing kitchen chairs in the aisles, in front of all exits and in all available open spaces so that they and their families might see the show, too. The crowd trying to watch from backstage was so great that the performances had to be held up repeatedly to give the stage hands room to work. In Leningrad, in Moscow, in Prague, ovations proved that rarest of all rules, the one that has no exception. Nowhere around the globe and at no time did the show meet a rebuff from an audience.

Vishinsky saw it in 1953 when it was playing at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York and said to Breen, "Why not bring it to Moscow?" (The incident is important to note. Here was the first sign of a change in the line that had made anybody behind the Iron Curtain who talked to an American or liked American music suspect as an enemy of the people.) Breen was immediately interested. Washington said, "Fine, get an invitation and we'll give you permission." Moscow said, "Get permission and we'll give you an invitation." It went on for two years. That was how long it took the Russians to implement the change of line they had decided on in 1953.

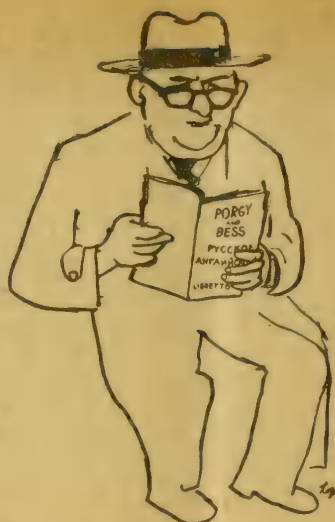
Then, after matters had seemingly been settled, the Russians suddenly became recalcitrant about "cultural relations" at Geneva and the Opera-

tions Coordinating Board, after having encouraged Breen to negotiate, suddenly decided it could not afford to underwrite a *Porgy and Bess* tour of the Iron Curtain countries.

The day the news came, Mrs. Breen was in Moscow struggling over the details of the projected tour. The Everyman Opera Company, the non-profit producing organization, had made non-profits in spades. Despite government underwriting, it was already in the hole for \$109,000 to Blevins Davis, its chief endower, and owed an additional \$125,000 in other as yet unpaid bills. Under the best terms that could be had, the show would lose an average of \$4,000 a week while touring behind the Iron Curtain. Breen decided to go ahead anyway and take the loss.

I asked him why. "I thought it was something America ought to do," he replied. It seems Americans are their government in a way that Communists just don't understand. It seems also that American capitalists are terrific gamblers. Nobody could guarantee that *Porgy and Bess* would not be a fiasco before Russian audiences. As it turned out, it wasn't. I history-making tour and the publicity that resulted were instrumental in raising the movie price of *Porgy and Bess* from the mere thousands offered at first to the even \$1,000,000 it was sold for recently. Its slice of the sting out of the non-profit feature of the Everyman Opera Company's operations.

DURING the ten weeks in which I toured with the show behind the Iron Curtain, I learned what other visitors have learned before me: the people there know as little about our life as we know about life on Mars. They are convinced, of course, that American capitalism is completely reactionary and that all it is creating for us is increasing domination and exploitation by the ruling class and increasing impoverishment of the working class. The former First Secretary of the Russian Embassy in Washington insisted to me he had seen with his own eyes great and growing poverty all over the United States during his travels around this country from 1951 through 1954. Far from firing him for such reports, the Kremlin promoted him to the high-ranking job



of deputy chief of the Foreign Section of the Ministry of Culture. Perhaps that was why he had made such reports in the first place—to tell his bosses what they wanted to believe and get promoted.

But in any case such circumstances put *Porgy and Bess* in the position of being loaded for bear—Russian bear.

In Communist lands, Negroes are usually referred to as America's "slave laborers." On its face, *Porgy and Bess* supports the charge. It tells a tragic story about illiterate Negroes who, a mere thirty years ago, were living in a Charleston alley in a manner very little improved over that of their savage ancestors a century before in an African jungle clearing. The white life all around them was a jungle in which they lived to prey and be preyed upon.

But now, thirty years later, this story is acted out by representatives of the same people who rose up out of the life it depicts. Under America's "reactionary ruling circles," they have fought their way up in a single generation to acquire cultured backgrounds, to become professionals whose acting talents and rich operatic voices have been trained superbly in the finest conservatories and colleges.

RUSSIANS are quite used by now to seeing descendants of peasants and proletarians act out the brutal life of their ancestors under the Czars. It gives them the warm, comforting and quite realistic feeling that they are getting somewhere under their system. But from *Porgy and Bess* they learned for the first time that

we must be getting somewhere, too, under our system.

But they learned, also, that we're getting somewhere they haven't even been headed for. The Russian theatre, crammed by creators whose energies were liberated in a revolution, startled the world in the twenties. It has made no progress since then. Under the smother of state control, their writers haven't had a new view of life since Karl Marx stopped writing. But the American theatre has. Technically, the staging of *Porgy and Bess* under Breen's direction represents a revolutionary and mind-opening advance. It's no longer anything very new for America but Western Europe had never witnessed anything like it and the Communists had never heard of it.

I remember going home from a party one night in Prague with the composer of a new opera that was about to go into rehearsal. He had just seen *Porgy and Bess* and was so excited, ideas were coming to him so rapidly, he could hardly speak coherently. He was stopping rehearsals at once to plan a whole new production and he was so full of thoughts about it that he couldn't take time to finish expressing one of them before starting on another. Communist audiences in general were stunned. Who was the reactionary force here—"progressive" Russia or "reactionary" America?

BUT what hit even harder was the fact that our "reactionary ruling circles" are willing now to send "slave laborers" abroad as ambassadors to act out their own past and show how much it has changed. "Do you realize how impossible it has been to get any word of truth about America into this country?" a Western diplomat asked me in Moscow. But *Porgy and Bess* did it. It did it because it is not propaganda about the truth; it is itself truth.

In our embassies in Moscow, Warsaw and Prague, men were assigned to study the effect of the show on the population and write reports to Washington. It's an effect that does not reveal itself directly or immediately. If it is anything, it is a long-lasting ferment that expresses itself most importantly in oblique fashion. But here in sum are my impressions:

In Russia, where communism is solidly entrenched, it stirred up gloom over the stagnation of the So-

viet theatre and released in a jubilant rush the enormous reservoir of good will that America has built up there ever since the Czarist days when we were for all Russians. In Poland and Czechoslovakia, where the Russians are hated almost but not quite as much as the Germans are feared, and where communism itself has almost no popular support, the show stirred up such a hunger for the West and the dignity of its life as to make many people with whom I spoke weep.

A new set of foreign relationships is in the process of development. A policy that involves "containment"

and "massive retaliation" and "unleashings" and "brinks" and "don't shake your fist at a Russian" and all the rest of it is withering on the vine. For the hydrogen bomb, having made that climactic war between communism and capitalism impractical, is now in the slow but blissful process of making it unthinkable.

One of the factors impeding that process is the commonly held American opinion that Soviet Russia is not a nation but a melodrama in a horror comics book. So I was informed by the leading Russian expert in our State Department. But public opinion governs Russia, too.

And their opinion of us, while deriving not from horror comics but from Marx, is quite unrealistically horrible, too. For the Russian mind has not yet learned to see any difference between the American capitalist society and that of nineteenth-century Europe.

That is where "cultural relations" come in. *Porgy and Bess* is what that phrase ought to mean to us—a show, a show of our warmth, ~~our~~ vitality, our artifice and our art. What is America that it should be loved by all mankind and its power feared by none? Who can say better than our artists?

LEGER: ARTIST AND MAN

The Tender Realist . . . by John Berger

London

THE DEATH of Léger last August prompted very little comment in this country or, I gather, in the United States. He was accorded his due as one of the obvious leaders of the modern movement—but that was all. There was no suggestion that a great man, in the class of Schweitzer, Einstein, Chaplin, was being mourned. Only an original but rather mechanical painter had died.

In France it was very different. Men in every kind of position paid their respects. This might be explained by different national conventions. But what emerged from all these French tributes—and has never been properly realized elsewhere—was the warmth, the affection and unpretentiousness for which Léger as a man and artist stood in contemporary European culture. Almost every article about him emphasized this. Maurice Jardot in the *Lettres Françaises* wrote: "A few minutes before his death Léger said to his great friend Banquier, 'C'est dur'. One is glad that he was able to know how hard it was for us, also, to lose him." If one had read the French obituaries and had never seen Léger's work or known that he was a painter,

one might have thought that a great mountaineer or explorer had died—somebody whose actions had made him loved over and above all differences of opinion.

The explanation of this is that Léger was the simplest of all modern artists, and yet never naive. To understand how this was so is to define his true and marvellous greatness. He was simple but not naive because he discovered a mythology into which he could fit all his experiences immediately and directly. He did not, like Picasso, have to struggle to discover a new meaning in every new event; nor, like Braque, did he avoid the problem altogether by destroying meaning; he saw everything in its appointed place, and like all religious artists, all his paintings really celebrate the same thing.

It may seem odd to call Léger a religious artist, for it is difficult to imagine a mind less metaphysical than his, and philosophically he was a materialist and a Marxist. Yet instinctively he felt the connection between faith and technology. Man has always created gods to inhabit those forces over which he himself has had no power. As he has extended his knowledge and ability to control his environment, so his gods have receded. With the invention of machine production his control be-

came complete—not actually so, but in theory. A world of security and plenty was no longer a dream or a priest's promise; it became a practical possibility. Yet as soon as this happened a crisis occurred for, with the old mythologies destroyed, men were in danger of being left faithless without anything outside themselves to challenge them, without any sense of poetry to inspire them. Léger was one of the first artists to realize that this consequence was a false one and that the machine, with its practical promise of equality and its condition that men should cooperate together in labor and achievement, contained within itself a new spirit of poetry and nobility.

Obviously to describe such a complicated historical process in one paragraph, I have had to simplify and it may seem that I am confirming a charge frequently levelled against Léger: that he was an impersonal artist who worshipped the machine and turned his figures into robots. Nothing could be further from the truth. But before showing why he was not an impersonal artist, it is worthwhile asking why Léger, who as I have said, was the simplest of painters, is so frequently misunderstood and underrated.

As a man and in his work he stands in absolute opposition to the

JOHN BERGER is the art critic for *The New Statesman and Nation*.

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currently fashionable idea of what constitutes genius. He was confident and gay instead of being tortured. His sensibility, his "taste," was something which controlled his work when once it was under way; it was never a starting point. His intentions were heroic—that is to say he celebrated those facts and ideas which could speak for the majority in his society; he did not celebrate the idiosyncrasies of the individual. He rejected every implication of "glamour." "Glamour," as it has now come to be understood, stands for everything that separates one person from another—whether it is their "special" understanding of art or the color of their lipstick; Léger was only concerned with what we have in common. The current vision of the genius is almost synonymous with that of the mysterious, misunderstood outcast; Léger's vision of genius was of a man with an imagination so in tune with his time and therefore so easily understandable that he could become almost anonymous. Even in conversation he rarely used the word "I."

BUT NOW, leaving aside the question of Léger's present reputation, how do his works themselves refute the charge that he was mechanical, that he merely worshipped the machine for its own sake? The most straightforward reply would be to say: Look at them. Look at his bicycles, and his tattooed biceps, and his holiday straw hats, and his cows with their comic camouflage dapples, and his steep-lejacks and acrobats each knowing what the other takes, and his trees like the sprigs you put into a jam jar, and his machinery as gay as a motorbike to a boy, and his nudes as familiar as wives—what other modern painter doesn't paint a nude as though she were either a piece of studio furniture or a surreptitious mistress?—and his compasses and wheels painted as if they were emblems on flags to celebrate their usefulness—does his work *seem* mechanical and cold?

But if one must analyze further, one can. First, it is necessary to distinguish between two parallel but separate elements in Léger's art: his admiration for the machine or the machine-made product and his actual process of drawing and painting. He is often accused of *working* mechanically. In his studio his palette

had a few huge mounds of pure color on it—the familiar Léger colors: a blanket red, a pure blue, golden yellow, etc. These he used direct and pure on many different canvases just as he used the same even, dark outline for girders, women and flowers. He worked according to a formula. But that is not the same thing as saying that he worked mechanically. To have a formula is only to have a consistent style because you have a consistent view of life as Mantegna or Veronese or Rubens had. His style was based on two principles. First, I think he wanted every figure or object he painted to be entirely unambiguous. The fact of its existence which its noun describes—*tree*, *hand*, *chair*—had to be made more important than any possible attitude one might have toward its existence. One could argue that this would lead to the most literal naturalism. Yet, if it did, it would lose its point, for then the painting would attract attention away from the original object: "Look! I really thought *it* [the painting] was real!" The method Léger found for emphasizing the primacy of the objects he painted was to simplify them both in mass and outline: thus, he created a series of visual "signs" which although three-dimensional, carry their meaning as clearly as road signs or the lover's hearts carved on tree trunks.

If this first principle of Léger's style was the result of his respect for the objects he painted, the second principle was the result of his enthusiasm for them. He wanted all his pictures to communicate the pleasure, the vitality he found in what he painted. Since he was a visual artist, this pleasure had to be communicated by means of the color, design, strength and sturdiness with which the elements of the painting were fitted together.

Although completely contemporary, Léger painted as a popular singer, a bard, might sing. His images, his words, were simple but his method of painting, of presentation, gave to this simplicity a depth and lyricism which could stand in for all the complications of the heart. Despite the enormous differences, there is common ground between Léger and Burns.

This brings us to another misinterpretation of Léger: the idea that, if he was not mechanical, he was anyway a Utopian dreamer. A well-

known British critic, discussing Léger, recently wrote: "His figures move solemnly and somnolently as in a dream, a dream found in the real world: the real and the ideal are fused into one in a world where man is stately and innocent and illiterate (the noble savage in a cloth cap) and all opposites are reconciled in the atmosphere of an earthly Paradise." Apart from the cheap sophistication of the sneer at "the noble savage in a cloth cap," this remark betrays the critic's blindness to one of Léger's most remarkable qualities: his tenderness.

LET ME explain what I mean by that. It is true that Léger saw the machine as a means of achieving a world of justice and plenty. And it is true that in his choice of subject matter and in his method of painting, he expressed the buoyancy and hope of this vision. But his world was far removed from the perfect vacuum of a Utopia. He always recognized human vulnerability and in his fullest optimism allowed for this by the tenderness of gesture and mood in his figures. In a Utopia there might be gaiety and cooperation and happiness but there would be no need for tenderness, for tenderness is the result of understanding human weakness. His *Constructeurs* do not only build together: they also protect one another—as, in practice, men working on high scaffolding must. His portrait of Eluard shows all the doubting that a lyrical poet must undergo. In one of his last canvases, called *Maternité*, the typical bands of bright color set the drawing flying, as gay as a tricolor, but the daughter's hand touches her mother's cheek with the necessary reassurance that children can give. Such tenderness is remarkable because it is not a quality one usually finds in a classical artist. It is this combination which allowed Léger, alone among his contemporaries, to evolve a style from which a tradition can spring. His classicism has brought order and method to the problems of teaching and apprenticeship applied to modern subjects, and to modern conceptions of space and light in architecture; and at the same time his spirit has proved that this order need become neither cold nor academic. Léger belongs to the future in which he believed so ardently.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

A Brilliant Spectacle Unfolds

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLES. Vol. 1, The Birth of Britain. By Winston Churchill. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$6.

By James R. Newman

A BRITISH bookseller's catalogue on my desk conveys the information that Sir Winston L. S. Churchill has written twenty-three books (thirty-seven volumes, half-blue morocco, £235). The first, published in 1898, is *Story of Malakand Field Force*; his novel, *Savrola*, appeared in 1900; there followed multi-volume histories and ancestral biographies, fragments of autobiography, political reflections, collections of speeches, and even a *jeu d'esprit*, *Painting as a Pastime*. Now we have the first installment of his twenty-fourth work, a history which when complete will occupy four volumes. Sir Winston, it appears, is not tired and we as readers are not tired of him.

The history, he tells us, was begun twenty years ago. Half a million words were delivered to his publisher at the outbreak of the war. Then for some years other business occupied him, and when it had loosed its grip the war memoirs laid claim on his pen. All the while "the book slumbered peacefully." And it is "only now when things have quietened down that I present to the public *A History of the English Speaking Peoples*."

This first volume begins with the Roman conquest of Britain and carries forward the story to 1485, when that "wise, sad, careful monarch," the first of the Tudors, King Henry VI, ascended the throne. It is a train of centuries, a motley of men and events made to order for Churchill. The color and dimensions, the crimes and misfortunes, the berserker warriors, monsters, fools and heroes, the bloody rages, battles and plots, the royal murders, the march

of Britain from a colony to imperialism—all these suit his temperament and his skill as a chronicler.

From the opening lines he is the impeccable performer: "In the summer of the Roman year 699, now described as the year 55 before the birth of Christ, the Proconsul of Gaul, Gaius Julius Caesar, turned his gaze upon Britain. In the midst of his wars in Germany and in Gaul he became conscious of this heavy Island which stirred his ambitions and already obstructed his designs." In a recent reassessment of *The World Crisis*, John Raymond wrote that Churchill is never so eloquent as when he recounts the "vast nightmare transactions of human flesh" in which he participated as director of grand stratagems and maker of decisions. It is true of this book that among its most memorable passages are those which describe the great campaigns and battles—Crécy, Agincourt, Bannockburn, the Wars of the Roses, the conquests of Edward III, the victories of the long bow. But Churchill is of course more than a superb military historian. He has written a broad, sweeping account of political struggles, as well as wars and the fluctuating fortunes of dynasties. Essentially his method is to draw separate portraits of leading men and critical events and to string them together chronologically. The continuity of historical principles, the evolution of political forms and institutions are less distinct. A brilliant spectacle unfolds, but not a full-bodied record.

THE *History* does not pretend to be a scholarly book. Churchill has evidently drawn heavily on the works and advice of professional historians and has himself contributed few fresh interpretations. His aim has been to present a "personal view on the processes whereby English-speaking peoples have achieved their distinctive position and character." He writes of the British past with a profound—perhaps at times too profound—sense of identification. He glows over heroes; he is magnanimous to worthy foes and forgiving

to weaklings; he is unsparing of cowards, braggarts and treacherous men. Of those guilty of "unnatural vices" he can scarcely bring himself to speak.

The felicities of style and the play of wit are perhaps no match for Gibbon, but where else in modern histories is their equal to be found? The reviewer must not be denied the delight of displaying samples: About 400 B. C.

men armed with iron entered Britain from the Continent and killed the men of bronze. At this point we can plainly recognize across the vanished milleniums a fellow-being. A biped capable of slaying another with iron is evidently to modern eyes a man and a brother. It cannot be doubted that for smashing skulls, whether long-headed or round, iron is best.

The picture of the Vikings' famous long-ship, which bore them to the plunder of the civilized world,

rises before us vivid and bright: the finely carved, dragon-shaped prow; the high curving stern; the long row of shields, black and yellow alternately, ranged along the sides; the gleam of steel; the scent of murder.

When Henry Platenet

saw in the list of the conspirators against him the name of his son John, upon whom his affection had strangely rested, he abandoned the struggle with life. "Let things go as they will," he gasped. "Shame, shame on a conquered King." So saying, this hard, violent, brilliant and lonely man expired at Chinon on July 6, 1189. The pious were taught to regard this melancholy end as the further chastisement of God upon the murderer of Thomas Becket. Such is the bitter taste of worldly power. Such are the correlates of glory.

And no one has more succinctly described the advent of gunpowder and the fading of the archer and the armored man:

Amid jarring booms and billowing smoke which frequently caused more alarm to friends than foes, but none the less arrested all attention, a system which had ruled and also guided Christendom for five hundred years, which had in its day been the instrument of an immense advance in human government and stature, fell into ruins which were painfully carted away to make room for new building.

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Even the miniatures are superb. Throughout medieval history war with France "groped and scraped into every reach of English life"; Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, a solid, practical, brave, faithful man was "if not an architect of our Constitution, at least a punctual and unfailing Clerk of the Works"; Edward II, a "perverted weakling" preferred "thatching and ditching" to wars or tournaments; Edward I warred in France with "piebald fortune"; Edward III's costly siege of Calais made Parliament "morose in demeanor and reluctant in supply"; "a whole generation [was] slashed through by a hideous severance"—the Black Death; "ghoulish practices glare at us from the broken annals"; the record of the Black Prince is "dinked by many cruel acts of war"; and of the Wars of the Roses: no conflict "has been preserved with characters at once so worldly and so expensively chiselled."

THERE are many histories of Britain and it may be asked with which of them Churchill's can be compared. It comes perhaps closest to John Green's four-volume *Short History of the English People*, first published in 1874. Green's book stands out, as does Churchill's, for its literary grace; as a history it is uneven. Even so, it is far more comprehensive than the present work. The shortcomings of Churchill's treatment are those for which his earlier works have prepared us. Always he has written from his experience in command; and now his coordinating eye selects and arranges the pageant-worthy events of the past. His account is based on chronicles rather than on records; as such, it is missing essential vertebrae. Of social history Churchill tells us next to nothing. Plain men appear only in battles. They are the "rank and file," the "submerged classes," the "humble masses," the "common people." They have no history. And the "thrifty burgess" is not much better served. If you wish to know how Englishmen lived under Henry II, say, you will find more information in a few pages of Trevelyan's one-volume *History of England* than in all of Sir Winston's book.

English literature, scientific thought and intellectual activities are not touched upon. The effect is not considered of fundamental eco-

nomie factors such as the rise and fall of wages and prices, the uses of money, foreign trade, the power of the guilds. A chapter is allotted to the Common Law, but Churchill is not conspicuously successful in summarizing the growth of this fascinating and complex institution. Nor is his discussion of Magna Carta, though it is a corrective of myths, a model of historical penetration.

HISTORY is what historians write. The past does not change; different interpreters merely have different prejudices. Churchill is a dramatist and a bard. His figures are not cardboard but they are rooted in myth. Modern historians are rather nervous about King Arthur. The evidence for his existence is slim. Lord Raglan has no doubt he was a creature of fable; others regard it as "reasonably certain" that a "petty chieftain" by this name once existed in South Wales. Churchill has no patience with pedants and skeptics. The "fiction-loving Europe" of the twelfth century delighted in Geoffrey of Monmouth's stories about Arthur and so does Churchill. "It is all true," he says, "or it ought to be; and more and better besides." Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II, is the subject of a tragic tale, in which she penetrated the "protecting maze at Woodstock by the clue of a silken thread" and offered her husband's

mistress, the "Fair Rosamond" the "hard choice between the dagger and the poisoned cup." "Tiresome investigators," writes Churchill, "have undermined this excellent tale, but it certainly should find its place in any history worthy of the name." These are among the legends from which Englishmen have for centuries drawn delight and inspiration. The legends are part of a racial memory. That it may be a memory of things which never happened is in a sense irrelevant. What counts is what men believe. Addressing himself to the English-speaking people in a dismal age (it makes no difference whether these passages were written in 1939 or 1954), Churchill seeks to fortify them with glorious fables of "trials and tribulations," as well as with facts. It is the sort of history which stirs and evokes more than it enlightens; it will appeal more to the moist than to the sharp eye.

But it is the sort of history which in one way or another must appeal to everyone. It is the intensely personal expression of an admirable man. It has, as Guedalla tells us Arnold wrote of the *Iliad*, "a great master's genuine stamp, and that stamp is the grand style." Whatever professional historians may say of this book, it will not grow cold on the shelves. This is as it should be; and more and better besides.

Mutability in Modern Poetry

THE METAPHORIC TRADITION IN MODERN POETRY.

By Sister M. Bernetta Quinn. Rutgers University Press. \$4.50.

By John R. Willingham

THE MODERN POET has complained characteristically that the life of our times is so fragmentary, so paradoxical, so meaningless even, that he has to resort to nimble leaps of meaning, imagery and manner, in order to say anything at all worth saying. He sometimes has made supercilious, if partially deserved, comments about the ineptness at reading or imagination of the average man in our society.

On the other hand, the public

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(with the aid of the traditionalist poets and critics) has complained, just as characteristically and as emphatically, that sudden shifts in direction, in meaning and in metaphor, without warning signals or prose glosses, render the work of the typical modern poet unintelligible and thus unrelated to "real life." A spate of books and articles has appeared to show that "meaning" is present in modern poetry and that intelligibility can be dredged out of modern poems by following a certain approved method of examining structure, texture, tension, etc. But even an earnest, cooperative reader frequently finds himself more frustrated and more irritated by the critics than by the poets: the explicators too often need explication.

Sister Bernetta's book occupies a position quite superior to that of

the typical critical examination of recent American and English poets. For one thing, she has successfully resisted any temptation to conceal her ideas behind a glittering but impenetrable facade of critical jargon. Acknowledging from the outset that there are many significant thematic angles of vision and structural methods from whose standpoint one might profitably examine the major poetry of our time, Sister Bernetta has chosen one of the most pervasive (if less understood heretofore) and most revealing (because so richly inclusive) approaches—the idea and device of metamorphosis. More than mere source of informing idea or structural imagery, metamorphosis is shown to be especially attractive to the poet who seeks a valid expression for his consciousness of the diffusion and mutability of his world. In longer poems of the last thirty-five years (poems of semi-epic intentions, in some cases), such as “The Waste Land,” “Paterson,” or “The Bridge,” the metamorphoses of protagonists, major symbols and ancient legends become of critical importance; such meaningful change without loss of radical identity permits a suitably complex ordering of vision and its resulting myths, which of course make possible the life of poetry.

POUND indicated that his predilection for metamorphosis sprang from his admiring study of Ovid. And Eliot's classical scholarship may very well have suggested to him the obvious benefits of the metamorphic plan and idea. With William Carlos Williams or Hart Crane, the idea seems to have been more a natural response to the requirements of a complex subject matter and the need of an organic poetic manner. In the case of Crane's long poem, “The Bridge,” (more and more thought of as the single greatest poem of the twentieth century), the orientation is not really (as Sister Bernetta insists) Christian; any earlier religious system is transcended in the symbolism of the bridge, and the many metamorphoses of time and space are more closely related to the burden of such prose works as Williams' “In the American Grain” or Waldo Frank's “Our America,” both of which must be carefully studied if one wishes to get at the sources of Crane's imagery and ideas.

The entire book will be of real interest to the serious reader of modern poetry. Perhaps the sections on Eliot and Yeats will seem less strikingly fresh than the other portions, but the chapter on Williams' “Paterson” furnishes the most valuable commentary on that “testament of perpetual change” yet to appear. Another rewarding bit is the chapter on Randall Jarrell—a poet younger than the others involved in this study (Yeats, Wallace Stevens, Pound,

Eliot, Crane and Williams) but considered by some critics (including Sister Bernetta) to be a likely candidate to achieve the accolade of “major poet.” The effect of the entire book ought to help dispel the aura of whimsicality so often attributed to our more successful poets and to suggest that abrupt transitions and transmutations in a modern poem may not be so much mere wilful artistic perversity as meaningful change or metamorphosis.

New Mexico Mine Town

OUT OF THE DUST. By Lars Lawrence. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50.

By Josephine Herbst

A PROFILE of an American town can be a *Main Street* or it can be *Out of the Dust*, the second volume of a trilogy by Lars Lawrence. The story of Reata, coal-mining town of New Mexico, is infinitely the more complex not only because its people are the unmelted elements of a racial melting pot but because the situation is dynamite. On one level the story is a whodunit. Its swift narrative is pinned down by the back-alley killing of the sheriff as he emerges from the courtroom with two miners who are being railroaded to jail. The initial cause of the fracas, dispossession of a miner and his family from their home, is lost in the proliferating efforts of a handful of people to hold out for their basic rights. Reata, a little oligarchy of local monopolies backed by armed forces, casts its shadow into every home. Though the timing of this story is the thirties, its underlying causations are topical.

Frank Hogarth, brought in from California to defend the fifty miners rounded up in expiation of the sheriff's death and jailed in the death row of the penitentiary, arrives with the debonair confidence of a labor lawyer who has won his cases. But the situation in Reata is double-barreled against him; even his own past vibrates with nervous

tensions. Though he represents the power of the law he must operate in a community given over to the might of the lawless. Only the solidarity of the miners, tenaciously loyal to each other and their purpose, offers hope. The story of this little band is the real story of *Out of the Dust*. Like Gorki, Lawrence has a special gift for bringing to life the dispossessed. His miners, their wives, children and animals, are real. It is their “little stories” which make this powerfully written novel compelling reading. The town tangles around their confident hope in nothing more than the strength of their togetherness. In the great web, few of the townspeople dare sympathize with the embattled, who, elevated by a vision, appear like some little band of early Christians, scheming how *not* to be martyrs.

THE reader may quarrel with their vision, even think their “way out” a kind of booby trap, but I think no one can quarrel with the basic righteousness of their cause. Of mixed blood, Spanish, Mexican, Indian, white and colored, the common ingredient among them is their insistence on their own right to dignity. Though inhumanity is foisted upon them, it also dyes the powerful who would benefit by their degradation. But in trying to awaken a realization of the cruelties suffered by the underdogs, Lawrence has perhaps lost a point of contact with his reader by painting his “other” people too uniformly black. Perhaps what is needed is a Pierre of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* as interpreter but instead we get Tia Priscilla, a fine character, but old and tinged with insanity. Why insanity? Does Lawrence's pessimism want to persuade us that

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goodness in the camp of the "others" must be accompanied by some such fatal weakness as must invalidate it? As it is not possible for the reader

to identify himself totally with the fate of the underdogs, Tia Priscilla must be the link and, too ironically, she is made this half-mad woman.

Selected New Books

East Asia

THE UNITED STATES AND ASIA.

By Lawrence H. Battistini. Frederick A. Praeger. \$5. Battistini offers an introduction to American-Asian relations—a broad subject of many facets. After a somewhat diffuse beginning, he succeeds in packing a lot of useful primary information into small compass. His work is best on past history for which the basic facts are generally well established, and on Japan (where his Asian experience has been largely concentrated). He discloses shortcomings as regards Russian Far Eastern politics, and is weak in respect to wartime and post-war developments in China.

JAPAN'S MODERN CENTURY.

By Hugh Borton. The Ronald Press. \$7. Dr. Borton, Professor of Japanese and Director of the East Asian Institute at Columbia University, speaks with a rare authority on Japan. Here he sets forth, with careful scholarship, much little-known material regarding the whole process of renaissance that followed Japan's forced entry into the world community in the mid-nineteenth century, the meteoric rise of the Japanese Empire through wars with China and Russia and World War I, and its plummeting down in World War II to its present crippled condition. This is an enlightening study in East Asian geopolitics; and if the author does not attempt to sketch Japan's future, his presentation of this integral segment of Asia's history is of outstanding value as background for any assessment of the current balance of power in East Asia.

KOREA TOMORROW.

By Kyung Cho Chung. With prefatory note by General Mark W. Clark and foreword by Dr. Paul F. Douglass. The Macmillan Company. \$5.95. This book attempts to cover the historical, economic and social Korean scene, but it is poorly constructed and often repetitious; most of the economic statistics are for the pre-Korean War period and of little value today. The author stresses two major themes (1) although South Korea has already received no little aid for its post-war rehabilitation, it needs much more—"world-wide as-

sistance"—for years to come (but there is no suggestion that Seoul's 660,000-man army is an out-size charge on the economy); and (2) because of its strategic position, Korea has become a pawn in power politics. This work fails to associate Korea, past and present, accurately to its environment, Northeast Asia, and consequently fails to show the true difficulty of realizing the aspiration voiced by its author—"a free and unified Korea."

NATIONALISM AND REVOLUTION

IN MONGOLIA. By Owen Lattimore. Oxford University Press, under auspices of Institute of Pacific Relations. \$4.75. Against a historical background made up of Manchu rule, Tsarist Russian ambitions and Mongol nationalism, Lattimore focuses attention on the 1921-51 events that brought consolidation of Soviet influence in Outer Mongolia. He calls the process "satellite politics," and holds that the Mongolian People's Republic (Outer Mongolia) is significant for revolution in Asia — "the pilot model of the contemporary Soviet satellite state." Half of this thin volume comprises a translation (jointly with Urgunge Onon)

of Nachukdorji's "Life of Sukebatur" —Communist gospel, when published in 1943, establishing Sukebatur's leading role in the creation of the Mongolian People's Republic. Nachukdorji's basic theme that Sukebatur "well understood that the fate and destiny of the Mongol common people were inseparably linked with this Great [Russian] October Revolution" might now, however, be deemed out of date—for in 1952 Outer Mongolia resumed relations with China. Lattimore's work is not projected into the post-1952 period, when radical changes have occurred in respect to both Communist "international centralism" and Soviet strategy in Asia. But Outer Mongolia's shifting role itself points up the significance of that author's observation that "Mongol politics are not an exotic study."

PARIS TO PEKING.

By Joseph R. Starobin. Cameron Associates. \$3.75. Starobin, a former Daily Worker editor, traces his journeying to China via Paris, Berlin, Moscow. His China chronicle suggests the massive and purposeful character of the revolution in course, but it lacks the historical depth and broad perspective to bring out that revolution's full significance. And if Starobin sympathetically reflects sunny sectors of the Chinese scene, he neglects to provide a mirror ample to reveal the pain. It is no holiday task, in a nation of congenial individualists, to bring about "a synthesis of the individual and the cooperative welfare." O. EDMUND CLUBB

Art

A. L. Chanin

SPAIN was barren of significant art from Goya to Picasso. Then, Miro, Gris and—despite his unevenness—Dali contributed to the place of their native land in modern art. Now still another important Spanish name emerges, that of Julio Gonzales, pioneer sculptor in metal, who was born in Barcelona in 1876, and died near Paris in 1942. The impressive retrospective held recently at the Museum of Modern Art (at the Minneapolis Institute of Art, from May 8 to June 17) establishes Gonzales as one of the makers and shakers of modern sculpture. Audacious semi-abstracts in iron rank Gonzales as the prime influence behind a good deal of the best of recent sculpture here and in Europe.

Gonzales' father and brother were master metal craftsmen, and as far back as 1893 his metal work had been exhibited at the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago. But he was a painter then and he continued to concentrate on painting, both in Spain and in Paris, where he settled in 1900. It was not until the mid-1920's that this gifted sculptor reverted to his true medium. The style by which he is now known evolved as late as 1930, when he gave his life-long friend, Picasso, technical assistance in making welded-iron sculpture constructions. Thus the power and originality of Gonzales' art is the result of the last dozen years of his life.

Traditional sculpture is a solid

volume displacing space. With Gonzales, (as with Gabo in his constructivist sculpture) air and space combine and intermingle with graceful linear forms into a subtle balance of voids and forms. His imaginative, adventurous designs blend the drama of abstract shapes with echoes and transformations of representational images. In his finest pieces—*Woman With a Basket*, 1931; *The Angel*, 1933; *Figure Called the Giraffe*, 1934; *Woman Combing her Hair*, 1936 (a persistent Gonzales theme) he evokes a variety of responses: austere dignity, delicacy and grace, or grim, paint-tinged humor, as in the *Cactus Man*, 1939-40. One of the most extraordinary figures of his entire career is representational: the majestic peasant woman and child of 1936-37, called *The Montserrat*. An embodiment of the Spanish Republic, it was shown at the Spanish pavilion of the 1937 Paris exposition, along with Picasso's anguished mural, *Guernica*.

A RESERVED, withdrawn man, Gonzales knew only modest recognition. Most of his sculpture was unsold, and is loaned to the retrospective exhibition by his daughter. On the other hand, the Oregon-born Morris Graves, though as withdrawn as Gonzales, has not missed a solid success.

Of the seventy-five paintings and twenty-six drawings in his exhibition, recently at the Whitney Museum, and currently on view at the Phillips Gallery, Washington, D. C. (thereafter Boston; Des Moines; San Francisco; Los Angeles; La Jolla; Seattle;) scarcely one is without an appreciate owner, duly tagged with the labels of other museums and important private collectors. To Graves, now forty-six, recognition came as early as 1939, when his work was noticed in a Washington Federal Arts Project show. Frederick S. Wight has said, in a monograph on the painter, "Graves had hardly been ready for discovery when he was discovered." Acclaim has not flagged, but neither has Graves's ability to sustain and expand earlier concepts.

Like his friend, the West Coast abstractionist Mark Tobey, Graves is a mystic, who brings together aspects of Oriental and Western form and content.

From the East, Graves absorbs the

love of involved, delicate textural effects, an elaborate tracery of fragile, mesh-like lines, simplicity of mass and drawing, and above all, the brooding, meditative, Eastern vision. Birds, trees, waves or sky become cosmic symbols and personal expressions. Here, Ryder may come to mind, but Ryder is Western in sweep and force and virility.

From the West, Graves absorbs a depth and solidity of color, and something of the eye-catching appeal of semi-abstract and expressionist devices of composition. But the two traditions merge into an individual, not derivative, expression, and the best of Graves contains the shock of true originality.

Recurrent images of birds, snakes, symbolic chalices, fish forms and the sway of sea are the visual elements Graves portrays, but only to by-pass

physical phenomena and awaken the inner eye.

The best paintings are so effectively felt and projected that they become memorable in their combined lure for the eye and mind. There is nothing in them of the all-too-common display of clever technique and glib, hackneyed symbols. *Sea, Fish and Constellation*, 1944; *Outer and Mental Space*, 1943; or *Moon Mad Crow in the Surf*, 1943; or his earlier *Blind Bird in the Moonlight* sequences are, literally, spellbinding. The mystic-romantic vision in painting runs into the danger of thinness and repetitiousness. It is a viewpoint not easily varied in a large production, and the measure of Graves's sensitivity and talent is that he finds, again and again, resourceful ways by which to compose his eerie, lyric revelations.

Shells

You pick one up along the shore.
It is empty and light and dry,
And leaves a powdery chalk on your hands.

The life that made it is gone out.
That's what is meant when people say,
"A hollow shell," "a shell of his former self,"

Failing to take into account
The vital waste in composition
With the beauty of the ruined remainder

Which is no use to anyone,
Of course, unless as decoration:
A Souvenir of Sunset Beach, etc.

Its form is only cryptically
Instructive, if at all: it winds
Like generality, from nothing to nothing

By means of nothing but itself.
It is a stairway going nowhere,
Our precious emblem of the steep ascent,
Perhaps, beginning at a point

And opening to infinity,
Or the other way, if you want it the other way.

Inside it, also, there is nothing
Except the obedient sound of waters
Beat by your Mediterranean, classic heart

In bloody tides as long as breath,
Bringing by turns the ebb and flood
Upon the ruining house of histories,

Whose whitening stones, in Africa,
Bake dry and blow away, in Athens,
In Rome, abstract and instructive as chalk

When children scrawl the blackboard full
Of wild spirals every which way,
To be erased with chalk-dust, then with water.

HOWARD NEMEROV

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE Phoenix Theatre's Sideshow No. 6, produced in association with Lincoln Kirstein, was the Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson opera *The Mother of Us All*, which I found as delightful and moving this time as when it was first given in 1947. On that occasion a friend exclaimed, "Now I understand: what Gertrude Stein was writing with those repetitions was opera librettos"—which I amended to "opera librettos for Virgil Thomson," since their effectiveness results largely from his unique way of setting them to music.

The words of *The Mother of Us All* have less poetic imagery and verbal music than those of *Four Saints in Three Acts*, and more rational meaning—the meaning of extended trains of thought like Jo Loiterer's explanation of how to be funny, or Susan B. Anthony's discourse on the nature of man, with its wonderful insights. But Thomson's method in setting them is the same: the music separates and differentiates the Stein repetitions, articulates them in a progression with structure and climax; by the way it places and highlights groups of words in their contexts it points up Miss Stein's surprises and irrelevances of juxtaposition; and Thomson adds equally amusing incongruities between words and music—words with little or no sense, sung to music with the style of profound import. And in all this Thomson operates with unflagging attentiveness and freshness of attack which produce, simply and artlessly, results that are witty, touching and grand.

In the taxing part of Susan B. Anthony, Shirley Emmons gave an outstanding vocal and dramatic performance; but everyone in the large cast sang and acted well; and the production effectively staged by Bill Butler and efficiently conducted by Mr. Thomson deserved more elaborate scenery and a better orchestra.

A FEW years ago a young reader wrote me about a college course in the history of music in which exactly one hour was devoted to the entire group of English madrigalists. He had spent a week of his own time on

the scores of English and Italian madrigals; and as a result, whereas his classmates' knowledge consisted of a series of composers' names in their notebooks, each with a sentence or two of description and evaluation taken down in class or copied out of a book, my correspondent had ideas and estimates derived from his hearing of the music, which led him to suspect that the descriptions and evaluations in the lecture and books had not been so derived.

Quoting Paul Henry Lang's statement in *Music in Western Civilization* that the "frightful, ragged, unvocal writing [in Gesualdo's madrigals] makes their performance by a vocal ensemble well-nigh impossible," my correspondent commented that he had found this "frightful, ragged, unvocal writing" to consist of nothing worse than an occasional augmented fourth or diminished fifth, and found support for his contention that it was singable in the fact that the ten volumes of Gesualdo's works went through twenty-five editions between 1594 and 1626. And quoting Dr. Alfred Einstein's statement in his *Short History of Music* that Gesualdo's chromaticism attained "extremes of daring . . . not based upon clear harmonic perception and hence not fully absorbed by the main stream of development," my correspondent commented that "Gesualdo's chromaticism was not based on the major-minor, tonic-dominant relationships which ultimately prevailed: why should it have been? But to claim that it is not based on clear harmonic perception is to deny the evidence of one's ears: . . . it always comes off."

Countless people who never heard a note of Gesualdo have retained from their music-history courses the statements that "his extreme chromaticism was not based upon clear harmonic perception" and "the frightful, ragged, unvocal writing in his madrigals makes their performances well-nigh impossible." But Sunset Records has issued LP-600, from which they can discover that Lang and Einstein misinformed them; and Gesualdo's madrigals can be sung, and are in fact sung beauti-

fully on this record by a group called the Singers of Ferrara under Robert Craft's direction; and that the daring, strange harmonic progressions make harmonic sense—an unusual, unpredictable sense—in every instance. In addition they will discover that the pieces are some of the most remarkable, most powerful and moving, they have ever heard. The record comes with Italian texts, English translations and excellent notes by Aldous Huxley.

The lovely Dowland songs on London International TW-91067, *Canzone Scordate* Volume 2, arranged by Dorumsgaard, are sung beautifully by the tenor Richard Lewis, but to unbearably percussive piano accompaniments by Jacqueline Bonneau. On the reverse side are some uninteresting songs by the Swedish composer Bellman, sung by Aksel Schioetz with the baritone remnant of his once fine tenor voice.

Vanguard 479, *The Three Ravens*, takes its title from the first of a number of English folksongs that are sung by the counter-tenor Alfred Deller with his subtlety of tone and inflection, to lute accompaniments by Desmond Dupré.

I can only report the fact that I found the duets by Monteverdi and Carissimi on Angel 35290 uninteresting, without being able to account for it. Schwarzkopf's and Seefried's singing of these pieces and of the melodious Moravian Duets of Dvorak is exquisite; but I think two contrasting voices would have been more effective.

Schwarzkopf, with Giesecking at the piano, also sings exquisitely a number of Mozart songs on Angel 35270, not all of which are as good as *Unglückliche Liebe*, *Abendempfindung*, *Der Zauberer*, *Das Veilchen*, *Das Lied der Trennung* and *An Chloe*. But the surprise among the ones I hadn't heard was the ironically humorous strophic song *Die Alte*, a Mozartian equivalent of what we get from Gilbert and Sullivan or one of our own American teams, and effectively pointed up by Schwarzkopf's dramatized performance.

Coming Next Week

Beatrice Webb's Diaries:
1924-1932

Reviewed by Kingsley Martin

Theatre and Films

Robert Hatch

IN THE second act of *The Most Happy Fella* (Imperial), a young man stands behind a pretty girl and, putting his arms around her to demonstrate how she is to paste labels on grape crates, repeatedly scrubs the back of his hands across her breasts. The audience is convulsed and loudly applauds these artists when their scene ends. Now what sort of adult laughs at this sorry kind of lechery and how could the producer guess that hundreds of them would buy admission to this show? How could Frank Loesser, who has written a strong, constantly interesting, often heart-rousing score and adapted Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* most sensitively to provide himself with an appropriate and substantial book, permit this episode of cold vulgarity to mar his work?

For that matter, how can he appreciate the great vocal and dramatic skill of Robert Weede in the title role and not hear the cheap dance-band vocalist tricks in the voice of Art Lund, the romantic lead? How

can he compose dashing and witty material for his comic trio and ask Mr. Weede to address corny banalities to "mamma up in heaven"? How can a show so secure in conception suffer a succession of queasy details that douse the gaiety so artfully engendered?

Catering to the public, I think, is what does it. Big musicals are the most commercial ventures in the commercial theatre. They cost a fortune, they must take in a fortune for weeks on end and a pair of tickets to one of them (even at box-office prices) is substantial conspicuous waste. So onto a good framework the owners hang all manner of crass bait—these entrepreneurs have no respect for the taste of the affluent.

The Most Happy Fella is a show bursting with talent: Mr. Loesser; Mr. Weede; Jo Sullivan as the sweet-voiced heroine; the trio (Arthur Rubin, Rico Froeblich, John Henson); Shorty Long and Susan Johnson, the antic couple who must perform the business I mentioned earlier; Mona Paulee, who plays an

unnecessary part that seems borrowed from *The Saint of Bleecker Street*, but who has a lovely voice. The costumes, scenery, choreography are always good and occasionally excellent and the whole show goes at a rousing pace through a story which, thanks to Mr. Howard, has credibility and tenderness. A production so excellent should succeed on its own terms, not require the gloomy bad taste with which it has been embellished.

FREDERICO FELLINI, an Italian director new to us, has put together in *The White Sheik* a small but funny slapstick. It concerns the infatuation of a country bride with the Roman hero of a series of photographic romances (equivalent of our comic books). The mounting pace—everyone begins to run—and the solemn, literal absurdity recall early René Clair. Leopoldo Trieste, as the incompetently resolute bridegroom, is an ingenious comedian.

[Harold Clurman is at present in Europe.]

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Sunday, May 20

IN WHICH WE SERVE (ABC; Famous Film Festival). Noel Coward's multi-award-winning biography of a warship; first presented in 1942. The author stars in this film version, which he also directed.

THE HAT WITH THE ROSE (CBS; General Electric Theatre). Gisele MacKenzie stars in this drama with a girls' college background. The plot, centering on a pupil's ridicule of a teacher, recalls a large family of teacher-problem plays.

YOU ASKED FOR IT (ABC). Another item in this season's *Titanicana*; United States Coast Guard Cutter *Pontchartrain*, at sea in the North Atlantic, presents an on-the-spot picture of the International Ice Patrol. In addition, assorted short subjects also requested by viewers.

May 19, 1956

PURSUIT OF TRUTH (NBC; Princeton '56). Final telecast in this season's series will deal with the influence of three fields of scholarship—the humanities, the physical sciences and the natural sciences—on American life in the past fifty years. Professors Carlos H. Baker (English), Elmer G. Butler (Biology), Eric E. Goldman (History) will participate.

Wednesday, May 23

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS (CBS; U. S. Steel Hour). Gracie Fields and Jackie Cooper in the leads of Barrie's famous play. Adapted by Robert Anderson, author of "Tea and Sympathy."

Radio; May 20

WHY THE FUROR OVER FLOURIDATION? (ABC; America's Town Meeting of the Air). Program will originate from Atlantic City at the 190th Annual meeting of the New Jersey Medical Society. To flouridate or not to flouridate will be manfully discussed by a panel of scientists.

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Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

right. As a matter of fact, neither view is entirely correct.

While we hesitate to admit it, there are deep-seated trends in our American civilization towards dependency and indulgence and away from self-reliance and self-denial, stimulated possibly by the action of government during and after the depression—e.g., see the increase of relief rolls during high employment and prosperity, for one bit of evidence, and the Kinsey report for another!

As to Professor Lindesmith's second point, recent history demonstrates that mere hospitalization is no cure for a confirmed drug addict. Judged by results so far, both the fantastically expensive Brothers Island Institute in New York and the federal hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, are failures.

No profession should claim the exclusive right to treat a social malady until it has a cure for it. In the same way that the cure of drunkenness and sex deviation is a compound of socio-medical and authoritarian effort, so it is with drug addiction. Psychiatrists who have especially studied this distressing phenomenon tell us that drug addiction is not a separable disease—to be isolated and cured—but a symptom of a general psychiatric disorder applicable to alcoholics and sex deviates, too.

Free dispensing of narcotics under doctors' orders may be a necessary and human palliative but it is not a cure. The trouble lies deeper in our complex social structure.

Here are some things we might do: Insist on international conventions reducing shipment of opium; prevent smuggling by employment of more treasury inspectors; punish severely the pushers; stop whetting the appetite of some of the inquisitive young people in our less privileged areas by talking too much about a subject which 99.44 per cent of them know nothing about and care less. I sincerely question whether "A Hatful of Rain" or even "The Man with the Golden Arm" has any beneficial effect in preventing addiction. Diversion of our young people into wholesome and healthful activities is, I would guess, more effective than sending a Robert Milchum to jail for addiction and then headlining him in the movies on his release.

SANFORD BATES

Former Director, U. S. Bureau of Prisons

Pennington, N. J.

Mr. Lindesmith's Reply

Dear Sirs: Because my discussion of

the drug problem was intended to be practical, I stressed a definite program which has been found to be effective abroad. This program, which places uncured addicts under the care of doctors, is also an attack upon the economic basis of the illegal traffic. As such, it is designed to supplement, not to replace, control measures of the type now directed against the black market which Mr. Bates mentions. Both Mr. Bates and Miss Anderson, in their concern over relatively remote historical and social factors in the drug problem about which little or nothing can be done, neglect the factor of availability of drugs about which something can be done.

I had uncured addicts in mind when I emphasized the central role of the medical profession. Only doctors can write prescriptions. It is true, as Mr. Bates says, that there is now no effective cure for addiction and that turning over uncured addicts to medical men is only a "human palliative." It is, however, a vital step which would remove the stigma of criminality from addiction, besides undercutting the illicit traffic. I am surprised that Mr. Bates seems to attach so little importance to it. Once this vital step is taken, I will concede Miss Anderson's point that curing addiction is much more than a medical problem.

If one is to judge from arrest rates, Mr. Bates is definitely in error when he says that the increase of addiction in young persons has been confined to "a few places like New York." The figures in the Uniform Crime Reports, which reveal a trend toward increasing involvement of young persons, also show rising arrest rates in almost all sections of the country and in cities of all sizes.

ALFRED R. LINDESMITH

Bloomington, Ind.

Spring Book Issue

Dear Sirs: I am very grateful to you for calling the extraordinarily fine spring book number (April 14) to my attention. It is the richest and solidest collection of literary essays and reviews to appear in any magazine this season.

VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

New American Library

New York, N. Y.

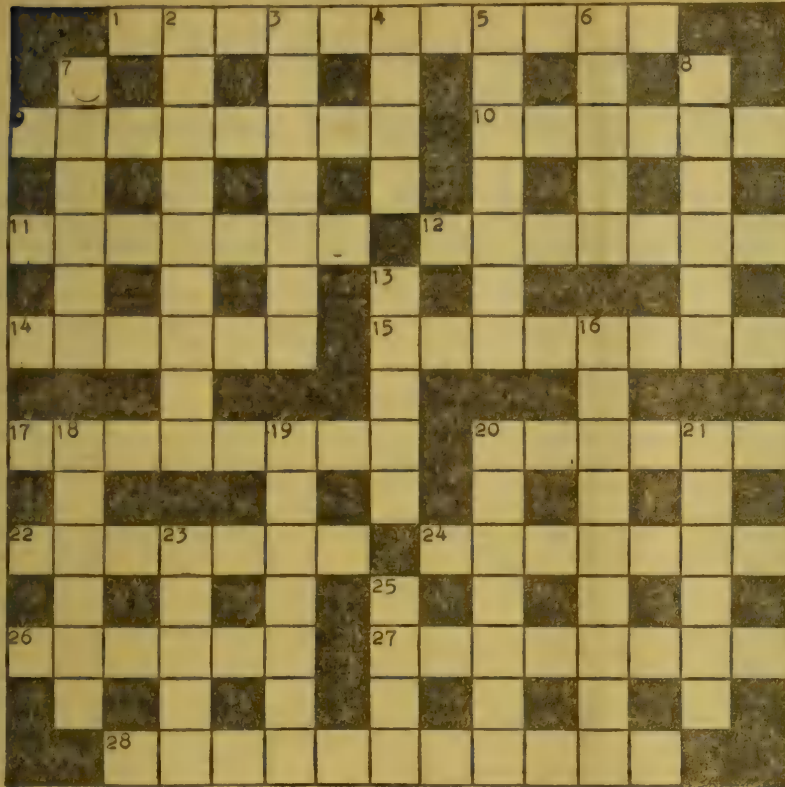
Dear Sirs: The spring book number is a triumph of some sort. It's heady pleasure to be able to read again somewhere pieces like Josephine Herbst's and May Sarton's. No yeasayer, The Nation, Dieu soit ben! in this land of yeas.

HENRY SCHUMAN

New York, N. Y.

Crossword Puzzle No. 672

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 See 12 across
- 9 Rather inadequate legislation of old England! (4,4)
- 10 Check short while traveling? It sounds like a weather impossibility, or else the end of the ruler. (4,2)
- 11 One who doesn't believe in this place? Shake! (7)
- 12 and 1 across Is mendacity the problem? Not logically! (7,3,8)
- 14 See 28 across
- 15 Deponed. (8)
- 17 and 27 across Some of us do it once each fall (to complement our annual setting-up exercise?). (4,4,3,5)
- 20 See 3 down
- 22 Stay younger longer—it's hard to put a period to such things. (7)
- 24 This makes the cat a privileged character, perhaps. (7)
- 26 Putting the color on in royalty? (6)
- 27 See 17 across
- 28 and 14 across Make a slight addition to trauma if you do. (3,6,2,6)

DOWN

- 2 Associated with Columbine. (9)
- 3 and 20 across Did Barrie's work imply a way of excellence? (7,6)
- 4 and 13 down Certainly not hard cash in Germany, but they can be touched for it. (4,5)

- 5 The punishment of people in the wrong. (7)
- 6 Go up around and beat somebody inside. (5)
- 7 Extracted from lemons, if the complications are serious. (6)
- 8 The fruit of court players, by the sound of it. (6)
- 13 See 4 down.
- 16 This might run a bad meter last. (9)
- 18 Rather important but vulgar man from Chaldea? (6)
- 19 Used in South Africa to cause 14. (7)
- 20 As a writer, Edith doesn't with everybody. (7)
- 21 Here, as the Romans say, it's in a broken set. (6)
- 23 Landed proprietor. (5)
- 25 A Revolutionary statesman comes up with nothing more than an unhealthy 20 down. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 671

ACROSS: 1 DASHBOARDS; 6 STAY; 10 LEVERET; 11 SAILING; 12 POLISH CORRIDOR; 14 CRAWFISH; 15 UGLIER; 16 LOW MAN; 18 STAND PAT; 22 CONSERVATOIRES; 24 ENGAGED; 25 AUSPICE; 26 YO-YO. DOWN: 1 DILL PICKLE; 2 SEVILLA; 3 BIRDS OF PASSAGE; 4 ATTACKS; 5 DESERT; 7 TRIPOLI; 8 YEGG; 9 DISINGENUOUSLY; 13 BERTISHERS; 17 WRONGLY; 19 TRAVAIL; 20 PURLIEU; 21 GRADER; 23 and 27 across VERY TRULY YOURS.

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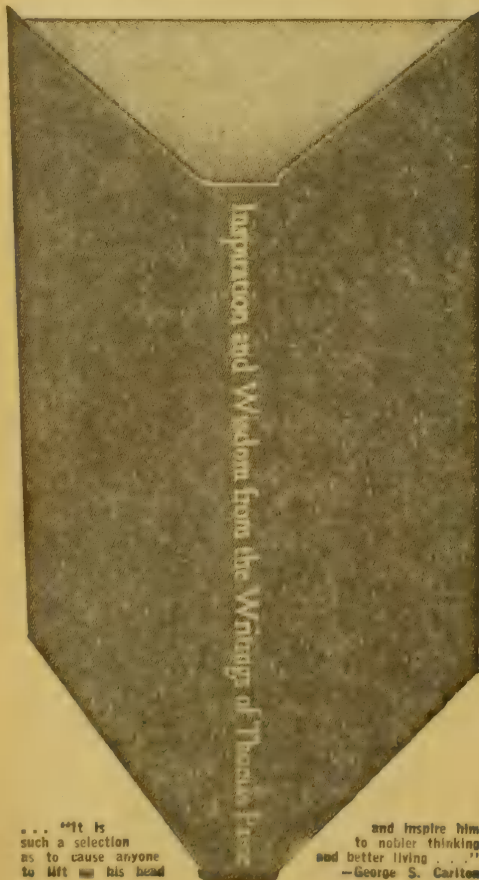
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"Big-Bomber" SYMINGTON

Dead Aim for the Presidency

by Matthew Josephson

The Sovereign State of G.M.

by T. K. Quinn

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441 • LETTERS

Letters

Capital Punishment

Dear Sirs: I circulated the article on capital punishment in your issue of March 10 among my staff, and received the following comments. My Deputy Attorney General states, "The arguments used in the article could apply to any punishment." My first assistant, Mr. Howard Black, says tersely, "In favor of death penalty." He is joined in this sentiment by Mr. Robert Duncan, special assistant with the Highway Department and by Mr. Walter J. Muir, a regular assistant who has since left my staff. Mr. Richard Leedy, another special assistant, says, "I agree in moral theory, yet question the statistics given."

We have recently argued in our State Supreme Court in support of a death penalty conviction (State vs. Clay Riggie) and will soon be arguing another death penalty conviction (State vs. Lindsay). Both cases involved brutal, premeditated murder. I, for one, cannot understand the philosophy under which society is supposed to support a cold-blooded first-degree murderer for the rest of his life. . . .

GEORGE F. GUY

Attorney General of Wyoming
Cheyenne, Wyo.

Drug Addiction

Dear Sirs: I do not concur with many of Professor Lindesmith's statements and conclusions in his article in the April 21 issue. From experience in my position covering more than twenty years and experience in pharmacy of some forty years, I fail to believe that the procedure outlined creates effective prevention, which is particularly emphasized in the last paragraph of the article.

FRANK J. SMITH

Chief, Narcotic Control Section,
State of New York

Albany, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: There is, it seems to me, much to be said in favor of Professor Lindesmith's position. It is clear that the plan for the control of the drug traffic that is being used in this country is not succeeding. Additional increments of punishment do not seem to be the answer. Prohibition didn't work with alcohol and it doesn't seem to be working with the traffic in dope.

It is true, however, that the general social setting and the seriousness of the crime problem in this country are very different from that in England. England has a much sturdier tradition and does not have the variety and

conflict of cultures which have been so characteristic of the United States. Medicine has been socialized to a much greater extent in England than in the United States, which makes the problem somewhat different. Certainly no private physician here would be willing to give shots to help an addict on the basis of fourteen cents each.

Weighing both sides of this argument, however, it does seem to us that there should be at least experimentation with medical control of narcotics in some section of this country.

NORMAN S. HAYNER, Ph.D.

Chairman, State Board of Prison
Terms and Paroles
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs: We are in the course of a spree of legislation which increases the punishment for narcotics offenses, emphasizing the ineffective law-enforcement approach to the problem. I believe that Professor Lindesmith's factual article in your April 21 issue can be highly useful in counteracting this trend.

May I congratulate you on the several articles you have run on capital punishment? We have a great deal in our penology that is archaic, contrary to our democratic traditions, and quite inconsistent with a correctional philosophy of rehabilitation. It is obvious that capital punishment is one of these things and the sooner we get rid of it the better.

SOL RUBIN

Counsel, National Parole and
Probation Association
New York, N. Y.

Out of the Past

Dear Sirs: As an innocent man who spent twenty years in prison before being released by California's ex-Governor Olson, permit me to say that I'm glad it didn't take twenty years to give James Kutcher a little justice. In spite of the fact that he was a severely wounded war veteran, he might have been forgotten in my day, and left penniless and friendless. He has his pension but now there is still the matter of his job to be returned to him. Meanwhile, innocent of any crime, he has to do the best he can. But it could be worse—he could be doing his waiting in prison as Tom Mooney and I did.

There's another innocent man in our United States today who is waiting it out in prison. That's Morton Sobell, accused of conspiracy to commit espionage. He's under a thirty-year sentence. Nowadays you can't find a cor-

poral's guard to believe that Mooney and I threw a bomb into a Preparedness Parade in 1916. The day will come when nobody will believe the one witness who, trying to dodge a perjury charge, accused Sobell of being a spy. The President has the power to give him a pardon or commute his sentence to time served. I think the President ought to take that step now. Thirty years is a long, long time.

WARREN K. BILLINGS

San Francisco, Calif.

Information on Dulles

Dear Sirs: We are collecting material on John Foster Dulles concerning his public statements, actions and policies, both before and after assuming his present office, and would appreciate correspondence with others of like interest. Any material will be returned as requested.

O. T. WOOD

5405 College Avenue
Oakland, Calif.

Water

Dear Sirs: Tragedy Writ in Water in the February 11 issue was a blockbuster, to use a somewhat outdated term. Surely the problem of water is second only to that of the atomic bomb to all of the United States. It should be a matter of first importance in the Southern states seeking new industries. It is hoped that The Nation will find it possible to issue leaflet reprints of this fine article for wider circulation.

D. L. PALMER

Mena, Ark.

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The Nation, May 26, 1956, Volume 162, No. 21

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The Shape of Things

A Grave on the China Coast

Said Clausewitz, "We may . . . say, that the twenty years' victories of the Revolution are chiefly to be ascribed to the erroneous policy of the governments by which it was opposed." Clausewitz was, of course, talking about the French Revolution. But a century later Allied intervention against the Russian Revolution unwittingly helped the Bolsheviks to consolidate their power; and now the United States, through its China policy, is contributing to the political success of communism in Asia.

Out of the Chinese civil war (in which the United States was found on the Nationalist side) there came the Communist thesis that Washington is the enemy of the Chinese nation. The Peking regime worked from the beginning to fix that belief in the popular mind and energetically exploited the Korean War to that end. Then the United States itself crowned Peking's efforts by signing a military pact with the Nationalists on Formosa. What more did the Chinese people need as proof of American hostility? Washington has likewise left no doubt in the minds of other Asians of its attitude toward Peking. When it is authoritatively stated that three times in two years we stood on the "brink of war" with China, no room for doubt remains.

This leads us to the worst aspect of the matter. Washington has long known that the Communists are seeking to divide us from our Western Allies. But even as we exploited this knowledge propaganda-wise, we took positions on both China and Formosa which effectively furthered the Communist objective.

Standing firmly in support of the Formosa regime, we in turn are getting only grudging support at best either from our NATO allies or from any major Asian nation in respect to (1) the danger-laden situation in the Formosa Strait; (2) trade with China; and (3) China's representation in the U. N. As regards the Nationalist-held offshore islands, Quemoy and Matsu, we stand entirely alone—isolated from Japan and alienated from the British Commonwealth—and especially from India.

SEATO pines and NATO is ailing, the Administration complains, but doesn't think to look to our Formosa policy as a source of infection. There are no signs of a realization that our alliance with the chief survivor of the old order of things in China has immobilized us *vis-a-vis* the dynamism of present-day Asia, and that the future of our whole Asia policy is

thus put in jeopardy. Back in 1920 Lenin told a Japanese journalist that "The West is digging a grave in the East to bury itself in." Lenin knew his West better than the West today knows the Asian revolution. If only we looked closely, we could see that a pitfall has been dug and lies waiting on two small islands off the China Coast—on Matsu and Quemoy. It *could* prove to be part of a larger grave.

The Bigger They Are

To the articles which we ran on The Great Miami Witch Hunt (August 7, 1954, January 22, 1955), a fitting postscript may now be added. The instigator of the witch hunt, District Attorney George A. Brautigan, has been soundly trounced in his campaign for re-election. Indeed, Brautigan was "on the ropes" back in 1954 when he hit upon the idea of launching the witch hunt as a means of diverting attention from his activities and record as a public official. The tactic worked for a time but the community's delayed reaction—thousands of reprints of *The Nation* articles were distributed in Miami—is said to have been an important factor in the better than 2-to-1 margin by which Brautigan was defeated for re-election. His collaborator in the grotesque abuse of legal processes that characterized this witch hunt was Judge George E. Holt, before whom a long list of unhappy victims were cited for contempt when they pleaded the Fifth Amendment to questions about political activities and beliefs. In some cases, Judge Holt imposed one-year jail sentences and attempted to deny bail. Now the Dade County Grand Jury has issued a stinging report in which Judge Holt is characterized as "unfit to serve" and told to resign from office. Specifically, Judge Holt is accused in the report of awarding fees of \$90,000 in a curatorship case, "stripping the estate of a helpless, paralyzed old man for whom the protection of the court had been invoked."

For two years Messrs. Brautigan and Holt were the twin terrors of Dade County; to cross them was to invite prosecution. But apparently the voters of the county have reached the conclusion that the price for being "saved from communism" by Messrs. Brautigan and Holt comes too high.

Is Peace To Be Feared?

The "centrists" of the Democratic Party under Senator Symington's leadership (see Matthew Josephson's article on p. 442) seem determined to commit this

country to an ongoing arms race for which our ranking military advisors of the moment show little enthusiasm. If Admiral Radford is correct—if in fact the “danger” now is not in the military but rather in the political and diplomatic field—then this latest Democratic initiative aimed at increasing arms appropriations was most ineptly timed. With the Democrats insisting on an increase in the arms program against the advice of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Soviets were provided with an ideal setting for their announcement of a proposed cut of 1,200,000 in military manpower. But if the Democrats set the stage for another Soviet propaganda coup, Mr. Dulles contributed his share by suggesting that the proposed reduction would strengthen the Soviet’s military potential by shifting manpower from the armed services to industry! By this logic, a fully disarmed Soviet Union might be more “dangerous” than one fully armed. Neither party wants war, but it is strange that both Democrats and Republicans should be so apprehensive about peace. Can it be that neither party is prepared to face the economic consequences? Back in 1910, William James asked for a moral equivalent to war; but we also need apparently an economic equivalent.

A Quarter-Century of Irreverence

A lively anniversary issue celebrating the silver wedding of two British journals, the *New Statesman* and the

Nation, contains plenty of reminiscent amusement along with some helpful hints for like-minded contemporaries. American political weeklies try to tell themselves that the unprecedented success of the NS&N has been due to the uniquely high level of political literacy in Britain. And this is no doubt partly true. What they tend to forget is the paper’s immense and still unflagging gusto, its irreverence (even on the occasion of its own anniversary), and the unpredictability of its opinion. These qualities, we feel sure, go far to explain its appeal to all sorts of people—including many who regard it as consistent only in being wrongheaded.

We recall the doubts of older journalists, close to both papers, when the merger under Kingsley Martin was consummated. “A bright fellow, but light weight,” was one verdict. “He’ll never be able to swing it.” Others complained of his lack of a firm position. What was he anyhow—liberal, Socialist, or just an impudent political amateur? Mr. Martin reports that Beatrice Webb dubbed him a “flibbertigibbett,” a label he likes. That he could write, that he had flexibility, imagination and a capacity for emotion, all agreed. They didn’t know how much more these were to count than political orthodoxy.

We greet him and his eminent journal with admiration that is more than fraternal—almost godfatherly in fact, for the London *Nation*, founded in 1907, was this *Nation*’s namesake.

BIG-BOMBER SYMINGTON

Aiming at the Presidency . . . by Matthew Josephson

Washington
THAT WE have reached a sort of global impasse in the cold war and in its long-sustained arms race with the Russian-centered powers has become plain enough, by now, for all men with eyes to see. Such an outcome was predicted by experts at almost every stage of the cold war, as we undertook to build ever newer scientific weapons, each more “absolute” than the last. The sense of a real stalemate in technological arms is borne in upon us again as a result of the hearings that have been

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of *The Robber Barons*, is at work on a study of the effects of our huge military establishment on the national economy.

conducted since April 16 before a special Senate subcommittee headed by Senator W. Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri, which has been inquiring into the Eisenhower-Wilson Air Force program (though to lead us to such a conclusion was probably the last thought in the mind of the air-power zealot Symington.)

A year ago we already knew that the Russians had a whole symphony orchestra of atomic missiles, hydrogen bombs and new intercontinental jet planes with which to deliver them. More lately the Soviet 1,500-mile guided missile was advertised for our benefit. Then, on still another front, Mr. K. and Mr. B. launched into economic competition with us in lending or giving away

money. Thus we had finally lost, as the learned Senator Fulbright said in a recent speech before the Senate, not only our monopoly of nuclear weapons but our monopoly of export capital with which to win friends and influence people overseas.

By this time even a few of the Democratic Party leaders seemed to be groping their way toward some “new approach” to world policy—though it meant following the initiative of Eisenhower. George Kennan, reputedly the architect of Truman’s cold-war program, protested at the “overmilitarization of our thinking.” And Adlai Stevenson, in an address of April 21, proposed that America halt further H bomb tests. He also remarked at the time that

"we desperately need today a rebirth of ideas in the conduct of foreign affairs." The truth is, we desperately need ideas, period.

But the stalwarts of the Democratic Party, the powerful men who dominate the permanent committees of Congress, want no new ideas. They act as if they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing after ten years of global containment-armament and \$312 billions in military expenditures. For them the Democratic Party must stand its ground, in this Presidential year, as the advocate of the permanent, ever-expanding defense program. A running political fight must be made over the air-power program of President Eisenhower and Secretary of Defense Wilson. Hence Stuart Symington, with the blessings of the powerful Southern leaders, Senators Richard Russell and Lyndon Johnson, was delegated to head the Senate's Armed Services subcommittee authorized to investigate our allegedly "inadequate" air force. To be sure, Symington may have delegated himself for the job, for he is a man of many "contacts" and is nothing if not persistent in his advocacy of unlimited air power and unlimited prosperity for the aircraft industry.

SINCE his election to the Senate in November, 1952, Symington, the perennially young business-executive-in-politics, who was formerly Truman's Secretary of the Air Force, has been virtually a man of one speech. He wants simply *More*: more offensive airplanes for "instant and devastating retaliation"; more and bigger missiles. Like a Cassandra, he has been warning the country for years that we may be ravished in the night by Soviet super-bombers. Taking the floor of the Senate on February 25, he declared (as so often before) that he was "saddened and shocked" at having learned through his own pipelines what Secretary Wilson had endeavored to conceal from the American people: that our program for the giant B-52 bombers had broken down—that we were making not seventeen B-52s a month, as claimed, but far fewer. Was America's to be only "the second-best air force?" Everyone knew what that meant in case of war.

The men of the government-subsidized, eight-billion-dollar aircraft



Stuart Symington

trade have come to play quite a role in our public life, no less than that of the oil and natural-gas people. Stuart Symington, for example, came to high office in the Truman Administration in 1945 after having served for years as president of the Emerson Electrical Manufacturing Company of St. Louis, one of America's largest war contractors and a big producer of aircraft armament and bomber turrets (\$113 million gross in 1944). His "contacts" in the aircraft field have been wide and important. Leading financiers of this country were reported to have made unusually generous contributions to the Democratic Party treasury in 1948, and Secretary of the Air Force Symington was publicly given much credit for fund-raising activities in support of Truman's campaign for reelection.

Now, in leading the attack on the GOP for having "reduced" air force appropriations and "allowing the Russians to get ahead of us," Symington moves into the spotlight as a national political figure—which he can scarcely claim to have been in his three years in the Senate. The air force inquiry has brought him forth as a substantial kind of a Dark Horse, though he still denies Presidential ambitions. And over the editorial protests of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, leaders of the Missouri organization have chosen him (instead of the able Hennings) to

be Missouri's Favorite Son at the forthcoming Democratic convention. What is more, the opening of the Symington committee's investigation was shrewdly timed to begin in April, when Stevenson's stock was falling as a result of his defeat by Kefauver in the Minnesota primaries.

YOU would suppose, judging from the cries of the big-bomber generals and Senator Symington, that Secretary Wilson was a miser to the flying men. On the contrary, although the fantastic maximal air force budget proposals for fiscal 1957 were reduced a little, the air men still got roundly \$17 billions—a record-breaking peacetime sum and as much as the army and navy put together. In other words, next year's air appropriations have been increased by \$1,600,000,000 over those of 1956.

Wilson, however, has perceived that while we have been building huge military blunderbusses, our competitor has ended by doing likewise. Then our blunderbusses are declared obsolete and we must make bigger ones—an endless chain. Where is a sensible man of business, such as Mr. Wilson seems to be, to lay the people's money bets for the future? He struggles to spread them around, as Truman tried to do. In his bewilderment at the prospect of endless military waste (*cum* inflation) Wilson recently exclaimed that we cannot guarantee security for America and the free world simply by piling up masses of arms. These scientific engines of war that can slaughter millions in a few seconds take many years to develop, after which they are declared obsolete because the Russian technologists have matched them. As General Spaatz said, almost with an air of helplessness, before the Symington committee: "We don't really know what the situation will be four or five years from now by spending money . . . in certain fields." (Emphasis added.)

The last "great debate" over air power took place in 1949 when a House committee examined the B-36 bomber contracts: an ugly affair, featured by public scandal over alleged "outside pressures" on the air force in favor of the procurement of one model of plane rather than another, and climaxed by the famous "revolt of the admirals," who were fighting to save their beloved flat-tops. Sym-

ington, as Secretary of the Air Force, was very much involved then, but as one of the investigated. This time, in 1956, he is doing the investigating, which is not an easy assignment since it may strike at Eisenhower who is supposed to know a thing or two about military affairs.

Symington, at fifty-five a tall, handsome and graceful figure, always faultlessly attired, seems outwardly made to be an ornament of the Senate. However, his training and background is that of the newer crop of big-business executives who managed to make money during the 1930s and especially during the world war. In public debate, as even his journalistic admirers admit, he is apt to be "neither cautious nor judicious." As a consequence, Fowler Hamilton, an able lawyer with much experience in government service, has been retained to help direct Symington's committee. There are some good newspaper men with him also to watch over public relations.

IN opening the inquiry, Symington read a prepared statement in which he declared that the investigation was to be conducted in a sober, non-controversial spirit with the sole purpose of getting at the true facts of our air-power situation, without prejudging men and policies. What the committee mainly seeks to uncover is where we stand with relation to the Communists in air power, long-range delivery systems and nuclear weapons. Because of the secret or classified nature of much of the information involved, most of the hearings (by agreement with the Pentagon) have been closed with only a few open to the press and public. Naturally this has meant a scarcity of real news, for the testimony of all military witnesses is subject to Pentagon screening before being made public.

Yet, knowing of the professional feuds raging among the different military factions—under Eisenhower as under Truman—Symington has evidently tried to exploit them. At first his highly-publicized investigation dragged along for weeks in closed sessions. Then General Curtis LeMay, the "tough, cigar-chewing boss" of the Strategic Air Command and one of the first of the air-power zealots, was brought forth as Symington's star witness. LeMay and his civilian chief, Mr. Wilson, simply

do not sing in harmony. LeMay, like Symington, wants "more"; Wilson apparently wants to spend less money, if possible. With obvious reluctance, Wilson authorized LeMay to testify, though it was stipulated that for the open sessions the committee would present the general with written questions to which written answers, previously cleared by the Pentagon, would be given.

LeMay made headlines in his first appearance, April 30, when he bluntly told the subcommittee that by 1958-1960, under current programs, the Russians will have more supersonic long-range bombers than we will have of the corresponding type (B-52s). "I can only conclude that they will have a greater striking power. . . ." he added. Two days later, the general disclosed that only seventy-eight B-52s had been delivered to date, of which thirty-one had been rejected owing to a failure in electrical equipment. These "bugs" were now being removed. But the Russians were estimated to be producing heavy jet-bombers at a rate that was twice as high as our own.

FIVE years ago, LeMay said, we could have defeated Russia through the air without receiving serious damage to our own country. But now, he added somberly, "We are not capable of winning . . . without this country receiving very serious damage." For it was still, in his view, "impossible to provide an airtight defense against a well-executed atomic-bombing attack. . . . A substantial part will always get through." The only answer for him

was more offensive or deterrent power, bigger planes and madder bombs.

Secretary Wilson was evidently stung into making reply at press conferences and at public hearings before other Congressional committees. He did not agree, he said, with General LeMay that Russia would soon have superior air-striking power. B-52 production was soon to be expanded; our guided-missiles program also was being greatly enlarged. Stigmatizing his Senatorial critics as "fear mongers," Wilson pointed out that the heart of America's offensive air strength was in its great numbers of medium jet-bombers, the Boeing B-47s, some 1,500 of which (according to unofficial estimates) are placed at forward overseas air bases within easy reach of Russian territory. There was nothing really "medium" about these planes: they could be refueled in the air; they could carry nuclear missiles to the vital centers of the Soviet Union. Russia still had nothing like this.

In defending the Eisenhower program, Wilson was led to state clearly what its limits were. (For the air extremists, of course, the sky has been the limit.) The military objective, Wilson said, was not merely to "stay ahead" or to match Russia in "numbers"—division for division or plane for plane—but to see to it that we had enough on hand to discourage any other power from starting trouble with us. At one point he made the civilized observation that "If we had twice as much airpower as Russia . . . it still would not solve the problems of the world."

OTHER military experts and "warlords"—members of Wright Mills's "military élite"—who passed in parade before the Symington committee furnished smaller headlines and fewer political dividends for Symington than did General LeMay. The observations of Generals Bradley, Spaatz and Bedell Smith and of Admiral Carney, nevertheless, offer us food for thought. These famous warriors reflected the surprised reaction of most Americans to the picture of the Russian technicians advancing steadily toward equality with our own and, in some areas, proving even superior. "We all underestimated the Russians," General Bedell Smith confessed sadly.



Herblock in Washington Post

"Never mind, I think I get the idea"

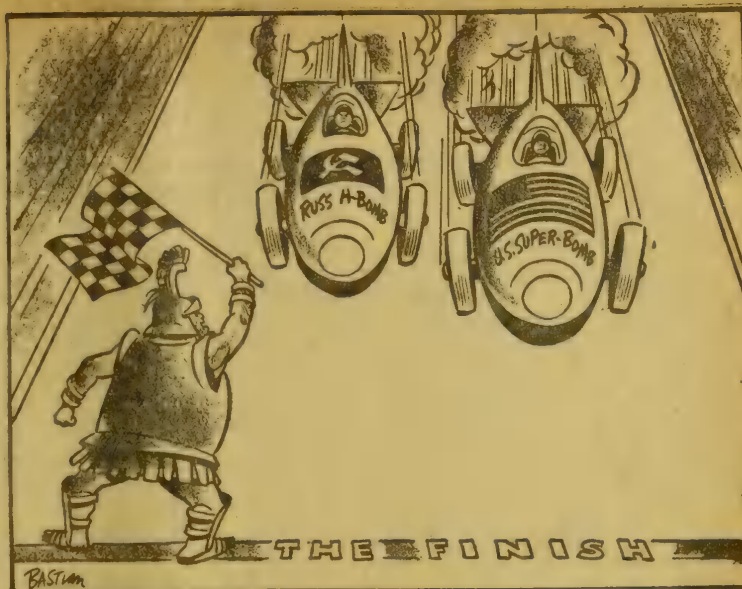
He recalled that when he served as ambassador to Moscow after World War II and on one occasion discussed with Stalin Russia's surprising power of resistance, Stalin said to him: "You will be surprised also at Russia's power of recovery."

The committee and the generals weighed a recent significant statement by General Leslie Groves, former director of the atomic-bomb project, to the effect that "the two large A-bomb stockpiles"—32,500 estimated for America and some 10,000 for Russia—simply "nullify" each other. Moreover, the reported Russian advance in guided-missiles development as well as in nuclear research creates new perplexities. Will our forward or "intermediate" air bases in Germany, England, Africa and even Iceland become untenable? And how have the Russians managed to master all these scientific secrets? (Admiral Robert Carney remarked, "We need more research." The military forget that some of our best research brains, such as those of Robert Oppenheimer, have been eliminated from government service as alleged security risks.) Had the generals attended a hearing a few weeks earlier before a House subcommittee on Government Information, they might have heard Gerard Piel, the widely-informed young publisher of the *Scientific American*, testify:

The secrets of nature are open to discovery by scientists all over the world. . . . The truth of this statement is sustained by the history of science, where we see time and again the classical situation of the simultaneous discovery of fundamental knowledge by scientists working in entire independence of each other, and in ignorance of each others' work.

Stuart Symington pressed questions upon General Bradley along the old line: Is it not true that "there never was a time when we were more vulnerable to attack?" Bradley granted that we are more vulnerable than before. In truth all nations have been in danger for years. Symington then asked if the Russians, with their talk of 1,500- or 5,000-mile guided missiles, are not trying to "blackmail" us. And General Bradley, who is no extremist, said drily that perhaps "they want to negotiate from strength also."

If we may lose our forward bases, declared General Carl Spaatz, re-



San Francisco Chronicle

"And it would ~~mean~~ finish"

tired air force chief, we must depend more than ever upon "ultra-long-range aircraft as the backbone of strategic airpower." The committee tried to estimate the present capacity of our intercontinental bomber wings, which are still equipped with about 250 of the Consolidated-Vultee B-36s. Were these long-range planes not a factor still? General LeMay's reply, in open session, was: "They are obsolete." We must, he said, have more B-52s quickly; he hinted at a still newer model on the drawing boards or under development.

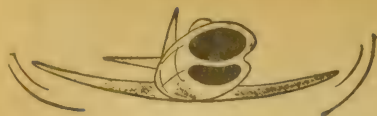
BUT this is where we came in! It seems only yesterday—actually, the summer of 1949—when Stuart Symington, then Secretary of the Air Force, and General LeMay appeared before the House Armed Services Committee during the stormy investigation of the Defense Department's contracts for the B-36 sky-giants. Charges were made before Congress that the procurement of the Consolidated-Vultee bombers was a "billion-dollar blunder" perpetuated as a result of alleged corrupt pressure by interested political and financial groups. Testimony was given that Admiral Radford's Navy Air Corps experts had secretly tested the bomber, as then constituted, and found it to be a "moving van" that could make only 207 miles an hour (instead of 300 as spe-

cified). Secretary of Defense Louis E. Johnson and Stuart Symington stoutly denied all these charges, which were eventually dismissed as "unproved" by the House committee. At the time Symington assured Congress that the B-36 could carry an atomic attack 5,000 miles from the United States and return nonstop. And General LeMay, the expert of the SAC, defended the B-36 in terms that were fairly arrogant. This craft, he declared, was "a true intercontinental bomber," remarking at one point: "Sir, it is my business to know and have available at my finger tips all information on any weapon. . . ."

But on May 2, 1956, when asked by Mr. Symington's own committee, "Do you consider the B-36 a modern bomber?" General LeMay answered simply, "No."

That we should continue with this old merry-go-round seems to be, so far as we can judge, the ruling idea of the Symingtons at a time when the Soviets vigorously pursue the politics of peace and disarmament. By contrast, the policies of the Republican leaders, Eisenhower and Secretary Wilson, though expressed in guarded terms, appear more statesmanlike and point the way to the conference table.

MR. TRUMAN, who had Stuart Symington in his official family for seven years, has defined him, politically, as "more of a New York State



Republican than a Missouri Democrat." This refers in part to Symington's business background and family connections. The Symingtons are an old Maryland family associated with long-established Eastern industrial corporations in the railway-equipment and electrical business. After attending Yale, Symington was married in 1924 to Evelyn Wadsworth, the daughter of James W. Wadsworth, former Republican Senator and Speaker of the House and a man of wealth and high social connections. Thereafter young Symington managed fairly well as the executive head of radio and electrical-manufacturing corporations which he reorganized and expanded.

He arrived in St. Louis from the East only in 1938 to take over as president of the Emerson Electrical Manufacturing Company, which had had prolonged labor troubles and financial difficulties as well. Symington showed himself a liberal in the area of industrial relations and made a firm compact of peace with the left-wing U. E. union, after which his company's production greatly improved. His treatment of the large contingent of Negro workers in his plants also won him the commendation of the NAACP. Reports of his achievements in anti-labor St. Louis inspired the publication of a long biographical article in *Fortune*, back in November, 1943, in which Symington was portrayed as a rising young liberal in business. Even then the *Fortune* article described him also as one who gathered "a vast catalogue of those mysterious things called 'contacts.' " He was on first-name terms with labor-union officials, but his main contacts were with the upper crust of St. Louis' business world, the heads of the great Monsanto Chemical Company, the directors of utilities and banks, his fellow-members of the Country Club ("hallmark of social acceptance"), and also with Wall Street and Washington. During World War II, Symington's contacts spread all over the aircraft industry after he garnered for Emerson an elephantine contract for bomber turrets and armaments.

In June, 1945, Symington, preceded by his reputation as a dashing young liberal with money, came to Washington by invitation of Truman to become head of the War Surplus Property Board. The next year he was appointed Assistant Secretary of War for Air, and in 1947 Secretary of the newly integrated Air Force Department.

The legend has been fostered that Harry Truman thereafter moved Symington around on various other "trouble-shooting" assignments because of his administrative abilities. The fact is that Truman fired Symington as Secretary of the Air Force in April, 1950, several months after the B-36 bomber contract investigation, replacing him with Thomas K. Finletter. In polite parlance Syming-



ton's resignation was requested by the President after the two men had split irrevocably on whether to build up a vast air force or to keep a "balanced" military force and maintain the budget. (Symington, of course, claims that events have proved him right and Truman wrong.) Moreover, Symington showed himself, according to many reports, a "bad team-player" who repeatedly went over the heads of his superiors, Forrestal or Louis Johnson or Truman himself, urging Congress to appropriate more funds for the air arm than the government, at the time, knew what to do with. According to columnist Drew Pearson, Symington was also much given to leaking information through friendly press contacts (especially the Alsop brothers).

Instead of leaving Washington, the well-heeled Symington hung on and accepted another appointment from Truman as Chairman of the National Security Resources Board. But in December, 1950, when

the Korean War took a grave turn, his effective authority to direct defense mobilization was handed over to "General Electric" Wilson. Early in 1952, after serving briefly as Administrator of the RFC, Symington left Washington to enter the race for the Missouri Senatorship—though without Truman's support. Standing as a moderate conservative, he won the Democratic primary contest and later was elected over the Republican candidate, Senator Kem, with the support both of Missouri's major business groups and of St. Louis' ward leaders.

In the Senate, Symington's legislative record has been fair to good. He is cozy with the active labor leaders of his state—though still looking like a club man to some of them. Missourians say that he has been "breaking his neck to get right on the middle of the road." After long soul-searching, and at the last hour, he voted against the malodorous natural-gas bill.

At the time of his famous row with McCarthy in 1954—during which his emotions caused him to lose his Senatorial dignity—a Washington newspaper correspondent asked Symington if he had been fully informed about Secretary of the Army Stevens' previous efforts to "appease" McCarthy and Private David Schine. Had Mr. Stevens, in short, told Symington the entire truth? Impulsively, Symington exclaimed: "I've known Bob Stevens a long time; he's worth millions. Do you think a man like that would come down and take public office in Washington and go through all this [obscurity] just to make some dishonest statements?" To the newspaper man Symington seemed to believe that no man who had so much money could ever depart from the truth.

Lesser men than Stuart Symington, with the help of Providence and some benign political wire-puller, have wound up sitting at the head of the table in the White House. If the 1956 Democratic convention should be deadlocked by the two leading candidates, Symington would probably have the preference of the Southern bloc over Harriman. And if Eisenhower should catch a cold during the election campaign, then the contest, whose result now seems so certain, would indeed become a horse race.

SOVEREIGN STATE OF G.M.

World's Biggest Corporation . . by T. K. Quinn

GENERAL MOTORS is the world's biggest advertiser, spending directly and through its dealers a hundred million dollars a year. Practically every magazine, newspaper and radio and television station in the nation depends upon this monster corporation for a considerable part of its income. It is rare when anything but a favorable press is given to any subject affecting the interests of the corporation or its officials.

Through its General Motors Acceptance Corporation subsidiary, the world's largest finance company, G. M. is the largest customer of the banks of the country, borrowing billions from banks in 289 cities (including all cities of over 350,000 persons). The influential bankers of the country tend to support the corporation and the sale of its products or remain silent when any questions concerning its reputation or monopolistic practices are raised.

Because G. M. is the country's largest shipper of freight, it is in a position to claim the automobile and locomotive business of the railroads.

The corporation has an annual income of over twelve billion dollars (1955). Testimony developed during recent hearings held by the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly of the Senate Judiciary Committee* shows that more money flows through its coffers than is ever seen by the combined treasuries of forty states of the union. In this sense, G. M. is several times richer than the "Empire" state of New York. It operates 119 factories in sixty-four American cities and eighteen factories in foreign countries. It has distributing offices, representation

and influence all over the world. It owns and operates insurance companies. It is the world's biggest producer of passenger cars, trucks, hundreds of automotive parts, buses and locomotives and an important producer of gas engines, bulldozers and other earth-moving machinery. It is also one of the leading producers of refrigerators, washing machines, ranges, food freezers, electric kitchens, air-conditioning, lighting, heating and water systems and many other products. Its accessory divisions produce and distribute a large variety of parts used in the aviation and marine industries.

G. M. constitutes a privately-owned economic world state empowered to make agreements with foreign governments and interests which the political state that chartered it could not legally make.

THE corporation argues that its broad stock ownership—there are more than 500,000 stockholders—assures a community of interest between it and the country. But the argument fails in the face of the fact that 38.94 per cent of all its stock is in the hands of fifty major stockholders and 90 per cent is owned by about 10 per cent of the stockholders. G. M. claims that it seeks only a fat return of 20 per cent on its investment. But in 1955 it collected a much fatter 65 per cent profit, before taxes, and 31 per cent after taxes. It has averaged more than 25 per cent return on its investment over the past eight years. (Its apologists in the U. S. Senate are seeking now to limit its income taxes, and that of other corporations, to 25 per cent instead of the present 52 per cent, which would increase G. M.'s rate of return to about 40 per cent, unless it voluntarily reduced prices—an unlikely prospect.) G. M.'s return of 31 per cent, after taxes, in 1955 should be compared with the 12 per cent enjoyed by American manufacturing firms as a whole; for firms with assets of \$100

million or more, the average rate of return was less than 15 per cent. *G. M.'s return was more than double the national average.*

Harlowe Curtice, president of General Motors, has stated: "It is necessary for the corporation to be as large as it is because we have grown through technological development." This is pure rhetoric. The staff of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly reported, "General Motor's return is more a reflection of its market power than its economic efficiency."

The corporation contends that the efficiency of any of its passenger-car divisions would be impaired if it were separated and operated independently. This amounts to saying that Chevrolet, for example, producing over two million cars with sales of four billion dollars a year, would not be in a sufficiently strong position, as an independent, to obtain experienced management, research, engineering and styling. It is difficult to characterize this contention as anything other than absurd.

G. M. today manufactures more than 80 per cent of all buses used in both rapid-transit and interstate transportation. Its greatest strides in this market occurred within the past several years, during which three of its four principal competitors—old and well-established firms—were forced out of business, sacrificed upon the altar of G. M.'s notions of free enterprise. It was not that the defunct companies' buses were inferior; G. M. simply had the power, the capital, to buy up and operate whole bus lines and use various types of exclusive contracts—despite the antitrust laws. Moreover, through widespread banking facilities and connections, it was able to extend more liberal terms in this and other fields where competition required it. Independent finance companies generally complain that they are virtually foreclosed from G. M.-car financing and will be until G. M. Acceptance Corporation is di-

*All statistics in this article are fully documented in the reports of the subcommittee covering a period in November and December, 1955.

T. K. QUINN, former vice-president of General Electric, is the author of *Giant Business: Threat to Democracy*.

forced from the parent body—as it should be.

A single decision of G. M.'s policy board may affect vitally the business of over 18,000 dealers, 10,000 suppliers, 500,000 employees, 500,000 stockholders and, as a matter of fact, the whole American and world economy. When it decides on an expansion program the press goes into ecstasies, but there is rarely a hint that a contrary decision—or no decision at all—could precipitate a nation recession or depression. Regardless of government or Congress, G. M.'s decisions on price levels are a vital factor in determining whether or not the public is to be further victimized by inflation.

The corporation has had three of its representatives in President Eisenhower's Cabinet. No other single financial interest was ever so substantially recognized in our history. At one time there was talk of legal action against G. M.'s monopolistic practices; Stanley Barnes, Assistant Attorney General, who was bold enough to indicate that he was considering such action, suddenly became a candidate for a judgeship.

In anticipation of the Administration-approved road-building program, G. M. purchased the Euclid Road Machinery Company. This occurred after the passage of the O'Mahoney, Kefauver-Cellar Amendment to Section 7 of the Clayton Act, which made "conglomerate" and "vertical" acquisitions by merger subject to scrutiny under the antitrust laws. The Euclid deal involved both types; the "conglomerate" aspect raised especially serious questions. The Department of Justice has so far overlooked an opportunity to test the law and to determine whether G. M., the largest manufacturing company in the world, should be permitted to grow still larger by acquisition in a field which promises to be very important.

During the recent subcommittee hearings, G. M. came under attack from some of its dealers. President Curtice won headlines with the announcement that G. M. was extending the term of its dealer contracts from one to five years—apparently a concession to the dealers. Actually the concession was meaningless. For the whole point about G. M.'s dealer contracts is that they may be cancelled by unilateral action of the corporation, with or without cause,



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

More and More and More

at any moment. Mr. Curtice's announcement changed nothing in this regard. The G. M. dealers, who invest their own capital in buildings, show rooms and repair shops, are not the real judges of how to manage their establishments. They are not the judges of what to buy or how much advertising to use. They are not the real judges of the demand in their own communities. They are under strict control by G. M. management.

G. M.'s presence in the electrical-appliance and all other industries where it operates casts a shadow over the future of the competitors, who know that the corporation could decide at any time to expand business by lowering prices to cost levels. A few months of this kind of price-cutting could eliminate all but its strongest competitors. The current merger movement among independents is in large part a defense against the possibility of such action by giant corporations.

THERE is a great deal of idolatrous talk about the perfection of G. M.'s form of organization. Actually, this structure from the beginning was largely shaped by the fact that it was created by a merger of independent corporations. Whenever independent units with strong managements are joined together, the autonomy of the units must be recognized in some degree as a practical matter. Strong men simply will not be bossed like slaves. In this way whatever decentralization in management still exists within the corporation is a kind of hangover, however much the prin-

cipal officers may be applauded for continuing it. With its enormous capital and market power, G. M. could be the poorest-managed company in the country and still be a huge financial success.

Wealth and power are increasingly concentrated in the hands of giant corporations in America. The press of the country is not keeping the public adequately informed on this vital issue. Measured in terms of gross assets, there are seventy billion-dollar corporations in the country with total gross assets of over 200 billion dollars. These and a handful of runner-up giants now employ directly and indirectly more than half of the nation's 64,000,000 presently employed workers. They have the power to influence educational institutions; they have writers, professors, reporters and broadcasters on their payrolls, many of whom are regarded by the public as "impartial observers"; they can make or break whole communities by moving their plants; they have even assumed the political prerogative of deciding whether or not an employee is loyal to his country.

Under the influence of the propaganda of giant corporations and their special interests, the American people are unknowingly forfeiting their birthright. For control over goods and production, like voting and civil rights, are elements in the struggle for power. Senator O'Mahoney, one of the comparatively few well-informed men in Washington on this subject, summed up the political significance of the continuing trend toward the concentration of economic power in America in a recent report to the Senate: "If we desire to win the so-called cold war, if we desire to preserve free government in the world, we must preserve economic freedom here in the United States. If we lose it here, it is lost for all mankind. That challenge faces us now."

Free economic and political competition, which we speak of as being democratic, can destroy democracy if given free rein. The attitude of the freedom-loving citizen must always be that he is unalterably opposed to the extreme concentration of power anywhere. In our country today the biggest single threat to economic freedom is the giant corporation—and the biggest among them is General Motors.

LESTER PEARSON AND NATO

Crossroads for Both . . . by Harold Greer

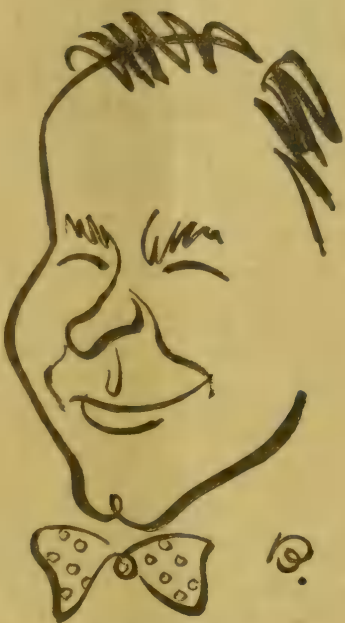
Washington

ACCORDING to the popular press, the latest meeting of the North Atlantic Council was a "crossroads" session. The issue before its members was whether NATO is to erode away or whether a sounder foundation for it than fear can be developed to give it permanency. To find out just how much—or how little—they really agreed with each other, the foreign ministers named three of their number to take soundings and report back next autumn. The chairman of these "three wise men"—or "three blind mice," as he himself suggested—is Lester Pearson of Canada, who is now in the unique position of trying to find out whether he has a future in NATO.

Pearson himself is at a personal crossroads. Lord Ismay wants to quit as NATO Secretary General as soon as possible; Pearson can have the job for the nodding. He is undoubtedly the logical man for the job. The late Senator Arthur Vandenburg notwithstanding, it was Pearson who thought up NATO while he was Canadian Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs. (In Canada, it is politic to give the credit to a post-war speech by Prime Minister, then Foreign Minister, Louis St. Laurent, but Pearson wrote the speech.) It was Pearson who in 1949 insisted on the incorporation in the North Atlantic treaty of Article II, the so-called "Canadian clause" which authorizes and enjoins the member nations to cooperate in the political, economic and social spheres to promote "conditions of stability and well-being." Since then, his promotion of the concept of the Atlantic community has made him the favorite after-dinner speaker of the New York and London chapters of the English-Speaking Union and the adopted darling of the Atlantic unionists.

HAROLD GREER covers Washington and the United Nations for the Toronto Star.

May 26, 1956



Lester Pearson

At home, Pearson appears to be at something of a political dead-end. A restless, ambitious man who left the financial security of the civil service because he wanted to make policy, not implement it, he has nowhere to go but the prime ministry, and that seems destined to be denied him. At seventy-one, St. Laurent is beginning to show his years, but he likes his job and he is so popular in the country that the Liberals will run him in a wheel-chair if necessary in the 1957 elections. Pearson stands almost as high with the voters, but he does not command enough votes from the Liberal members of Parliament to succeed St. Laurent at a leadership convention. He has little private income, and while the Liberals are still not seriously threatened after twenty-one years in power, the opposition has to win sometime; the lush salary and pension of the NATO post is, therefore, a factor he has to consider.

This is assuming, of course, that there is a NATO post which would

appeal to him, which at this moment is a very big assumption. Mr. Dulles has returned from Paris with glowing reports about the unanimity which prevailed there, but experience dictates that with Mr. Dulles one should always be cautious. It is probably true that some progress on implementing Article II can be made now that Mr. Dulles has discovered, in his New York speech of April 23, that such an article exists (it was American apathy to their views which prompted all the recent pressure from the Italians, French, Canadians and others for a change in the nature of the alliance). But it is very much open to question whether the time for developing the Atlantic community has not long since past; the Canadians actually lost most of their enthusiasm for Article II when Greece and Turkey were admitted to membership and the geographical basis for the Atlantic concept was forever destroyed.

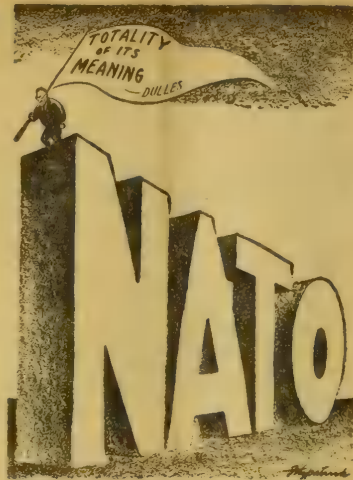
There is no space here for a detailed analysis of this problem, but if an over-simplification is permissible, the future of NATO would appear to depend on weakening rather than strengthening it as an anti-Communist force. If the overall objective of Western policy is an honorable *rapprochement* with the Soviet Union, then the security of Europe must surely depend somehow on the positive participation of the Soviet Union. As usual, it has been up to Winston Churchill to point this out, and while it is heresy to Mr. Dulles, who wants a NATO capable of competing with Russia in this new era of coexistence, it is a point well appreciated by other Western diplomats who do not enjoy the freedom Sir Winston has as a private citizen. However, Pearson at least hinted at it when he told the English-Speaking Union in London before the Paris meeting that while the change in Soviet tactics will require closer political and economic cooperation within NATO, it will also require the West to "show

others that what we are building is no selfish and exclusive way."

In short, the problem is algebraic and not merely arithmetical; it involves something more than a point—counterpoint response to Soviet policy. It means maintaining military unity on the premise that Russia's record makes disunity unthinkable; it also means concentrating on the non-military functions not only to correct the political and economic disagreements which are threatening the military unity of NATO, but to build a new kind of supra-national (not super-national) community which can envisage Soviet association at some future time. It is on this last point that Mr. Dulles and his allies part company. Whereas Mr. Dulles has pointedly mentioned several times the Organization of American States as the kind of anti-Communist outfit he has in mind, Pearson and others have suggested the British Commonwealth as a less static, less exclusive and therefore more suitable prototype.

THIS may sound like hair-splitting, but diplomacy is 90 per cent hair-splitting, and Pearson is a diplomat from way back. He is one of the originals of the Canadian foreign service, having entered the department as a first secretary in 1928 from the University of Toronto, where he had been an assistant professor of history. His early life can be duplicated many times in the Canadian public service: son and grandson of clergymen, educated at Victoria College, Toronto, and Oxford, teaching before going to work for the government. He enlisted with the University of Toronto hospital unit as a private and served in the Salonika campaign of World War I. In 1917, he was commissioned an army lieutenant, but pulled strings to get transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, where he promptly cracked up his plane. Although a failure as an air devil, he apparently did not deserve his Christian name of Lester in the eyes of his colleagues, who decided to call him "Mike." The nickname has stuck ever since.

His foreign-service career was uneventful, although he was a member of the Canadian delegation to the League of Nations in 1935 when his chief, the late Dr. W. A. Riddell, proposed oil sanctions against Italy for its aggression in Ethiopia. Riddell



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

On the Brink of a New Idea

dell was immediately repudiated and recalled by Ottawa, an action which had a decisive influence on the League's unhappy future. Pearson never forgot this and in the most important speech he has ever made in his life—the famous “unwise and premature” protest against those who wanted to declare all-out war on Communist China in 1951—he ad libbed a paragraph which referred to the earlier incident. “It has been said,” he remarked, “that if the U. N. does not do its duty in condemning aggression in this case, it will go the way of the League of Nations when it defaulted over Ethiopia and it will deserve to do so. In my opinion, however, the fatal blow to the League was not struck by any refusal to call Fascist Italy an aggressor. I remember that it did so in eloquent and ringing terms. The fatal blow was struck when its members gave the world the hope and belief that this decision would be followed by effective action and then betrayed—and my own government was one of those concerned—that hope and debased that belief by running out on their obligation to take such action.”

THAT SPEECH got Pearson appointed to a three-man U. N. committee—also dubbed the “three wise men”—to explore with Peking the possibilities of a Korean peace. The committee never got far in terms of specific progress, but it did keep the door open for the eventual armistice. Canada supplied the third large

contingent to the U. N. in Korea and proportionately did just as much as the United States; the Canadian government also maintains the same trade embargo against the Chinese mainland as Washington does. But for some reason—perhaps Pearson's periodic statements suggesting imminent Canadian recognition of Red China—Peking does not hate Ottawa as much as Washington. Pearson has exploited the distinction to good effect. At the 1954 Geneva meeting, the only Westerner to shake hands with Chou En-lai was Chester Ronning, an “old China hand” now serving as Canadian Ambassador to Norway. Mr. Dulles, who had summed Chou before the “bar of world opinion,” was much upset, but Ronning had, of course, checked in advance with Pearson. Canadian-China talks in the following weeks led eventually to Peking's release of one RCAF and several USAF war prisoners.

THERE ARE, indeed, few international events since 1945 in which Pearson has not played an important part. Even at the San Francisco Conference (where he fought unsuccessfully against U. S. insistence on the veto) his professional reputation was such that only the threat of a Soviet veto kept him from becoming U. N.'s first Secretary General. Eight years later, the Russians were hinting that anyone was preferable to Trygve Lie and Pearson, aware that the McCarthy witch-hunters had the U. N. secretariat on the verge of collapse, let it be known he was available. This time the U. S. forced Russia to veto him by insisting on a vote despite the Soviet delegate's warning that, lacking instructions from Moscow, he would have to veto all names proposed.

The Canadian has been a tireless advocate of economic aid to the have-not nations and is one of the architects of the Colombo Plan, perhaps the most successful venture in international cooperation the world has even seen. A proponent of co-existence long before the Kremlin adopted the term, he was the first to protest against “massive retaliation,” arguing that there should be “no annihilation without representation.” It is generally conceded in diplomatic quarters that Pearson's demurrers over Quemoy and Matsu made the Eisenhower Administra-

tion realize how completely alone it stood on that affair. Such activities have earned him the passionate hatred of the neanderthal American Right and *Time* magazine's appellation of "a Nehru in a homburg." Yet he is the staunchest and most realistic of anti-Communists; it is frequently overlooked, for example, that he did not return Molotov's invitation on his recent trip to the Soviet Union—an almost unpardonable diplomatic sin. He avoided the issue by suggesting to Molotov casually that he drop up to Canada sometime when he was attending the U. N. in New York. When asked on his return whether he had invited Molotov, Pearson replied that it was all "a little vague": after an evening of Russian hospitality, one may have invited a great many people—a crack which caused a Canadian editor to fume that it was bad enough for the minister to get drunk with the Russians without boasting of it in public.

At fifty-nine, Pearson is now completing his eighth year of free-wheeling diplomacy, a record which makes him the dean of his diplomatic peers (Molotov has been around longer, but not continuously). If he goes to NATO, he will no doubt have an easier and more profitable life. But one may respectfully question whether his contribution to international affairs will not be considerably lessened. For example, as the chief of even an expanded NATO, would he be able to urge Mr. Dulles to scrap the 1950 tripartite declaration and bring the Soviet Union into a Middle East settlement through the U. N., as he did recently at the height of the Palestine crisis? And is not the "development of the Atlantic community" too Utopian an ideal for this lifetime?

As Canadian foreign minister, Pearson is in a unique position. Most foreign ministers are so much

the prisoners of domestic pressures—witness what Mr. Dulles wrote before assuming office and what he has done since—that they become the creatures rather than the creators of events. Pearson has behind him a stable government, political bipartisanship on foreign policy and a public opinion which is relatively uninterested in the outside world. True, there is a national suspicion that he sometimes gets too big for Canada's britches, but he has never once been seriously attacked or criticized. Moreover, he is a politician who is philosophically dedicated to Edmund Burke's maxim that the representative is responsible not to "public opinion" but to his own conscience, that he has the duty to use his experience and the responsibility of public office to lead and mold public opinion and not just answer it.

As an American comedian is wont to say, "You can't hardly get them kind any more."

DEMOCRACY TODAY

Responsibility the Key . . . by David Thomson

Cambridge, England
WESTERN democracy is dedicated to the principle that government rests not on authority or force, but on will. And it is usually assumed that in a democracy this will is that of "the people," of the whole community of citizens. Americans think of "We the people of the United States . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution. . . ." Frenchmen think of the dictum of 1789 that "Law is the expression of the general will," and in the constitution of 1946 they adopted Lincoln's principle that government is "of the people, for the people, by the people." Englishmen, having never openly committed themselves to anything

quite so metaphysical as these doctrines, think of the "sovereignty of Parliament"; but they know that the House of Commons, at least, is supposed to represent the whole electorate of universal suffrage, and they vaguely suppose that within it Her Majesty's Opposition will see to it that Her Majesty's Government does not stray too far from the path of democratic behavior.

EVERY political scientist knows that these beliefs have slender basis in fact; but so wide is the gulf between political theory and political practice, and so lacking in influence are political scientists, that these beliefs survive almost intact. They are little more than the traditionalist relics of great revolutionary occasions—of historic moments when politics were given a new shape and a new direction by dramatic exertions of popular will. They are no more the realities of day-to-day govern-

ment and politics than wedding-cake and champagne are the everyday verities of married life. They are rose-colored memories of exciting flirtations with the wantons of revolution; and the French, who more consistently than any other people have tried to live with such wantons, have ended by making democracy incompatible with government. The English, who have good historical reasons for knowing that states are made by statesmen rather than by peoples, and that anyhow much more than will is required in good government, have never favored democracy at the expense of government.

Insofar as government is a matter of will at all, it derives from the will of political parties and politicians, and to a lesser degree from the diverse wills of pressure-groups and forceful personalities in all walks of public life. The "will of the people" operates, as a rule, only to demand

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May 26, 1956

that certain general expectations be fulfilled by any government; and at election time it exercises a restricted choice between rival teams of politicians presenting themselves for public office. (In France even this second choice is hardly offered to the elector, since none can predict what combination of parties may prove able to collect a majority.) These points of governmental sensitivity to the people's will are very important. They are of the essence of democratic government, because they hold governments responsible, accountable and above all removable. But they are sporadic in operation and not always effective, and they are only the more spectacular side of democratic government.

Upon the great majority of decisions—that is, of acts of will—which have to be taken by men in political power, public opinion can have little direct effect. About most decisions of this kind no public opinion exists, and if it did exist it could not easily be ascertained, and if it could be discovered it could not usually be discovered in time. Every politician in power has to work largely in the dark about the people's will. He must trust mainly to his own experience and political instincts and to the collective opinion of his colleagues. Moreover, to many of the decisions that he has to take, public opinion is largely irrelevant. Much of the business of modern government is governed by the taskmaster of objective circumstances and hard facts; and many of the decisions about it are technical choices which can be wisely made only with expert advice.

THE superstition that democratic government derives from the will of the people rather than from the will of politicians has many unfortunate results. It is only by shedding such superstitions that we can grasp our way towards a more truthful notion of democratic government and a more realistic program for improving it. There are two respects in which it is particularly important that we should think more in conformity with actualities. One concerns the sort of men to whom we give confidence and support in political life; the other is the way in which such men go to work once they get political power.

On both sides of the Atlantic the



tradition of the "talented amateur" as the ideal democratic politician dies hard. It is true that a certain versatility is called for in political life which an over-narrow expertise would frustrate. But what matters is a rich variety of knowledge and talents among the ranks of politicians as a whole, not a large proportion of inexpert or dilettante politicians. The favor shown in American elections for "a business man for governor"—or even "a business man for President"—is a strange relic of the out-of-date belief that the business of government is merely business, which it is not: it is maybe a relic, too, of an age of simpler politics and do-little governments.

We would be rightly reluctant to entrust our bodies to a surgeon whose only qualification was success in Wall Street, or our souls to a bishop who was merely a business executive in disguise. There seems to be no good reason why we should look for any less specialized aptitudes in politics. The tasks of modern government are clearly highly specialized, and the aptitudes which make for success in them are obviously not the same as those which command success in any other calling. But we think of this so much as "the age of the common man" that votes go most readily to "the regular guy"; "career politician" has become an almost derogatory term. The jealous spirit which kept Churchill in the wilderness during the crises of the thirties, or which overthrew Pierre Mendès-France a year ago, is a spirit unworthy of modern democracy. It recalls the Athenian democracy which destroyed Socrates and was for eternity pilloried by Plato.

It is no use crying for the moon. It is likely that the amount of creative energy and of the highest talents available to a community at any one time is more or less finite. It would be an impoverished community if much of this energy and these talents were not devoted to other activities than politics—to science, the arts, business, the professions. But in a healthy political system we may reasonably expect that some men with the greatest aptitudes will be attracted into political life. The most we can hope to ensure is that this does happen and that, as in any other calling, the more rank-and-file politicians can form a corps of tolerably intelligent, honest and responsible men, capable of fulfilling the special labors of government with adequate efficiency. A theory of government which assumes an assembly (or even a cabinet) of supermen is as unrealistic as the cynical pessimism which looks upon all politics as dirty and every politician as a scoundrel.

OF COURSE, politicians have their own occupational afflictions. They are, by natural selection, men more prone to vanity than to greed, more compromising than combative, more avid for fame than for wealth. The gentle or sensitive man seldom stays the course. But many different motives prompt men to go into politics, and men of widely different characters find the exacting life of the politician a stimulus and a reward. The best that the party member and the voter can hope to do is to back men of good sense and sound judgment, whose known experience and aptitudes seem most nearly to qualify them for the rigors and responsibilities of the endless adventure of governing. They should refuse to be persuaded that outstanding success in business, or exceptional skill in law, are in themselves any more relevant as recommendations than would be skill as a surgeon or as a plumber. The most relevant experience is that of politics or administration, and the systems of local or state governments in America, Britain and France have traditionally proved some of the best training-grounds for the future governors of the nation. It is less difficult to detect the candidate who is likely to carry out efficiently the regular duties of the ordinary Congressman

or parliamentarian than to be sure that he will have the judgment and public spirit needed to give loyal support to the rare individual of outstanding political genius when the hour evokes such a man. Maybe it is a sound principle to look for the man who would be good in a crisis: especially in conditions of twentieth-century politics. Compare the nerveless panic which induced 569 French parliamentarians to surrender plenary powers to Marshal Pétain in July, 1940, with the almost unanimous acclaim for Churchill in the British Parliament after Dunkirk.

WITH the current tendency in many democratic states for differences of party ideology or program to be less substantial than traditional party demagoguery likes to pretend, and for effective politics to fall into the hands of moderate men whatever their party affiliations, the choice before the elector can be more specifically one of men rather than measures. So much of what a modern government does is what any other government in its position would be obliged to do, that the caliber of the men in power is beginning to matter more than those subtle differences of priority and emphasis in policy so beloved by party propagandists. Recent election results in Great Britain suggest that the electorate is impressed less by exaggerations of party differences in ideology or program than by evidence that one party is more weakened than the other by internal splits, and so is less likely to provide in practice a coherent policy. The two most effective governments that France has known since 1945 have been Blum's caretaker administration of 1946-7, which was the only single-party (Socialist) ministry in modern French history, and that of Mendès-France in 1954 which—though like the rest, a coalition—was utterly dominated by the political agility and astuteness of its Premier. Firmness and coherence of management in the country's affairs have a utility which may often transcend details of doctrine, and electorates are showing signs of valuing highly this utility. It becomes correspondingly more possible to induce parties, in their choice of men and of maneuvers, to offer electorates a more acceptable choice.

The second way in which democratic government can be brought more into conformity with actualities concerns the way in which the decisions of men in power can be influenced at the moment when they are made. These decisions may range from those of top-level importance about financial or foreign policy to those of minor or even administrative detail, but they all have three essentials in common. They should, ideally, be based on the fullest and most expert advice available; they should be determined by what the responsible minister believes to be the best interests of the country; and they should be such that he feels he can "carry the country with him" in taking them. The last of these three essentials is unlike the first two in that it is variable in its relevance and importance: being of greatest importance in decisions of general and top-level significance and of almost negligible relevance in minor decisions.

Most modern governments have probably evolved good enough machinery for making expert advice available. Certainly they all keep up elaborate establishments of experts in finance and statistics, in science and warfare, in social services like education and transport, and in technical administration. It is in his reconciliation of this advice with his judgment of national interests and with his political insight into public response to his decision that the true skill of the democratic statesman lies. This is the specialized task of democratic government for which no amount of business acumen or merely technical ability are substitutes. It is by his skill in accomplishing this that a politician will ultimately stand or fall in repute as a leader of democracy.

To "carry the country with him," in the sense described above, it is not of course enough for him merely to guess what would be the most popular course and adopt that. This

is the debased sense of leadership encouraged by the notion that it must be the "will of the people" which governs. Policy, like legislation, can mold public opinion, just as it is experience of a new measure which may be the most persuasive argument in its favor. There are two techniques, widely adopted in Great Britain during and since the war, which point in the right direction. One is the attachment to ~~land~~ of the social-service departments of advisory committees, composed partly of civil servants but mainly of laymen representing various public interests or groups—the trade unions, the churches, professional or voluntary bodies, or simply public people of repute with a special knowledge and interest in the work of the department concerned. These committees can advise, from the earliest stages of legislation or policy-making, how best to handle particular issues. They have usually proved conspicuously successful. The other device is the generous use of official publications explaining, often in vivid popular form, the purposes and principles of policy. The economic white papers, the leaflets explaining more economic uses of fuel, the pamphlets about schools and pensions and national assistance have helped a lot to smooth the introduction of Britain's welfare state and to create relationships of mutual understanding between the general public and officialdom. A good national policy can be made intelligible to its beneficiaries; it is the duty of a modern democratic government to make it intelligible in concrete terms.

THESE healthier conceptions of how political democracy works nowadays—of how it must work if it is to serve modern needs—require us to give up thinking so exclusively in terms of "the will of the people" and rather in terms of the legitimate expectations of the people which it is for a good government to fulfill. A system of social security based on a policy of full employment, like the system of civil rights and liberties based on the rule of law, needs an articulated theory of democracy which conforms to actuality. When political scientists evolve such a theory they may earn some of the esteem already gained by their colleagues the economists.



BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Private World of Beatrice Webb

BEATRICE WEBB'S DIARIES 1924-1932. Edited and with an Introduction by Margaret I. Cole. Longman's, Green and Company. \$6.

By Kingsley Martin

BEATRICE WEBB was an extraordinary woman. Among English women who have played a part in public affairs, Florence Nightingale is her only competitor. For half a century she was famous as half of the Webb partnership. Everyone knew that, with Bernard Shaw, they were the kernel of the Fabian Society; that they wrote, among an enormous number of scholarly books, a classical history of trade unionism which was translated by Lenin; that as the persistent and persuasive advocates of collectivism and "the inevitability of gradualness," they provided the basic ideas which inspired the Labor Party until the second World War; and that in their old age they became ardent students of Russian communism.

What the world did not know, at any rate until 1926 when Mrs. Webb's *My Apprenticeship* was published, was that she had an important private career of her own. There she revealed the facts of her own early life, and of her personal conflicts as an extremely attractive young woman who could have been a brilliant success in society, and her deep sense of social obligation which made her refuse the spectacular marriage with one or other of the leading personalities of her day. (The new volume includes as an appendix her own account of how she just missed marrying Joseph Chamberlain, with whom she was very much in love, because of his insistence that no one associated with him—certainly no woman—could express any opinions that differed from his.) *My Apprenticeship* was at once acclaimed as one of the most distinguished commentaries on English

life and thought in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Her next volume, which began with her marriage to Sidney Webb in 1892, revealed that she had always kept an elaborate diary. It took the story up to 1912 and showed how much the ideas of the Welfare State were modelled in the struggle to break up the old Poor Law in which the Webbs played so important a part. After her death a selection from her diaries, largely made by herself, brought the story up to the first Labor government in 1924. The present volume, again edited with a valuable introduction by Margaret Cole, covers the period of Ramsay MacDonald's first minority government, the General Strike, and the disillusionment of MacDonald's disastrous premiership of 1929-31.

FOR THOSE who wish to study the evolution of the British Labor Party, this volume is of inexhaustible interest. The references which no doubt would have been wounding to people who are still alive, or to their relatives, have been omitted. But the treasury is still rich. Already in 1924 Beatrice Webb understood the danger of what she was later to christen "the aristocratic embrace." She saw that Ramsay MacDonald was the indispensable leader of the party. His splendid appearance, his eloquence and lovely voice at once marked him out. (Bernard Shaw was later to remark that a man was not expected to be perpetually prime minister because he had "three false registers in his voice.") She appreciated his capacity for managing people and his facile grasp of subjects which had not so far commanded the attention of most of the men who had risen from the ranks of Labor. But she also noticed his vanity, his increasing distaste for serious discussion and his tendency to dispense with his Labor colleagues and rely on the society of a few men—and even more, titled women—who could talk to him in agreeably cultivated accents about anything except the problems that

beset him. Equally she saw the weakness of the sons of toil suddenly elevated to positions which either baffled them or turned their heads, and she did her best, in the 1924 Parliament, to coach the wives of the ministers in their social duties. She herself came from such an assured class that she did not ask herself, as she might have done, whether they appreciated her well-meant efforts.

Beatrice and Sidney had little sympathy with the General Strike. She formed, rightly, a contempt for the Labor leaders who had embarked on the strike, a pity for the miners who were so badly led and a reinforced conviction that a Socialist society must be based on collectivism, that is, on the state organization of goods and services and not on the syndicated principle which diminishes the state and leaves power in the hands of producers' organizations. During the period of the 1929 government her portraits of Labor leaders and of others became more scathing, and her dislike of political life as a whole and her disillusion with that which she and Sidney had done so much to build, became dominant.

Retired from active politics, in a country house that they had built, the Webbs became sages to whom the younger generation went on pilgrimage. There, in the thirties, they lived and worked intensively, but now almost wholly absorbed in the Soviet Union. "Old people," Mrs. Webb used to say, "must be absorbed in something, usually in themselves. We prefer to be absorbed in the USSR." But when the conversation—there was never such a house for conversation—about Russia finally gave out, often late in the evening, Mrs. Webb would tuck up her skirts by the fire, and reminisce. Soon one would find that she was more interested in religion, though her beliefs were not orthodox, than in any other subject. One quickly learnt the essential difference between the Webbs. She would have liked to write a novel, and she spent a large part of her nights—for she was a bad sleeper—in writing diaries in which she explored her own motives and discussed abstract problems which could

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not hold Sidney's attention because he dealt only with facts. She remarked in this volume of the diary:

One reason for my happiness with Sidney is that he does not seem to have any evil impulses; he does not want to get the best of every bargain; he has an instinctive liking for equality and a definite impulse towards inconspicuous and unrewarded service. But then as he is always saying, he has got my love and what does he want more?

And she recalls that somewhere in her diary, years before, she had written "I have staked all on the essential goodness of human nature," and at this date (1920) she wrote that she now realized:

... how permanent are the evil impulses and instincts in man—how little you can count on changing some of these—for instance the greed of wealth and power—by any change in machinery. We must be continually asking for better things from our own and other persons' human nature—but shall we get sufficient response? And without this how can we shift social institutions from off the basis of brutal struggle for existence and power on to that of fellowship? No amount of knowledge or science will be of any avail unless we can curb the bad impulse and set free the good. Can this be done, without the authoritative ethics associated with faith, in a spirit of love at work in the universe?

Ten years later she revised this faith, too, for she came to believe that Soviet communism, in spite of many mistakes and excesses, was indeed curbing the bad impulses and setting free the good. The last volume of still unpublished diaries will reveal, I think, not a complete repudiation of this optimism, but a return rather to the earlier position that "the authoritative ethics" which she commended in the USSR need to be associated with a faith that is not wholly scientific.

Coming Soon

Maxwell Geismar reviews
A Walk on the Wild Side
by Nelson Algren
A Single Pebble
by John Hersey
Nuni
by John Howard Griffin

The Mandarins
by Simone de Beauvoir
Reviewed by Iris Murdoch

May 26, 1956

The Face of Evil

GESTAPO: Instrument of Tyranny.
By Edward Crankshaw. Viking.
\$3.75.

By Frederick L. Schuman

IN *Russia and the Russians* (1948), Edward Crankshaw gave us what I still regard as the most penetrating contemporary study of Russian national character in relationship to geography, history and the ends and means of politics. He has now turned his attention, fruitfully as always, to a recapitulation and reinterpretation of the Nazi counterpart of the Cheka, NKVD and MVD—i.e., the *Geheime Staats Polizei* or Secret State Police, established by Goering in April, 1933, and run by Heinrich Himmler after April, 1934, until the *Gottterdammerung* of the Third Reich. Such a reconsideration of the most frightful instrumentality of torture and mass murder in the twentieth century is urgently called for if we are to comprehend the meaning and the perils of our time and perceive, in the centenary year of the birth of Sigmund Freud, the depravity to which our fellow-humans are capable of sinking.

Crankshaw, relying on the Nuremberg evidence and on much other material, presents a full and documented account of the Gestapo, its tangled relations with the S. D., the S. A. and the S. S. and with the Wehrmacht, and its incredible crimes of sadism and genocide against political dissenters and "sub-humans"—i.e., Jews and Slavs. The facts are well known. Yet it is useful to have them put together in sequence and in graphic detail—lest we forget.

This book is no nationalistic or "racial" indictment of Germans. "In all modern societies," writes Crankshaw, "there are men and women who, released from all restraints, will behave like beasts toward their fellows." Only in Russia and Germany have they come to power. And only in Germany have they

deliberately delegated their power without reserve to psychopaths and criminal riffraff. . . . In the last

FREDERICK SCHUMAN, a frequent contributor to these pages, is at present on a visit to the Soviet Union.

resort the German failure . . . is "a rejection of that reality which includes one's neighbors," and an attempt to substitute a false abstraction. . . . Unless they can learn to accept a reality which includes people, the Germans, in their restless and insane striving for something better, will remain dangerous to those who content themselves with trying to make the best of the world as they know it to be.

This timely and shocking study does not "explain" the hideous inhumanity which it so ably recounts. This would be to ask too much, since the best of political scientists and psychiatrists remain baffled by the problem. But Crankshaw reminds us, eloquently, of the existence of the problem. The new Soviet leaders are attempting to grapple with it. Britishers, Americans and Germans tend to substitute moral indignation for understanding. Unless the issue is faced, the process called by Sir Norman Angell "the Suicide of the West" may well go on and, despite current prospects of peace, land us all in limbo.

A Kind of Genius

MY FRIEND HENRY MILLER.

By Alfred Perlès. John Day. \$4.

THE TIME OF THE ASSASSINS:

A Study of Rimbaud. By Henry Miller. New Directions. \$3.

By William Bittner

IN *The Time of the Assassins*, Henry Miller describes the man of genius. "He understands the past, he embraces the future—but the present is meaningless to him. Success holds no bait for him. He spurns all rewards, all opportunities. He is a malcontent." Arrogantly, Miller parallels his life-agonies with those of Rimbaud, as if to say, "I'm just as bad a boy as Rimbaud, and he was a genius, so I'm one too." The syllogism is bad, but there is no denying that Miller is a superb stylist with an original and significant point of view, and that one category of geniuses certainly fits his requirements.

From 1930 until the war, Miller inhabited the lowest fringe of expatriate society in Paris, a sort of literary Wimpy, perpetually on the lookout for a free meal or whatever

else was going. Although the books in which he describes this life cannot legally be imported into this country, he has become our most notorious writer. Soldiers, returning from the war, brought back a Leica and a Luger from Germany, and Henry Miller's books from France—and got equally good prices for all three in the United States.

Alfred Perlès, who was Miller's closest friend in his Paris days, now offers his version of what went on. The facts, obviously, have been distorted to the disadvantage of everyone but the author and his subject. Miller is, however, a better writer than most other expatriates of the thirties; and although the quirks of an artist are usually irrelevant to his art, Miller's are not. Factual bias becomes a kind of poetic truth.

Not abashed to write a preface to the book Perlès wrote about him, Miller reveals that in their days together, what he sought from his friend was absolution. Miller's work is as sin-ridden—and as unworldly—

as the Bible, but he has a sense of humor, the perspective that makes confession a joy and the follies of the world ridiculous. Where Isaiah and Ezra Pound rage, Miller thumbs his nose.

Compulsively, Miller made an experiment in living like Thoreau's, but lustier appetites denied him the one thing on which Thoreau glugged himself: dignity. Father-confessor Perlès attempts to link the raw materials with the books Miller made from them; but although he supplements reminiscence with comments and quotations (the unprintable passages in French), he does not do it well. Portions, particularly those concerned with the writing of *Tropic of Cancer*, are very illuminating; elsewhere he is garrulous and trivial; most of the book is somewhere in between.

WILLIAM BITTNER is Lecturer in Literature at the New School for Social Research. He is completing a critical study of Waldo Frank.

Gothic Painters of the North

NORWAY: PAINTINGS FROM THE STAVE CHURCHES. With a preface by Roar Hauglid and an introduction by Louis Grodecki. New York Graphic Society (by arrangement with UNESCO). \$15.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THIS VOLUME, the fifth in the luxurious UNESCO series, is perhaps the most interesting because it opens up a field almost unknown except to a few scholars. While the wooden *staukirker* and their carved portals have been widely published, the Gothic paintings on their simple vaults and their flat altar-frontals have not. They strike a curious note in their utterly indigenous architectural context, for their art is strongly rooted in European, especially English Gothic sources. Nevertheless, they betray a rude power that suggests earlier overtones, as if the Bayeux Tapestry had been crossed by the art of Gothic stained-glass figures. Curiously enough, large-scale figure painting except in glass windows has seldom survived from the

Gothic period of Northern Europe, though we know that it flourished. These paintings, therefore, form a nearly unique basis for understanding Gothic architectural painting, an art which one now senses has been considerably misunderstood by guessing about it from such small-scale work as illuminated manuscripts. These thirteenth- and fourteenth-century paintings tell us much of importance about North European culture and paradoxically little about Norway.

Among the expressive elements that emerge from a study of the thirty-two superb and very large color plates, we may cite the violence of scenes of carnage and scourgings, the contorted poses and nervous draperies of figures (notably in the Shepherds of the Nativity cycle), unexpected exaggerations of proportion in certain pin-headed images and the dark and brooding, almost bronzelike colors, often set against backgrounds of silver rather than of gold.

All of this and much more is covered in the two scholarly essays, which are supplemented by several full-page photographs of the stave churches themselves.

S. LANE FAISON, JR., is chairman of the Art Department at Williams College.

TV and Radio Forecast

May 27 through June 2

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 27

ANTARCTICA: THIRD WORLD (NBS). Part two of "Operation Deep-freeze." Film by NBC correspondent Bill Hartigan includes views of an air base being set up in the South Polar region and dramatic shots of four men, caught in a blizzard, making their way back to their ship. (Color)

Monday, May 28

BLOOMER GIRL (NBC; Producers' Showcase). Another musical-comedy revival, this one set in the years shortly before the Civil War. Harold Arlen music, E. Y. Harburg lyrics, Agnes de Mille choreography. This spectacular is produced and directed by Alex Segal, who produced "Dodsworth" for Showcase. (Color)

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED (CBS). Debut of a new audience-participation show in which individuals with problems will be advised by volunteers from the audience. Robert Russell is host.

WHO (NBC; Robert Montgomery Presents). Robert Wallace, whose "The Long Way Home" made quite an impression, deals with a man as he sees himself and as others see him.

Saturday, June 2

A BELL FOR ADANO (CBS; Ford Star Jubilee). The final offering for this season is a musical version of Hersey's novel. Lyrics by Howard Dietz; music by Arthur Schwartz. A location camera crew provides Sicilian background for Barry Sullivan and soprano Anna Maria Alberghetti.

RADIO

Sunday, May 27

AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING OF THE AIR (ABC). The subject for today is a new angle on politics: "The Churches' Role in an Election Year." **SALUTE TO VAUDEVILLE (NBC; Monitor).** Six months have been spent in preparing this presentation of an almost extinct species of American show business. Ex-vaudevillians appearing will include Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, Bob Hope and George Jessel. A highlight will be the last recorded interview with Fred Allen. Dave Garraway will preside.

Thursday, May 31

NAME DROPPING (NBC; Conversation). Clifton Fadiman continues his evenings of upper-middle-brow talk, with Henry Morgan and Jacques Barzun.

Television

Gilbert Seldes

WAKING out of a profound sleep, shortly after I'd been asked to pinch-hit for Anne Langman this week, I had one of those clairvoyant flashes in which the essential nature of television was revealed to me and I knew the exact word to say to prosper all its virtues and, painlessly, eliminate its defects. By the time the phone rang a third time, this heady and absolute revelation had gone and, it seems to me, thank Heaven! For I really know that there is no universal solvent for the errors of television, nor any single rule by which to measure it.

But like the haunting fragment of a dream, one conviction remains with me in waking hours. It is that, ever since broadcasting began with radio's uncertain yet headlong invasion of our homes, the critics of the medium, including myself, have been measuring it by inappropriate yardsticks. We have been misled by its resemblance to the drama and, when television arrived, by its double resemblance to the movies and the theatre. We have known that it puts itself forth as "entertainment" and have measured it in the terms of previous entertainment. And more and more I become convinced that essentially it is something else.

The tip-off is the parlor game which, so absolutely right for a medium that comes into your parlor, was never a considerable element of the public stage, not even in the casually put together theatrical form of vaudeville, and which is almost unthinkable in the movies. Amiable, bright, unpretentious even when it is mechanically elaborate, the guessing game or charade is certainly not a key to all the factors of television, but it is a clue. No matter how much machinery works in the background, the unpredictable instant stands out.

It is an axiom of the entertainment business that each new major form must learn to tell a story in its

own terms. Until the movies did this (as Terry Ramsaye pointed out years ago) they were in danger of passing into the limbo of all minor fads. The problem is to find the right kind of stories to tell and the movies found the Western and the slapstick comedy, just as radio found its (technical) masterpiece, the daytime

serial. In this process of discovery, the experimenters naturally draw on the older forms, translating novels or plays into their own idiom.

I am therefore not suggesting that the drama as we know it on the stage and in the movies isn't proper material for television. As *The Barretts* demonstrated a few weeks ago, you can do an impressive and admirable job even if, for the most part, you transliterate instead of translating, if you merely photograph what would occur on the theatre stage. But *Marty* and *A Man*

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GILBERT SELDES is the author of *The Seven Lively Arts* and *The Great Audience*, and editor of *The Portable Ring Lardner*. *Anne Langman* is recuperating from an operation.

May 26, 1956

is *Ten Feet Tall* in their different ways were in the grain of television and more important to its future. They were built out of moments, not out of acts. They were prepared and rehearsed, but had the eddies and spurts of choppy water, not the flow of long rivers. They had, in short, something of the broken and impromptu feel of the non-dramatic TV program.

The bad side of the choppy effect is to let dramatists get by without having any sustained line at all, although Paddy Chayefsky and Robert Alan Arthur, who wrote the two plays I've mentioned, are among the honorable exceptions. These were hour shows and the tendency now is to do drama in an hour and a half. But the average stage play which runs two hours (less some fifteen minutes for intermission) seldom requires the ninety minutes of attention now demanded of the TV audience (the time taken by commercials differs in psychological effect from the theatre intermission). The audience which drifts away from the ninety-minute dramatic show is reacting in a perfectly natural way:

the long period, a great convenience in attracting multiple sponsorship, goes against the grain of broadcasting because it treats the family at home as though it were part of a captive audience which had invested so much time and money that it might as well stick the show out to the end. The independent American, descendant of the Minute Men, asserts himself and turns to another channel.

A few nights ago, Max Liebman, who deserves much praise for breaking out of even his own formulas, presented *The Music of George Gershwin* for an hour and a half and did it in the form least suitable to the needs of the audience in the parlor. It was a concert. With a lec-

ture read to us at intervals. With the singing actors who had done *Porgy and Bess* on the stage all dressed in white tie and evening gown. With an almost rigid separation into dancing to Gershwin, singing Gershwin and instrumentalizing Gershwin.

Well, he was breaking away from what Ed Sullivan would do and, although Sullivan's essentially theatrical tributes to great composers are well done, it is good to have something else tried. But the successful experiments do not violate the nature of television itself, they are new ways of bringing the material to us, not to a vacuum. The audience is perfectly willing to pretend it is in a theatre—but the producer must strike home just the same.

Theatre

Robert Hatch

AS EVERYONE who has sat through it knows, *The Iceman Cometh* (Circle in the Square) is an exhausting play. It is long by the clock (four hours and a half) and long for its own content. It repeats, it meanders, it falls into doldrums, it infects the audience with a contagion of impatience. And all this is quite deliberate. In the particular corner of hell represented by Harry Hope's saloon the torment is boredom. Men without strength to act or courage to think must erase the hours somehow; so they talk—in endlessly spiraling convolutions, treasuring and repeating every inane aphorism and second-hand figure of speech because they have scarcely enough of them to make the time march. The shop talk of alcoholism is the most painful in the world; only numbed brains can tolerate it.

O'Neill's method is not to suggest how it is, but to pour it out undiluted until the audience aches with it. Meanwhile his plot moves like a heavy snake through the sludge of words.

Each of the derelicts sheltered by Harry Hope—and Harry himself—has a dream. The dream makes each restless, it nags and worries him and keeps him futilely paddling in the water of ambition. So Hickey, that mad Freudian priest and drummer of hardware, would purge them and

bring them peace. But the bums understand what Hickey is offering and they fight him with the pathetic astonishing strength of the dying. Oh the relief when Hickey is destroyed and the dreams recur! Poor bums; we may well give thanks that we are not sustained by bubble dreams, that we do not have to live a lie because it is the only life we have. Or at least we may be grateful that we do not have to wrestle with Hickey.

This last is the germ of terror that O'Neill leaves in the mind. It comes as an afterthought—it may come more surely from reading the play than from seeing it—for the method of *The Iceman Cometh* very nearly frustrates the content. An audience brought to a state of squirming revolt, consciously waiting for the last line and escape into the live street, is in no shape for thought, still less for introspection. But O'Neill works with an acid that eats deep. His pessimism is so impersonal and clear of self-pity that you cannot evade it. You must resolve to accept knowledge of it, answering it as best you can with "yes, but. . ."

José Quintero's production at Circle in the Square seemed to me excellent. Theatre in the round (actually this stage has one standing wall) is well-suited to the sprawling structure of the play and it puts us all

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in the saloon, which is the point. The play makes severe demands on its cast, which must exert sustained and sharply-disciplined energy to communicate lethargy and mental squalor. Mr. Quintero's group seems completely saturated in the coma of defeat and it has the wonderful theatre quality of becoming increasingly convincing as the evening wears on. Of course the actors do in fact exhaust themselves and exhaustion in this case is the essence of style.

I HAD written a considerable notice of Leslie Stevens' *The Lovers*, which I then scrapped because the play closed after four performances. It was good entertainment, not a work of dramatic art, and there is little point to printing an extended obituary.

But the author must be discouraged at this point. Two years ago he was represented off Broadway

with *Bullfight*, which earned him a good deal of critical applause. Last season he came into Broadway with *The Champagne Complex*, a slick piece of theatre that was as thin as cellophane and won, as I recall, more applause than it deserved. *The Lovers* was a substantial play, well-plotted and responsibly worked out. Its theme, the *droit du seigneur*, is a custom of rather obvious enticement, but Mr. Stevens' handling of it was neither obvious nor banal. He had something reasonable and relevant to say about human impulses and their moral consequences. Furthermore he was fortunate in having a strong cast, admirably directed.

Mr. Stevens, I feel sure, can write still better plays; he has a remarkable grasp of characterization and stage movement and an inquiring mind. But why should he? Television will pay him better for work much less demanding than *The Lovers*.

Music

B. H. Haggin

ROBERT CHARLES MARSH set out originally to produce a chronological list of Toscanini's recording sessions, with the titles of what he recorded and with comment on the performances, on "the manner in which [the] records transmit the actual sounds of his performances" and on the degree to which the records might "represent a falsification of the facts." He has ended up with something more grandiose, *Toscanini and the Art of Performance* (Lippincott, \$4.50), which in addition discusses Toscanini's personality, musicianship and career.

The list of recording sessions and an additional list of Toscanini's repertory offer factual information in which I have noticed only a couple of inevitable minor inaccuracies. The comment on the reproduction of the performances also deals largely with what is objective, verifiable fact—the fact, for example, that at No. 48 in the second movement of Debussy's *Ibéria* on LM-1833 the sound suddenly becomes much less bright and clear. But when Mr. Marsh writes that the splicing in of a passage from a broadcast at this point "was expertly done and can-

not be heard" he reveals an inability to hear and report such fact correctly. And this inability to hear the sound produced by a record he demonstrates in numerous other instances, including the "enhanced" recordings I reported on recently. Thus, faced with the blurring up above, the lessened solidity down below, the over-all blowsy confusion, he writes that "the newer [*La Mer*] with 'enhanced sound' is clearly the better . . . offering more brilliance, solidity" and, he adds elsewhere, clarity; and he hears similar improvement in most of the similarly damaged "enhanced" versions (or similar excellence in the ones he didn't bother to compare with the originals). When he does report the coarsening of the sound of the 1952 "pop" recordings by added artificial resonance he fails to hear that this is true only of some, not all; and he fails to report the changes in these recordings on later 12-inch records. The book does not, then, offer accurate information about the reproduction of the performances.

Nor does it offer accurate, dependable factual information—as distinguished from evaluation—about the

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performances themselves. Mr. Marsh doesn't merely list the Prelude to Act 1 of *Die Meistersinger* on LM-6020 as having been recorded on November 26, 1951, when in fact it is dubbed from the 1946 78-rpm No. 11-9385; he hears that the performance on 11-9385 is "slower and more relaxed" than the one on LM-6020. And this ability to hear the nonexistent gives us also a description of details in the recorded 1939 Beethoven *Eroica*—an acceleration of pace from bar 65 in the first movement, a "speed-up, slow-down" treatment of the entire movement, "fugues whipped up like the long accelerating climaxes of Rossini overtures"—that are not in the performance: Toscanini maintains a basic tempo in the first movement which

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he never accelerates, but which he slows down momentarily for a new section or broadens out for a climax; and there is the same steadiness in the fugal passages.

With some of the statements about performances we get general pronouncements that also have no basis in fact. Toscanini plays a phrase in the finale of *Tristan* "in a cool, polished and unfeeling manner more appropriate to Verdi"; and the defect of the performance of Mozart's G minor is that it "is not German Mozart . . . but Toscanini Mozart, played with a passion, intensity . . . appropriate to Italian music." The second statement contradicts the incorrect one about Verdi, and is contradicted by the actual Italian character of Mozart's music—of the comic operas whose language, as Tovey observed, is Mozart's musical language throughout.

The worst examples of this sort of thing occur in the general discussion of Toscanini's work—in those ideas of his own that Mr. Marsh adds to what has been said by others. The facts are that Toscanini's performances changed; that one major change in the NBC years was away from relaxed rhetorical expansiveness toward swifter, tighter subtlety and simplicity; and that in some German works—e.g. Beethoven's *Eroica*—this was a change away from the slow tempos Toscanini had adopted from German conductors in the beginning. What Mr. Marsh makes of all this is a contention that the changes didn't occur in Italian music, which he says Toscanini played in the Italian *bel canto* style he felt secure in and therefore had no reason to alter; that they occurred only in German music, which Mr. Marsh says Toscanini, playing it with the slow tempos and rhetorical inflections of German conductors, felt stylistically insecure in; and that the development of a Toscanini performance of a German work proceeded from what Mr. Marsh calls the early "ancestral" performance with its German borrowings, to the later "transitional" performance "in which Toscanini's *bel canto* manner has replaced some of the German style and the rhetorical devices have been subdued," and finally to the "singing" performance in the Italian manner in which "German influences have disappeared" and there is "little or no rhetoric." Applying

this schematization to the *Eroica*, Marsh is sure the 1935 performance, which he didn't hear, must have been a consistent statement in the "ancestral" manner, as the last 1953 performance was a restatement in the "singing" style; while what he considers the defects of the 1939 performance are those of a "transitional" version in which "Toscanini seems unsure of himself." But inconsistently with his schematization Mr. Marsh describes those defects—what he hears as the whipping up of fugues like Rossini accelerations, the "violent and unexpected compression and expansion of phrases"—as "Italian elements that don't belong in Beethoven, . . . theatrical devices [which] cheapen and vulgarize the *Eroica*," and which, "having tried them, Toscanini was right in removing."

Such inconsistency is likely to result when schematizing invention is substituted for directly observed fact. Actually Toscanini's earlier rhetorical expansiveness is heard in Italian as well as German music, in the 1936 Rossini *Semiramide* Overture as well as the 1939 *Eroica*; and the smoothing out is heard in the 1951 *Semiramide* as well as the 1949 *Eroica*. Actually too the changes in a Toscanini performance represented in each instance a new strongly-felt decision, not uncertainty: one hears a steadiness, control and sustained power in the 1939 *Eroica* which do not suggest a tentative, "transitional" conception of a conductor unsure of himself. And actually the unheard 1935 *Eroica* that Mr. Marsh guesses was still "ancestral" was the performance of a man of sixty-eight, and it probably resembled his 1939 performance more than it did the first one he had given thirty years earlier. But Mr. Marsh makes other statements about what he didn't hear—e.g. Mengelberg, Toscanini, Stokowski and Koussevitzky and their orchestras in the twenties—which someone who did hear all this can pronounce incorrect.

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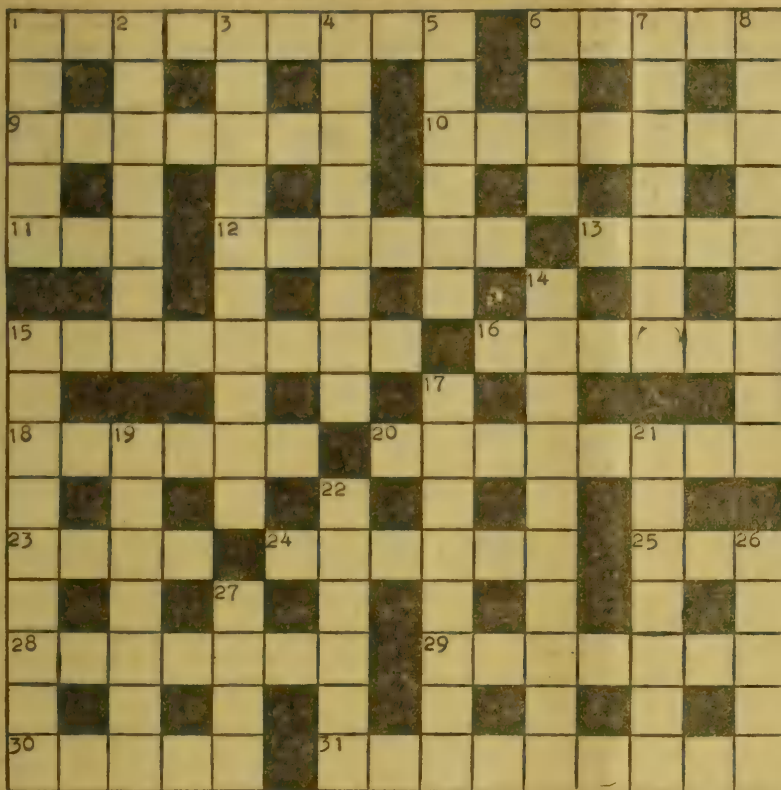
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Crossword Puzzle No. 673

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Headed for your station, of necessity? (4-5)
- 6 The hunchback doesn't need an unusual fate, as it were. (5)
- 9 City of wood and earth. (7)
- 10 Closest to that which listens in the home. (7)
- 11 and 30 Discredit desserts, perhaps, especially at breakfast! (8)
- 12 and 20 Evidently the winners were just landed gentry. (6,8)
- 13 Two of 31 without church projections. (4)
- 15 Put on board, perhaps, and left Paul in a bad condition. (8)
- 16 See 2 down.
- 18 This product was named for its earliest European use, as a corrective factor. (6)
- 20 See 12 across.
- 23 and 25 A swell time connected with this ship? (7)
- 24 Comparatively dark river associated with bonnets by Scott. (6)
- 25 See 23 across.
- 28 Logically, where the British put sleepers. (7)
- 29 Usually the large type might be going in one direction. (7)
- 30 See 11 across.
- 31 This paper is as bad, but takes stock. (9)

DOWN

- 1 Is it the rather impecunious up-bringing which makes it grow depressed? (5)
- 2 and 16 across Getting rid of a headache by running? (6,1,6)

- 3 Symptomatic of the hot-headed. (5,5)
- 4 Don't refuse to recognize so much! (Or sell at lower prices!) (8)
- 5 Lead in with a flat "No!" (6)
- 6 Right off the boat? You might find it here. (4)
- 7 A lover of philosophy and theology? (7)
- 8 Those who can usually have more than one tongue. (9)
- 14 His name might be appropriately "Twist" initially. (His end marked the ascent of Adam.) (10)
- 15 A rather ripe cargo of camphorated tincture of opium. (9)
- 17 Polish Dr. _____, obviously a man of title. (8)
- 19 Not necessarily implying wholesale slaughter, but certainly strife in great magnitude, even in defense. (7)
- 21 Closing time for them was earlier, when we were young. (7)
- 22 4, without its uneasy truce, requires a climbing skill when about to reach the plains. (6)
- 26 More exalted than 17 in Ethiopia. (5)
- 27 Abates. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 672

ACROSS: 9 POOR LAWS; 10 REIN UP; 11 HERETIC; 12 and 1 across BEGGING THE QUESTION; 15 ATTESTED; 17 and 27 across TURN BACK THE CLOCK; 22 AGELESS; 24 ATTACHE; 26 INKLING; 28 and 14 across ADD INSULT TO INJURY DOWN: 2 HARLEQUIN; 3 and 20 across QUALITY STREET; 4 and 13 down EASY MARKS; 5 TORMENT; 6 OWING; 7 SOLEMN; 8 QUINCE; 16 STREAMLET; 18 URGENT; 19 ASSEGAI; 20 SITWELL; 21 ETHICS; 23 LAIRD; 25 OTIS.

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THE GALINDEZ MYSTERY BY FRED J. COOKE

THE *Nation*

JUNE 2, 1956

20c

REMAKING THE GOP

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by Gordon Harrison

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Letters

60,000 New Candidates for Jail

Dear Sirs: A new anti-narcotics bill recently introduced in Congress upon the recommendations of a Senate subcommittee under the chairmanship of Senator Price Daniel sets a new low in a field characterized by ill-conceived legislation. The key to an understanding of the fantastic suggestions of this subcommittee is in the fact that the viewpoints of the police and the prosecution were allowed to dominate and, to a considerable extent, control the hearings. The suggestions and arguments advanced by the subcommittee coincide to a remarkable degree with the opinions and attitudes established by the Federal Narcotics Bureau.

The subcommittee admits that "the big-time traffickers in illicit narcotics are seldom caught and convicted" and hence aims the savage penalties of the new bill at small distributors and particularly at the addicts themselves who are easier to catch and convict. The current penalty of 2-5 years for a first offense is increased in the new act to a mandatory 5-10 years; that for a second offense, from 5-10 to 10-30; for a third offense, from 10-20 to mandatory life imprisonment or, at the discretion of the jury, the death penalty. A special minimum sentence of 10-years imprisonment or a death sentence (upon jury recommendation) is provided for anyone selling or giving heroin to a person under eighteen. With the exception of the last noted, the penalties are applied to all offenders regardless of age. To insure that addicts will be punished as severely as peddlers, it is specified that mere possession of illicit drugs "shall be deemed sufficient evidence to authorize conviction."

Despite the fact that most of the Christian nations of the world permit uncured addicts to obtain legal drugs and that a large proportion of these nations report fewer known addicts than the minimum estimate of 889 in Washington, D. C., alone, the subcommittee declared any provision of low-cost drugs to uncured users was immoral and that it had failed in all countries that have tried it. Suggestions are made concerning the utilization of almost non-existent treatment facilities, but the subcommittee also concluded that very few addicts could be cured. For the uncured victims, in addition to the sadistic penalties of the new law, the subcommittee proposes permanent imprisonment euphemistically called "indeterminate quar-

antine-type confinement." Addicts are evidently to be committed without having been convicted of any crime.

There are a number of interesting broader implications in the new act and in the committee's suggestions. The provision of mandatory penalties, for example, is a direct attack upon the federal judiciary, since it strips judges of the power to adjust penalties to the circumstances of individual cases or to temper justice with mercy. This power is now placed entirely in the hands of the police or the prosecution.

Since the committee accepted the figure of 60,000 known addicts for the country, its suggestions evidently envisage a considerable enlargement of the capacity of federal prisons, which now contain about 20,000 prisoners. Allowance would also have to be made for thousands of additional addicts not now known to the authorities and for the big-time traffickers who are now rarely apprehended. The latter would presumably continue in business as usual unless, as is highly unlikely, the committee's proposed legislation of wire-tapping should prove a serious handicap to them.

It will be a national disgrace if the proposed law is passed by Congress. The subcommittee's suggestions and the proposed legislation serve only to highlight the crying need for a genuine investigation of the narcotics problem in this country and especially for an inquiry into the control systems used abroad. ALFRED R. LINDESMITH
Bloomington, Indiana

[The writer, professor of sociology at Indiana University, is author of the article, *How to Stop the Dope Traffic*, which appeared in *The Nation* of April 21 and has provoked widespread interest. Mr. Lindesmith has written extensively on the narcotics problem, and his book, *"Opiate Addiction,"* is one of the classics in the field.—The Editors.]

Memorial Day

Dear Sirs: For many years Decoration Day has been dedicated to the memory of soldiers killed in combat. For many years, devoted wives, mothers, women and children have decorated the thousands of graves throughout the country in honor of the ultimate sacrifice made by our soldiers in past wars.

This year, as the world is engaged in building stockpiles of weapons far deadlier than at any previous time in history, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom suggests that an even greater honor be paid to the memory of those men. We

suggest that all women unite in a sincere and serious effort to end warfare. These countless thousands will not have died in vain, if as a result of their sacrifice women everywhere would pay their debt of gratitude by working together in a supreme effort to prevent war.

The issue is survival—for us and for the generations yet unborn. Let us dedicate this day in tribute to our honored dead; but let us dedicate our lives to working for a world where there are no wars, and where our children can live in peace.

MRS. JANET N. NEUMAN
Washington, D. C.

Opposite Sides?

Dear Sirs: I have a pretty good idea that historians of the future will laugh their heads off at the idea that the United States and the USSR were on opposite sides of a struggle for the world. I doubt whether any two so-called rivals in history ever travelled with such single-minded concentration in exactly the same direction. What could be sillier than to say that the Communists have no religion? They have a fine religion, the same one that we have—more and more of everything.

It would be more to the point to ask ourselves what is this civilization that we are in our way and the Communists in theirs are so busy making? Is it a sound one, a healthy one? If not, what should we do to change it?

But I guess the Great Struggle is a refreshing change from TV. And it sells a lot of papers. I wish I didn't find it so dull. JOHN C. HOLT II
Carbondale, Colo.

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THE *Nation*

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The News Is Peace

Gently but insistently an idea is beginning to permeate the national consciousness: that the outlook is for peace with Russia, not war—and for a long time to come. If the concept is winning acceptance slowly, it is because we have lived in the shadow of war for two decades and more—preparing for war, fighting a war, preparing for another war, fighting that war, and continuing to prepare for wars to come.

The notion that there will be no war with Russia for a long time, if ever, is overwhelmingly attractive to the common man; but a fear of the consequences of peace persists. Unquestionably the idea of peace carries staggering implications, including a total reorientation of American policy and severe economic adjustments. Because there are so many people who fear both, the idea will not sweep the country all at once. Its acceptance will be checked by bomb-brandishers and the manipulators of scare headlines; it will be furthered by a small but growing body of opinion and by favorable developments in the news. In short, its progress will be subject to reversals and defeats, but in the end it will prevail.

One can already hear the objections. The doubters will chorus, "You can't trust the Russians," as if in this the Russians are any different from the Germans, or the Japanese, or the Spanish. (The reader is herewith challenged to name twenty nations that can be "trusted" without question.) The doubters will say: "You can't live in a world half slave and half free," but they forget that what the West likes to call the "free world" is itself half-slave: what about Spain, the Dominican Republic, the Middle East? And Mr. Truman will repeat a dozen times more his charge that the Russians broke thirty agreements in twelve months without bothering to list the agreements or specify the violations. Mr. George Meany will continue to thunder united labor's defiance to those favoring peaceful negotiation. Mr. Dulles will repeat his threadbare formula, "deeds, not words," at least seventy-three more times without, of course, offering to match deed for deed. And we will be warned by assorted spokesmen and "thinkers" that we must hate communism—as if we didn't.

But all this will not scotch the idea of peace. An idea that has reached its time cannot be "barked" into silence.

The idea must ultimately prevail for a simple and basic reason. Most of us have been saying to ourselves, "Nuclear war is unthinkable"—while thinking of little else. But within the next year or so, what is now no more than a piously expressed sentiment will become an accepted maxim. When that happens, we will perforce

take another look at our breakneck program for manufacturing arms which are obsolete before they are off the assembly line. We will begin to wonder whether our tremendous capacity to produce justifies the creation of waste in order to maintain the "boom." As the idea of peace grows, the chances of our coming up with some economic equivalent for military stockpiling will improve.

To give the idea of peace a chance, we might start by acknowledging a few simple truths: we don't want to fight with anybody, and no one really wants to fight with us. The problems which will be created by peace are as great, or greater, than those involved in preparing for war, and we are far less trained to grapple with them. But they can be solved.

In coming months, *The Nation* will examine the "frightening" prospect of peace—its economic consequences, its political and diplomatic consequences and the social dislocations which it will involve. As usual, *The Nation* will be a year or so ahead of the popular tide; but we may be less far in advance than we think. Peace is breaking out and the country had better prepare to accept it and make ready for the consequences.

Dividing the World

By Hugh B. Hester

FOR SOME time it has been obvious to close students of international relations that a fresh audit of our foreign policies is necessary. Among the many such re-evaluations recently presented there are two which offer striking contrast: the distinguished historian William A. Williams' article, *Irony of Containment*, published in *The Nation* of May 5, and Secretary Dulles' speech before the Supreme Lodge of B'nai B'rith in Washington, D. C., on May 8. Mr. Williams finds that the doctrine of containment as formulated by George F. Kennan in his famous "X" article (*Foreign Affairs*, July, 1947) and later adopted by President Truman, has in practice helped to strengthen Russia by reinforcing her ideological and nationalistic forces. Secretary Dulles, reporting on the same doctrine as observed in NATO, finds it to have been so successful that, he argues, NATO itself must now not only be continued but its functions greatly expanded.

In a singularly perceptive description of what has happened, historically, to the West, the Secretary said:

While we can think with pride what Western civilization has accomplished, we must also think with regret of the fact that it has not yet found a way to live at peace within itself. . . . If it be the fact that Western

civilization is today seriously challenged by the atheistic creed, it is largely because two World Wars coming in quick succession drained off the life blood of our finest and bravest youth and gravely impaired the economic strength of the West.

Had Western civilization "found a way to live in peace within itself" during the period 1871-1914, it is quite possible, as the Secretary suggests, that World Wars I and II might have been avoided. It is even arguable that the world might have enjoyed many additional generations of peace. For at that time power was centered entirely in the West—primarily in Great Britain and, after the Franco-Prussian War, in Germany—and it is an historical truism that whenever the centers of world power are found in cooperation instead of in conflict, peace prevails.

It does not follow, however, that peace will be achieved if NATO is extended and enlarged as suggested by the Secretary. Today the West no longer has a monopoly of the centers of power, and the solidifying of the Atlantic Community can no more assure peace now than German unification could assure it in 1871. This is true because the accumulation of power around any single power center is bound to stimulate a similar accumulation around some other power center. Such is the nature of the balance-of-power theory under which the world operates, and the motivations professed by one side or another have little if any relevance. Military pacts and alliances (except a world-encompassing pact such as the United Nations) divide the world

squarely down the middle, whatever their proclaimed purposes—containment, exclusion, or defense.

Secretary Dulles is too close a student of history and international relations not to agree with Mr. Williams that cooperation restricted to the Western community alone, instead of extended to include the world community, is more likely to bring the sword than peace. Possibly, in the oblique language of the classical diplomat and with due regard for the needs of domestic politics, he was trying to say: "We must also think with regret of the fact that *the world* has not yet found the way to live at peace within itself." Let us hope President Eisenhower will again, as he has so often done in the past three years, clarify the sometimes confusing and somewhat bellicose statements of his Secretary of State.

Military pacts and blocs are apt to prove even more dangerous for world peace than the unfinished "Maginot Line" proved for French security in 1940. Since there is no alternative to peace, there can be no substitute for cooperation between the great centers of power. Military alliances around these centers promote conflict, not cooperation. And since there is no machinery for this cooperation except the United Nations, let's face up to this number-one world problem and build a United Nations adequate to twentieth-century needs.

HUGH B. HESTER, Brigadier-General, U. S. Army (Ret.), has written extensively on politico-military subjects.

TEXAS LIBERALS REVOLT

Johnson Pays the Price . . . by Ronnie Dugger

Austin, Texas

WHEN Lyndon Johnson, the national champion compromiser, returned to Texas late last year, his advance men billed him as the man who would bring together the fractious factions of the Democratic Party in Texas, just as he had done in the U. S. Senate. Either we grow tougher extremists down here, or Lyndon Johnson is slipping.

It was going pretty well for a time. The majority leader was visited at his ranch on the Pedernales River by Governor Allan Shivers, and together, with the consent of Speaker Sam Rayburn, they agreed to the

selection of Lieutenant Governor Ben Ramsey, the Governor's chief legislative enforcer as president of the Texas Senate, as the new Texas Democratic committeeman. Liberals were displeased with Ramsey's silence in the 1952 Presidential campaign and his anti-labor record, but Johnson and Rayburn shoved him down their throats; gagging, while extensive, was well concealed.

Rayburn, essentially an old-line rural Democrat who enjoys, in the literal sense, the title, "the Squire of Bonham," has been angry with Shivers since he agreed to seat the Shivers delegation to the national convention in 1952, only to have Shivers return to Texas and carry the state for Eisenhower. One day this spring, after a solitary delibera-

tion, Rayburn wrote out a statement and hand-carried it to the editorial offices of the *Bonham Favorite*. Johnson, he said, should be not only the Texas favorite son, but also the chairman of the 1956 delegation to Chicago, a post Shivers was counting on for face-saving purposes as he prepared to leave the Governor's Mansion and an administration that veterans' land, insurance, pseudo-banking and investment scandals had left in shambles.

JOHNSON did not relish an open fight with Shivers, but he was compensated when he was accepted as a serious national prospect almost overnight. He was endorsed by powerful Southern Senators, including Russell, Byrd and George, and by

RONNIE DUGGER is editor of the *Texas Observer*—an independent liberal weekly.

others in the West. Then, as to this day, he insisted he was not seeking delegates from other states—but pundits are already counting 300 votes for him on the first ballot.

It never occurred to Rayburn or Johnson that anything might have changed in Texas politics to raise a question about their ability to carry on their political patriarchy. But things had changed.

One day in the summer of 1952 a lady walked into the Stevenson-Sparkman headquarters in Houston, the ugly, oily metropolis of the Texas Gulf Coast. Ed Ball, lawyer, idealist, canny political scientist, was at the desk. He had never seen her before. She put down a check for \$1,000 and said: "I'm Frankie Randolph. What can I do to help?"

Mrs. R. D. Randolph was the youngest daughter of W. T. Carter, who had built a legendary lumber empire in Polk County, deep in East Texas. Her apolitical husband is the vice-president of the Texas National Bank in Houston. From that day forward Mrs. Randolph, now 62, has been the moral and material leader of the Harris County liberals. She became a full-time volunteer organizer, daily living by her code: "Work, not talk." Precinct by precinct, she and the Harris County Democrats gained control of the county's politics—gained it for a liberalism that espoused unsegregated meetings, integration of the schools, public housing and organized labor. In Texas they are called "liberal liberals," but outside the South they are simply Democrats.

As the convention drew nigh, it became clear that the anti-Johnson liberals led by Houston could not prevent Johnson from getting an unconditional pledge as Presidential candidate. Instead, they settled on the ouster of the Shivers-appointed State Democratic Executive Committee (which had presented to the nation the rare spectacle of the formal machinery of the Democratic Party in Texas endorsing and campaigning for the Republican nominee in 1952) and on Mrs. Randolph's election to the Democratic National Committee. The question was: how would the other cities go? The Johnson forces and the liberals had drawn enough total votes together to carry all of the major urban counties except Dallas, which was in contest.

It needs to be explained that Johnson, while moderate-to-liberal on most matters in the Senate, has powerful conservative backing in Texas, especially from the oil and gas industry, whose oil depletion allowance he has protected and whose natural-gas bill he and Speaker Rayburn almost passed. The supporters of Texas' junior Senator Price Daniel for the governorship which he is seeking this year boasted accurately that more than half of the 183 people Johnson appointed to his "Johnson for President" committee in Texas were also Daniel backers, in spite of the fact that Daniel bolted the Democratic nominees in 1952 along with Shivers.

As the delegates assembled in Dallas, Johnson passed the word that he was accepting Byron Skelton, a moderate, anti-Shivers loyalist, as the new national committeeman, but that Mrs. Randolph was utterly unacceptable and that he would support, instead, Mrs. Lloyd Bentsen, the wife of the former Congressman from the Texas Valley.

IT WAS at this point that Johnson learned he was not dealing with amateurs.

In jig time some liberals ran off 5,000 reproductions of three news articles, one of which quoted then-Congressman Bentsen as saying in 1952 that he would not vote for Adlai Stevenson for president. Ed Ball told an emergency Harris County caucus that it was the Bentsen family that was associated with Shivers in a celebrated Valley land transaction in which Shivers made a \$425,000 land profit on a \$25,000 investment he never actually advanced in cash. Bentsen denied the newspaper story on his Stevenson vote and averred that he and Mrs. Bentsen had always supported the nominees, although he conceded he had not been enthusiastic about Stevenson and did not actively support him. Even so, the "unsigned circulars," as Bentsen called them, affected the delegates' attitudes.

The day before the convention, Speaker Rayburn, in a statement he issued through John Connally, Johnson's chief convention aide (a lawyer now associated with Fort Worth oilman Sid Richardson), said he was unalterably opposed to replacing the Shivers-appointed executive committee. That night Johnson told a

rally in the Adolphus Hotel the same thing—and reddened with anger when he was greeted with forty seconds of boos, catcalls and cries of "traitor!" and "throw 'em out!"

THE Johnson forces maintained that the committee should be dealt with by the September state convention growing out of the state election primaries, not the Presidential convention in May. Johnson defeated the liberals on the question of the executive committee, 1300 to 500, with the still-contested pro-Shivers Dallas delegation casting its 135 votes with him. Only Houston and Fort Worth, among the big-city delegations, voted against Lyndon. It was assumed on the floor that Mrs. Randolph was also done for, that Johnson would win the second of the two major issues of the convention as handily as the first.

Just what happened then has national implications, for if Johnson was, in fact, successfully challenged by the liberals of his own state on a clear issue involving his political leadership, as it strongly appears he was, his authority may be weakened at Chicago. From the daily press one could not divine with much accuracy who had won out. Announced the Wednesday morning *Austin American*: "Johnson Gets Honor, But Not Full Control." Announced the Wednesday afternoon *Austin Statesman*, a newspaper under the same management, with the same facts: "Favorite Son Lyndon Handed Full Control."

Throughout the day of the convention Johnson used all his power and prestige to persuade the big-city delegations to vote for Mrs. Bentsen. But industry has come to Texas, as it has or will to most serene and peaceful states. It is an old story that Senator Johnson is not popular with uncompromising liberals of the cities in Texas any more than he is with the same types in the North and East. But precinct-by-precinct organization in the major cities is working a political revolution here: the new factor in Texas politics is the new strength of its urban liberals. The city delegations at the Dallas convention defied Lyndon Johnson and elected Mrs. Randolph national committeewoman.

Traditionally, it would be unthinkable for the state convention to

repudiate the leadership of its favorite son and by implication its party patriarch on such an important question. The Father Theory of politics has prevailed among Texas Democrats for some time, as was natural, it is supposed, as long as the state was predominately rural.

IT WAS a serious setback for Johnson at the Texas convention ostensibly under his control and dedicated to his greater power and glory. Better tactics might have headed off Mrs. Randolph, although Johnson and his lieutenants underestimated her popularity, just as they did not understand, or perhaps they did not respect, the urban changes that caused her ascendancy and the discontent with Johnson's liaison with Texas big business.

Mrs. Randolph, as committee-

woman, and the few other liberals skeptical of Johnson whom he could not keep off the Texas delegation, may serve as a potential check against any intention he may have of emerging at Chicago as the leader of the Southern conservatives. If they proceed on the theory that the unit rule binds, not the voice, but the vote only, they could and might speak out against such interpretations of the Texas delegation's position.

Rayburn-Johnson control of the state Democrats may be affected. Rayburn may be moved to yield some of his traditionally paternal approach to state politics—to concede that the liberals in the state have a right to speakers of their own choice and to an independent voice in party affairs.

Mrs. Randolph is a steady person

who does not lose sight of her immediate object or her ideals. When a reporter asked her whom she supported in 1952, she replied, "Stevenson." "Then you've always been a Rayburn-Johnson Democrat?" he asked cagily. "Yes, I'm a loyal Democrat," she replied. Was the defeat of the Houston resolution to urge the party of disloyal elements disappointing to her? he asked. "That was a disappointment, but after all, we maintained our integrity which was the main thing. . . . We had to keep faith with the people back at the precincts." That was a new voice in Texas politics. Lyndon Johnson had not stilled it, and "the people back at the precincts" will continue to multiply and be heard if the spread of industry and the march of the cities are not reversed in the we-can-do-anything State of Texas.

BONN'S "YOUNG TURKS"

Resurgence of Nationalism . . . by Terence Prittie

Bonn

LAST YEAR the phrase most worrying to West German political leaders was "peaceful coexistence." Behind that phrase lurked the fear of a long-term Russian plan for crystallizing the present division of Germany as part of a continuing status quo in Central Europe. Today, fear of a phrase has been superseded by fear of a single word: *disarmament*. Germany's leaders have realized with a real shock of surprise that the Russians may not merely preach peaceful coexistence; they may make concessions to the West which could do two things—weaken the Western Alliance and at the same time induce it to leave Germany divided.

German anxiety was reflected on Chancellor Adenauer's face as he listened to the Aachen speech of Sir Winston Churchill on May 10. Sir Winston expounded on the possibility of the Soviet Union being accepted into a world security pact and

spoke of "justifiable" Russian fears of aggression. The Chancellor was so perturbed by this "heresy" that he lost the place in his text three times during his answering speech and testily ordered away an importunate cameraman who came too close to him.

AND German fears were also registered two months ago when the Federal Minister of Economics, Professor Erhard, prophesied a major Russian trade drive in the underdeveloped countries of Asia and Africa. The Russians are offering twenty-year credits at only 2 1/2 per cent, large-scale exchanges of trainees and technicians and the organization of a credit corporation in Moscow which will finance such projects as road-building in Afghanistan and the setting up of sugar, cement and vegetable-oil factories in Asian countries from Iran to Indonesia.

Dr. Mende, military expert of the Free Democratic Party (F. D. P.) told a Frankfurt audience on May 16 that the shift of Soviet policy was desperately dangerous for the West-

ern world. Dr. Mende considered that the Russians were reducing their armed forces by 1,200,000 men for one reason only: to step up their industrial programs and compete on cut-throat terms with the Western countries in Asia and Africa. The reality of this Russian competition is no longer in doubt. In March and April two German trade delegations visited the underdeveloped countries of the Near and Far East and returned convinced that the Russians intend to pursue their political and economic ambitions in those areas. [The U. S. Department of Commerce reported from Washington last week that Soviet bloc exports rose 35 per cent last year, most of the increase being due to exports of manufactured goods to the less developed parts of Asia, Africa and South America.—THE EDITORS.]

A few days ago, Dr. Adenauer indicated his worries when talking to his own party, the Christian Democratic Union. He thought that the change in Russian tactics might disrupt the Western Alliance and would in any case slow down the already

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lagging build-up of NATO. The Chancellor said he was not impressed by the Russian withdrawal of the equivalent of two divisions from Eastern Germany; the French, he pointed out, have already withdrawn white troops from Germany and have left some units of their German garrison hopelessly undermanned. The Russian "gesture" did no more than correct a balance which had been freshly weighted against the West.



Chancellor Adenauer

SEMI-SOVEREIGN, part-occupied and wholly distracted by the complexity of their problems, the Germans are least qualified to take a rational view of present world developments. They have been bitterly disappointed by the utter absence of results from the resumption of diplomatic relations between Bonn and Moscow; they are bewildered by the recent change of Russian tactics. Out of this disappointment and confusion three particular lines of thought are emerging, none of which will have a healthy influence on German thinking: disillusionment over NATO, distrust of Adenauer's policy of close attachment to the West and the beginnings of a belief in a "German policy for Germany's sake."

Disillusionment over NATO is widespread. It was well illustrated recently by an article in a weekly paper written by ex-General Rendulic, who discerned the following threats to NATO: the French failure to measure up to commitments in Europe; the unsettled state of Greece consequent on the troubles in Cyprus, and the demand of Iceland that NATO forces should be withdrawn. These three threats were tactical. More important, the author wrote, was that NATO forces in Germany had not yet been adapted to nuclear warfare, while the twenty-two Red Army divisions in Eastern Germany have been.

Worries over NATO were already acute over two months ago. On March 23, the *Bundesrat*—the upper house of the Federal Parliament—recommended a twelve-month instead of an eighteen-month term of national service for next year's conscripts. Why? Of course, defense costs played their part, but the main argument advanced was: why should Western Germany press ahead with rearmament when the Russians (and, by inference, the West) were con-

templating reducing their conventional armed forces? On April 11, the security committee of the Social Democratic Party decided to oppose conscription altogether. No German, it declared, should be forced into uniform as long as Germany remained divided. No German should be obliged to fight against his fellow-countrymen.

The Free Democrats, involved in internal schism and the long-deferred switch from liberalism to the most obvious form of nationalism, were quick to follow the Social Democratic example. At Stuttgart, Dr. Mende—in spite of his confessed fear of Soviet cunning—declared himself in favor of the military *détente* which the Russians are planning in Central Europe. His "plan," which was tacitly accepted at the F. D. P. congress at Wuerzburg last month, proposed the withdrawal of Soviet troops beyond the Oder and of Western troops behind the Rhine; the taking-over of German defense by a German Army; the signing of a five- or fifteen-power pact to guarantee Germany territorially; the exclusion of the two Germanies from both NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

Admittedly the Mende plan was intended to assist German reunification. Still, it took little account of Western policies. Mende has set his Free Democrats in a new line of thought. Small professional armies on both sides of the iron-curtain frontier which runs through the middle of Germany could be amalgamated after reunification; they could even encourage reunification by the threat implicit in their existence. Behind these professional

armies—which will revive the glorious memories of German arms—will be "national militias" to be used for local defense only. Their role should suggest that no German any longer considers armed aggression a quick way of settling arguments.

These thoughts, curiously, are exactly those put forward a year ago by the leading tactical expert of Herr Blank's Defense Ministry, Colonel von Bonin. The colonel, dismissed, gravitated into neutralist circles. He became the military expert of the professedly neutralist but actually pro-Russian weekly, the *Rheinisch-Westfaelische Nachrichten*. Von Bonin was aiming at a short-cut towards reunification; Dr. Mende is doing exactly the same. That is why his plan is popular and will win votes for the F. D. P. at next year's federal election. The idea of professional armies will appeal to young Germans, among whom conscription is really unpopular.

Among West Germans, distrust of Adenauer's policies is at least as important as distrust of NATO. The Chancellor has not helped matters by making decisions on his own, by treating his "gray eminence," Herr Globke, as a privileged confidant and by failing to define aims at a time when the international situation has been changing rapidly.

ADENAUER'S foreign policy was founded on a simple thesis. The Western powers had to build up their strength in order to negotiate with the Soviet Union and Western Germany had to be integrated in Western Europe so that the rescue of the whole of Germany from the Communist orbit could be effected. The thesis was sound enough—but how were the operative steps to be timed? The emergence of a "new" Soviet policy in Central Europe made that question doubly important. The Russians were ready to liberalize administration in East Germany, but not to discard Ulbricht, their sworn servant. They were ready to slow down the military build-up, but not to disband the People's Police Force. They were ready to have East-West all-German talks, but not to forsake their puppet regime in East Berlin.

Adenauer had no answer to this Soviet policy. He simply reiterated that the West should continue to consolidate its forces in the hope

that the Russians would then make concessions. This reiteration has been enough in the past; it will not be enough in the election year of 1957.

Knowledge of this has set the Free Democrats off on their own tack, based on a "German policy for Germany's sake." In Duesseldorf, the "Young Turks" of the F. D. P. ejected Arnold's successful provincial government. At Wuerzburg, they announced their intention of jettisoning their "liberal" party chairman, Dr. Dehler, next year. These "Young Turks"—all ex-members of the Hitler Youth and mostly ex-members of the Nazi Party and its élite organizations—want a direct German approach to Moscow in order to win German reunification, East-West all-German talks and the re-emergence of a "German role" as the arbiter of Europe's fate.

These young men are opportunists with a profound contempt for German liberalism. They are aware

that Adenauer has run into difficulties and they know that the Social Democrats, who are preaching theoretical Marxism at a time when unfettered free enterprise seems to be working wonders, are hard put to increase their vote. They know, too, that the only floating vote in Western Germany is in the chronically unsatisfied middle class, which enjoys neither riches nor state aid. They believe that by using invective, ridicule and the "smear" technique they will increase their strength. They can lap up the ex-nationalist and ex-Nazi vote and can unite the forces of the right wing for the first time in post-war history.

THE "Young Turks" regard NATO as a means to an end—that of German reunification. They think of the Western powers as partners only in so far as they are useful. Last week one of their organs, the *Liberal Students Weekly*, wrote that West Germans would only carry out their

commitments to the West in the same proportion as the West fulfilled its pledge to reunify Germany.

A new political situation is developing in Western Germany. Adenauer's infallibility is in doubt. This, as well as the internal revolution in the F. D. P., has made it possible for Social and Free Democrats to combine at federal level, which in turn means a period of increasingly fluid internal politics. The German economic boom is losing way; German exporters are faced with potentially savage Russian competition in some of their most valuable markets. German thoughts will turn again to the possibility of gaining economic benefit from contact with the Communist as well as the neutral East. Unless the German people speak with a clear voice next summer, the period of quiet and cooperative German consolidation under Adenauer is over. It remains to be seen whether what succeeds it will be as unhealthy as present signs suggest.

THE NEW CONSERVATISM

GOP Liberals Take Over . . . by Gordon Harrison

WHETHER President Eisenhower is re-elected or not, the next four years seem likely to test the extent to which the last four have developed a united and viable conservative party. In defeat, the Republicans would necessarily reopen the party schisms which political dependence on Ike has covered over. This would provide the clearest test of how solid have been the political conversions from reaction to moderation under the twin ministers of charm and responsibility. But even in office, whatever is merely politically expedient in the united front is going to wear thin once the November elections are over.

If the President were to serve out another term, he could quite possibly nominate his successor. He could be much less sure, however, of

pointing the direction his successor is to take. Theodore Roosevelt hand-picked Taft as the one man best fitted to continue the Roosevelt reforms and hold the party to them. Taft, in fact, presided over Republican dissolution and massive backsliding not because he wanted to but because the Roosevelt grace proved mostly illusion once the Roosevelt personality withdrew. The party as a whole had been convinced of nothing more apocalyptic than that T. R. by unprincipled witchcraft could win elections. There are valid parallels with the present. Eisenhower, too, is a leader primarily by force of personality—a manipulator of men rather than ideas. He, too, has sought harmony through compromise, proving adept not only at tempering his aims to political expediency but at conceding enough honor and prestige to the dissidents in his party to avoid injured feelings. He, too, has found his main

strength in the ability to appear as a national leader.

Striking as these similarities are, however, the differences are probably far more significant. And the greatest is that Theodore Roosevelt came forward near the beginning of two revolutionary changes in the role of the federal government: the shift from economic policeman to economic manager, and the shift from guardian of a local utopia to a kind of universal pope of democracy. Dwight Eisenhower emerges, if not at the end of these revolutions, at least in their mop-up phase. It may be that the timing of his arrival is more important than anything else about him.

Eisenhower's first two years in office were virtually a political stalemate. Although it can be statistically shown that he got a much better percentage of his program passed by Congress than President Truman ever did, the program itself had

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already discounted opposition not only in watering down individual measures but more characteristically in balancing appeals to the liberal-internationalists and the reactionary-isolationists. Remaining economic controls were removed in 1953 but the following year the President reassured the people that the federal government was on top of a managed economy and asked Congress to go along. He cut federal spending, but first postponed and then considerably moderated the pressure for reducing taxes. He embraced extension of social security (a two-edged reform, anyway, since it included a concealed form of regressive taxation) but rejected "socialized medicine." He proposed a relaxation of immigration restrictions but accepted a bill that was to prove all but ineffective in admitting new Americans. He postponed for a year the liberalizing of trade and at last took what was after all only an extension of Democratic policy less bold than his own conservative study commission had suggested.

Outside the formal legislative program, backing and filling was still more eloquent of political appeasement. While the President closed out the Korean War and trimmed the army for peace, he prepared and advertised a new defense look purport-

ing to make us stronger than ever. While he promised every effort for peace he voiced hopes of liberating the enslaved peoples and shook the free world with the doctrine of massive retaliation. He tolerated a security program patently subversive of individual rights while from time to time calling for review and hailing minor administrative modifications as major gains for justice. Finally, he permitted Senator McCarthy to disrupt the morale of the executive branch while acting like a reluctant observer of the anonymous sins of government who had no other duty than to avoid personal contamination.

AFTER McCarthy had hanged himself in the famous summer hearings and, in December of 1954, had at last won a qualified censure from the Senate, it was made to appear that the President had behaved most astutely in walking so serenely while looking neither to right nor left. But there is nothing to show that he expected such a conclusion or that he worked even indirectly to bring it about. In the light of his whole performance through 1954, and considering his personality and his record as a soldier diplomat, it is a safe bet that he hoped not for the defeat of his enemies but for recon-

ciliation through kindness and a middle way so balanced and blurred as to leave no room for sharp controversy.

That certainly was the pattern of foreign policy to which the Administration directed its earliest and most original efforts. Massive retaliation was essentially a verbal device to meet international obligations in a way acceptable to the isolationists. In origin and intent primarily an Asian policy, it appealed to those who set their faces East in order the more firmly to turn their backs on Europe. As a reaction to the Korean War, it appeared as a departure from the hated Truman-Acheson policy. Focused on air power rather than manpower, it recalled the Hoover-Taft dogma of "fortress America." It sounded satisfactorily tough to the foes of appeasement and satisfactorily simple to those who wanted no more complex goal in diplomacy than total victory over the forces of evil. But at the same time that Secretary Dulles was talking this new, "painless" instrument of peace he was, almost unnoticed, picking up old-fashioned treaty obligations to defend small nations whose difficulties could hardly be of a size or character to warrant nuclear war. He was also in almost constant motion globally to patch up alliances

Memorial Window: 1946-56 • • by *Lincoln Kirstein*

By here, where once we came

Along this selfsame road
Back to our base and field
Perennial pollens yield

A rugged rusty fame.

Burdock, hard burr and rose,
Sweet wildrose, dusty burr,
Thistle and aster wild,—
Past here, the waiting child
Ambushed some noisy boys

To ask: Where are you bound?

Where bound indeed: where, where?
They did not know, nor we
Who know more than they knew
Have lost more than they found.

This chapel scarce a church
They could ignore and did.
To them—old heap of stone,
Odd shelter for some bones
Or pigeons on a perch.

Thin and unshadowed shone
Poor panes of window-glass;
But color? No, nor glint
Of richness, gleam or tint.
No texture and no tone.

Why should they stop to pray?

They had their way to win
And flew far, headlong fast
Reckless and randy past
Broad daylight and bright day.

All gone. Some gone for good.
Some bad, some still alive
And those alive, with grace
Have not forgot this place:
We've done the least we could.

We've stuck a window here:

Pure color for clear flesh,
All penetrating fire
To glorify the choir
Or sanctify our fear.

What are these colors fine
That strain the sun, shine clean
In citron, rosy ice,
Mulberry paradise,
Sharp wintergreen or wine?

Their fire is all our air
That was our airman all.
Our window claims he's here
In warm translucent cheer
And gilt, transparent hair.

Blond as the licking sun,

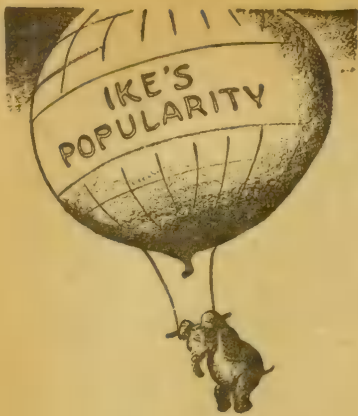
Rosy for leather cheek,
Frank mirror-eye, and green
The candid earth and keen
His fury in his fun.

Glass is sand, ~~men~~ and lead
Fixed in a shattered sheet.
All day our star is sight;
At sunset, shuttered night
All dull, dust-shot and dead.

In four fierce sheaves of fire
An elemental shock
Has compassed every air
Boxed cardinal to square
Sky, ocean, flame and mire.

Fuse us our triune saint
Who is boy, bomb and blast.
Brittle his every arm;
Tense still our hard alarm,
Our strenuous complaint.

For glass, send us some sun,
Blend blood and bone a hymn
To save our doubled nerve
Preserving us to serve
The wonder in a one.



Filtzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Hanging on for Dear Life

which were fundamentally anathema to the Bricker Amendment crowd.

Logically the contradictions inherent in trying to please everybody could not possibly have succeeded. If they dulled the edge of current conflict or provided face-saving devices by which the semblance of harmony might be restored, in the long run they only put off the clash of opinion at the cost of so frustrating policy as almost to invite extremist revolt.

But history hasn't worked out logically. After the defeat of McCarthy, and of the Republicans in the mid-term elections, President Eisenhower discovered that he could work congenially with a moderate bipartisan coalition. He still had his personal roots of power intact; the party had lost it. The drag of the past eased. Supported by moderate Democrats who had no policy of their own, he could now practice moderation and preach it as Republican doctrine without fear of successful contradiction. Massive retaliation was quietly scrapped. So was liberation. The Administration sought a basis for accommodation with the Soviet Union, asked for increased foreign aid and closer trade ties with the rest of the world and even with Iron Curtain countries. At the same time it raised the defense budget and hinted at still higher sums for next year. While

anticipating a treasury surplus, it took a firm stand against tax reduction and got surprisingly little argument. It talked more freely and frankly about the dangers of inflation and in a little over a year almost doubled the price of money. Government agencies slowly but steadily relaxed the more absurd rigors of the loyalty program.

The shift has not been dramatic and still leaves much to be desired in courage and imagination. What is striking, however, is that the President has gained so much freedom of action—a good deal more, in fact, than he is using. Whatever credit may be allowed to the Democratic Congress and to Ike's political skill, the lion's share certainly must go to the times. The right-wing opposition has bowed not to the soft word but to the inevitable which under pressure it discovered was not so bad as it looked from afar.

Most significantly for the future of the Republican Party and of American conservatism, the inevitable has been faced and swallowed by American business men. Acceptance of the New Deal was relatively easy. In fact, if not in speeches, the business community took that step long ago. What Eisenhower has done in this regard is only what any Republican Administration could not help doing: it let business see the economic realities of a twentieth-century managed economy from the other side. Responsibility did the rest. Acceptance of world citizenship was a lot harder but also a lot more important. It would be naive to pretend that business men have in mass and permanently gone over to an internationalist outlook. But several things have been happening to the business position and the business mind which together add up to something like a revolutionary change.

Business men, first of all, are also citizens who are scarcely more impervious than anyone else to the perils of our day. So far as they look steadily into the face of nuclear war, they are bound to wish to avoid it. And since the present government is in fact, and even more importantly in reputation, a business administration, they are, and feel they are, on the spot. Tied more closely than ever to government, the regulator and biggest single employer and customer, business is inevitably

more sensitive to political points of view. As business men, furthermore, the most influential are representatives of large corporations, many of which have extensive foreign interests. In the last ten years they have become increasingly aware that the exploitation of foreign markets weighs more heavily in their self-interest than the suppression of foreign competition. Business men's associations in Middle Western cities, stronghold of isolationism and protectionism, have increasingly sponsored tours abroad for local industrialists. At the same time, industries suffering foreign competition have been discovering that technology can serve them better than tariff walls. Finally, business men in their own shops have been made aware in scores of ways that an exclusive devotion to profits is not even the best way to make the fattest profits. Some of the new social responsibility is unquestionably only public-relations deep, but even a pretense develops real expectations which corporations can ignore only at costs that the most hard-headed have to count.

NO ONE can be dogmatic about changes in group or class attitudes, but these seem both wide and enduring. The old distinction between the liberal business few, represented in the Committee on Economic Development and in Eastern-seaboard Republicanism, and the mossback many, rallying to the late Senator Taft, speaking most blatantly through the National Association of Manufacturers and most plausibly through the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, does not seem any longer to correspond to a real division in the business community. The chamber has recently taken on as its president one of the most intelligent and enlightened men of affairs in the country, John S. Coleman, president of the Burroughs Corporation, who says modestly and truly of himself that he has tried all his life never to so harden his opinion on any subject as to be proof against persuasion. Though men like Coleman are necessarily rare, it is significant that he now finds far more business men agreeing with his essential liberal and internationalist outlook than twenty or even five years ago. He finds, in fact, that the old-deal spluttering of F. D. R.'s economic

royalists are so uncommon that at business gatherings they raise eyebrows rather than arguments.

If business men should turn out to be permanently committed by both self-interest and a sense of responsibility to a world view, these past four years may have laid the basis for a new American conservatism. Let the intellectual Right dream of importing the tradition of Burke or Metternich. Let the liberals argue that since Burke and Metternich obviously will not graft onto the American tradition, a true conservatism is impossible here. The fact is that we have always had one political party chiefly representing the politics of business. And the relevant practical question has been, and still is, not whether this can be labelled conservatism but what kind of politics it is and where it may take us. A business politics firmly grounded on acceptance of social and world responsibility would be new and might be constructively conservative even though not Burkean.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"No, James, we're using the pickup this year"

What has hopelessly handicapped business in politics so far has been the parochial attitude of men who lived or thought they lived in a jungle of competitive individuals. Free enterprise long ago ceased to be

an economic fact. If now the dominant business philosophy has begun to catch up with reality we may indeed be on the threshold of a new political departure. When business men generally see practical reasons for looking beyond the narrowest limits of stockholder interests, there is no telling what horizons they may glimpse. At least the ancient, sterile and phony war between business and government might end. Business might then discover rational techniques for conserving the institutions among which it flourishes.

This is, of course, a dream, as all forays into the future must be. It is a dream, furthermore, that—as liberals will be quick to observe—has nightmarish overtones of consolidated political and economic power. But it is not for prophecy, much less for exhortation, that political analysis is to be valued. The point is only that we should not surrender the possibility of effective political action through mistaking yesterday's debates for a description of today's conflicts.

1929 AND 1956

Some Deadly Parallels . . . by David Hamilton

THAT HISTORY repeats itself is admittedly an invalid proposition. And yet there is much today that is remindful of the late 1920s. In 1929 Hoover came into office declaring "prosperity more extensive and peace more permanent"; today the Republican Party is getting ready for a new campaign based on the peace-prosperity slogan. In 1929 we had an Administration of, by and for the business man; we seem to have something similar now. In 1929 we had a President who pretended to be above party strife; we now have one who makes the same pretense. Except in respect to the torrid international situation, there is today the same complacency that there was when we were riding high on that

1929 "permanent plateau" of prosperity and peace.

Some would declare—and probably rightly—that these are superficial similarities. Less superficial are the economic comparisons that can be drawn. Today's stock-market boom is not as gaudy as that of the 1920s, but it is nevertheless a recognized boom. Consumer credit now, as then, is at a new high (certainly much of this is mortgage credit and, in its economic impact, on the order of rent; but a large amount consists of short-term credit on automobiles, television sets and household appliances). There is today a piling up of goods apparent in the automobile and appliance market; there was an analogous situation then. Farm income has begun to sag as it sagged throughout most of the 1920s. Corporate profits are again reaching new heights as they did in the au-

turn of the erstwhile "New Era."

Much has been written, of course, on the danger signals flapping in our current prosperity breeze. Are corporate profits too high? Are we being crushed under a mountain of consumer debt? What will be the result of the fall in farm income? Can the stock market achieve stability? Such probings by today's observers are in themselves remindful of the earlier period. Today as yesterday each economic symptom is treated separately. Yet if the contributions of J. M. Keynes and the careful studies of the Brookings Institute do nothing else, they should drive home the fallacy of analyzing these economic facts piecemeal. The real question is not whether consumer debts are too high, but what is the meaning of today's economic picture as a whole compared with that of the twenties.

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June 2, 1956

According to the Brookings Institute study of the economy from 1925-29, these phenomena (the market boom, rising consumer credits and corporations profits, falling farm income, etc.) were signs of a serious shift in income distribution. Those who saved were getting an increased percentage of the income; those who spent were getting a smaller percentage. Although everyone's income was rising, that of the rich was rising faster than that of the poor.

Today's similar symptoms indicate that another shift of income distribution has been taking place in recent years. Higher corporate profits represent a boost of income to larger income receivers. Despite employee stock-purchase plans and all the "widows and orphans" of whom big business claims to be the sole support, it is still essentially true that stockholders belong primarily to upper-income groups. Any boost in corporate profits and dividends does more to make the rich richer than it does to keep widows out of poor-houses.

The stock-market boom indicates that those who usually use surplus cash to buy securities are evidently in possession of more than their usual surplus. This means simply that the funds available for stock-market operations are increasing and are contributing to the boom in stocks. The rise in corporate profits and dividends and the stock-market boom seem to be linked.

Farmers are the lowest-paid group in the country. This is true notwith-

standing the new Cadillacs in some ranch regions, notably Texas. Of course, farm income is supposedly supplemented by homespun and home-grown produce. But this is largely a myth. Any further reduction in average farm income with a rising or fixed gross national product can only mean a further shift of income from low to higher income earners. No matter which income group gets the additional amount, the total effect must be a fall in consumption outlay.

THE FACT that consumer debt is rising is supposedly indicative of nothing more than the penchant of consumers to buy on the installment plan when credit is made easy. But this is an oversimplification of something that is untrue to begin with. Consumers do not buy on credit for the sake of keeping creditors fully employed. Nor are credit controls usually loosened at the clamor of irate consumers eager to increase their debt. Consumer installment-credit increases when merchants find it difficult to sell for cash. In other words, when the consumer has all he can handle with present income, there is a hue and cry from the trading community to ease up on credit so that the consumer can be helped to mortgage future income and help, in turn, to unload the merchandise which has been piling up. This is especially characteristic of the automobile industry, in which manufacturers customarily push new cars onto the dealers, who are then left to fend for themselves. Easy credit is a way of getting rid of surplus inventories. The economic significance of the notoriously high interest rates and service charges on consumer credit is frequently overlooked. These represent a further drain on consumer outlay and a shift of income from spenders to savers, since low-income groups resort to credit more frequently than those of high income.

There is additional evidence that a shift of income distribution is taking place. The recent clamor for tariff relief, coming at the same time that the trading community is attempting to increase exports, is indicative of difficulties in the domestic market. The business community is seeking precisely that kind of relief which, when sought by other nationals, is called "dumping."

State tax structures, taken as a whole, have always been regressive and since World War II have become alarmingly worse. State legislatures are especially amenable to the blandishments of business men who inveigh against "dis-incentive" and "soak-the-rich" taxation. The result has been an increase in "soak-the-poor" taxation, notably in the form of sales taxes. Other new forms of state taxation have been developed with the same general effect as the sales tax. An example has been the spate of turnpike-building, particularly in the East, financed by tolls. The toll charge for the Cadillac on its way up from Miami is the same as that for the ten-year-old Ford bearing the migratory worker to the truck gardens of New Jersey.

At one time the federal tax structure counter-balanced the deflationary state systems, but in the last decade the federal structure has not increased in progressiveness while the state structures have become increasingly regressive. The effect has been further to reduce consumption.

There have been some noticeable shifts of income in specific professions. The medical profession has been making seven-league financial strides with the help of the recent startling innovations in medicine. The evidence is found in a real increase of over 80 per cent in doctors' incomes between 1940-54; at the same time teachers, a lower-income group, have had a real income decline of 5 per cent (source: a McGraw-Hill study published in the *Illinois Alumni News*, March, 1955). It is no wonder that some of the heaviest buyers of stocks, bonds and real estate in the last decade have been physicians.

NONE OF these economic signs alone can be taken as indicating we are on the brink of a crash. But it is clear that the "peace-prosperity" glow of the Eisenhower-business Administration is certainly far from warranted. We are evidently following an economic course almost identical to that followed in the 1920s and all the same warnings are sounding. Because the only means of avoiding such a catastrophe are anathema to the business community, there is little to hope from a business Administration. Secretary Humphrey, determined to balance the budget in order to win an



Herblock in Washington Post

"How about giving these guys a check-up too?"

election, seems to be scuttling the life-boats.

Perhaps the Economic Report of the President will this year take some cognizance of the over-all pattern, but that is to be doubted. The chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, which is largely re-

sponsible for this report, is Arthur Burns, a rather severe critic of both Keynes and the older Brookings studies. In fact, the present council seems to rely largely on piecemeal analysis instead of the total-picture analysis called for by modern economics and the disturbing nature of

current nationwide economic trends.

Although depressions are no longer considered inevitable by most economists, the big-business community and business-managed governments seem bent on perpetuating those policies which are very likely to bring one on.

THE GALINDEZ MYSTERY

A Foe of Trujillo Vanishes . . by Fred J. Cooke

DR. JESUS DE GALINDEZ, Basque scholar and lecturer at Columbia University, foe of dictators, vanished the night of March 12, 1956, posing for American authorities one of the most haunting mysteries of our time, a riddle pervaded by the cloak-and-dagger aura of international intrigue. Dr. Galindez created a sensation while performing one of the most commonplace of acts. He walked into a New York subway kiosk—and disappeared without trace. He left behind him the elements of international controversy and the literary work of a lifetime—a massive, documented, 670-page study of modern dictatorship entitled *The Era of Trujillo*.

More than two months of diligent investigation have barely served to lift the veil on the last episodes in the life of the dedicated scholar who, in his youth, was a Spanish Republican fighting the rule of Generalissimo Francisco Franco and who, in maturity, became the bitter foe of another Generalissimo—Rafael L. Trujillo Molina, the dictator of the Dominican Republic.

Dominican officials have vehemently denied any responsibility for the disappearance of Dr. Galindez, but the clues uncovered by the New York police spotlight the vanished scholar's activities as a foe of the Trujillo regime.

Before he disappeared, Dr. Galindez had prepared a speech, entitled *Our Stake in Latin American De-*

mocracy, which he was to have delivered April 7 at the Carnegie International Center under the auspices of the Inter-American Association for Democracy and Freedom. The address was a capsule version of his book-length manuscript on Trujillo, which is now being published in Spanish in Chile.

IN THE SPEECH, which was delivered by Norman Thomas in the absence of the author, Dr. Galindez told of his first awareness that the world contained a man named Trujillo. This occurred in 1939 at the Dominican Consulate in Bordeaux, where Dr. Galindez, a fugitive from Franco, was seeking admission to the Dominican Republic. "We were waiting in line to have our passports visaed in a room dominated by the portrait of an imposing personality wearing a white-plumed hat," he wrote. "One of my friends asked the consul if this was his president. The consul replied strangely, 'No, this is not the president; this is the Benefactor.'"

Dr. Galindez subsequently spent six years in the Dominican Republic and learned, as he himself said, "the mystery of this Benefactor." He wrote:

In the Dominican Republic of Benefactor Trujillo there are elections. According to the official report, at the last election of 1954, 100 per cent of the voters cast their votes for every candidate from the President of the Republic to the last little office-holder, including all the senators and representatives. But Trujillo, their Chief and Benefactor, makes the elected officers sign a resignation in advance. Afterwards, from time to time, all he

has to do is to put in the date in which he would like to get rid of them.

There are legislators who are told of their resignation when they arrive at the House of Representatives. . . . Even worse is the case of one Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, in the presence of the chief of a Foreign European Mission, having asked his protocol chief why the sirens outside were blowing, was informed, "Your resignation has just been accepted."

Dr. Galindez traced Trujillo's rise to power from the time in 1924 when rebellion broke out in the north of the island. Trujillo headed the army sent to crush the rebels, but was "unable to find them." The rebels, unopposed, seized the capital, and then Trujillo joined them. By 1930, he had eliminated all competitors for power and had inaugurated "The Era of Trujillo."

"The enemies of Trujillo are accustomed to speak of his reign of terror; certainly the cases they mention are true and I have had occasion to know some of the recent victims," Dr. Galindez wrote in what seems an almost prophetic line. He continued:

But [Trujillo's] most powerful weapon of submission is hunger. Nothing can be done in the Dominican Republic without demonstrating not only that one is not an enemy of the government but a proven follower. Every official paper, including the passport, import permits, etc., has a line in which one must fill in the number and date of his affiliation in the Trujillo Party.

Symbolic of Trujillo's iron-clad rule, Dr. Galindez wrote, is the manner in which everything bears his

FRED J. COOKE, an occasional contributor to *The Nation*, covered the Galindez story as a reporter for the *New York World Telegram*.

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name. The capital, originally named after Columbus, is now Ciudad Trujillo in Trujillo Province, "adjacent to the Province Trujillo Valdes (after papa). There are other Provinces named Province Benefactor, San Rafael. The highest mountain is now called Trujillo Peak. . . . However, for me, the best of all remains the sign which I saw above the lunatic asylum in Nigua reading 'We Owe Everything to Trujillo.'"

The megalomaniac who has imposed his name on lunatic asylums and mountain peaks has laid careful plans for the perpetuation of his dynasty, Dr. Galindez found. "The last months have indicated clearly that Trujillo is thinking of the dynastic succession of his son 'Ramfis'—whom he made a colonel at five years of age, a general at nine and a major-general and chief of staff of aviation at twenty-four," Dr. Galindez wrote. He added that Trujillo has seated his brother in the Presidency and has crowned his own daughter as Queen Angelita I. Pictures in the New York press, distributed in connection with the current lavish Dominican fair and exposition glorifying the regime of Trujillo [see *The Nation*, January 14, 1956] show Queen Angelita garbed in an \$80,000 gown and wearing a \$125,000 crown.

THE one-family political party, the one-family state has been maintained, Dr. Galindez charged, by a twenty-five-year series of assassinations stretching over international boundaries and designed to eliminate all foes. In his book, as in his speech, Dr. Galindez cites the 1935 murder in New York of Sergio Bencomo—a crime for which Luis de la Fuente Rubirosa, a Dominican consular official and cousin of Porfirio Rubirosa, than a son-in-law of Trujillo and subsequently the international lover boy, was indicted. Before the indictment was returned however, Luis had returned to the Dominican Republic where, New York police were informed, he had the misfortune to meet with a fatal accident.

Then there was the 1952 New York murder of Andres Requena, publisher of an anti-Trujillo Spanish-language newspaper. Despite his enmity to Trujillo, Requena had been dealing with Dominican agents in the hope of bringing his mother



Generalissimo Trujillo

to New York. Trujillo agents were suspected of his murder, but Requena's dealings on both sides of the political fence made it seem equally possible that he could have been killed by friend or foe.

Other cases cited by Dr. Galindez were the assassination of Virgilio Martinez Reyna after the 1930 elections; the disappearance of Mauricio Baez in Havana in 1950, and the murder in Havana last August of Manuel de Jesus Hernandez. All "by their blood condemn this tyrant Trujillo, whose agents do not hesitate to commit their political crimes on foreign soil," Dr. Galindez wrote before he himself joined the legion of vanished men.

In the wake of Dr. Galindez' disappearance, New York police found in his apartment a note, dated October 4, 1952, in which he advised that, if anything ever happened to him, police should seek out his enemies in the Dominican Republic. Detectives were intrigued, too, by the fact that a Dominican freighter, in port at the time of Dr. Galindez' disappearance, put out to sea for five hours, then returned. Shipping-line officials explained that the vessel had had engine trouble and had had to put back for repairs. And there the mystery rests.

Dominican Consul General Aeturo R. Espaillat in New York, in an official statement, denied emphatically that his government was implicated in the Galindez case and suggested that Dr. Galindez had "disappeared of his own volition or was done away with by somebody within his own

group." He implied that the furore over Dr. Galindez' disappearance was Communist-inspired propaganda and emphasized that "Generalissimo Trujillo is a well-known and effective enemy of communism and a staunch and unwavering friend of the United States, with whom we have mutual assistance defense pacts, and at present [are] cooperating in the all-important guided-missiles program."

Washington has been noticeably reticent in the controversy. President Eisenhower, himself a former president of Columbia University where Dr. Galindez lectured, was asked about the case at a press conference more than a month after Dr. Galindez' disappearance. The President said he wasn't acquainted with the case and anyway the Justice Department would have no jurisdiction over agents in the Dominican Republic. It was then pointed out to him that the disappearance of Dr. Galindez off the streets of New York was an American, and definitely not a Dominican, mystery.

More recently the charges leveled by Dr. Galindez at the Trujillo regime in his last speech have been given new life by the action of that other Caribbean strong man, Batista, ruler of Cuba, in expelling the Dominican Ambassador on May 15. Cuban officials, in taking the action, charged that Dominican spies had killed a number of refugees from Trujillo who had sought sanctuary in Cuba.

IN THE final analysis, perhaps the definitive word on Dr. Galindez was spoken by Norman Thomas. After delivering the speech that the Basque scholar could not make in person, the veteran Socialist leader took cognizance of Trujillo charges that Dr. Galindez had been Communist-inspired. He said:

I knew him for many years. He was anti-Communist, a Spaniard and a Roman Catholic, a man of learning, of integrity, of devotion to freedom and to truth. It is a disgrace to us of the 'free world' that in our greatest city he could not be safe. Moreover, Trujillo's apparent popularity in Washington, including his ability to obtain the services of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., as lawyer-lobbyist, ought to constrain us to sober thinking about the leadership of our United States in the supposedly 'free world,' the Western Hemisphere.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Against the Tide of Euphoria

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE.

By Nelson Algren. Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy. \$4.50.

A SINGLE PEBBLE.

By John Hersey. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

NUNI.

By John Howard Griffin. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

By Maxwell Geismar

THE REAL QUESTION for the novelist of this period is how to escape from the balm of moderation and the bane of normalcy. Perched as we are on the edge of the crater, it is only natural for the rest of us to close our eyes and pray—or to cling to whatever is banal and trite, customary and reassuring. Popular novelists, as well as politicians, have sensed this mood, and catered to the euphoria that masks our anxiety. The three writers above have chosen another way to handle this situation, and they have turned out three good novels.

This in itself is something to celebrate nowadays; and perhaps Nelson Algren's book seems so refreshing just because our other big-name writers have turned so sour. Algren has had his popular success with *The Man with the Golden Arm*, but instead of following the stars to Broadway and Hollywood, he has in effect joined Henry Miller at the bottom of the pile. *A Walk on the Wild Side* is a loose-jointed picaresque of the New Orleans underworld during the years of the depression. It is an ironical parody of the American success story, then and now. And appropriately, the tone of the book is no longer that of Marxist morality, which Algren shared with other writers in the 1930s, but often of ludicrous and demented farce.

If you get far enough under the norms of society, probably all morality is a farce. But unlike the "pinnacle of success," which is so difficult to sit on, there is room for

MAXWELL GEISMAR is the author most recently of *Rebels and Ancestors: The American Novel 1890-1915*, and a contributing editor to *The Nation*.

everybody down there, so Algren argues: there is time to live, to breathe and to laugh. Rather like Henry Miller, too, he is weak on such standard fixtures of the novel as human personality, or normal human relationships, or even a story line. But perhaps such things also don't matter in the sporting house on Perdido Street where the "hero" makes a living by displaying his sexual prowess. The book is filled with brilliant little profiles of very dubious characters indeed, with comic interludes of a Rabelaisian hilarity, with a deliberate sensationalism that is also a take-off on our notions of romantic love, and with passages of inimitable dialogue.

ALGREN'S danger is that his "inspiration"—exuberant, wild, outrageous as it is—sometimes runs away with him; sometimes the book seems to be only inspiration. John Hersey's craft is almost the exact opposite of this. He is a highly conscious writer of sensibility who measures each word and weighs every effect. I do not think *The Wall*—where he ventured out of his tradition and his own medium—was a "failure of the naturalistic method" or any of that nonsense. But it is true that both in *The Marmot Drive* and *A Single Pebble*, his writing is more effective. The earlier book was a cold-blooded parable of American fear and prejudice; the new one is a delicate fable of an American engineer who takes a trip up the Yangtze River in a Chinese junk during the early twenties. I mean the fable seems delicate; it is also dramatic and intense: a haunting parable of East and West that

Bird Song

in this indifference
is the universe

the bird song
brings on the sun
or the dawn like a Roman triumph
brings on
the song

HAROLD DICKER

may be the best work that Hersey has done.

The hero has planned in ~~it~~ up a dam on the great river. When he is through with the river people he meets on the voyage, he is not so sure; and meanwhile in the portraits of the ship's owner, his young wife, the head tracker, the cook, ~~we are~~ confronted with the values of an ancient culture that may survive—or transform—even the impact of science and technology. Both Hersey and Algren are really suggesting that there are other and perhaps better ways to live than either the official American way or the Russian way in the middle of the twentieth century. If our national euphoria is blind, it need not for that reason be sanctimonious.

THE ODD THING about the third of these novelists, the young Texas writer John Howard Griffin, is that his work hardly seems to have been written in the United States at all. He has avoided all the pressures of conformity by simply not noticing them. Like Algren and Hersey, he has by-passed all the deadening restraints in the present phase of our "free society." His first novel, *The Devil Rides Outside*, although published in Texas and given very little notice by the press, is probably the most original novel by a new writer in the last four or five years; it is still very much worth reading. The present tale, *Nuni*, is closer to a novelette—or a brilliant kind of nightmare that is horrifying, absorbing and ironic.

The hero, a respectable academic figure, is dropped by an air crash into the midst of a primitive Pacific tribe whose mode of life outdoes the worst of Jack London's south-sea savages. The problem is how a man can retain his humanity in the lowest human circumstances; which are described with humor and even with a kind of lingering tenderness. Technically the story is superb, since Griffin also discards other conventional props of the novel, such as women, sex, love, and yet maintains an immense narrative interest. The climax is a little heavy, but the story as a whole makes us uneasy and alert.

The Circular Pursuit

SURPRISED BY JOY. By C. S. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.

By May Swenson

CLIVE STAPLES LEWIS, author of eighteen books advocating Christianity, called the "Apostle to Skeptics" by Chad Walsh in his book of that name, now puts before us a volume illuminating the early part of his life. The widest beam, of course, is turned upon his spiritual adventures. His long drawn out and intricate conversion is fascinating because of his intellect and charm, plus the story-telling dexterity of a topnotch mystery writer.

As to autobiography, Lewis describes his upbringing in Belfast, Ireland, takes us through the "concentration camp" of an English boarding school with its insanely sadistic master, through prep school and thence to Wyvern College with its fagging system and its "house tarts"—these being "pretty and effeminate-looking boys acting as catamites to the seniors, usually 'bloods'"—meaning snobs. Lewis assures us "the vice in question was one to which I was never tempted; which indeed I still find opaque to the imagination." He gives a chapter to

MAY SWENSON, author of a book of poems, *Another Animal*, was awarded a Rockefeller Writing Fellowship in 1955.

his army career, his being wounded at twenty in World War I, stating that the war was an episode unimportant to his life. Where "worldly progress" is concerned, the book culminates with his appointment as Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he went on to teach for twenty-five years. He now, at fifty-nine, occupies the Chair of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge.

But it is not the flesh of events that is the real subject of his book. The plot, the game, the chase—Lewis employs all these metaphors—is his pursuit of Joy. The term is a technical one, he says, to be "sharply distinguished both from Happiness and Pleasure. . . . Its quality is that of an unsatisfied desire which is itself more desirable than any other satisfaction." Various solitary researches were undertaken and abandoned to track down its source: Wagner's music. Yeats's poetry and philosophy, dips into spiritualism, the occult and magic. Coleridge, Bergson, William Morris, G. K. Chesterton, even H. G. Wells contained, Lewis found, inklings of this source. He found its traces in close companionship with his brother as a child, in intense friendships with his tutors and others—never, however, unless deliberately left out, in a frank love relationship.

Indeed, something is left out—if this is an autobiography, which it

declares itself to be. Despite Lewis' prefaced apology for omitting "irrelevant" portions of his life, we cannot help but feel it is an evasion. This because, during portrayal of his atheistic period beginning at the age of fifteen, Lewis drops tantalizing hints about his sensuality, but keeps the curtain closed on any example. Then, he indicates that, once recognizing "the source from which those arrows of Joy had been shot at me ever since childhood" his absorption was such that carnal drives found no entry, at the same time maintaining that his religious search was "no disguise of sexual desire." We might reasonably expect Mr. Lewis to explain what his experiences "of the flesh" had, or had not, been, so that we could see for ourselves that the spiritual arrows were not a substitute for those of Eros.

WHILE Joy was the thing pursued, something else, to which Lewis the agnostic refers as "My Adversary," was pursuing him: "You must picture me, alone, in that room in Magdalen night after night, feeling, whenever my mind lifted even for a second from my work, the steady, unrelenting approach of Him whom I so earnestly desired not to meet. . . ." And, at the age of thirty-one: "In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed: perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in England. . . . [but] the hardness of God is kinder than the softness of men, and His compulsion is our liberation."

This reader felt, in the end, as if she had been led an ingenious route out and around and up the rainbow, to be finally let down in the old backyard. The pot of gold, when produced, turned out to be empty—empty, that is, of Joy. Lewis' real quarry, the skeptic, may feel duped when in the last chapter the very concept which has enchanted him in the book, which the author has convinced us was his own great lure throughout this section of his life, is repudiated with the words: "But what, in conclusion, of Joy? To tell you the truth, the subject has lost nearly all interest for me since I became a Christian. . . . I now know that the experience, considered as a state of my own mind, had never had the kind of importance I once

Man of My Time

(from the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Sei ancora quello della pietra e della fionda;
uomo del mio tempo. . . .

You are still the man of the sling and the stone,
man of my time. You were in the screaming plane
with the malignant wings, meridians of death,—
I saw you. In the war-carts of flame, at the gallows-tree,
at the torture rack—I saw you. It was you
with your science assigned to destruction,
without love, without Christ. You have killed again and again
as forever you killed, as your fathers killed,
as the beasts that gazed on you in the beginning killed.
And this blood smells as it did the day
the brother said to the other brother:
"Let's go in the fields." And that cold and gripping echo
reached you, reached you in the span of your day.
Forget, O sons, the clouds of blood
risen from the earth, forget your fathers:
their tombs fold, fold into ashes.
Black birds and the wind cover their hearts.

HAROLD ENRICO

gave it. It was valuable only as a pointer to something other and outer." Others will feel, of course, that he has triumphantly won his

point: the finding of the empty pot is the precursor to recognition of the real Grail. But these are not the readers Lewis has set out to address.

The King Danced With Her

LETTERS FROM MADAME LA MARQUISE DE SEVIGNE. Selected, Translated and Introduced by Violet Hammersley. Harcourt, Brace. \$6.75.

By Joseph Wood Krutch

LOUIS XIV tipped his hat to all women including the serving maids, but he massacred without compunction any of his humbler subjects who showed signs of dissatisfaction. Somehow or other the upper classes at least were hypnotised (the word is Harold Nicholson's) into accepting what all this suggests as a reasonable way of life based on a reasonable set of values. And no one fell more completely under his spell than the author of the most famous letters in the French or, perhaps, in any other language. Madame de Sévigné contemplated her great king with as much rapture as she read Pascal and though she never quite makes it clear how this could be possible she communicates incomparably the atmosphere of one of the queerest civilizations that ever existed.

The letters were written in the full realization that many of them would be read aloud to a charmed circle and their art is to conceal the art with which she seems to rattle on, mingling gossip, wit and sensibility with the steady outpouring of her affection for her cold, gambler-spendthrift of a daughter. That the king once danced with her and on another occasion talked for a few moments was at least as important as the fact that she was intimate with La Rochefoucault or that Corneille and La Fontaine might read new works aloud to her at the salon of her friend Madame de La Fayette—but this was important too. "I have this moment received the sad news of our poor little Marquis' illness. . . . I shall have no rest until I hear that he is improving. How greatly I

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pity you and M. de Grignan!" But also: "They've taken sixty bourgeois; they'll begin to hang them tomorrow. This province is a good example to others; above all it will lead them to respect their governors, not to abuse them and not to throw stones in their garden." The present volume is a substantial selection newly and very readably translated.

RAKE and GENIUS

THE NEW WORLD OF HENRI SAINT-SIMON. By Frank E. Manuel. Harvard University Press. \$7.50.

By Albert Guerard

HENRI DE SAINT-SIMON (1760-1825), descendant of Charlemagne, soldier, profiteer, rake, pauper, mental wreck, prophet; by some Binet-Terman tests a moron; by others a genius. Could never write a book: only pamphlets, letters, periodicals of unpredictable periodicity. After his death, his disciples founded the wildest "Church" in the wild Romantic era; and under Napoleon III ("Saint-Simon on horseback") turned into far-sighted, generous, practical businessmen. Our Captains of Industry (the term is his) at their best are Saint-Simonians without knowing it.

As "the most remarkable man of his times," he offered an alliance to Madame de Stael, "the most remarkable woman." She spurned it; and herself made exactly the same proposal to Napoleon, who banished her. Imagine the potentialities of such a *ménage à trois*: Saint-Simon's marvelous intuitions, sharpened by Madame de Stael's powerful intellect, and served by Napoleon's executive ability!

Frank E. Manuel is exactly the reverse of Saint-Simon: a scrupulous scholar and a realist. But he is too good a scholar to sneer at a power

ALBERT GUERARD is professor emeritus of comparative literature at Stanford University.

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of a different order; he seeks to understand; and there can be no understanding without some degree

of sympathy. A difficult and fascinating subject, handled with spirit, thoroughness and restraint.

Music

B. H. Haggin

AT THE Ballet Theatre's recent New York engagement one important new feature was the performances of Rosella Hightower and Erik Bruhn in the roles that used to be danced by Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch. Bruhn, executing his leaps and turns with disciplined elegance and noble style, was in every instance a satisfying and impressive replacement; Hightower's normal operation was an exuberant virtuosity punctuated by grand-ballerina-style poses, instead of the sustained continuity in plastic movement in which such poses are moments of emphasis and climax. Moreover, in the second act of *Giselle* the configurations of head, arms, torso and legs in the poses didn't always look right; and surprisingly enough there was a lack of the kind of projective force that would have made *Giselle's* exhibition dance in the first act the exciting thing it should be. The most effective dancing by Hightower that I saw was in the *Nutcracker pas de deux*, with its large-scale spectacular effects, and on the other hand in Balanchine's *Theme and Variations*, where she was held to the tightly continuous Balanchine invention. I will add that in one performance of *Theme and Variations* Lupe Serrano's more clearly and coherently outlined dancing was even more effective; and an important thing to report about this most distinguished piece in the Ballet Theatre repertory (the only Balanchine piece in that repertory) is that it was danced by the corps with restored precision, clarity and animation.

The restoration of the Tudor repertory, begun a year ago with the return of Nora Kaye and Hugh Laing to the company, continued with revivals of *Dim Luster* and *Undertow*, which I didn't see. But I can report that in *Romeo and Juliet* Kaye's lightness and quickness in the darting movements of the early scenes, her lyrical lifts in the bedroom and vault scenes, her dramatic projection throughout added up to

a completely and beautifully achieved performance, and that Laing's greater security in the sustained balances and slow turns of his role contributed to a much more effective performance of the work than last year's. Tudor's invention for the two leading characters is what I find imaginatively distinguished and interesting to see repeatedly in this piece—not those many details so ingeniously contrived for their pantomimic significance.

The restoration of the de Mille repertory continued with a revival of *Tally-Ho*, which may be unconvincing in story line and a little long and repetitious but contains much that is amusing in the de Mille manner. John Kriza and Muriel Bentley were as funny as ever in their old roles; and Sono Osato, in a guest appearance as the Wife, was charming. In addition *Thee Virgins* and *a Devil* was highly enjoyable as danced by de Mille herself, Lucia Chase, Barbara Lloyd and Enrique Martinez; but I continue to wish Kriza would not exaggerate the jauntiness of the Youth's saunter, which used to be done with such effective economy by Jerome Robbins.

DE MILLE also contributed one of the two new ballets, *Rib of Eve*, described as a morality play, which tells about a woman who alternates between her craving for the shallow involvements with the crowds of people who invade her home at her parties, and her revulsions against them, and who in the process exhausts the patience of the husband whose love isn't enough for her. The telling is done in choreographic terms which include some enjoyable dancing by large groups, a lovely *pas de deux* of the wife and husband, some amusing details in one of their arguments. The Hostess is a role tailored for Kaye, which she acted and danced effectively; and James Mitchell gave an engaging performance

as the Husband. Noisy music by Morton Gould; efficient scenic constructions by Oliver Smith; striking costumes by Irene Sharaff.

On the other hand Kaye was miscast as the captivating Operetta Star in the other new ballet, Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld*, the feebleness of which extended even to his choice of music, but not to René Bouché's set and Ruth Ann Koesun's dancing as the Debutante. (And though I didn't see Kaye in *Giselle* one perceptive and reliable spectator informed me that her first-act *Giselle* suggested some of the characteristics of her role in *The Cage*—which is certainly a remarkable achievement by "the foremost actress-dancer of our day," but one I am content not to have seen.)

Harold Lang's sockeroo First Junior Cadet was the worst feature of a brassy *Graduation Ball*, with Koesun working a little too hard as the First Junior Girl, and Susan Borree and Marlene Rizzo not justifying the stage excitement over the "Competition," but with Scott Douglas an excellent Drummer, and Serrano and Michael Lland elegant in the "Pas de deux." Among other older works that I saw, *Billy the Kid* and *Fancy Free*, two of the best, again exhibited little changes that call for a cleaning up of the pieces by their choreographers. In these, and in the remarkable *Caprichos*, Kriza, though not entirely secure in some of his dancing, revealed himself to be still one of the company's outstanding performers. It is worthy of note that *Caprichos* was given only once; and I will mention as a commentary on the ballet audience and its manners that sitting on the wrong side of the aisle I had the first two of the four scenes cut off from view by the solid procession of people returning late from the Sherry bar.

Coming Soon

The Mandarins

by Simone de Beauvoir

reviewed by Iris Murdoch

A Discord of Trumpets

by Claud Cockburn

reviewed by Kingsley Amis

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

I HAD NOT thought of writing a London "letter," because the more interesting plays now running—among them Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors*—will probably be presented in New York eventually, and more especially because I have frequently expressed my general views on the English stage.

Seeing Enid Bagnold's *The Chalk Garden* again in a production which is neither better nor worse than the one in New York but different—and chiefly remarkable, I think, for Peggy Ashcroft's striking performance—has changed my mind. The circumstances of the play's London production and the very nature of its material seem significant to me.

The Chalk Garden is a parable of England today. The old genteel tradition, represented variously by the play's central character and her invisible and moribund butler named Pinkbell, can no longer produce any viable flowers because its soil has turned to chalk. At the end of the play, it is suggested that the mistress of the house whose garden is her chief concern may be able to grow some of the flowers she cherishes with the aid of the outcast who has come into the house as an attendant-nurse or servant. This strange woman, who represents the romantic impulse, the accidental and wayward in life, what at any rate is unaccounted for by ritualistic and rational codes, believes that the garden may still be rendered fertile through patience, care, imagination and still uncharted methods.

What the household and consequently the garden lack most of all is love. "I have made a muddle of the heart," says the grand dame. By lack of true affection she has alienated her daughter and muddled her granddaughter. She runs her home, which no fresh life touches except when the windows are smashed by the games of the working-class kids playing in the street outside, according to a protocol whose tenets she no longer understands. She still has "style," means and a certain eccentric flair and distinction, but she has

June 2, 1956

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become increasingly arid, unproductive.

The English theatre today is a little like this chalk garden. What it does best are traditional pieces: Sheridan's *The Rivals*, a revival with Alec Guinness of an old—one might say classic—French farce by Georges Feydeau, Shakespeare sometimes. The outstanding production at the Old Vic at this moment is Tyrone Guthrie's treatment of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, but it is more a brilliant exercise in stagecraft (the play is embodied in the habit and tone of middle-Europe circa 1912) than a recreation of the Shakespearean vision. A certain admirable deportment and ingratiating stage aplomb are always present on the English stage, but fresh or strong impulses are now rare.

This is generally admitted by the English themselves. One of the leading critics holds the American theatre up as a model for the English to emulate. Another critic evinces considerable enthusiasm for the French. I was present at a supper party which developed into an astonishingly virulent debate—"row" would probably be the more descriptive

word—in which a prominent English actor, one of the aforementioned critics and an important London manager were the principal participants. The actor defended the English theatre. The critic and the manager attacked it. "The American theatre is fifty times better than the English," one of them said. To which the somewhat exasperated actor challenged with an equivalent of "if you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?" "We wish we could" was the astonishing retort.

My own conclusion from my experience here is rather different from that of the several troubled gentlemen. One of the causes of the present "backwardness" of the English theatre is an underestimation on the part of English theatre people themselves—chiefly the managements—of the taste of the British public. It is not that the managements are too "commercial" but that they are somewhat retarded in their notions as to what may prove "commercial."

The Chalk Garden itself, in my opinion the best new English play in London, and—as I have indicated—eminently English in theme, was turned down by local managements

and first produced (at a loss) in New York, while it has become a great box-office success here. Another hit is the Anouilh play already mentioned: it was rejected by the "regular" managements and first produced at the Arts (a club or subscription theatre) before it was moved to the West End. *Waiting for Godot*, also first produced at the Arts, proved profitable at the larger Criterion. *Tiger at the Gates*, much appreciated in London, was available for production back in 1936 but was produced here only at the instance of an American management.

The English theatre-going public is surely ready for what a courageous and knowledgeable management could give it. What is needed—and what such people as the desperate critic and manager of my story might contribute to—is the enthusiasm, joyous fanaticism, headlong energy, serious study and shrewd up-to-date-ness of judgment which has characterized some of the Americans from the days of Arthur Hopkins and the Old Theatre Guild onwards. Troubled times are the proper time for work and hope and renewal.

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A ballot will appear in the June 16 issue—and only in that issue—and all readers are urged to watch for it. It will be a simple and comprehensive ballot which will enable you to register your reaction to any of the likely alternatives that you will face in November.

Since *Nation* readers form an important nation-wide audience and constitute a bellwether of the real liberal vote, their views will carry weight.

Watch for the June 16 issue and fill out and return the ballot.

Letter From Rome

William Weaver

PAESE-SERA, the smartest of Rome's Communist daily papers, has had plenty to write about recently: President Gronchi's visit to France, and that of B. and K. to London, the forthcoming Italian city elections, the bad weather, the situation in Algeria. And yet, every Friday it regularly devotes an entire page (Italian papers seldom run to more than ten pages) to an almost word-for-word account of the preceding evening's installment of *Lascia o raddoppia* (Double or Nothing). This is the weekly television program modelled on *The Sixty-four-Thousand-Dollar Question*, which for the past five months has been diverting a considerable amount of Italian interest and conversation from customary channels.

Italy is a talkative nation, a nation of lawyers and philosophers, and the impact of *Lascia o raddoppia* on the country has been typically Italian,

despite its purely American origin: it was transported here by its popular MC, Mike Bongiorno, an Italo-American radio announcer. Though the maximum prize is far less than the stake for its American equivalent (5,120,000 lire or about \$8,500), Italy is a poorer country and it is hard to find candidates sufficiently sporting to take it all as a game. Certainly, the Italian public does not take it as a game, as any casual discussion makes clear.

The first weeks, when nobody had yet won the five million, it was common to hear people say that the show was rigged, that the RAI (Radio Italiana) had no intention of giving away its money. When, shortly thereafter, a film publicity man named Luciano Zeppigno won the maximum by answering a three-part question on the history of architecture, many people said—even in print—that the question had been purposely

made easy, though university professors confessed that they might not have been able to answer it. Several defeated contestants have brought suit against the RAI, some of them claiming that their answers were right and the Radio's wrong, others claiming that the Radio's questions were not pertinent to the field which they had elected. Italy is also a nation of law suits.

In all this, *Paese-Sera*, which is quick to climb on a bandwagon, has taken *Lascia o raddoppia* to its heart as a truly popular, proletarian manifestation, even though so far most of the candidates have been solid middle-class school teachers or doctors. In addition to its regular Friday account of the program, the paper runs biographies of the contestants, prints a regular column on Roman monuments by winner Zeppegno and another on numismatics by a popular, but unsuccessful contestant; and in the last few weeks, the editor has sent one of his best feature writers to tour the country interviewing disgruntled, rejected applicants to the program. Since an average of 200 people a day write to the RAI, announcing that they are experts on football or Italian opera or cooking, the reporter doesn't have to search hard for people to interview; but so far he hasn't turned up anybody who seems more interesting than the contestants currently enjoying their brief hour of national glory on the little screen.

The Italian Radio is extremely sensitive to criticism, both by *Paese-Sera* and by other publications representing the 200,000 set owners, because finally, after two years of television in Italy, it has a hit. When *La Televisione Italiana* was inaugurated on January 1, 1954, it enjoyed for some months the success of any novelty. At that time, it was not unusual here in Rome to see groups of twenty or thirty fascinated viewers clustered around a TV shop window, where inside a glowing screen revealed only the word *INTERVALLO*, sometimes for an hour or more between the afternoon and evening programs. But once this initial burst of interest was over, the public calmed down, and those who had bought sets found themselves faced with a single channel. They were a captive audience, and in those first months they were often forced to see the worst refuse of the Amer-

ican TV, dubbed into Italian. The antics of Stuart Erwin, as an American high-school principal, and his bratty children were often downright incomprehensible to an Italian family, which would never have sent their children to that high school and would have packed off Erwin's brood to the nearest loony bin. Though, of course, their batty carryings-on were here accepted as a true sample of the American way of life.

Original programs were faced with the same problems they faced at first in America: good actors and actresses were reluctant to appear before the cameras, and directors were always inexperienced and often unimaginative (they have now gained in experience, but that's about all). Since "live" opera is available in one form or another at some point of the year in almost every Italian hamlet, viewers had some standards by which to judge TV's operatic attempts, which, with two or three exceptions, were clumsy and inartistic. The Italian viewer would logically prefer a mediocre performance in a real theatre, with the color and smell and size proper to opera, to a mediocre performance on television.

THE MOST successful programs have been on-the-spot transmissions of newsworthy events like the winter Olympics at Cortina or the Kelly-Rainier wedding or a performance from some Italian theatre by a touring star like Lionel Hampton, who was here recently, or an opening night at La Scala or the Florence Festival. But these events are not frequent enough to satisfy the traditionally critical Italian public. *Lascia o raddoppia* at least has the advantage of interesting most of the people most of the time; but it accounts for only an hour a week.

Instead of creating new programs or a new channel, RAI is creating new audiences. At first TV was available only from Rome to the north. At Christmas it was extended to Naples. Next year it should arrive in Bari, and shortly after that should extend to the rest of the south and to Sicily and Sardinia. Each of these extensions will probably give TV a boost; but at best, they are stop-gaps. This winter, the administration of *Televisione* was shaken up, and Mario Labroca, one of the heads of the Radio here in Rome, was sent to Milan to inject

new life into the programs. So far, things seem unchanged, except for the giveaway program's triumph. But *Paese-Sera* is already predicting a swing of public interest away from *Lascia o raddoppia*, and when that happens, Italian TV will be in hotter water than ever.

DISSENT

A non-party, democratic socialist, anti-communist (112 pp.) quarterly. In the Spring Issue:—

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Monday, June 4

THE GENERAL'S ESCAPE (ABS; TV Reader's Digest). Dramatization of the spectacular (excuse the expression) escape of French hero Henri Giraud from a Nazi prison to lead Free French forces in the occupation of North Africa.

Tuesday, June 5

THE MAJOR OF ST. LO (ABC; DuPont Cavalcade Theatre). Story of another World War II hero, Major Tom Howie, and his part in the Normandy invasion; presented in observance of the twelfth anniversary of D-Day (June 6).

Wednesday, June 6

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Saturday, June 8

THE GRAND TOUR (NBC; Max Liebman Spectacular). Musical version of Elmer Rice's play, with Keith Andes and others.

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Sunday, June 3

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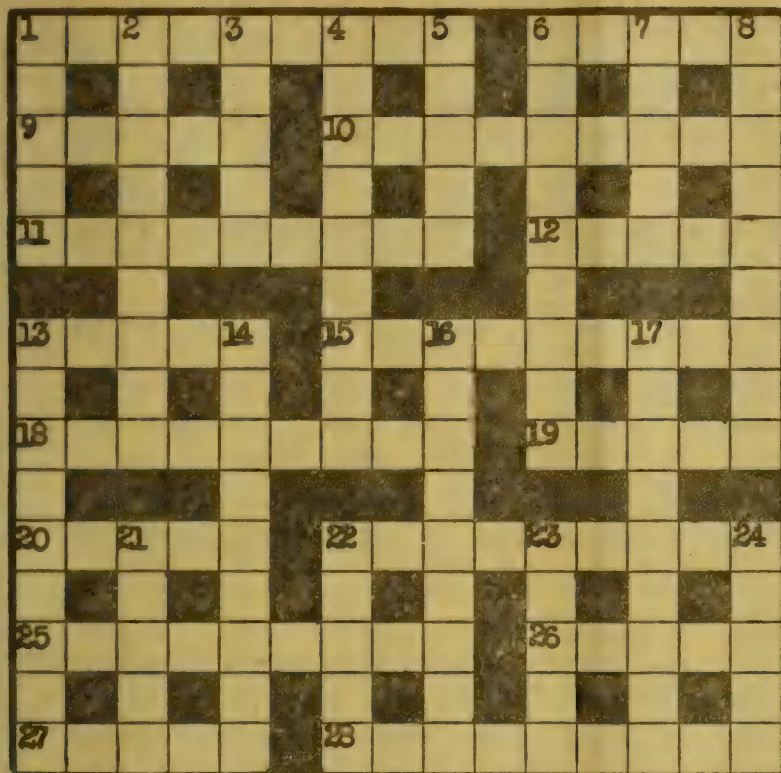
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Crossword Puzzle No. 674

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 What Lizzie used before ten leads to mother having a nervous disorder, it's self-evident. (9)
- What a lousy carriage! (5)
- 9 Act in a rut, in ■ way, like one family. (5)
- 10 Might have been ■ way to contain ■ spasm, once. (9)
- 11 This puts the spectator right in the picture. (9)
- 12 Evidence of part of the harness. (5)
- 13 Bury for most of the season. (5)
- 15 Came back with a new suit, perhaps. (9)
- 18 The new position of a setter in prospect. (9)
- 19 Unbrageous, rather than pertaining to the blind! (5)
- 20 Millet was responsible for this with us, and it should look heavenly! (5)
- 22 The canter that is more of a leap. (9)
- 25 It is clean, perhaps, and should never yield. (9)
- 26 Fumes. (5)
- 27 Such ■ word is used on occasion. (5)
- 28 In the making of a hat, system implies colors. (9)

DOWN:

- 1 Lies far removed from 25 to get this sort of fun. (5)
- 2 With action rid of it, there might be no point without it. (9)

- 3 Polo associated with ■ peculiar carom? Properly so! (5)
- 4 He's surrounded by ■ sign in the storehouse. (9)
- 5 The merger of two small companies over ■ drink? (5)
- 6 Offensively conceited. (9)
- 7 Fruit of the aqua valerian. (5)
- 8 When the word of Caesar might have stood against the world. (9)
- 13 With tires, does this always bring a higher price. (9)
- 14 How one might act in the evening? (9)
- 16 The sort of thing that goes 'round in 11. (9)
- 17 Less hated when going on and on. (9)
- 21 You might ask for this back, if you want the bill. (5)
- 22 The subordinate part of an unusual edition. (5)
- 23 You'll find us more than once with ■ sort of this in 4 down. (5)
- 24 Phillips Brooks suggested you pray for powers equal to your this. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 673

ACROSS: 1 DUTY-BOUND; 6 QUASI; ■ OAKLAND; 10 NEAREST; 11 and 30 PANCAKES; 12 and 20 NORMAN CONQUEST; 13 PAIR; 15 PLATEFUL; 18 RUBBER; 23 and 25 GALLEON; 24 DUNDEE; ■ ROADBED; 29 HEADING; 31 APPRAISES. DOWN: 1 DROOP; 2 and 16 TAKING A POWDER; 3 BRAIN FEVER; 4 UNDERCUT; 5 DENIAL; 6 QUAY; 7 ABELARD; 8 INTERPRET; 14 TORQUEMADA; 15 PARAGORIC; 17 LORDSHIP; 19 BULWARK; 21 EYELIDS; 22 TUNDRA; 26 NEGUS; 27 EBBS.

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June 2, 1966



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THE *Nation*?

In the first four months of 1956, twenty-four articles from **The Nation** were reprinted in newspapers and magazines—five selections from editorials and articles were sent out by syndicates — thirty-one articles and editorials were quoted and commented on editorially.



This is not a complete record. It is based only upon such clippings as have been sent to us. But it indicates roughly the extent to which **The Nation** is quoted all over the world.



Some papers and magazines that have quoted from **The Nation** during the above period are: **Amrita Bazar Patrika** (Calcutta, India), **Argus** (Australia), **Christian Science Monitor** (Boston, Mass.), Dallas (Tex.) **Morning News**, Madison (Wis.) **Capital-Times**, **Mondo Operaio** (Rome, Italy), **Negro Press** (Chicago Ill.), **Railroad Labor** (Washington, D. C.), Riverside (Calif.) **Daily Press**, St. Louis (Mo.) **Post-Dispatch**, **Sekai** (Tokyo, Japan), Sydney (Australia) **Voice**, **Time Magazine**, **Times of India** (Bombay), Toronto (Canada) **Star**, Washington (D.C.) **Post**, Wellington (New Zealand) **Evening Post**, York (Pa.) **Gazette and Daily**.



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THE *Nation*

JUNE 9, 1956

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by T. Balogh

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by Mildred Gilman

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Letters

Vocal Poetry and Vocal Poets

Dear Sirs: Lawrence Lipton's Poetry and the Vocal Tradition in your April 14 issue, is a splendid, articulate and well-documented discussion of one of the most important—if not the most important—of critical questions today, the answer to which, on the part of the poets themselves, may well decide the future of poetry—not only what kind of future poetry we will have, but whether it will have a future at all.

LAWRENCE R. HOLMES
Editor, "The Poetry Public"

Chadron, Nebraska.

Dear Sirs: If we are to understand that "What distinguishes vocal poetry from both imagist and objectivist poetry is the free expression of emotions like pity and anger, and the fact that it voices opinions and ideas, often about such matters as war and social justice . . ." then we are to assume that at least this kind of poetry is itself a kind of drama. That may be. But poetry is not drama, rather it is a kind of formal statement about human experience. In an age which insists that art be presented as drama (in the bad sense of the word) or as a form of economic consumption (as opposed to the private act of cognition, through thought and judgment, and the values to be derived therefrom) we may be misled into an over-evaluation of the audible aspect of poetry. . . .

So it is that Mr. Lipton chooses to ignore these matters for a journalistic type of criticism, in which he takes a slap at the New Criticism (which generally insists that attention be directed toward the text) and to take the opportunity of hawking-forth an uninteresting commercial for the Activist Group.

ROBERT GREENWOOD
Editor, "Talisman"

San Jose, California.

Dear Sirs: My attention has been called to your issue of April 14, in which Lawrence Lipton honors me with an attack. . . . [implying] that I have never made "half an effort" to understand "modern" poets. . . .

The assertion that I oppose "all radical poetry" is either an ignorant or a wilful misstatement. . . . The term "radical poetry" is ambiguous; it may apply to verse that is radical either

in subject-matter or in construction. If Mr. Lipton means the former, he obviously has not made "half an effort" to read my prose books, whose prevailing point of view is far from conservative; he has not consulted my long poem, "The Pageant of Man," whose position is likewise the reverse of conservative; he has not seen my many commendations of the poets of social criticism, from Shelley to Masfield. . . .

What I do oppose—and Mr. Lipton would know this if he had made "half an effort" to consult my books and numerous articles on the subject—is verse that is but thinly disguised prose sliced into convenient lengths, verse that is crude in construction and raucous in sound, verse that is deliberately and unnecessarily obscure, verse that is pretentious, affected and insincere. If any of the above represents Mr. Lipton's definition of "radical poetry," he is quite correct in saying that I do combat such poetry in a rear-guard action—and in a left-guard action and a frontal attack and every other form of assault.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Editor of "Wings"

Mill Valley, California.

Mr. Lipton's Answer

Dear Sirs: Poetry is all the things Mr. Greenwood says it is and is not, including drama, which he excludes, and a lot more. All I was concerned with was to show what sort of poetry is in the vocal tradition and what is not. Much of what is touched by the New Criticism is book culture and stands, in the particulars I mentioned, in opposition to the vocal tradition. The Activist Group, by the way, has been inactive for some years and its organ, "Number," has ceased publication. I was never connected with it.

As for Mr. Coblentz, I merely wanted to make sure that the writers of "prop-room poetry," as John Ciardi calls it, would not embarrass me with their support. What Mr. Coblentz publishes in "Wings" needs none of the championing he is constantly giving it. It still finds well-heeled buyers and millions of readers in the mass-circulation magazines—if they can dig it out between the ads. Any attack against it on critical grounds would be like flogging not a dead horse but an aged and limping one that is still Aunt Hattie's pet—millions of Aunt Hatties. Or, in the sort of metaphor Mr. Coblentz's poets prefer, a wind-broken and wingless Pegasus. But when Mr. Coblentz steps out of character and calls him-

self a champion of "radical" poetry "from Shelley to Masfield"—how does Mr. Coblentz stand on Fifty-four forty or fight! or the Greenback issue?—and cites (in "Poetry Today: Fire and Fog") poems by William Carlos Williams, Kenneth Patchen, James Boyer May, Jose Garcia Villa and E. E. Cummings as horrible examples labeled "This is NOT Poetry," I can only say with Cummings' Olaf, the conscientious objector, "There is some s . . . t I will not eat."

LAWRENCE LIPTON

Venice, California.

Without Advertising

Dear Sirs: Prolonged advertising by big-business sponsors reminds us constantly of our lack of real freedom in the choice of TV entertainment. What freedom of selection have we when both parties are dependent on wealthy monopolies for their campaign funds?

There are a few educational TV channels now. But if our Seattle Channel 9 is an example, they are too weak to compete successfully, at least in fringe areas, with the commercial stations. Shouldn't we insist that state legislatures appropriate generous amounts for these channels? And shouldn't the chief function of the "public" channels be to give us a view of public business? If Congress and state legislatures were constantly performing in our living rooms, we might get to know various individuals so well that campaigning, no matter how well subsidized, would have little effect.

MRS. BETSY HEMENWAY

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The Nation's Presidential poll ballot will appear next week, the issue of June 16 (see explanation on page 500 of this issue).

The Shape of Things

Glorious Summer

A glorious summer of complacency has followed on a winter of discontent. In Florida, voters shook hands amiably with Adlai and Estes, yawned, and went fishing; only about half as many turned out to vote at the conclusion of this monumentally silly campaign as voted in the earlier primary for local offices (see page 483). In the New York *Herald-Tribune*, Roscoe Drummond reports that the Republicans are worried that the San Francisco convention will be a dud. Whatever the President wants, he will get—including Dick Nixon. "No fights over delegates, no controversy, no conflicts. . . . How to make a convention interesting to the voters when all the decisions are obvious in advance?" In a parallel column, David Lawrence reports that national politics are topsy-turvy; the slogans and the crusades don't seem to be working out. "There are plenty of words spoken on the stump," he writes, "but so far as any thorough presentation of basic issues is concerned, the campaign is still nebulous—or perhaps, only 'titular.'" Can it be that a huge bipartisan majority confidently expects Mr. Eisenhower to be reelected but doesn't really care very much whether this happens or not? Is this glorious complacency simply an early June phenomenon or does it represent a new and heightened version of the complacency, confidence and who-cares attitude that prevailed during the high-level prosperity associated with the name of Calvin Coolidge? Reactions will vary but this apathy of the moment prompts us to batten down the hatches and keep a sharp eye out for the storms to come.

The Sheriff and the Bad Man

Reluctantly the French continue to kill Algerian rebels in a war they cannot win; the more they kill, the more disaffection spreads among the French Army Reservists being called up for service in North Africa. In South Korea, the anti-Rhee opposition rolls up an impressive vote in the May 15 election and spokesmen for neutral embassies in Seoul are widely quoted to the effect that the South Koreans are getting tired, very tired, of living in a police state. On Cyprus, the British kidnap Archbishop Makarios, execute hostages, and unleash a Black-and-Tan terror that matches the savagery, and stupidity, of their reprisals against the Mau Mau in Kenya. Yet American opinion fails to focus on

these and any number of similar situations; the event may be noted but its meaning does not register.

Can it be that we fail to assess the meaning of such events because we have been conditioned for so many years to keep our attention riveted on Moscow as the prime source of the world's fevers and alarms? The Sheriff who kept his eyes tightly glued on the swinging saloon doors through which the Bad Man was expected to emerge with both guns blazing often failed to see the other less publicized bad men who were shooting up the town. At times we act as though the Russians were the only disturbers of the peace. Somehow the Sheriff should be shaken out of his trance and made to realize that merely keeping the Bad Man covered does not always preserve the peace.

"Curbing" the Court

A number of meanings may be found in the current campaign by a group of the more odious right-wing Republicans and Dixiecrats to enact legislation which would "curb" the Supreme Court by setting aside the so-called "pre-emption doctrine" which the Court relied in declaring the Pennsylvania Sedition Act unconstitutional. The Dixiecrats realize that they are losing the fight against desegregation; the right-wing Republicans sense that the witch hunt is abating. By joining forces under the "states' rights" banner, both factions hope to strengthen a covert alliance which has been responsible in the past for blocking civil-rights legislation and for the enactment of a series of measures restricting civil liberties. This coalition, which the late Senator Taft put together in 1938, has been jeopardized recently by the sharpness of the civil-rights issue. Right-wing Republicans from Northern states cannot afford to oppose desegregation no matter how eager they may be to assist their Dixiecrat coalitionists; but they can, of course, join the Dixiecrats in a campaign "to curb the Court." Conversely, the Dixiecrats realize that it is easier to attack the Supreme Court on the charge that it is "soft on communism" or that it is "usurping legislative functions," than on the score that it is safeguarding the civil rights of Negroes. By making common cause in defense of "states' rights," both factions hope not merely to reverse the trend of decision in civil-rights and civil-liberties cases but to force the Court to uphold various state right-to-work laws which are now endangered by the precedent in the Nelson case.

This self-evident plot is not likely to succeed. Unwittingly, the bipartisan plotters have ended the dichotomy between civil rights and civil liberties; the issues

are now one. Northern "liberal" Democrats who might like to impose a "curb" on the tendency of the Court to protect the civil liberties of unpopular political minorities will hesitate to vote for a curb which also has strong anti-labor and anti-desegregation implications. Eisenhower Republicans will be influenced by much the same considerations. As a consequence, the right wings of both parties, by joining in an open alliance aimed at "curbing" the Court, will only further alienate the liberal and moderate elements in their respective parties. At the same time, the authority of the Supreme Court's decision in the desegregation cases—and its prestige generally—will be enhanced by reason of the fact that it has drawn the fire of a united front made up of Senators Eastland, McCarthy, Jenner and Bridges, assisted by Representatives Francis Walter and Howard W. Smith, and seconded, so to speak, by a renegade Democrat and former Justice of the Supreme Court, James F. Byrnes. Such a cabal of malcontents is not likely to convince the public that the Supreme Court needs curbing.

Managing the News

No doubt Mr. Dulles had reason for being disturbed by the failure of the Republican Party in Wisconsin to endorse Senator Wiley for re-election; any evidence that isolationism is being revived should not be taken lightly. But one may question the fairness of the State Department's concurrent action in releasing a set of sixteen-year-old documents purporting to tie certain isolationist Republicans to the Nazi propaganda drives of 1940. In making the 534 captured German documents available, the State Department gave reporters only forty-eight hours in which to read and abstract them; ordinarily the lead time runs to two weeks. The documents were published in the press the same day that Senator Wiley's rejection was reported. Spokesmen for the department said there was nothing "sinister" about the short notice or the release of the documents at this time. All the same the incident gives point to Eric Sevareid's comment last week that while this Administration is not the first to practice the subtle trick of "managing the news," it is the first to raise this practice to the fine art it is today.

Senator Morse's Rose

Ever since some constituents in Oregon presented him with a bouquet of roses for his twenty-two-hour filibuster against the tidelands-oil bill, Senator Morse has made a practice of putting a rose in his lapel when he means business about the subject under debate. Last week the rose was in his lapel. To the astonishment of his colleagues, he delivered a scorching attack on two provisions of the proposed narcotic act: one authorizing wiretaps and the other permitting the imposition of the death penalty on those convicted of selling heroin to juveniles or persons convicted three

times for smuggling heroin. The two provisions were merely the more offensive portions of a generally idiotic bill (see comments of Dr. Alfred Lindesmith in last week's issue). It is characteristic of this sleep-walking Congress that the bill was scheduled to pass the Senate without debate and would have done so but for Senator Morse's timely intervention. The wiretapping provision has now been eliminated and the death-penalty section will probably be killed in conference. Both provisions reflect a striking tendency on the part of legislators nowadays: to invoke strong remedies for social problems on the assumption that if Congress "cracks down" hard enough it can solve any problem. Saved by the grace of Morse from making fools of themselves, the sponsors of this bill should take advantage of the interlude to reconsider the entire measure.

Is This the Reason?

Why is the Administration so reluctant to channel economic aid through the United Nations? *Business Week*, in an editorial in its May 26 issue, suggests the reason. "For the U. S. it is not a question of wanting to attach strings to a U. N. aid program. The basic consideration is that we must be sure that our help is for friends and not for possible enemies. The plan is unacceptable to the U. S., no matter how attractive it may be to other nations." But suppose some "unfriendly" nations did receive some measure of aid through the U. N.? Would this be bad?

On the one hand, we keep saying that these unfriendly nations can't be trusted to keep their agreements; but if this is true, then it might be a good idea, one would think, to create some inducements for them to observe whatever agreements we might want to execute. Conversely, if we let it be known that we oppose the extension of U. N. aid to these countries because they are "unfriendly," that is, because we don't trust them, is it assumed that this intelligence will make them keep their agreements more honorably? In short, do we want them friendly or do we want them to remain unfriendly? True, we must meet the "Soviet challenge"—that is, we must compete in coexistence—but we can never compete effectively if it is coexistence we fear.

CIVIL-RIGHTS ISSUE

Watch for a special issue early in July on Jim Crow, civil rights and the enforcement of the Constitution of the United States. The issue will present a complete picture of the civil-rights crisis which has gripped the country and will point the way to its solution.

FLORIDA BEACHHEAD

A Slim One for Adlai . . by Bert Collier

Miami

RETURNS from Florida's Presidential preferential primary failed to settle anything. Supporters of both Democratic hopefuls wound up with a feeling of frustration. After an all-out campaign in which both Adlai Stevenson and Senator Estes Kefauver hit the hustings with the ardor of candidates for precinct committeemen, they came out virtually even. Winner Stevenson polled only 51 per cent of the vote in the closest preferential primary in Florida's history.

True, Stevenson has twenty-two of the state's twenty-eight electoral votes in his pocket. But the narrow popular-vote margin was a bitter disappointment to his supporters, which included the entire state party hierarchy, the solid Congressional delegation—with the exception, of course, of the state's lone Republican, effective Representative William Cramer of St. Petersburg—and a potent group of behind-the-scenes political leaders. Kefauver's camp was populated largely by enthusiastic amateurs, with the exception of a few pros such as Jacksonville's Mayor Haydon Burns. They almost carried it off.

Florida voters, generally, were surprised by the heat developed in the primary. About half as many turned out to vote as had in the first primary three weeks earlier when state and local offices were at stake in the balloting.

Kefauver, in one of his last Florida press conferences, said defeat in Florida would be a serious blow for either contender. The candidate who lost both Florida and California would be "virtually" out of the race, he said. The candidate who took both would go into the national convention with commanding prestige.

Aside from these considerations, there was another angle. Four years



ago Kefauver offered himself in the Florida primary. Fresh from his Crime Commission triumphs, which included the smashing of the sinister S & G gambling syndicate on Miami Beach, he carried most of the state's politically liberal areas. But he lost out to Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, who campaigned on the South's favorite issue of state's rights. Russell nailed down victory by the votes of the "wool hat" sections, largely adjacent to Georgia and Alabama. That defeat nettled Kefauver, who badly needs Southern support, and frequently refers to himself as the South's candidate.

Kefauver's keen desire for the Florida endorsement, therefore, made it imperative for Stevenson to win. Stevenson did not offer four years ago. This time there was no states' rights challenge for the Tennessee Senator, and had Stevenson not entered the race, Kefauver would have taken Florida in a breeze. Stevenson's supporters knew they had to win, and win decisively.

With such high stakes, both men campaigned hard. For more than three months, Kefauver and Stevenson popped into the state at every opportunity. Instead of contenting themselves with a couple of major speeches, they hit the villages and crossroads, spoke whenever they could get a handful together. Stev-

enson adopted Kefauver's handshaking technique, visited barbecues, fish-fries, school graduations and strolled the main streets of cities and towns. Kefauver stepped up the frenetic pace of his campaign to meet the challenge. In the closing days, he often rose at 4 A. M. to shake hands with sleepy-eyed buyers and sellers at the farmers' markets.

Startled Floridians found themselves bombarded with talk about issues that failed to strike home. They were not accustomed to such personal campaigning for such an exalted office. The average hamlet group remained unmoved by the charge that Stevenson once represented a large corporation in litigation over monopolistic practices. This was not the free-wheeling, rock-and-sock campaigning, on no particularly startling issue except personalities, that most Florida voters enjoy.

BUT the campaign came close to a backyard brawl at that—over the red-hot issue of segregation. In the final days Kefauver charged that Stevenson was using "smile and sneer" tactics—smiling and saying nothing while his Florida supporters hammered away at a segregationist theme. He referred particularly to Millard Caldwell, former Governor of Florida and former head of the Civil Defense Administration. Caldwell, a veteran of Florida's political wars, introduced Stevenson at a state capitol rally. He attacked Kefauver as "psycho-addled" and a "left of liberal integrationist."

In accepting Caldwell's support and failing to disavow such tactics, Kefauver said, Stevenson was acquiescing in the appeals of "an out-and-out segregationist." But in Cali-

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BERT COLLIER, an occasional contributor to The Nation, is on the staff of the Miami Herald.

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formia, the Tennessee Senator declared, Stevenson likewise smiled and said nothing while Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt spoke powerfully in his behalf as an integrationist. "Mr. Stevenson, by these tactics, gives the impression of being a dual-personality candidate," Kefauver said.

Kefauver carried the ball with an assault on Stevenson's record, particularly on the question of old-age assistance, big business and civil rights. The Senator charged that Stevenson, as Governor of Illinois, had vetoed part of the appropriation act which would have given senior citizens a 10 per cent increase in their state assistance checks. Stevenson replied that the charge was distorted. His veto was necessary, he said, because the legislature, controlled by Republicans, failed to provide the funds. Kefauver also

hammered away at his theme of encouraging small business. It had almost no effect.

Actually there was little difference between the two men in their stand on major issues. This was brought out strikingly in their joint appearance on television. Labelled as a "debate," it turned out to be a series of statements, followed by a "you are right, but . . ." responses. The areas of agreement were so large that the minor differences went unnoticed.

The outcome of the primary in Florida raised doubt as to the value of this type of personal campaigning for this office. Perhaps, if only one candidate had used the handshaking, back-slapping technique, the result might have been different. Since both shook hands by the thousands and covered areas normally visited only by candidates for neighborhood

office, it was a standoff as the vote indicates.

Political writers who toured with the candidates saw in the lack of public interest that Florida again will go for Eisenhower. This is something else again. Certainly Florida is essentially a Democratic state. Except in the St. Petersburg area, the Democratic nomination still means automatic election in the fall. But party labels are becoming increasingly meaningless. Florida generally has no fault to find with the present Administration in Washington. Times are good, tourists and new residents still arrive in droves, property values increase spectacularly.

Chances are good that if either Stevenson or Kefauver bear the Democratic banner, Florida again will be for Ike. But in that race, if it comes about, there will be no apathy.

Nothing-To-Lose ZECKENDORF

There's Always the WPA . . . by David Cori

ONE WAY to get rich is to enter the most backward business you can find, think boldly and act friendly. William Zeckendorf chose real estate, which can prove it has more invested money (and less initiative) than any other business on earth.

Zeckendorf's company, Webb and Knapp, merged with Superpower and allied with Alleghany, is now the best known real-estate firm (if you can call it that) in the United States. In these notes it will hereinafter be referred to as "Zeckendorf." The abbreviation is standard practice in newspaper headlines which in the recent past have reported a wide variety of Zeckendorf news:

Item: A "Palace of Progress," to be built on the air over New York's Pennsylvania Station and to be the world's largest building, faded back into Zeckendorf dreamland. Options, plans, models and publicity had cost over a million dollars.

Item: An "Atomic City" to be

built in the air over the New York Central and Pennsylvania freight yards in New York's West thirties replaced the Palace in Zeckendorf twilight land. It included a permanent World's Fair, a television city and a heliport jutting over the Hudson River.

Item: In the still unoccupied air over New York's Grand Central Terminal, a Zeckendorf skyscraper might some day rise to eighty, a hundred stories.

Item: A month ago garden apartments on New York's Battery, within walking distance of Wall Street, appeared miraculously in Zeckendorf's mind's eye, complete with a round apartment house, the ambitious Helix design of his own staff.

Item: In San Francisco, a piece of Nob Hill has also awaited the round house but seems to have been jilted.

These riders in the sky were more than matched by current Zeckendorf dreams on the flat.

Item: In Washington, D. C., the District Planning Commission on April 4 approved a Zeckendorf plan, but without any commitment to let

him carry it out, to redevelop the derelict Southwest "Area C" (now half-white, half-colored) as better homes for 28,000 people, a rebuilt waterfront, a "cultural plaza" and a mall. The Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency had still to approve a \$32,000,000 loan.

Item: An unimproved plot of 11,600 acres in northwest Los Angeles in the Santa Monica range coyly waits for the city to expand in that direction, while carefully keeping its virginal tax status as "wild land."

Item: In the Florida Everglades, 65,000 acres (55 per cent Zeckendorf ownership) of swamp await development as range, farm and (possibly) oil wells.

Item: Between Dallas and Fort Worth, 5,000 acres costing \$10,000,000 await an industrial park and housing development costing another \$500,000,000.

Item: On the Mississippi, between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, 35,000 acres of Godchaux Sugar surplus land, 85 per cent owned by Zeckendorf, await the creation of a new industrial city. Half the area

DAVID CORI, formerly a Time-Life editor, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

has already been leased to Humble, Stanolind, Shell and Superior Oil for mineral rights.

Item: Downtown Montreal may get a going-over, presumably in collaboration with the Canadian National Railroad.

Item: Havana, Cuba, and Italy, very quietly, are mentioned. There was once a plan for a 990-acre, three-billion-dollar building in Manhattan whose roof would be an airport. And Zeckendorf owns a \$250,000 model of a vertical parking lot called Parkon which depends on hoisting apparatus which doesn't yet quite work.

CLEARLY a company doing *only* the kind of business given above is not in business. It is adding to the gaiety of nations, the inspirations of city planners and the agony of investors, but it is not in business.

And so, on May 1, 1956, Robert R. Young of Alleghany Corporation and the New York Central Railroad, put \$20,000,000 of Alleghany money into Zeckendorf for fifteen-year 5 per cent debentures and warrants to buy ten million common shares at \$2.50 a share, Zeckendorf to vote all the Alleghany common stock in return for a waiver of the accrued dividends on his second-preference shares through 1957, this last amounting to \$8,250,000. Zeckendorf also gets 75 per cent of the profits on any deals he can pull out of Central's "long-dormant" New York real estate centered in a square bounded by Madison and Lexington Avenues and 42nd and 50th Streets. Alleghany gets three men on Zeckendorf's board of directors and a share in his profits.

The deal, if studied a while, is a typical Zeckendorf operation, visibly giving up a lot and quietly getting back even more, if Zeckendorf stays breathing. Since Alleghany is not Zeckendorf's rich, indulgent uncle, it obviously believes he does something besides dream.

In fact, Zeckendorf's dream world mirrors a real world.

His Dallas dream is a reflection of work in progress on the Roosevelt Field industrial and shopping center at Hempstead, Long Island. This Zeckendorf development already has contracts with Pepsi-Cola, Fairchild, American Bosch, Sperry Rand, Flint & Horner, etc. and is 75 per cent completed. Its affiliated stock, bought



William Zeckendorf

Drawn by Oscar Berger

in effect for \$2 a share, is now worth in effect \$40, having been split 3-for-1. A glossy model of the shopping center is constantly being photographed for the architectural magazines and will be a reality by September. Roosevelt Field owns land for similar enterprises in Camden, New Jersey, and San Bernardino, California.

Another shopping center is under construction on eleven more expensive acres in Flushing, Long Island.

Atomic City may remain imaginary, but already very real is a new Zeckendorf building nearby, between Macy's and Gimbel's in New York, the result of ten years of silent buying. On the ground floor is the biggest Woolworth's in the country, which gives Zeckendorf 8 per cent of its sales volume.

Corresponding to the "riders in the sky" there is Denver's \$38,000,000 development, comprising a Statler hotel and the completed Mile-High Center which adds a twentieth of a mile to Denver's 5,000-foot altitude. A nearby store will have three underground parking levels.

And so on. The real creations of Zeckendorf are useful, profitable and generally a modest improvement on the landscape, though not on any giddy level of imagination. Behind the Zeckendorf projects, both real and imaginary, stand solid bread-and-butter winners such as, in Manhattan, Chrysler, Graybar,

Equitable, 40 Wall Street, Park, Ohrbach's, 383 Madison (Zeckendorf's G. H. Q.), 711 Fifth Avenue, the Lincoln hotel and the like.

Underlying the whole financial structure is Zeckendorf's breath-taking discovery that you can sell an investment in real estate over and over again by making use of Wall Street's breakdown of the risk characteristics into several categories such as the equivalents of common stock, first and second preferred, debentures, first-mortgage bonds, bank loans, warrants to buy common stock, etc., etc. To describe the simplest of Zeckendorf's deals along these lines would take a thousand words, perhaps interestingly, but this magazine is not *Fortune*. The man at the center must be a combination of lightning-calculator, river-boat gambler and sweet-talker.

TWO LITTLE words, "without recourse," describe most of the liabilities against Zeckendorf property. That is, in case of disaster, the investors can tear the property apart, but cannot tear apart Zeckendorf. If they look for him in the small print, he fades away like the Cheshire Cat.

Zeckendorf's peculiar empire includes in addition to the above holdings, five T-2 tankers, 50 per cent of a tramp-steamer company, the Hoboken Manufacturers Railroad, oil leases, a hundred 60 per cent

built Safeway Stores, and further properties in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Atlanta, Chicago, the Jersey water front, Philadelphia, Houston and Plattsburgh. He boycotts Boston because, he says, "Boston is going to go broke" on its "confiscatory" assessments and tax rates. He is also consultant for the Rockefellers and Time Inc.

MY first impression of Zeckendorf is that I am very glad not to be Zeckendorf. I don't even like to watch the aerialists at the circus. The Pauline-like Perils have hardly even been brushed in here. They terrified *Business Week* in a recent issue; they gave *Fortune* grave alarm a while ago, even though these two penetrating analysts were aware of the two beautiful words, "without recourse."

The secret must lie in the man.

Zeckendorf is a large man with a TV personality. The first impression is of somebody exploding with more than health. The shiny eyes and round ruddy face belong to a well-manicured Santa Claus bubbling with what he's going to give you for Christmas. Or again, he peers from under heavy lids like Alfred Hitchcock with a secret of exquisite horror. Or he is Tom Sawyer of Jackie Gleason trying unsuccessfully to conceal a colossal practical joke which will explode in due course. He is, in short, an emphatic man; his charm is therefore easily acceptable because it is familiar; but he knows that it is also disquieting and tamps it down now and then.

Zeckendorf once played tournament bridge, an exacting game that Santa Claus, Tom Sawyer and Jackie Gleason never aspired to. He can line up a large number of abstractions in his mind, see them clearly, juggle them around and build them into fourteen coherent patterns. *Fortune's* appraisal of the Zeckendorf personality, playing the usual light criticism with the right hand over the dotting chords of the bass, brings out the combination of camaraderie and brusquerie, the air of poise in

the midst of the cannonade, without evoking Napoleon. Yet anyone conducting so precarious a life would have to feel like Napoleon, so that this is no criticism.

The typical pattern of his operations can be read in Manhattan. He notably does not compete with the orthodox operators expanding northward. Instead, he has doubled back into the heart of the city (2 Park Avenue, Ohrbach's, Macy-Gimbel, the freight yards, Wall Street) and will predictably do something about the semi-derelict areas still untouched. Slums do not depress a man with a magic wand.

THE "riders in the sky," the publicity, the scale models, the armies of drawing boards, are not exactly waste motion. For one thing, they make Zeckendorf famous and exert a gravitational pull on other brokers, so that new deals are strewn in his path. For another, they serve the same purpose as lighting a cigar in a poker game.

To explain, Zeckendorf's coups should be separated into the visible and the invisible. Some of the latter eventually become visible; some certainly do not. He gave this rule away in a speech: "If the city decides it is going to build a park, it should condemn an area around the park and realize on the increased value. . . . I am against the windfall profit for the fellow who had nothing to do with the creation of increment."

One can safely assume that he feels at least as keenly against windfalls for sidewalk-superintendents watching his own operations. For example, everybody knows Zeckendorf's brilliant buying-out of the odorous slaughterhouses that once depressed Manhattan's East Side and his sacrifice of the plot (at an avowed

loss of \$35,000,000 profit) to the United Nations, through the Rockefellers. At U. N. ceremonies, everybody but Zeckendorf got thanked while the best he ever got was "two seats in the back." However, he also got permission to use an official U. N. etching on his stock certificates: not a bad prestige dividend.

Before the whole operation had become distressingly visible, he had quietly bought a good part of the surrounding area. In this case, he made no secret of it because he wanted to offer some of it to the city. In others, the latter part of the operation certainly does not become visible. It may not even get into the company portfolio. Zeckendorf's visible practice seems to be to do only one thing in an area. If he has any other interests, they seem to remain invisible.

Once he has put himself in position, the whisper of Zeckendorf interest typically swells to a roar. If the hullabaloo raises the market price only \$5 a square foot, he has a \$200,000 profit on every acre on which he holds options. (The usual block is about two acres.) It may then turn out that Zeckendorf is really interested in the area a few blocks further on, and the operation is repeated. It is never as simple as this, but the procedure has some of the characteristics of a horse race in which Zeckendorf is the bookie, the jockey, the judge and all the horses.

I have only admiration for this. My indignation is as "dormant" as New York Central real estate. Only professionals get burned, and not badly enough to hold it against Zeckendorf; he has virtually no enemies. Ultimately something very often gets built somewhere, and values go up and stay up.

Published articles about Zeckendorf are peculiarly unanimous in one respect. They evidently want to come to a conclusion about Zeckendorf, whether favorable or unfavorable, and they can't. Some bases for a conclusion are therefore offered here.



In case of a general collapse, Zeckendorf probably won't get hurt badly though a lot of other people may. "Without recourse" is a mighty armor. As against even a recession, Zeckendorf has been reducing short-term indebtedness by long-term borrowing, long-term financing (as mortgages) and selective liquidation. He actually regards his urban redevelopment plans as a hedge against depression in the sense that he thinks any depression government would have to employ or subsidize him as a matter of "pump-priming." In other words, he feels that if only he is in the right line of work, the

government will have to bail him out. He is already trying to look like the WPA.

Zeckendorf's visible works will continue to be a little more imaginative than most American building. His greatest benefit to America is undoubtedly his refusal to go along with the abandonment of the derelict centers of the great cities. He is capable of adding to the sum of small American happiness in other ways, for he loves the raw material of the land. If he keeps on wanting to build the highest or biggest building in the world, he will inevitably do it. As the Empire

State Building ushered in *The Crash*, his monster may well be just in time to welcome the next one.

The cruel probability is that anybody who does so many things, all rapidly and simultaneously, will never do anything really very good, even by pure chance. Zeckendorf shines only against the mediocrity of the competition. (One of his New York competitors, understood to be a Frank Costello front, is famous for hiring the cheapest architect he can find.) Multiplicity of effort is not the way to establish genius. The quality of dreams is more interesting than their quantity.

LEFT-WING REAPPRAISAL

Aftermath of Moscow . . . by J. Alvarez del Vayo

THROUGHOUT the labor movement and the Left in Europe a critical discussion is taking place which must eventually influence the politics of this continent and of the world scene. The main protagonists are the Socialist and Communist parties, but it involves rank-and-file workers as well as theorists and party leaders. And if the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party is the point of departure for the great debate, other factors play a role as well—not the least the vacuum created by the present world transition from cold war to a curious kind of peace in which disarmament conferences and H-bomb explosions alternate in making headlines.

This is indeed a strange interlude, politically, and may best be understood, perhaps, by an examination of the controversies now raging within the Communist and Socialist groups and their inter-party relations.

The Communists. The outward manifestations of Communist unrest in France are the brilliant polemics of the intellectuals—whether they be party members, near-Communists, or, like Pierre Hervé, men of independent mind whose independence has cost them their party member-

ship. Sartre, using *Temps Modernes* as his tribune, has ranged through all the "lessons" of the Twentieth Congress and concludes that while the French Communist Party has always been correct in its political thinking, it has been faulty in its application of that thought. The party, he says, has been handicapped by a kind of arteriosclerosis that has prevented the development of a creative Marxism adaptable to the changing scene. He thinks that, as far as the West is concerned, the "revolution" has been adjourned *sine die*. Hervé disagrees, and especially on the last point. In *La Table Ronde* he writes, "The revolution has not been adjourned. When the Communist Party of the Soviet Union removes the obstacles placed in our path by the dogmatists and feticists, it is always the revolution that will advance."

But more important than the verbal thrusts and counter-thrusts by the theorists is the ferment at work in the party cells which shows the depth of the change that has taken place not only in France but in the Communist movement all over Europe. Militant rank-and-filers want to know why, if Stalin himself has been attacked, their own local leaders should be considered immune. Basic tenets of the party, such as

Aragon's famous line in the effect that "to possess a membership card accords only duties, not rights," are coming under attack. The militants are asserting their right to know, to understand, to get answers when they pose questions. At the party's Central Committee meeting on May 9 and 10, party chief Maurice Thorez defended the right of members to discuss everything, provided they did so with a sense of "responsibility."

But once freedom of discussion is permitted, there is difficulty in limiting it. This is all the more true because of the prevailing feeling among Communists that current trends towards greater "internal democracy" will strengthen the party and facilitate that *rapprochement* with labor groups, and particularly the Socialists, which the Communists now want more than anything.

The question of party democracy and of a new form of *Front Populaire* will be high on the agenda of the French Communist Party Congress to take place in Le Havre next month. The militants, many of

The Nation's Presidential poll ballot will appear next week, the issue of June 16 (see explanation on page 500 of this issue).

whom are now arguing that the time has come for the party leadership to be vested in new hands, will have their say. And they will urge that the greater the revision of policy and tactic in their own ranks, the more likely the Socialist leadership—now dead set against cooperation with the Communists—will follow suit.

The Socialists. As political entities, the Socialists are still very powerful in Europe. The Social Democrats remain West Germany's second largest party; they are the dominating group in the governments of several of Western Europe's smaller countries; they gained in the last elections in France and increased their vote in Britain's recent municipal elections. In last week's Italian elections the Left Socialists' candidates gained. Nevertheless a profound *malaise* can be detected among the rank and file and among a growing minority of Socialist leaders. In France, the immediate cause of discontent is undoubtedly what is considered to be the very un-Socialist Algerian policy of the Socialist government. But the *malaise* goes deeper. There are many who feel that, on the whole, the record of European socialism since World War I has been a sad one, most conspicuously in its failure to counter effectively the Fascist menace. One way or another, the party has yielded its mass following among workers to the Communists; in most countries today its membership largely comprises civil-service functionaries, middle-class *intelligentsia*, professional people and a steadily decreasing number of proletarians.

Despite these facts, France's official Socialist leadership—and this holds true almost everywhere in Europe—remains stubbornly opposed to any kind of a deal with the Communists. Tactics as well as principles are involved in this decision. The very eagerness of the Communists for unity makes them vulnerable to hard bargaining, the Socialist policymakers believe, and they will continue to demand concession after concession. Meanwhile the leadership of the French Socialists, at least, believes that it has found a role to play as mediator between Communist and capitalist governments; this is the role that Foreign Minister Christian Pineau sought to carry out in Moscow during his recent



Guy Mollet

visit. It involves a kind of neutralism, a non-identification with any *Front Populaire*, which undoubtedly appeals to many Frenchmen.

It would appear that the Left Socialists are in the best position of any to engineer a Socialist-Communist *rapprochement*. But here again the past exercises an adverse influence. During the years of the bitter cold war between the two parties, the Left Socialists were hounded by both—denounced as an element of “confusion” by the extreme Left and as “traitors to socialism” by the official Socialist leadership. In turn, some of the Left Socialists reacted with more emotion than reason, particularly to the attacks from the Communists, and became more “anti-Red” than even their right-wing comrades.

But there still exists a group of Left Socialists, adhering to the principles of genuine socialism, who want neither to become an appendage of the Communist Party nor to be drawn into the anti-Communist crusade. Such a group met recently in Paris at the initiative of G. D. H. Cole, president of the Fabian Society, and created a Center of Socialist Studies and a small staff with the mission of organizing Left Socialists throughout the world into some kind of cohesive unit. The group can count on the support of the *New Statesman and Nation* in England and, in France, of *Esprit*, *France-Observateur* and other publications.

As chairman of the new group, G. D. H. Cole has made his position abundantly clear. While sharing the distaste of the official Socialist leadership for all the forms of “one-

party dictatorships,” he considers as “absurd” the assertion by the Socialist International leaders in London last month that “socialism and communism have nothing in common.” The veteran British Socialist lists at least four major points of agreement: (1) the collective ownership of the essential instruments of production and their use for the common welfare; (2) the establishment of some kind of “welfare” state or society designed to provide a maximum of educational opportunity and social and economic security for its citizens; (3) that no man capable of working has the right to live on the products of another man's labor; (4) that the chief responsibility for the building of a Socialist society rests on the working class.

Despite this wide area of agreement, Cole—who is a realistic tactician—does not believe that the time is yet ripe for negotiations looking towards unity of the two parties. Rather, he argues, it is time for (1) friendly discussions between the Socialist International and such bodies as the Yugoslav Communists, the Nenni (Left) Socialists of Italy and the Asian and African anti-imperialist movements, and (2) a period of self-appraisal for the Socialists themselves in which an answer must be found to the question: “Are we doing our utmost to establish socialism in our own countries?”

WHILE the Cole group was conferring in Paris, I talked to many Socialists of different countries and of varied hue. Most agreed that the negative attitude toward Socialist-Communist relations adopted by the Socialist International was no answer to the problem. It was also agreed that the possibilities of a *rapprochement* would depend at least as much on general political developments—national and international—as upon the decisions of the Socialist leadership. The longer the Soviet Union can maintain its current initiative in the drive for peace, for instance, the greater will be the rank-and-file pressure for a Popular Front of one kind or another. For one thing, there are many Socialists who believe that the French Right, once it is convinced that it has nothing to fear from Russia, will feel free to turn its not inconsiderable energies against the French workers, Communist and Socialist alike. And even

aside from East-West relations, there is danger that the menacing Algerian situation might be used by the Right to sweep away parliamentary government in favor of some form of dictatorship—an eventuality which

would bring the French masses "to the barricades" in a fervent unity for which there is ample precedent in the history of the French Republic.

Assuming, however, that no such dramatic development intervenes,

the prospect is one of slow and tedious advance towards that unity of Europe's Left which was forged in the heat of World War II but which could not withstand the rigors of the succeeding cold war.

SOVIET INDUSTRIAL POWER

What the West Must Do . . . by T. Balogh

London

IT WAS JUST a decade ago that the British Labor government was persuaded to accept a design for international economic reconstruction, evolved by the United States in the form of the "Grey Report," calling for a return to a barely modified pre-war "liberal" economic system. The plan's purpose was to enable the West to keep pace with Soviet economic growth; in Britain, there was the additional hope that London could regain its role of a second decisive voice in the West.

Neither hope has been fulfilled. The economic failure of the West is not difficult to demonstrate. It started the post-war period with an overwhelming superiority in economic strength. U. S. manufacturing capacity represented at least 60 per cent of the world total, possibly more; its investment capacity, 75 to 80 per cent of the total. The United States, Britain, the Commonwealth and Western Europe together controlled 80 per cent or more of the world's investment capacity. The battered Soviet had lost up to half of its pre-war capacity. Yet in ten years the West has been reduced to a position where it must almost helplessly watch the attainment by the Soviet of equality of power, if not resources. Already Soviet output is near or above that of Western Europe.

The use by the USSR of barter deals involving arms for the Near East was the first sign of Western discomfiture. The growing volume

and attractiveness of Soviet trade and aid offers is the second. The deceptively disarming frankness with which Mr. Khrushchev recently discussed the futility of conventional weapons and his offer to limit them, together with Mr. Kurchatov's description of Soviet experiments in "taming" thermonuclear fusion, constitute perhaps a final warning. They should make it clear that what the West faces is a stupendous technology (and not merely a vast, imitative and thus wasteful duplication of rather obsolescent Western machinery). This technology threatens initiative and leadership in the economic as much as in the military field.

NO LONGER can we think of the Soviet threat as a vast horde of (slightly comical) *mujiks*, poised to be driven forward by a ruthless dictatorship. No longer can the Americans derive solace from the fact that only through subversion and treason can the USSR obtain the know-how on which survival in war and victory in peace depends. The attraction to non-committed areas radiating from the Soviet technical achievement, based on their own effort alone, begins to be apprehended.

The fact is that in a period of unexampled prosperity and full employment, the West—except for Germany—has not proved capable of matching Soviet technical and economic progress. Each year the Soviet overall growth—including the weak spot of agriculture—has been showing an increase of from 6 to 10 per cent over that of the previous year. Their industrial expansion seems to have been even faster, per-

haps as high as 11 to 12 per cent or more. In other words, Russian national output can be expected to double every twelve years or so.

This pace compares with an increase of U. S. manufacturing capacity of roughly 5 to 6 per cent annually since the war (except for the dip in 1949) and with a similar increase in Britain (interrupted in 1952-53 and about to slow down again). Overall production in the West has increased much less—between 2 1/2 to 4 per cent. The British Conservative government even in its heyday hoped no more than to be able to double British national income in twenty-five years—a rate of growth about half that of Russia's. What will happen now that all the "free world" applies even more sharply a "dear-money policy" in the name of victorious freedom is really too terrible to contemplate: investment in all Western countries has come under pressure. Germany alone in the West has been able to increase fixed investment to levels comparable to Russia's. Bonn was able to do this because, unlike the Soviet, it did not have to sacrifice 12 to 15 per cent of national income to armaments. And the weakness of West German trade unions, partly due to the influx of refugees from the East, enabled so high a portion of its national income to accrue to profits as would not be politically practicable in Britain or even in the United States.

The startling consequences of all this are only imperfectly realized. Calculations made in America during the war suggested that Russian productivity in manufacture was already not far behind Britain's. More recent information has confirmed

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this. If the present discrepancy in investment and education effort continues, the Soviet might be able to achieve current American productivity in manufacture in less than a decade; after that it will take even less time for her to catch up with the United States in overall production. But the Russian living standard is only a fraction of America's. Thus the productive power which will be available to her for warfare, or for economic aid with which to woo the uncommitted areas of the world, will be truly formidable. This will be true even if Soviet internal consumption is permitted to rise by say 6 per cent annually (which is more than twice the average British rise in real wages since the war).

Only the doctrinaire harshness of the Stalin regime has prevented Russia from using its formidable gold reserve to the detriment of the West's international trade. Even more menacing seems the possibility of the Soviet entering British markets and (far from sending food and raw materials to lessen British dependence on dollar supplies) securing its own high-protein foodstuffs by competitive sales of manufactures. The economic blockade, justifiable as it was in 1950, has become a menace in the measure that it enforces autarchy on Russia. It is increasing Russia's capacity to compete economically without decreasing its military potential. The West ought to encourage trade with the Soviet orbit—except in actual weapons. As the Soviet real cost of producing food is far higher relatively than that of manufactures, they could outbid Western countries at ease and with great profit to their standard of life. This aspect of the Soviet challenge is only imperfectly

realized. Unfortunately the failure of Western policies has not been acknowledged and without such insight no new policy can be evolved: the recent inane utterances of Mr. Dulles can only fill his friends and allies with fear and despondency.

PERHAPS even worse is the failure of the second of the dreams of 1946—that Britain could maintain her privileged position within the Western world. The prospect was not an unfavorable one. War devastation elsewhere had been far greater. The rapidity with which Britain regained its former export trade and then doubled it in volume showed that, appropriately managed, its economic system retained its basic resilience. But the steady pressure for "liberalization" necessarily weakened potentially favorable prospects in two ways: (1) liberalization of imports stoked the desire for higher consumption from any given income; (2) the inevitable loss of the feeling of equality of sacrifice and social cohesion forged in the war, which the new free-for-all entailed, let loose on the country successive waves of wage demands. As prices chased forward the workers did not profit, but the stability of the country was endangered. At no point could Britain undertake the once-for-all effort which is needed to become a dynamic high-investment economy. Improvements in domestic output or foreign trading were dissipated in greater freedom—to consume. British strength was doomed in the longer run.

In addition, Britain undertook military commitments which, in any case, would have strained her strength to the utmost. Yet instead of discussing what needed doing and how best to do it, moral arguments about means took an increasing hold: discussions about what is "permissible" in the framework of a *laissez-faire* ideology. Economic policy-making seemed wafted into the sphere of moral philosophy. In America rearmament positively stimulated production; in Britain the disproportionately heavy effort threw production into confusion. With controls down, a £1,500-million (about \$42 billion) annual defense budget effectively precludes any improvement in British affairs. Truly the combination of amateurism and orthodoxy never played

more rapid havoc in the history of empires.

Nor is this all. The Anglo-American design in its violent Spencerian optimism prevented an imaginative and forward policy of economic planning in the British sterling area. Long-term contracts were used to secure cheap supplies and not to foster the growth of the complementary dependent territories. Beyond that, an unimaginative handling of affairs resulted in the poorer colonies helping to finance a rapid economic development of the much richer Dominions and mainly in directions directly competitive to Britain. A more unfortunate handling of these matters could hardly be imagined.

Some deliberate sacrifice by the home country might then still have secured on the part of the dependent areas a feeling of loyalty, of common interest and adventure. As it was, a falsely interpreted liberalization is well on the way to establishing a series of undeveloped economic Balkans in which—to take West Africa or the Middle East as examples—even regional cooperation is rapidly becoming impossible. The elevation of the liberal idea of self-government into an economic dogma which excludes all common economic planning created a situation in which only the United States (and possibly Germany with a more rudimentary form of social justice) can benefit. Britain and the poorer areas of the world will find it more and more difficult to extricate themselves.

IT IS in this context that we have to consider the unilateral Russian decision to reduce conventional arms. The repetition of overworked cold-war phraseology will not help. As matters stand, Britain must free the productive capacity and manpower required to match Russian progress. For that purpose Britain needs to achieve not only an export surplus of at least £300 millions (\$840 million) a year, but also a doubling of prime productive investment. This may represent an additional £500 millions (\$1,400,000,000). While £800 million additional non-military output (or reduced consumption) seems a formidable figure, it should be remembered that it is barely 5 per cent of the national income. Once the first



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Ahead of us with the T-Bomb

basic readjustment is made—through, say, a £300-700 millions cut in arms—the rest is relatively easy to achieve: it resolves itself into preventing consumption from gaining

It is obvious that the present obstinate deification of means into ends will prevent any resolution of this problem. So long as there is an unrestrained free-for-all in finance and industry, with the British treasury paying for a large part of the outlay of the upper crust through various legal devices of tax avoidance, there is no hope of getting the voluntary cooperation of the trade unions. An overall national agreement is needed involving (1) a taxation policy aimed at excessive spending through the creation of a far greater surplus than hitherto contemplated; (2) the restoration of a limited number of direct controls; (3) some kind of conscious wage policy designed to enable the country to concentrate the national effort on increasing investment. Ideological dogmatism may dub this policy a retreat from freedom. In reality it will be a common-sense break with ideological dogmatism to achieve certain national aims at least cost in consumption.

Once the position of Britain and a closer knit sterling area within the Atlantic Alliance has been strengthened, the problem of a change of Western tactics can be tackled with an authority which Britain at the



Herblock in Washington Post
"When does our new model
come out?"

moment totally lacks because it can contribute so little to the common pool. It has been shown that aid as such, without an attempt to deal with the intrinsic causes of poverty, rarely does any good and often harms by increasing the consciousness of failure. Thus plans which are based on pouring money down every anti-Communist drain should be rejected. From the Philippines to Algeria and from Egypt to Korea, the world is thick with misguided if well-meaning attempts at saving people from themselves without imposing reforms.

British policy has been ruled too much by the fear of being left in the lurch by the United States. This assumption attributes to U. S. leadership and public opinion little in-

telligence and less morals. Firm but friendly British insistence on the need for far greater flexibility of means than has hitherto been conceded by America in international economic relations is the basic essence if the West is to stop the present rapid drift towards economic inferiority to the Soviet.

A permanent support for poorer regions—including some in Western Europe—is, of course, essential. It should be financed through a progressive levy on all countries beyond a certain minimum national per capita income—an exact parallel to the national income tax, which has done so much to banish the ghost of growing inequality from the domestic scene. The poorer areas must be permitted to foster their interdependence so as to benefit from the possibilities of mass-producing large-scale industry. And they must be free to use such direct controls as seem necessary to squeeze the maximum benefit and investment out of a given subsidy. It is neither good morals nor good economics to support conspicuous waste in the name of a "collective effort at liberty" while the Soviet grimly, and successfully, concentrates its growing strength on further advance. And this is precisely what has happened almost everywhere in the West. For all the precious American aid, a sense of success has not been achieved in Europe, and far less in Asia.

JAPAN'S BIRTH-RATE WAR

Abortion vs Birth Control . . by Mildred Gilman

TWO WARS in which *lebensraum* has been used as a battle cry have convinced Japan of the need to limit its population to a point commensurate with its resources. The Japanese people know that to attain that objective, the means must be drastic and immediate. They already number nearly 90,000,000 in an area smaller than California.

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Hence a strange race is now going on in Japan: birth control versus abortion. At the moment abortion, which has been legalized for economic as well as physical reasons, is the more widespread practice. In some cases it can be obtained for the equivalent of fourteen cents. Dr. Yoshio Koya of the National Institute of Public Health calculates that there are from 1,800,000 to 2,200,000 abortions performed annually, including the "non-official" ones.

However, experiments are proving

that intensive education in birth-control methods can cut both birth and abortion rates sharply. Japan now awaits improvement in methods that would make progress more widespread.

To feed its hungry people, Japan devotes more than 95 per cent of its cultivable land to food production. Even so, almost 25 per cent of its food has to be imported. The situation is so serious that Dr. Juitsu Kitaoku, professor of Kokugakuin University, warned at the recent In-

ternational Planned Parenthood Conference held in Tokyo, that population pressure could push his country into war again. "There is no guarantee," he said, "that the Japanese will quietly endure mass starvation or the miserable standard of living far below that of other civilized countries. There is also no guarantee that the Japanese will not again follow the mad trail attempted during the Pacific War."

JAPAN'S women don't like to resort to abortion any more than do women in other countries. They know the risks in terms of emotional and physical disturbances, even in the hands of trained physicians operating legally. However, abortion seems the quickest available solution. It is the logical successor to infanticide, practiced widely in Japan before and immediately after the Restoration in 1868 when population was already overbalancing food production. During Japan's "expansionist" period—parallels may be found in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy—birth control and abortion were forbidden. Japanese mothers were told there never could be enough of the "superior people" belonging to the Imperial nation. Came World War II, defeat, and another change in national attitude.

For the first time, the government encouraged birth control as a means of cutting down population, cooperating with voluntary organizations to this end. The Ministry of Health and Welfare is responsible at the national level; the Prefectural Health Departments at the local levels. Practical aid is provided at health centers and Counseling Centers for Eugenics and Mothers' Protection. Since 1951, the counseling centers have received subsidies from the national government, the 1955 subsidy amounting to 26,311,000 yen, or \$75,000.

Thousands of midwives have been educated in teaching contraceptive methods. Nearly all the counseling centers, except those in maternity clinics or hospitals, are attached to the 800 health centers which have been established. In addition, about 30,000 Birth-Control Guidance Officers have been appointed throughout the nation. Sixteen voluntary organizations provide nationwide services and nine offer local assistance.

Polls throughout Japan show that Japanese husbands and wives *want* to plan their families and are willing, when given the opportunity, to use one of the existing methods of contraception. Far from being indifferent, as the poverty-stricken are often alleged to be, they show the greatest desire to be cooperative. The surveys show that most of those who respond want two children, almost none want more than four. Experiments in birth control have been in effect for varying lengths of time in selected areas. In every case where intensive education has taken place and contraceptives provided at minimum or no cost, the induced abortion rate has dropped sharply.

According to Mr. Bobutaka Ike, lecturer and author, birth control is no novelty in Japan. It was advocated by some intellectuals as early as the first decade of this century, but attracted little attention until after World War I, when rapid industrialization increased social consciousness among the workers. Margaret Sanger was invited by the Kaizo Publishing Company in 1921 to lecture on birth control, but once admitted she was forbidden by officials to talk on the subject. But the suppression of Mrs. Sanger proved proved as good publicity for the birth-control movement in Japan as it had in the United States. Pamphlets were issued, birth-control clinics started; however, the growing nationalism of the country halted progress until after Japan's defeat in World War II.

EVIDENCE of Japan's new attitude is the fact that the Fifth International Conference on Planned Parenthood was held in Tokyo last October. Experts in demography, sociology, biology, medicine, genetics and family planning were among the 500 delegates and observers from sixteen countries.

At the conference, Mrs. Kikuno Enda, nurse in charge of health at Fukuura, one of the three fishing villages in which intensive birth-control experiments have been conducted, rose to give her report. Facing the mixed audience, she was overcome with shyness and could only say to her assistant, "Discuss birth control in public? What do I say now?" The assistant blushed and remained silent. Both women had spoken most successfully in daily

calls on individual women, but with no men present. Dr. Yoshio Koya, head of the family-planning experiment in three fishing villages, including Fukuura, made the report in place of the nurse. He announced that the birth rate had been reduced by half in the five years of the experiment, the pregnancy rate reduced 45.9 per cent, the number of abortions had been reduced from thirty-one in 1951 to sixteen in 1955. Acceptance of birth control was reported to be 97.6 per cent.

ANOTHER experiment began with 750 couples in 1953 at the Kawasaki works of the Nihon Steel Company, near Tokyo. A year later it expanded to include a total of 5,366 couples with twenty qualified midwives in charge. As of April, 1955, the rate of those practicing contraception rose sharply to 71.6 per cent, the birth rate was cut in half and the number of induced abortions decreased by 75 per cent. The plant had simultaneously introduced an overall health plan with special consultation service for employees on their daily life problems, including family and legal matters. A significant decrease in the accident rate and in absenteeism resulted from the improved health and happiness of the workers.

Dr. Hideo Hayasha reported at the Tokyo conference on a birth-control guidance program begun at the Joban Coal Mining Company in March, 1955, for 10,000 employees. This was put into effect after a two-year test among a selected group showed a decline in the pregnancy rate from 40 per cent to 20 per cent and in the number of induced abortions from ninety-one to forty-nine.

There is no doubt that the unique exchange of scientific knowledge and experience that took place at the Tokyo meeting will help to speed up contraceptive research and development. A subsequent seminar at Bombay added to the Tokyo findings, all of them pointing up the great need in Japan and other over-populated areas for a simple, safe, inexpensive and, above all, an *effective* contraceptive. When contraceptive research receives the funds and attention it deserves as a major health measure, women in Japan and elsewhere will no longer need to resort to the drastic means of abortion to control the size of their families.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

At One Remove from Tragedy

THE MANDARINS. By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Leonard M. Friedman. World Publishing Company. \$6.

By Iris Murdoch

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE remarked that "the writer has only one subject—freedom," and there is no doubt that this is the subject of Simone de Beauvoir's new novel. She explores it in a series of clearly defined dilemmas, sharpened to extremity and ending violently. The book opens during the last days of the war. Henri Perron wishes to free himself from Paula, with whom he has been living but whom he no longer loves. He attempts meanwhile the almost impossible task of being a non-Communist Socialist without being an anti-Communist Socialist. He edits an independent newspaper which later becomes the organ of a political group led by Robert Dubreuilh.* He breaks with Dubreuilh on the issue of whether to publish certain facts concerning Soviet labor camps. He becomes the lover of Josette, who was a collaborator during the war, and finds he must compromise himself to save her from blackmail. Finally he marries Nadine, the daughter of Dubreuilh, and returns cautiously to politics. With his story is interwoven that of Anne Dubreuilh, Robert's wife, the second main narrator, who acts as a sober and reflective chorus to the other characters, and vanishes intermittently to the United States to have a very complicated love affair with an American writer.

This is an extremely impressive novel about important things. It is also, as the title suggests, an intellectual novel, by an intellectual, about intellectuals, for intellectuals. It has the nerve to be intensely contemporary. Almost every major po-

litical event which occurred during the period covered is discussed by the characters. The political part of the story presents a moving and detailed picture of the struggle between the left-wing groups which had been united in the Resistance movement. Besides acute political analysis the book contains accurate psychological observation, particularly of the so-called "battle between the sexes." Take, for instance, the moment when Perron tells Paula that he wants to take Nadine with him on a journey. Paula forbids this; Perron resists, then gives in, but adds: "Only don't talk to me any more about freedom!" Paula then retreats with a gesture of generosity, saying: "I'd eat my heart out even more if you chose to destroy our love out of spite." Each then feels that he has been the victim of the other. This is the sort of interchange which Simone de Beauvoir takes great pleasure in analyzing, and she does it well.

THERE is in this book the material of tragedy. The betrayal of the dead and the betrayal of the past are persistent themes. During the scenes of joy at the end of the war Anne remembers the dead. When she sees her daughter seeking happiness with Perron, she remembers Nadine's Jewish lover, who perished in a concentration camp. Perron thinks of Josette's German lover who was killed on the Eastern Front, and compassionately tries to separate his indignation from his jealousy. Paula, recovered from a nervous breakdown, explains away her love for Perron in terms of psychological compulsion, while Anne listens sadly and reflects that any suffering would be better than such a trivializing of one's past. All this is very finely and accurately presented. And yet one feels that, after all, this very interesting and ambitious book is not likely to stir its readers to any deep and sustained compassion.

What is the matter is partly the atmosphere of continual reflection and acute comment in which the events take place. The point of an

episode occurs too frequently as an analysis presented in ~~some~~ character's reflective thoughts rather than being shown concretely in action and dialogue. Rather too much of the book lies at one remove from reality. There is also a deeper reason, which might be described as the dilemma which the novel itself is in. These characters do not live in a world of ordinary customs and virtues; they live in a far more denuded world. They too exclusively represent certain explicit problems, and so remain external to one another; and as the society in which they exist provides no structure of custom and compromise to hold them, they drift on towards extreme situations. There is a continual undercurrent of psychological violence. Perron has to be Paula's victim or her executioner. He struggles with her but does not communicate with her. He does not communicate with Nadine either, although the author attempts to establish this communication at the end of the book.

Nadine, in fact, is a character whom we have met before. She closely resembles Ivich, of Sartre's *Paths of Freedom*, and also Xavière, of Simone de Beauvoir's earlier novel *She Came to Stay*. In *The Mandarins* the character of Xavière is shared between Paula, who has the role of "the other person" whose illusions and misunderstandings become intolerable, and Nadine, the impulsively sincere and immediate character who is the accuser of the hesitating intellectual. In *She Came to Stay*, Simone de Beauvoir could think of nothing better to do with the intolerable Xavière than to have her murdered by one of the more thoughtful characters. In *The Mandarins*, Paula is driven mad and returns to a sanity which seems worse. It is significant that with Nadine

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*It is generally supposed that Dubreuilh is modelled on Sartre, as his wife, Anne, is based on Mlle. de Beauvoir. Readers have found among the characters of the novel thinly veiled portraits of Camus, Arthur Koestler and other figures in the post-war period of letters and politics.—THE EDITORS.

something more constructive is attempted. Nadine bears a child and marries her intellectual and ceases to be his accuser. The marriage of immediacy and reflection; for these are the two extremes with which we are left in a world where traditional values have broken down. Where there is no background of fixed rules, these novels tell us, one acts on impulse or else hesitates in an interminable reflection. At least in *The Mandarins* Simone de Beauvoir presents her extremes as capable of redemption by each other. But the attempt is too abstract and comes too late in the book. What is felt as real is juxtaposition and violence, not encounter and reconciliation.

For the novel to realize its tragic possibilities we need the sense of personalities more profoundly committed and anchored in reality. Perron condemns Josette, but does not want to be her judge because he loves her. Yet this situation fails to satisfy, not only because Josette is such a puppet and Perron's interest in her so superficial, but because as soon as things get difficult Perron's thought becomes negative and destructive. He gives up morally, as it were, at a certain point. Similarly, where his relations with Paula are concerned, "ever since he had come to understand that no matter what you do you're always wrong . . . he had felt strangely carefree." Later on, *a propos* of the catastrophe with Josette, Dubreuilh draws what might be the conclusion: in this age, private morality does not exist. Perron is uneasy at this speech, but his own earlier pronouncements at least half endorse it. And, one might say, in as far as the author herself tends to withdraw the reality from the world of private morals and allows her characters to escape the complication of their lives by plunging into a moral *néant*, she debars herself from the tragic development which the greatness of her theme leads us to hope for.

Here we may raise the question which Simone de Beauvoir raises in the novel and keeps continually before us: what is literature for, anyway? Again, the dilemma is clearly presented. Both Dubreuilh and Perron ask themselves, what is the point of literature when people are oppressed and starving? One answer is given by a young admirer of Perron,

who says: "There are things that you consider important, there are values you believe in. You ought to show us the pleasant things on earth. . . . That is what literature should do." Perron concludes that what he wants to do is to write a novel "set in a definite place, at a definite time, . . . that meant something. . . . A story of today in which the readers would find their own worries, their own problems. Neither demonstrate nor exhort, but bear witness."

THIS, I take it, is what Simone de Beauvoir also wishes to do, and indeed has done in *The Mandarins*. She has certainly set before us, with remarkable honesty and exactness, the dilemma of the Western liberal, seen through the eyes of a French intellectual. But the merits of the book are also its defects. Form and economy have been sacrificed to particularity and comprehensiveness: imagination has been sacrificed to intellect. The book is shapeless, repetitive, and far too long. Anne's adventures in America, which have little relevance to the events in France, are in themselves incoherent and take up too much space. Among the questions concerning the role of literature which are discussed in *The Mandarins* we do not find the questions which are most pertinent to the book itself.

Is accuracy enough? For literature to bear witness, there must be not only brilliant observation and analysis, but also deep imaginative transformation and structure. What is in question here is the meaning of "bearing witness." The lack of imaginative grasp in a novel is the more acutely felt if the ordinary social world of customs and virtues is also absent. *The Mandarins* is a novel about loss of faith, about the contradictions of freedom, about the possibility of despair. The author is disillusioned, exceedingly intelligent, and anxious also to be positive and hopeful. But in the denuded atmosphere which her very honesty has created we are starved for the power of the imagination. Since the book itself has raised the question of the role of literature in a society menaced by destruction, we may place our criticism of it within that same discussion. Honesty, accuracy and particularity are rare and valued merits in a novelist. But especially now, we need, together with these, vision, imagination and in its widest sense, poetry. To say this may sound presumptuous. *The Mandarins* has so many great qualities; it is a very courageous and moving novel; it is a novel drawn on a large scale. But just because it is so ambitious we may reasonably chide it for not fulfilling our best expectations.

Small Beer and Moral Law

THE HERO IN ECLIPSE IN VICTORIAN FICTION. By Mario Praz. Translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson. Oxford. \$11.

By Jacob Korg

THE KEY WORD of this elaborate study of Victorian fiction is "Biedermeier," the style of gentle, naive intimacy and normality that has a German name and is now generally connected with period furniture, but characterizes most of the art and culture of nineteenth-century Western Europe. Biedermeier, as formulated by Professor Praz, is the compound of common sense, seriousness, sentimentality, piety and propriety

that was regarded as an ideal until about fifty years ago, and has been detested as "Victorianism" ever since.

Professor Praz's examination of the central current of Victorian feeling begins oddly and interestingly with an illustrated study of *genre* painters, especially the Dutch and French. He finds in their mild realism, their interest in domestic scenes and their tendency toward didacticism a clear foreshadowing of what was to come in Victorian fiction. The development of painting paralleled that of English literature. Just as the gradual elimination of religious elements in painting sanctioned an interest in the present and visible, so the attenuation of romanticism in fiction led to an occupation with the ordinary and everyday. In both cases the ultimate cause of the change was middle-class taste, which exer-

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cised a civilizing, calming and normalizing influence.

The effect on literature of the Biedermeier taste was to deflate the heroic and exalt the humble, the small, the intimate, the local and the prosaic. That is why Dickens' major characters are colorless, while the minor ones, who have little or no moral stature, are excellent. Similarly, Thackeray wrote "A Novel Without a Hero," disparaged historic heroes and avoided scenes where human beings rise above themselves. He knew his gifts were "small beer," but the prevailing logic of his time declared that his honesty in admitting his limitations was itself a virtue superior to talent, and he was content to aim at a flat, unpoetic excellence whose chief distinction was authenticity.

PROFESSOR Praz cites Trollope as the best exemplar of Biedermeier among the Victorian novelists. His very working methods were utterly bourgeois; he wrote by the clock, producing two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. His method was photographic, his people and events ordinary, colorless, even pedestrian. But Professor Praz points out that at his best he succeeded in giving striking significance to detail without distorting it, like a movie camera when it focuses on an isolated object.

With George Eliot, Biedermeier became a moral imperative. She regarded the small and intimate as illustrations of general truths. Her insistence on the imperfection of human character was the first link in a chain that led to a didactic stress on the importance of moral law. Professor Praz finds that her outlook is somewhat Wordsworthian, for it implies submission to the laws of nature, and somewhat Tolstoyan, for it sees in humble people and events the embodiments of great historical developments.

Professor Praz's copious discussion explains, among other things, why the Victorian sense of tragedy was deficient. In a world where nothing is larger than human, the interplay of man and destiny which constitutes tragedy is impossible. The Biedermeier distrust of the transcendent saps the power of the tragic emotions. Terror dwindles into sentimentalism and pity into sentimentality.

June 9, 1956

Back to the Music Itself

THE LISTENER'S MUSICAL COMPANION. By B. H. Haggin. Rutgers University Press. \$5.75.

By Robert E. Garis

THE TITLE of Mr. Haggin's new book is apt: its valuable commentary will accompany the listener wherever he wants to go in the world of music. But the chapters on musical forms and procedures, and to some extent the entire book, are designed for "someone who has just begun to be interested in music." These words remind me that I am one of Mr. Haggin's pupils; my musical education began when I first encountered the music column of *The Nation*. And it has been a pleasure to discover in *The Listener's Musical Companion* the qualities that had so happy an effect on me years ago.

First there is the candor and power of the prose itself, the voice of a music critic who can actually think. This is rare in the field. Then you notice, with astonished relief, the sensible attitude Mr. Haggin is taking toward you. He is neither Olympian nor "friendly," neither a shocker nor a relaxer. You are assumed to be an intelligent person who has sought the aid of a music critic, and Mr. Haggin simply performs the critic's function for you. He describes and judges pieces of music; he makes his standards clear and meaningful; then he sends you back to the music itself to confirm his judgments.

Those who do not understand how education happens may find some of Mr. Haggin's views dogmatic and even arrogant. For such innocents, the very act of judgment is mysterious and seems insulting. For an intelligent reader this book offers a map of the musical world. If its lines were vague it would have no value as a map, and if Mr. Haggin's opinions were hesitant he would not be a critic.

The essence of his method is that when he listens to a piece of music he is following the "operations" of a mind that thinks in musical terms,

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and that when he describes that piece of music he is comparing one kind of operation with another. Thus Mozart's "precision" is something you learn to recognize and enjoy by comparing it with Schubert's "expansiveness." And to read about the "immediacy of Mozart's presence" in his concertos is illuminating because you can compare this social and almost theatrical art with the "super-earthly exaltation" of Beethoven's last works. You are making distinctions between musical experiences in musical terms; you are thinking musically. And it is because Mr. Haggin can help you to do this, or to do it better, that he is our foremost music critic.

The new book includes an up-to-date list of recommended recordings.

Biased Pamphlet

THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA.

By Dorothy Woodman. Philosophical Library. \$6.

By Harry J. Benda

SINCE the end of World War II, the strategic role of Southeast Asia in the battle between East and West has kept the area on the front pages of our press. Yet in spite of this importance, knowledge about Southeast Asia in the West is still woefully inadequate, at a time when continued ignorance is rapidly becoming a costly, and indeed indefensible, luxury.

A new book on the most populous new nation-state in Southeast Asia, the Republic of Indonesia, should therefore be welcome, and it is a pity that it is not as good a book as one might wish for. Dorothy Woodman, a British journalist and contributor to the London *New Statesman* and *Nation*, has undertaken an ambitious task. She has tried to compress politics, education, health and cultural developments in Indonesia between the covers of a fairly long book—but the compression will not satisfy the scholar and the length will discourage the general reader.

Miss Woodman's enthusiasm for

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the Indonesian cause is, in itself, laudable and even refreshing. But enthusiasm alone cannot replace scholarly knowledge. What the scholar will object to in Miss Woodman's book is, primarily, that her study of Indonesia was motivated by political sympathy rather than by a desire to learn. The result is, that on many—and many important—points the author betrays a disregard for history which is, to say the least, perturbing.

The reason for this disregard is, that though the author has—in her own words—endeavored to write about the past and present of Indonesia from the “non-colonial point of view,” she has in fact written an

anti-colonial pamphlet of 400-odd pages. This anti-colonial attitude is, in itself, nothing new, at least to readers on this side of the Atlantic. But even they will be amazed to find to what extremes the Socialist inquisitor from Britain is prepared to go. She manifests an almost sadistic pleasure in collecting her evidence against the former masters of Indonesia. Most liberal students of Indonesia certainly share Miss Woodham's distaste for colonialism. Few will, however, be able to share in her wholesale condemnation of a colonial past which, for all the wounds which it inflicted on a subject race, was, like most human acts, a mixture of good and evil.

with its characteristic refinement of execution and sonority; the chorus sounds dry; except for Edelmann, whose singing exhibits strain in place of its former easy flow of beautiful tone, the work of the soloists is excellent. The recorded sound occasionally becomes too faint and distant; and in the big sonorities at the end there is momentary distortion and my Fairchild pickup jumps grooves. This jumping of grooves occurs also at the end of the Symphony No. 8 on the fourth side; and in this performance there is a loss of volume in the finale. The work is played with refinement rather than energy and robustness, and with slower tempos in the minuet movement than we are accustomed to.

Records

B. H. Haggin

CONCERNING Berlioz' originality I have remarked more than once that there is nothing in his music that can be recognized as being derived from his predecessors, and on the other hand that nothing characteristic of Berlioz is to be heard in the music of his successors, in the way that Wagner's voice is unmistakable in the music of the generation that followed him. I haven't heard anything which controverts the second part of my observation; but listening to the early *Les Francs-juges* Overture as it is played on London LL-1297 by Albert Wolff and the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra I have perceived for the first time how both the agitated opening and the so-called second subject of the Allegro strongly resemble the writing of Weber, whom we know Berlioz worshipped. This is the only instance of its kind in my experience of Berlioz' music; and I don't think I would have perceived even this one if I had heard instead Beecham's performance of the piece with his Royal Philharmonic on Columbia ML-5064, in which the character of the music is altered by one of Beecham's perverse slow tempos. And I must report his similar excessively slow pace in the introduction of the *Carnaval romain* Overture, an exacerbated sharpness of inflection in the *Corsair* Overture, a similar ex-

aggerated sharpness and a fussy treatment of the second subject in the Allegro of the *King Lear* Overture. Wolff's performances of these pieces also are better than Beecham's; and they are reproduced with the proper balance of treble and bass that Beecham's don't have. But one feature of interest on the Beecham record is a performance of the *Waverley* Overture, Op. 1, which has given me my first astonished hearing of symmetrical melodic banalities which it is hard to believe could have been set down, even in his immaturity, by the composer with the original and unpredictable mind that is heard in the later pieces on the record.

AS FOR recordings of standard repertory, Angel 3544 offers Beethoven's Ninth performed by von Karajan with the London Philharmonia, the chorus of the Vienna Society of Friends of Music and a solo quartet comprising Schwarzkopf, Marga Höffgen, Ernst Hafliger and Otto Edelmann. The performance doesn't have the sustained intensity and power of Toscanini's; but its general steadiness of tempo (with a few exceptions, like the slowed-down beginning of the final crescendo of the first movement) and generally coherent pacing of the finale (again with a few exceptions) make it effective and satisfying. The orchestra plays

IN THE performance of Beethoven's *Eroica* by Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony on Capitol P-8334 the texture isn't always clear; and the fugato in the second movement suddenly slows down unconvincingly at its climax; but otherwise this is a steadily paced and effective performance of the work.

Munch's performance of Tchaikovsky's Fourth with the Boston Symphony on Victor LM-1953 is an agreeable surprise: none of Munch's frenzied rushes, but instead a control which produces a coherent statement of the work, and care which produces beautiful playing by the orchestra. The recorded sound is excellent; but in processing the tape of the first movement Victor omitted the clarinet phrase in measure 106, the tenth measure before the Moderato assai, quasi Andante section; and in this section the woodwind comments are not all clearly audible.

Comparing the performances of Dvorak's engagingly melodious Slavonic Dances by Kubelik and the

Harold Clurman

THE theatre critic of The Nation has written from Paris to say that he is now completing a series of articles on the theatre of East and West Berlin. He describes it as “not simply better than the New York, London or Paris theatre, but different in kind.”

This important series will be published in The Nation as soon as the manuscripts arrive.

Vienna Philharmonic on London LL-1283/4 with the older Talich-Czech Philharmonic performances on Urania 604, I find that Kubelik's tempos are faster but not too fast, that the Vienna Philharmonic is the finer orchestra, and that its playing is reproduced with more distinctness, spaciousness and beauty of sound. On the fourth side is an unexciting performance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*.

MONTEUX plays Debussy's *Nocturnes* with the Boston Symphony on Victor LM-1939 in the tempos we are accustomed to; and in this respect the performances are more satisfying than Inghelbrecht's with the French National Radio Orchestra on Angel L-35103, which make "Nuages" too fast and "Fêtes" too slow for American ears. In addition the Boston Symphony has a much better brass section than the French orchestra; but its playing under Monteux hasn't the refinement of sonority and clarity of texture that we hear in the playing of the other under Inghelbrecht; and just as Victor's recording is partly responsible for the coarseness and lack of clarity of the one, Angel's recording contributes to the refinement and clarity of the other. Monteux's performance of *La Mer* with the Boston Symphony, on the reverse side, is not one to prefer to Toscanini's.

Of the fresh and engaging writing that one hears in the Suite from Prokofiev's early opera *The Love for Three Oranges* the familiar Scherzo and the lovely episode "The Prince and the Princess" are not only outstanding but the passages that best stand being heard without the stage action. A good performance by Boult and the London Philharmonic is on London LL-1294, with the later and inferior *Lieutenant Kije* Suite.

Vanguard 466/7 assembles on three record sides all four groups of Respighi's enjoyable orchestral re-workings of charming old pieces—the three Suites *Old Airs and Dances for the Lute* (of which No. 3 is issued for the first time) and *The Birds*—excellently performed by Litschauer and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. The fourth side has the *Trittico Botticelliano*, a piece of original writing set off by three Botticelli paintings, and less successful than *The Fountains* and *The Pines of Rome*.

Theatre and Films

Robert Hatch

IF VIRTUE were in fact rewarded, a happy future could be predicted for *The Littlest Revue* (Phoenix): this second annual summer show under Houghton-Hambleton auspices is modest, chaste, industrious, cheerful, intelligent, comely. But these assets, so endearing in a maiden, are not enough for the intense concentration of the theatre. Energy is needed; style, wit and authority, and *The Littlest Revue* is deficient in those more metallic attributes of showmanship. It offers Charlotte Rae, until recently a splendid Mrs. Peachum in the Theatre de Lys *Threepenny Opera*, and Miss Rae is a comedian of considerable satiric bite. It offers also one arresting dance ("Opus 9" by Edward Sauter, danced by Dorothy Jarnac) and one impertinent political lampoon ("East Is East" by Nat Hiken and Billy Friedberg). But for the rest, the satire and ingenuity are at varsity show level—engaging but callow. And this is a surprise, considering that the names of Ogden Nash, Vernon Duke, Eudora Welty and John LaTouche are sprinkled through the credits and that Ben Bagley, who did quite well last year with *Shoe-string Revue*, put the show together. It is a pity, for the country has dropped into a mood of flat indifference and an astringent topical revue could bring some salt to our stew.

GENE KELLY is a dancer of prodigious monotony and a choreographer who takes instant fire from the ob-

vious. His *Invitation to the Dance*, about which we have been hearing rumors for years, is large, resplendent, self-confident and almost empty.

The picture offers three independent "ballets." The opener, "Circus," is dressed up in Commedia dell'Arte furniture of considerable charm, and displays Mr. Kelly breaking his heart in white grease paint. He is a mime of limited ingenuity who wigwags his emotional progress like a midshipman with semaphore flags. Igor Youskevitch and Claire Sombert, completing the triangle, perform one passage of school figures without exerting themselves.

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The second episode is a *Ronde-like* drama in which a bracelet tours a number of lovely wrists but homes safely to its rightful owner. The overall notion was deadened by predictability, and I was not much struck by the satire implicit in having a dancer munch a sandwich while performing a routine adagio or in the old Keystone trick of speeding up the film during a cocktail dance sequence to suggest the feckless frenzy of such gatherings.

In the last episode, Mr. Kelly is a sailor on leave in some Arabian port. He rubs a lamp and, presto, a small facsimile of himself emerges from the smoke. Man and boy then launch into the old Bill Robinson-Shirley Temple softshoe routine. The sequence ends with an animated cartoon of the Sinbad country, in which Kelly and the boy join hands with drawings of harem guards and wives of the sultan. The technical difficulties of this stunt stagger the imagination; the dancing is bread-and-butter vaudeville.

Gene Kelly is an irritating performer because he has so much natural talent and is so content to get by on it.

THE AERIAL passages in *Trapeze* are beautiful and dangerous, the Cirque d'Hiver setting is intriguing and photographed with great enterprise, and the picture is alive with vivid circus detail. These merits are perhaps sufficient to offset a tedious, shabby plot and the wooden performances of Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida. It leaves open the question of why Carol Reed could not bring more weight to bear on the picture. Lancaster, at least, has shown in the past that he can become eloquent under sufficient direction. Reed was perhaps too preoccupied by the kaleidoscope of his background, or too depressed by the seediness of the script.

SOMEONE who loves Alfred Hitchcock should deprive him of his expensive toys. Huge budgets, famous stars, VistaVision and Technicolor are distracting and exhausting him. The present version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* is a remake of one of his famous melodramas. To my sorrow, I never saw the original, but this one will not be famous. It is all spread out, slack, lead-footed; it is burdened by ornate sets, re-

moved from plausibility by pancake makeup; it looks assertively unreal. The plot is not neat—the strategy of the conspirators is obscure and the behavior of the hero is obtuse. This weakness was probably in the original, but if the action swirled fast enough no one would have objected. Now you have what seem like hours to poke holes in the unbalanced equations. James Stewart and Doris Day, faultlessly groomed and as smooth as marbles, earn their high pay with perfect studio performances.

THE translation of World War I *Waterloo Bridge* into World War II *Gaby* has produced a superior neighborhood entertainment that floats past on nostalgia and seduces you with the young healthiness of its war-lorn lovers. Its sentimentality is debilitating, but Leslie Caron and John Kerr are honest sweethearts. In their behavior toward each other they somehow avoid the warm syrup of Robert Sherwood's old story—which means, probably, that Curtis Bernhardt is a strict and unsentimental director.

Television

Anne W. Langman

"A GENTLE MAN AM I" murmurs Rex Harrison in *My Fair Lady*; "even-tempered and good-natured . . . the sort who never could, never would, let an insulting remark escape his lips. Just a very gentle man." This paraphrase of Shaw could have been the motto for the recent kick-off of the Presidential television campaign—the Kefauver-Stevenson debate, which was presented as a public service by the American Broadcasting Company. Even the veteran moderator, Quincy Howe, failed to contribute anything but a tremulous nervousness to the mild ascepticism of the hour. If the order from headquarters was to avoid providing the Republicans with any ammunition by public disagreement, an explanation frequently voiced hereabouts, surely more imaginative advantage could have been taken of the time.

The participants were stiff and formal, the cold studio and harsh lighting robbed us of even a visual impression of the two who had agreed to agree. Tv can be an excellent method for getting to know political big-wigs, to understand their habits of mind. It can be more effective than a glimpse from the back of the crowd, a flash of newsreel, a printed page. Let them join the living-room circle in a couple of comfortable chairs, a convenient table for frank use of notes (those furtive downward glances fool nobody); perhaps even a chance to get up and stretch the legs might be allowed during an hour's concentrated

conversation. Intelligent use of tv can make this the first campaign in which the citizens at large may get acquainted with candidates as men—momentarily out of reach of public-relations experts, speech writers, managers. But electronic blancmange is not the recipe: ABC provided an hour of prime network time for what induced an almost universal yawn.

THIS ABC exclusive was in line with the network's vigorous attempts to catch up to its elders, CBS and NBC. Both ABC and NBC were at one time subsidiaries of RCA, but several years ago the government split the ownership and ABC became independent. In the tradition of new empires, it has a five-year plan, embarked on in 1953 when the network merged with United Paramount Theatres and got new money in the bank. The first giant step was an inspired arrangement with Walt Disney that resulted in *Disneyland* and *The Mickey Mouse Club*, solid anchor programs. Another profitable step has been the use of feature-length films. President Robert E. Kintner predicts that within the two years remaining of the five-year plan, the three tv networks will be on a par. As evidence of progress he notes that gross billings for 1955 were more than 50 million dollars, as compared to 21 millions in 1953; that ABC programs reached a million more homes in October, 1955, than in October, 1954, a 43 per cent gain compared with 17 per cent for CBS and 6 per cent for NBC.

But there is something sad about this story. It is one more proof that the way to get to the top in our climate is to beat the other fellow at his own game and in his own pattern. Television, a young industry, is already in thrall to routine. I spent a recent Wednesday evening with ABC, called to it by a captivating hour of Disney's nature-land magic. Then followed the rapid disenchantment of *Masquerade Party* (a nightmare version of *What's My Line?*), *The Amazing Dunninger* (his hand is not quicker than the camera's eye) and *Break the Bank* (even hard-working Bert Parks can't save this grandpappy of quiz shows). True, there have been some instances of creditable good taste. *Medical Horizons*, a civilized, non-sensational series; *Outside USA*, an international news show; the new intelligent and intelligible *Women Want to Know*, and *John Daly and the News*. Plans for next season include Metropolitan-produced operas, Theatre Guild "specials" (ABC word for spectaculars), an international theatre program produced in Europe; *Omnibus* is moving over from CBS.

There is little in any of this to give ABC a character of its own, but one might be tempted from some of it to think that the "third" network was fighting for high-level programming, and cheer its success. There seems to be no such plan: Kintner says, "all we're trying to do is to come out on top." If what he described "as off-beat programming" seems to be what will sell, off-beat it shall be. For a time, ABC called itself "the family network"; this was to promote the early evening shows for family group viewing. Kintner was given *Variety's* Showman Award this year (in itself something of a commentary) for "... building a hard-pressed network ... into a powerful competitive force with all that such competition means for viewers, advertisers and stations."

There is no doubt that ABC has come a long way, from bleak obscurity and financial crisis well into the black-ink big-league operation. It is a firm believer in filmed tv; 42 per cent of its current programs is currently on film and it plans to raise this figure to 50 per cent in the coming season. This is sound business, according to Kintner, who challenges the viewer to tell the difference, if

he is not told which show is live and which is filmed.

There is also no doubt that in a few years there will be little if any difference between the networks. A look into Kintner's background is revealing. He was a financial reporter on the *Herald Tribune*, then co-author for some years with Joseph Alsop of a successful Washington column and two bestsellers on the Washington scene. After a stint in the army, he catapulted into ABC as

TV and RADIO FORECAST

June 11 through 14

(See local papers for time and channel)

Monday, June 11

GEORGE HAS A BIRTHDAY (NBC; NBC Matinee Theatre). Eddie Cantor, after nearly half a century in show business, will play his first straight dramatic role—as a meek little elevator operator with scheming sisters.

Wednesday, June 13

THE TWISTED CROSS (NBC). If you missed this last March, the replay is a chance to see a most telling documentary on the rise and fall of Hitler's Reich.

Thursday, June 14

THE VICTOR BORGE SHOW (CBS). A one-hour comedy-music solo act which will include highlights from the recent Broadway success.

THIS is the last tv forecast until fall. Listed below are some summer replacement shows. This department will be interested in viewers' reports on summer programming, particularly of stand-in shows that may merit regular spots on the networks.

STUDIO ONE SUMMER THEATRE (CBS). Produced by Robert Herridge, pioneer of the much-admired "Studio Three," who plans to use a variety of forms—dance, opera, readings. (Monday evenings)

TOPPER (NBC). Filmed series on the urbane hero and his disappearing friends, who were originally created by Thorne Smith in the 1920s and became a staple fantasy item for admirers of fantastic staples. (Sunday evenings)

CBS CARTOON THEATRE. The stars of Paul Terry's delightful animated cartoons, plus some off-beat banter. (Wednesday evenings)

DISASTER (ABC). Documentary series recalling recent national disasters: floods in the West, the Coconut Grove fire, etc. A happy idea from the family network. (Sunday afternoons)

vice president in 1944, became president in 1949. It is not unexpected, if a bit disillusioning, that this man, who spent much of his life observing high finance and low politics, should use everything that he has learned in the tv game. Why did he stick with this seemingly impossible situation and bring ABC through to success? "It's tough. It's competitive. And I like competition." But the competition he has in mind is scaled to dollars, not to ideas.

CHARLIE FARRELL SHOW (CBS). One for the sociologists: examining the inhabitants of Palm Springs with the owner of the "exclusive" Racquet Club as host and guide. Network says it's a comedy series. (Monday evenings)

TWO FOR THE MONEY (CBS) Sam Levinson takes over as host, and he's wonderful. (Saturday evenings)

BOLD JOURNEY (ABC). Travelers will be interviewed and their films of distant, and if possible dangerous, places will be shown. (Monday evenings)

A. W. L.

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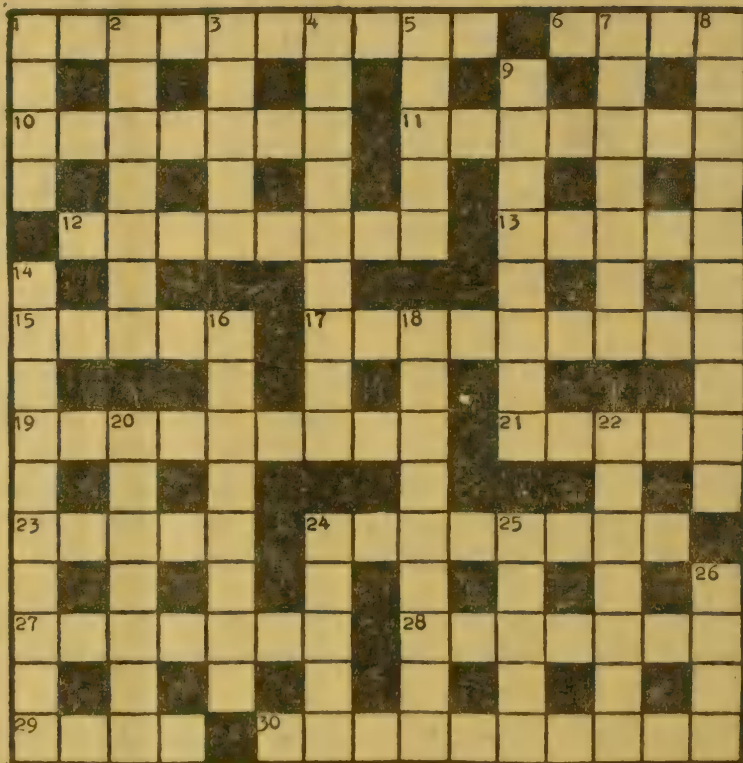
The NATION

Miss O. Le Pach

Readers Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

Crossword Puzzle No. 675

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 In a pinch, O. E. might be hard to translate for most of us. (10)
- 6 Not even these might be in your favor. (4)
- 10 Suckling asked if looking ill would. (7)
- 11 Binds by favor. (7)
- 12 Father's rather dark, but can at least be tolerated. (8)
- 13 16 down, 9 down, 5 down, 20 down, 22down Certainly no marine company, according to S.T.C. (5,5,3,3,5,5,2,1,4,4,3)
- 15 A rope spinning entertainment, perhaps. (5)
- 17 Left, usually not in the right. (9)
- 19 These matchmakers sometimes even have to supply the ring. (9)
- 21 When he's wine, he's easily upset. (5)
- 23 Dodgers should do it well. (5)
- 24 It probably involves songs of praise. (8)
- 27 Guzzled. (7)
- 28 Is there something gripping about a Communist? Quite the contrary, even if changed for the better. (7)
- 29 Acts like females, obviously. (4)
- 30 They should lie flat, even when pressed bad. (10)

DOWN:

- 1 Seen on the radarscope, or on deck, perhaps. (4)

- 2 The way one has obligations to take a girl in, or to restrain her by fear? (7)
- 3 Comes close to being a listening device used between the sides of the Civil War, in short. (5)
- 4 The way to make graduations? (The center cannot be said to be unbalanced!) (9)
- 5 See 13 across
- 7 This should certainly have more bark than most trees. (7)
- 8 Proceeding with action, about to exhaust the process of ceasing action. (10)
- 9 See 13 across
- 14 Almost all come to 30 with the bad part removed, in a way. (10)
- 16 See 13 across
- 18 Talk back to a monk's bark! (9)
- 20 and 22 See 13 across
- 24 Drape shape for father! (5)
- 25 Does one shove a piece on board, or just haul away? (5)
- 26 Puts together a man who might work on gum? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 674

ACROSS: 1 AXIOMATIC; 6 BUGGY; 9 TUDOR; 10 ENCOMPASS; 11 CYCLOPAMA; 12 TRACE; 13 INTER; 15 RESPONDED; 18 FORETASTE; 19 SHADY; 20 ANGEL; 22 ENTRECHAT; 25 INELASTIC; 26 REEKS; 27 NONCE; 28 AMETHYSTS. DOWN: 1 ANTIC; 2 INDICATOR; 3 MARCO; 4 THESAURUS; 5 COCOA; 6 BUMPTIOUS; 7 GUAVA; 8 YESTERDAY; 13 INFLATION; 14 RETALIATE; 16 SPECTACLE; 17 DEATHLESS; 21 GREEN; 22 EXTRA; 23 EARTH; 24 TASKS.

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

PRE-CONVENTION PRESIDENTIAL POLL: See Back Cover

THE *Nation*

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CULT OF IKE

A Threat To The Presidency

by George Dangerfield

Waiting for the Slump

by Douglas F. Dowd

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Letters

Where Lies the Power?

Dear Sirs: I've read Professor Lynd's perceptive and provocative review of C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite* in your May 12 issue. The importance of Mills's thesis is in no whit lessened by the valid strictures in the review. In recent years, and especially during the Eisenhower Administration, our leading industrialists and bankers have arrogated to themselves a frightening dominance of political power. Again and again heads of gigantic corporations, and even of lesser magnitude, have behaved as if the interests of the nation were ancillary to the advancement of their own particular interests and not the reverse. What seemed an awkward and presumably unfortunate slip of the tongue when Secretary Wilson referred to the mutuality of benefits between General Motors and the United States has in three short years become an accepted truism.

CHARLES A. MADISON

New York City

Dear Sirs: There are scholars who take broad exceptions to describing power relations in the nation through the use of elite-circle analysis. Some prefer to divert attention from the elite. Others prefer to speak of the elite but obscure the relationship they may find by lumping the elite into a philosophical hodge-podge of class and institutional analyses. I prefer Mills's clarity. Lynd, apparently, wants more philosophy. . . .

I am firmly convinced that the elite groups in the country can be used as a measuring rod of power action. From my own field research I can underscore much of what Mills has said or vividly implied. Top leaders, policy-makers, know each other, recruit one another and exclude from their amoeboid circle those who "do not fit." They know general patterns of policy development and they know specifically how to go about getting what is individually good for them and their various enterprises. Their names appear repeatedly in the national press. They know and are known by elected and appointed officials of the larger associations and government—officials from whom they hold themselves somewhat aloof and superior. They represent a cross section of national civic life and act like members of the central executive board in relation to it. They belong to clubs and associations in common membership across the nation. And they include the top-ranking politicians, men of wealth

and the military elite of whom Mills speaks. One can, and many do, measure their own power potential by whether or not he is, or they are, included in the circle which, by and large, are in on the larger decisions. It is evidently very painful to many to find that they are not. . . .

Mills has my utmost respect for his scholarly integrity and for his forthrightness as a writer.

FLOYD HUNTER

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Dear Sirs: Professor Robert Lynd is surely right in his conclusion that we "need to return to a more full-bodied approach to the problem of organized power in society than elite theory provides." The difficulty is to discover how. Bertrand Russell unduly narrowed the approach when he argued that "the fundamental concept in social science is Power, in the same sense in which Energy is the fundamental concept in physics." This led him to consider only "the laws of social dynamics." But just as the trend of modern physics has been to examine the interrelation of energy with matter, so the interrelation of power with order in the social sciences seems the most hopeful path to "a more full-bodied approach." . . .

A more detailed examination of how the militarist and industrial elite of Imperial Germany perpetuated their power into the new political structure of Weimar Germany, and how their power was affected by the eruption of the new revolutionary elite of Nazism, might throw great illumination on these problems. So, too, the growing concept of the scientists and technologists as a new elite in modern society, whether capitalist or Communist, would expose some of the more mysterious operations of power in this atomic age. But neither exploration would be conclusive unless it included some study of the constant provision of more elaborate organization and social stability by the labors of modern bureaucracy, serving the daily needs of the masses in our urban, industrial life; or of business management down to quite low levels, which in the "public corporations" of present-day Britain and France merges so closely into the machinery of the state. Perhaps the chief fault of most analyses of elites is that they stick to the glittering top layers, and worry about the spectacular changes to exclusion of the less perceptible daily routines.

DAVID THOMSON

Cambridge, England

Dear Sirs: I feel quite in the debt of Mr. Mills for his deft manipulation of the corporate, military and political strands in the skein of power. Mr. Lynd would like a clearer picture of the dominance of corporate business power in this trinity. I can well understand the difficulties in Mr. Mills's path in satisfying his critic. We are given some insight into the inner workings of the political world from time to time, even when dependent on the self-interested pleading of the statesman involved; somewhat less insight into how the military functions. But what do we really know of the inside world of the corporations? The magnates of Standard of New Jersey, General Motors, U. S. Steel carry out their tasks behind inscrutable curtains. Their decisions affect the lives of all of us, and reach out around the globe, but who has any information on how, when or why these decisions are reached? So it is difficult for Mr. Mills to document too stark an account of the dominance of the corporate powers over the political and military. It is one of the misfortunes of scholarship in this era that the main center of power is so completely shielded from inspection. Another is the temper of these cold-war times which restrains an analyst from too bold a dissection of the body of power. A certain fuzziness may be desirable for those readers among the intellectual elite whose delicacy of thought might be outraged by the sight of raw flesh.

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The Shape of Things

The Pause That Refreshes

Along with everyone else, we were intensely relieved to learn that the President's condition has been pronounced "most satisfactory" and that he will soon be able to leave the hospital. With the rest of the world, we join in wishing him an early and complete recovery.

All the same, the general reaction to the news of his most recent illness provides another striking evidence of the potency of "the cult of Ike" (see page 504) and of the ruthlessness of those who foster the cult the better to exploit it. In remarkable contrast to the way in which the press handled the news of his heart attack last September, this latest blow to his health was almost instantly transformed into an assurance of good fortune and long life. Almost before the public knew that the President had undergone surgery, unofficial White House spokesmen were feeding the press "private but firm" assurances that he would run again. And the sponges had hardly been removed before his medical advisors were telling us that he could stand for reelection and that his life expectancy had actually been enhanced: (1) because the operation corrected a condition that might have endangered his health; and (2) because it "proved that his heart is healed and strong."

This remarkable transformation of the "bad news" of the operation into the "good news" that all the President needed to be as fit as a fiddle was to spend two hours on the operating table was made possible by the ardent cooperation of press, radio and television. With each illness of the President, Mr. Hagerty becomes more skilled in the art of reassuring the public. True, the press did quote Dr. Burrill Crohn to the effect that the disease of ileitis recurs in about 30 to 35 per cent of the cases, but this statement somehow got lost in the jolly news that the market had rallied. The resourceful Mr. Hagerty ("competent and clear") with an assist from Major General Leonard Heaton ("cool and clear") managed to get the working press so absorbed in the details of the operation—always a fascinating subject—that the larger issue of the President's fitness was forgotten. Like the good Dr. White of Boston, Major General Heaton is a clever man at a press conference; he even managed to sound less professional in his comments than the reporters did with their questions. The press seemed more interested in ten inches of the President's intestine than in the future of the Presidency.

The events of the last weekend should stimulate in-

terest in *The Nation's* pre-convention Presidential preference ballot printed on the back cover of this issue. As indicated, ballots must be mailed before July 3 to be counted. If the ballot is somewhat long, it is nevertheless easy to mark and the results should now be of special interest.

The Awful Truth

The trouble with President Eisenhower's statement—at the National Citizens for Eisenhower rally in Washington—that American prestige since the last world war "has never been as high as it is this day," is not that it is false but that, unfortunately, it is probably true. What a commentary this is on American leadership in view of the low esteem in which we are currently regarded nearly everywhere in the world. If American prestige is higher today than at any time since 1945, it is only because we have, to a degree, ceased rattling bombs and, half-heartedly, started to wave the olive branch. If this is the explanation, it should be relatively easy for us to rise from even our present exalted position were we to launch a dramatic peace offensive.

The Renunciation of Infallibility

The reaction of the American press to Khrushchev's speech has been uniformly banal and unimaginative. The points most frequently made are these: (1) Khrushchev and his colleagues are using Stalin's ghost as a scapegoat for their own crimes and misdemeanors; (2) The speech, a typical piece of Soviet trickery designed to throw us off-guard, is not to be taken seriously; (3) All patriotic American organizations should continue to blackball the boulder Khrushchev who has not come clean and told us why he failed to assassinate Stalin or, if he did, why he waited so long; (4) The speech "proves" that the Soviet regime is a brutal dictatorship (surprise!) and that police torture will often produce false confessions (surprise!); (5) In any case, Khrushchev's indictment of Stalin should not give rise to even an inference that the Soviet regime has changed or that anything worth noting has happened there.

The Soviet leaders may be blackguards and rascals, but they are not fools. They know that there is a logic in words. They know, too, that the indictment cannot be rescinded any more than those who read it can be told to forget it. The sweep and vigor of the attack can hardly fail to shake the convictions of "hard core" or orthodox Communists the world over. Therefore it must have been intended as a piece of major ideological

surgery; nothing less would justify the risks involved.

What the Soviets have renounced is the principle of Soviet infallibility in Soviet-satellite relationships and in the relationships between the Soviet bloc and Socialist states. The renunciation was necessary not merely to pave the way for better, stronger, more durable relations with the satellite and Socialist nations but to rationalize a policy of coexistence. It is a dangerous policy from the Soviet leaders' point of view, because it implies some relaxation of domestic controls. The ultimate heresy that the leaders of any orthodoxy can commit is to renounce, even in a limited fashion and for a special purpose, the principle of infallibility. But in this case the gamble is worthwhile, and the consequences, in the long run, could prove to be revolutionary. By acting as though the only meaning of Khrushchev's speech was that the State Department had finally managed to score a propaganda coup on the Soviets by releasing it, we are in danger once again of being left alone at the station as Lenin's locomotive of history goes racing toward the future.

On Shaking Hands

Now that the grotesquely over-billed Florida and California primaries are at an end, the year's one pre-convention political debate may be assessed. The only issue on which the debaters did not see eye to eye was civil rights and on this issue their differences were more a matter of rhetoric and emphasis than of principle. A real clash on civil rights between rival candidates for the Democratic nomination might, this year, have carried at least an echo of a great historic debate. But Kefauver-Stevenson, 1956, will hardly rank in the history texts with Lincoln-Douglas, 1858. The only way to have debated the civil-rights issue would have been for one of the debaters to take the position that the Dixiecrats should be ousted from the Democratic Party. But since neither was prepared to take this position, the debates failed to conceal the rivals' basic agreement on even the one issue that mattered. The debate thus became a personality contest or, more accurately, a grim contest to see which candidate could shake the most hands.

End of a Dream

When Formosa and the United States wrecked an eighteen-nation U. N. package-membership deal last December, providing the USSR with an opportunity to stage a spectacular "rescue operation" that brought sixteen new nations into the organization, *The Nation* (December 24, 1955) warned that the Chinese Nationalists had endangered their own membership. The inflexibility displayed by Taipei and Washington on every question related to China and Formosa is now beginning to bear bitter fruit. Egypt has recognized Peking, and a Cairo paper reports that the Afro-Asian bloc plans to take up the matter of China's U. N. rep-

resentation promptly after the General Assembly meets in November.

Twenty-six states have now recognized Peking, and Egypt's action seems to foreshadow recognition by other members of the Arab bloc. The world is becoming increasingly disaffected with the U.S.-Formosa policy of unqualified hostility toward China. Other than Washington, only South Korea continues to pander to Chiang Kai-shek's fading dream of empire. India and Canada have criticized American siege tactics against China (a siege which in addition to being wrong in principle, is proving ineffective in practice). London has informed Washington that it was proceeding on its own responsibility to make exceptions to the existing restrictions on shipment of strategic goods to China.

Now Australian Prime Minister Menzies announces that China and Formosa will be a major topic at the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference in London next month. In the background is the fact that the Afro-Asian nations that met at Bandung in April, 1955—with India and Ceylon of the Commonwealth playing important roles—unanimously pronounced themselves in favor of *universal* U. N. membership.

The indications are that the sands are running out for the Nationalists in the U. N.—and for this country's Formosa policy.

Herman Wouk Under Glass

A hearty welcome to Herman Wouk, a distinguished recruit to the dwindling ranks of non-conformists. In presenting his original manuscripts, including *The Caine Mutiny* and *Marjorie Morningstar* to the Columbia University Libraries, Mr. Wouk observed that the intellectual in the United States has always been the kind of person who goes about "challenging, arguing, asking questions, breaking familiar molds," as in the case of Henry David Thoreau who "went to live in the woods for thirty cents a day, sustaining his life with his two bare hands, to make a protest against the complacency he saw." As with Thoreau, so with Wouk. For as he sees it, Mr. Wouk has been "questioning the unspoken complacencies" by exhibiting a serious concern with "familiar religious concepts." It is a bit odd to think of the upholders of religious values and institutions as non-conformists in the Thoreau tradition but the suggestion, perhaps, falls under the heading of what Mr. Wouk has elsewhere referred to as "the twist" on the stereotype. Although it is "still not quite intellectually respectable even to consider a religious position," Mr. Wouk finds that he could "in honesty make this report" to the late Irwin Edman, who taught him philosophy at Columbia, were he alive today: "I have tried to remain unblinded, Irwin, by the fashionable formulas of the clever ones. I have tried to see life as candidly as I could. I have not conformed so far as I know in my writing, in my thinking, or in my living, to the patterns of the hour."

Babies and International Relations

The mass of small new facts published every day tends to bury the few great, key facts on which events really wheel. One such, which France successfully forgot for twenty years, was the exhaustion of the *Grande Armée's* reserves in 1917 and the fact that no matter who was to win the first World War, France had lost it. It finally lost it officially in 1940. A similar fact about Russia has now come half-way to the surface: the price for Stalin's management in 1939-45 is given in the coming classes of sixteen-year-old Russian boys. They will shortly drop from three and a half million a year to under a million in 1960—an item which may go a long way towards explaining Russia's reduction of military personnel.

In this situation, Russia must look for near and effective friends, not easily found overnight. Russia has to remember that a strong China, for example, could become very bad news indeed. What Moscow wants in the Western Pacific is a strong navy, not a strong land force; the United States wants just the opposite, and has got it—thanks to Rhee and Chiang. Considering the neat complementary situation, it is perhaps a good time to reflect that history has produced greater ironies than a Russia suing for the friendship of the United States.

Federal Responsibility In Education

By Horace M. Kallen

THE FREE, tax-supported system of public education, reaching from kindergarten to university and beyond, is today as absolute a part of the American way of life as our system of government and our elections. No true and sincere believer in American democracy now doubts that its growth and improvement depend on the continuous education of the American people. The education of the adult is of even greater importance than the education of youth. In the new atomic age which we have entered, adequate education is the first and last insurance of our continuing to live and to grow as a free society. More than ever before in history, knowledge is power while the greatest danger to the peace and freedom of the world is the monopoly of this power by a privileged few.

This is why there has been, over the years, a steady if little noticed increase of federal cooperation with the states in meeting their educational responsibilities. This began with the land-grant colleges. In 1890 it was extended by separate grants-in-aid for the improvement

of teacher-training. In 1914 training in agriculture and home economics were added. In 1917 Congress made vocational education a federal concern and, of course, various departments of the government and the Office of Education regularly provided information and other services. When the great depression came, federal agencies, PWA, WPA, NYA, saved educational establishments in various states from complete collapse by building and repairing schools, employing teachers, making possible the part-time employment of nearly 500,000 students of all ranks and conditions and educating nearly 2,000,000 more American youth through the Civilian Conservation Corps.

The coming of World War II further extended and diversified the federal share in education. Selective service found that 1,000,000 of our youth had never been to school and millions more had never finished elementary school. The armed forces found functional illiteracy and physical defects that no young Americans should have suffered from, given proper aid by their local communities or states.

WHY DID these communities fail their youth? They were communities with the largest families and the smallest incomes, located in the agricultural Southeast, which still by comparison has little industry and few cities. But the wealth of the nation concentrates in its cities, and the population goes with the wealth. Our manufacturing Northeast holds twenty-one times the wealth of the Southeast but rears only two times the children; and is rearing proportionately fewer children each year. Our Northeast spends three or four times as much per child for schools and teachers as our South, yet proportionately the South has spent a higher share of its income and gets far less for its money. It handicaps itself, of course, by its un-American racialism, which gives so much thought and energy to keeping the Negro down that little is left for lifting anybody up. In fact, the whites cannot anywhere grow in wealth and freedom unless the Negroes do.

Other parts of the country also suffer in health and education because of the centralizing trend of the national economy. This trend is a condition of our prosperity, but has dangerous consequences for democracy. It creates differences in educational opportunity which penalize health and education in areas where children are most numerous. As the record in the South establishes, it thereby turns free public education into a force that supports scarcity, caste and privilege.

In order to safeguard democratic ideals and to keep the democratic process secure, the federal government must willy-nilly either cooperate more and more with states and localities in providing equal educational opportunities on equal terms for all the children of all the people, or else must replace them. Just as the nation purportedly undertakes to treat all our youth equally in preparing them for war, so it must in fact treat all youth equally in preparing them for peace. Only the federal government is in a position to establish this equality where it does not obtain.

HORACE M. KALLEN, noted educator, is author of *The Education of Free Men* and other books on our schools.

June 16, 1956

CULT OF IKE

Threat to the Presidency . . by *George Dangerfield*

THE PRESIDENTIAL race for 1956 already threatens to develop into a nightmare, with the President going through the motions of running and his opponent going through the motions of pursuit, but with nobody, including the voter, really moving at all.

Long before they staged that damaging and unifying spectacle in Florida, Mr. Stevenson and Senator Kefauver had been uttering some very hollow sounds. They had a good strong case against President Eisenhower, but a steadily diminishing conviction that anybody cared to hear about it. You cannot expect resonance from a candidate who feels that he is talking to a void and not to an audience. Things may change after the Democratic convention; but at present we are confronted with the truly dismal prospect that, of the twenty-odd millions of voters who will dutifully and certainly vote *against* Eisenhower, the majority won't be too disappointed if he wins.

We appear to be afflicted with a cult of Eisenhower. It is neither a corybantic nor a fanatical cult. It seems, rather, to be a mild, affectionate, contagious sickness which deprives the voter of the normal faculty of identifying the President with what, in his dual role of chief executive and party chieftain, he actually stands for in the political world. The identification has to be made, none the less, unless we are content to reverse the long march of American history. Apparently we are content; at any rate, the reversal seems to be under way—quite gently, not with any irreversible momentum, but nevertheless under way.

Eisenhower's genial spreading shadow stifles unpleasant thoughts—as, to take a recent example, the

clear bipartisan thought that Nixon was too dubious a personage to be entrusted with the Vice-Presidency—and nurtures only gentle ones. But gentleness, hitherto, has not been an ingredient in Presidential campaigns; nor, for that matter, a conspicuous element in the people's attitude towards the Presidency. The President is a legitimate, indeed an essential, target for attack and debate. You might say that it was his duty to make enemies, since it is his duty to excite thinking on all great public issues, including the permanent public issue of the President himself. The cult of Eisenhower, because it dulls thinking on this and all related subjects, tends to weaken and threatens to abolish the direct



and vital connection between the President and the people.

Even if he were not a man of good repute and agreeable personality, Eisenhower would be difficult to dislodge. The unique and necessary armory of powers and attributes which he has inherited from, and in a great measure because of, his Democratic predecessors, gives him merely as incumbent a great advantage. The cult of Ike, however, is obviously not due to the fact that he may be hard to dislodge—a great many cultists, after all, are going to vote to dislodge him. It seems to have a far deeper and more unreachable origin—the fact that Eisenhower is both a beneficiary and a projection of the benign side of the Roosevelt myth.

As a benevolent internationalist, especially, Eisenhower is incalcula-

bly indebted to Franklin Roosevelt. It would be difficult to overestimate the grandeur of Roosevelt's feat when he turned the American President into a natural, predestined leader of the Free World. Wilson had tried it for the whole world, bond or free, and Wilson's tragedy served to harden the old idea that European diplomats were too slippery and devious for a good American; as, at Versailles, they were.

Western Europe did not need the United States in 1919 as desperately as Western Europe, and eventually the Soviet Union, needed the United States in 1939 and afterwards. I do not mean to decry Franklin Roosevelt, far from it, when I submit that he was less a skilful diplomat than he was a vivid personification of a huge change in world relations—that is to say, of the internationalization of the United States. (The personification is all the more vivid when we remember that the Roosevelt of Lend-Lease, the Atlantic Pact, Teheran and Yalta was the Roosevelt who had once scuttled the London monetary conference and had been so blandly indifferent to the fate of Republican Spain.) Moreover, in spite of the colossal war-time powers which he wielded with such reassuring zest, his role was always a benign one. He was then, and he is now, the hero who saved, not the hero who destroyed.

TRUMAN carried the international role of the American President even further; but Truman's personality and limitations were such that he could not fill the benign side of the Roosevelt myth. He came to embody, with equal vigor but less authority, its progressive, controversial, fighting side, the side which inevitably provoked all sorts of hatreds against the New Deal and all sorts of slanders against Pearl Harbor and Yalta. He was the legatee of a Roosevelt who was violently loved and viciously abused; in the shivery paradoxical dawn of the Atomic Age, so

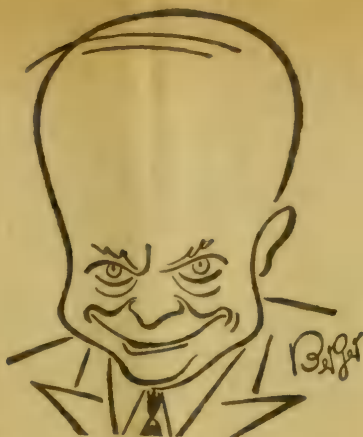
GEORGE DANGERFIELD, 1953
Pulitzer Prize winner in history, is
the author of *The Era of Good Feelings*,
The Strange Death of Liberal England
and other books.

full of wealth and panic, the legacy became a liability and this side of the Roosevelt myth, alas, almost an anomaly.

There is little doubt that Eisenhower drew heavily on the benign side of the Roosevelt myth when he promised that he would "go to Korea" if the people made him President-elect. To Harry Truman who, when the election was over, offered Eisenhower the Presidential plane "if you still wish to go to Korea," and to many others this seemed like a pretty raw piece of electioneering. Eisenhower himself, no close analyst of political advice, may not have thought so: he may well have persuaded himself that something somehow could be done if he made that very long trip and that very brief and inconclusive inspection. The electorate certainly didn't think so. Eisenhower carried with him to Korea not only a military reputation, but also a sizeable blessing from the benign side of the Roosevelt myth... the memory of a Roosevelt who used to appear suddenly in remote places and put everything right.

BUT BEFORE all this took place, when General Eisenhower was just beginning to emerge as a "natural" candidate for whom both parties were angling, his emergence was due, I believe, to the fact that both parties were ready enough to exploit the benign hero in the Roosevelt myth, and both were anxious to suppress the controversial hero. They were both looking for a tranquil influence. Business and industry, needless to say, never had any objection to tranquil Presidents.

This was to rob the Roosevelt myth of its real and great *dynamis*, its call to progressive action: and when a myth is robbed of its *dynamis*, it turns into a cult. The reputation and character of Eisenhower fitted beautifully into the new cultist picture. If we look back at his career, beginning perhaps with Operation Torch, we can see that he was always a modest soldier, and that he began very swiftly to present himself as a highly tranquilizing one—an American who could almost magically soothe the prickly susceptibilities of the British and the French. He was not a desk soldier—he directed great armies to an immense and bloody victory—but he was not, somehow, connected in one's mind



President Eisenhower

with bloodshed. He seemed to combine in his one person two hitherto mutually exclusive characters—a great general and a likeable general.

And then, when the war was over, he revealed what is still his most positive asset. His simple and sensible speeches showed that he was a genuinely peace-loving man. In 1948, he gratified all rational people by turning his thumb down on sabre-rattling generals: it is still down on them. It may well be that he was the most likely man to take immediate advantage of the shift in feeling which took place after Stalin's death—an event, incidentally, which showed that Eisenhower also possessed the political virtue of good luck. His appearance at Geneva—in spite of the presence of Mr. Dulles, one of the strangest albatrosses ever to hang around a peace-loving President's neck—was all that could be expected of an American Chief of State in his benevolent internationalist role.

And yet there was something, somewhere, missing. Was it because he was so uncontroversial a figure at home that he seemed at Geneva to be less a Great Democratic Father, dispensing love and doctrinal thunderbolts, which Roosevelt had often suggested and Wilson had striven to suggest, than a kind of Universal Uncle? And the trouble with the cult of Ike is that it tends to stress the positive sides of this avuncular personality and to forget that there are also some extremely negative ones. There is something in Eisenhower's public character which seems, not merely averse to controversy, but uniquely able to deflect it. It is scarcely a secret that his leadership

in domestic policies has been backwards. Yet the blame for what is being done against farming, or public power, or the public domain, or housing, or equitable taxation, lights on the President's advisors, never on the President. Even his famous silences—his silence on the issue of McCarthyism, his even more dispiriting silence on the issue of desegregation—are not held against him.

The cult of Eisenhower is, in fact, a relaxing cult. Even before his illness necessarily made him careful, the President took what happened to be a very easy-going attitude towards the duties of his office. There were times when he had obviously not done even the simplest homework—such as reading the headlines in the newspapers. But although this was pointed out pretty often—and the President himself, in his press conferences, often made it quite painfully apparent—nobody seemed to care. Even when he said that he might well have to delegate in the future rather more of his powers than seemed compatible with a vigorous exercise of the Presidential initiative—and without the constant and vigorous exercise of his initiative the whole federal structure is placed in danger—there was no loud objection. The public was so relaxed that it refrained from exercising its rights of rigorous examination which makes the Presidency, with all its fabulous powers, a uniquely democratic institution.

We may have to pay a grievous price for all this. Four more years of Eisenhower as a person—a palpably decent, friendly and charming human being—is not the danger. The danger is that the cult of Eisenhower will, during those four years, become engrafted onto the Presidency itself. The manipulators of mass opinion won't stop with what they have done, or think that they have done, with Eisenhower. They may, with their mysterious but inexhaustible power for proliferating silliness, slip over the idea that a President should always be some good, noncontroversial figure, high above politics, and no longer directly responsible to the people from whom he derives his powers. It is not Eisenhower, it is the inferior copies of Eisenhower whom we have literally to dread. The time to begin dreading them is now.

WAITING FOR THE SLUMP

Economics of Complacency .. *by Douglas Dowd*

THE ECONOMIC air this year is filled with cross-currents: serious unemployment in Detroit and environs, but national employment higher than ever; anti-inflationary moves by the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, but widespread expectations of a business downturn in the next few months; signs of "excess capacity" in a string of consumer and capital-goods industries, but the highest planned expansion of productive capacity ever; and so on. What to make of it? If we were to set up three major possibilities on business prospects and poll the American people—business men, the general citizenry, economists, public officials, even the currently unemployed—the results would probably come out something like the following: (1) a significant but small percentage believing that there will be no downturn at all for the indefinite future; (2) almost everyone else believing that there will be a mild downturn this summer, with a revival late in 1956 or early 1957, and a steady expansion thenceforth; (3) almost nobody believing that within the next six months a sharp, deep downturn, entailing upwards of 10 per cent unemployed, will ensue.

Nearly everyone, in other words, would subscribe to the following assertion, made by a leading Chicago banker:

There are grounds for the belief that there has been a change for the better in certain aspects of the business cycle as it may be expected to operate in the future in the United States. Cycles have been described as consisting of prosperity, crisis, depression and revival. Conditions have come into being which tend to soften the second or critical stage so that in the description of future cycles, we might substitute the word "recession" for "crisis." Furthermore, we may hope that the two phases "recession" and "de-



See, what did I tell you? One third cash and the rest over two years.

pression" may be rendered less disastrous in the future than they have been at many times in the past.

Certainly. But that statement was made in October, 1927, a period enough like the present to give one pause, at least. There are now many reasons for believing that the third possibility has the highest probability, and that the next twelve months will begin to show the first two as terribly mistaken. If this estimate is correct, it is because of the uncritically held assumptions underlying much of current economic behavior, the consequent nature of that behavior and the implications of both for the near future.

ONE OF the two major assumptions of the day has to do with what *Fortune* calls "the new economy," which in turn is related to and ultimately dependent upon a second and more strategic assumption. This refers to the present and expected future role of the federal government as cold warrior and as economic stabilizer and protector. Behavior based on these assumptions tends, for the short run, to maintain an

environment which justifies the faith. But since the truth contained in the notions of the "new economy" and the omniscient-omnipotent government is either misleading or partial, the results of behavior based on these notions may well be disastrous.

The "new economy" is principally the result of a combination of the institutional reforms of the New Deal and of the vast and sustained increase in purchasing power since 1941 due to enormous public expenditures. One of its major characteristics is a vastly enlarged ring of consumers—consumers of goods which only ten years ago would have been considered out-of-reach luxuries, even in America. Their ability to purchase more is the result of their ability to get and keep productive jobs, which in turn is made possible in large part by their willingness to purchase more. The genie who facilitated this bootstrap operation, of course, was mortgage and consumer credit. One of the major defects of the new economy is thus the other side of the coin of this characteristic, for the credit genie ultimately begins to make impossible demands and to invoke harsh penalties for refusal to comply.

THE key assumption underlying present attitudes and economic behavior refers to government as spender and as intervener in the economy. Take away expectations concerning the government, and much of present economic behavior remains baffling. As spender, the government has been most important, and is expected to continue to be most important, in its national-defense expenditures. Between 1947 and 1950, yearly expenditures for this purpose varied between eleven-

See back cover of this issue for your Presidential Preference ballot. BE SURE TO VOTE--TODAY!

DOUGLAS F. DOWD is assistant professor of economics at Cornell University.

and-a-half and fourteen-and-a-half billion dollars. Since 1950, the fluctuation has been between thirty-four and forty-nine billions yearly, and the general expectation is that thirty-five billions will constitute a floor for the foreseeable future.

Apart from its role in stabilizing farm income, in social security, and the like, the major role of the government as *intervener* lies in the presumably coordinated areas of monetary and fiscal policy. It is generally assumed that government will follow a set of monetary policies which will assure that interest rates, the supply of credit and prices will neither overly stimulate nor overly retard some desired rate of expansion. In recent years, indeed, the powers attributed to monetary policies are reminiscent of similar attitudes before the depression of the thirties. Fiscal policy—i. e., the federal government's taxing and spending activities—is expected to stabilize the economy by moving against the tide, stimulating in actual or threatened times of contraction and acting conversely when booms threaten to get out of hand. The severity of the last great depression was such, it is generally believed, that the government will not *allow* another significant depression to develop. The increase of knowledge on these matters is believed to be sufficient to provide the government with the necessary tools. And possession of tools is thought to mean proper use of those tools.

THIS IS a hopeful picture and it has led to hopeful behavior. With the fear of depressions gone, consumers can indent themselves up to the hairline, never fearing a lean year; business men can make expenditures for plant expansion even in the face of softening markets; lenders can relax their fears of default. The economy, in a word, can feel free to go on a drunken spree, as it did in 1955. And the one way to avoid a hangover, at least for a while, is to stay drunk. But a closer look at the present situation does not encourage optimism.

First, let's look at the consumer. The spectacular expansion of consumer and housing expenditures in 1955 was financed largely by equally spectacular increases in mortgage debt and consumer credit, accompanied by a game of musical chairs with houses. Disposable income (i. e.,

personal income after personal taxes) rose by 10.2 billions in 1955. Consumer debt rose by 17.9 billions. Total consumer debt (mortgage and consumer credit) in 1955 stood at 46.8 per cent of disposable income, a rise of 5 per cent over 1954. The figure in 1929, a wild year by older standards, was only 31.4 per cent. One of the more interesting aspects of the 1955 credit spree, as reported in *Fortune*, is that \$5.5 billions of new mortgages were incurred by individuals who borrowed that amount on their homes in order to buy autos, appliances, stocks, trips to Europe and the like.

This growing indebtedness of consumers means, of course, that a growing amount of "disposable" income is pledged to the banks and finance companies every month, and that new purchases—income and employment-creating purchases—are consequently restricted. This restriction will be offset when and if one or more of the following occurs: prices fall, taxes are reduced, incomes rise, or terms of indebtedness are relaxed (i. e., lower down payments and longer terms of payment). The last, taken by itself, is clearly self-defeating. As for price reductions, given the present structure of industry, its costs and business men's notions of what constitutes "normal profit," a sufficiently stimulating general price fall could take place only *after* a serious depression was well under way. If reduced taxes were accompanied by falling public expenditures, the impact would still be contractionary. The alternative is to increase the government debt. Although there is no reason to oppose a rising public debt incurred for sensible purposes, there is much reason to believe that Congress would not approve a rise of the necessary amount at the necessary time—particularly for "sensible purposes."

IF THE probability is that consumer and housing expenditures will slow down, what then are the probabilities that other categories of expenditures will rise sufficiently as an offset? To answer that, we must look at the producing and investing side of the economy, and once again at government. Gross national production is rising in 1956, at last notice, but at something like half the rate of increase in 1955. The major areas of stimulation are to be found in busi-



Herblock in Washington Post

Oh, cut it out!

ness expenditures for plant and equipment, now unprecedentedly high, and in outlays for residential and non-residential construction (including roads). Business expenditures for expansion are based ultimately on the expectation of growing markets and sustained profits. Those markets are business purchases for expansion or inventories, overseas markets, consumer markets and government purchases.

Although our sales abroad are currently very high, the prospects for the near and distant future are not bright. Competition is developing rapidly in all overseas markets for manufactured goods, Western European, Russian and Japanese supplies grow. As for agricultural markets abroad, the less said the better. The startling news was recently announced that American cotton exports may probably be expected to dwindle virtually to zero within the next three years (except to the degree that we play the dumping game). The same trend, though with less severity, may be found in grains.

Domestically, the situation is at least superficially puzzling. In the face of sagging consumer markets in autos and appliances and even softer farm-equipment markets, in the face of developing recessions in the non-ferrous metals industries, with credit and capital costs rising, with increased difficulty in selling goods of all varieties, increasing business failures (Dun and Bradstreet reports a 13 per cent increase in May this year over last year) and upward wage pressures—why, despite all this,



Herblock in Washington Post

"Are you sure we don't have too much air in the tires?"

would business continue to expand its capacity to produce? Is it because business men in general have discarded the notion of a downturn? On the contrary, business men in particular expect a downturn this summer. But the even more general business expectation is that the downturn will be mild and brief and that expansion will pick up once more by the end of the year.

But given any sort of downturn, the accumulated level of consumer debt promises to make that downturn sharp and deep, with consumers curtailing purchases of new goods and losing possession of installment goods and even houses. But this in turn means an intensification of existing mushiness in the new-goods markets. Residential construction would be sharply hit and business expenditures for expansion—heavily credit-financed themselves—would be cut back wherever feasible.

But what about the government, which is expected to save our little Nell from all this? The Administration and the Congress of today are as much creatures of the optimism of our time as their counterparts were in the twenties. The sustained high levels of income and employment of the last fifteen years have done much, too much, to obliterate the scars of the thirties and to reimplant the belief that in America, after all, the problem of depressions is past and done with. Another depression of the length of the last one is prob-

ably out of the question, but we may still have a severe depression of one or two years because of over-optimism. Government today differs from government in the twenties in the sense that it is prepared to take an active role in countering business fluctuations; it is not at all clear that it is prepared to take a sufficiently active role until after we've had one more comeuppance—one in which most of us, and perhaps most of the world, could be badly hurt.

The major relevant areas of governmental policy are monetary policy, the reduction of taxes, and expenditures for national defense, domestic improvements and overseas economic aid. Let's look at the probabilities. Monetary policy works effectively, if at all, to slow down an expansion; it can do little but put a slight brake on a contraction, once begun. As for fiscal policy, the Administration plans or hopes to balance the budget this year and in the forthcoming fiscal year—or even to run a surplus—for the first time in its stay in office. There seem to be no reasons to expect a tax cut from this Congress, and no reason to expect any increase, let alone a substantial one, in government expenditures—whether for defense or peaceful purposes. A recession which is expected to be mild and brief is one which an election-year Congress is not apt to take seriously, except on the platforms in Detroit and other "labor surplus" areas.

Suppose, however, that this is incorrect, and that Congress were to take the downturn seriously when it develops? We then have to ask what any increase in expenditures would be for, and whether the problem of timing could be successfully managed. Keep in mind the strategic significance of the mountain of consumer debt and, this year, the unusually high percentage of credit-financed capital expansion—the meaning of both of which is that any downturn is likely to be precipitous. That is, any steps by the government must not only be significant, but swift, to be effective.

Let us look first at expenditures for "national defense." Whatever may be said for them in the past, the rapidly changing international situation is clearly making it increasingly difficult to justify expanding such expenditures now and for the future; on the contrary, the pressures—for which, praise the Lord—are in the opposite direction, even from such staunch cold warriors as Admiral Radford. With the Soviet Union moving swiftly into peaceful competition and cutting its armed forces, as the *New Statesman and Nation* has recently put it, "what Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev are asking us, however politely, is whether we will take the risk of making peace with them." With the need for European nations to manage problems of domestic inflation and overseas competition, and with similar developments all mounting toward the same end, the "floor" of thirty-five billions yearly on armaments may soon be reached and become an elevator floor, going down. For us to do otherwise in the face of current trends would require and stimulate a foreign policy which would either be absurd, even by present standards, or one clearly bent on war.

WHAT, then, of expenditures for peaceful purposes, at home and abroad? Present attitudes and past performances are discouraging. A highway program will be approved by this Congress which will probably entail expenditures of from one to three billions annually over the next thirteen years. Apart from this—which will not involve any increase in government spending—what is there? Even the Administration's push for an under-sized

overseas aid program is running into trouble. In no other case is any significant attempt being made by Washington to expand the use of public funds at home or abroad. We need housing, but this Congress is unlikely to approve more than 50,000 units for next year—at most a tenth of a reasonable program. We need TVAs—for power and flood control—on small and large scales, but there is little discussion of the matter, let alone moves in that direction. We badly need schools and hospitals, but the fear of federal aid to education and of “socialized med-

icine” is enough to dull minds to action.

In sum, Congress is not likely to be asked for, or, if asked, to approve of, any significant moves in the direction of expanded expenditures until its next session. And the impact of its appropriations, if and when made, would not be felt for at least a year. It takes time to debate, even more time to work up plans, and more time still for the economic effects of working projects to seep through the economy.

But, many liberals think quietly to themselves, maybe a depression

would be a good thing? Not if it gives the madmen who would pound for big armaments expenditures and stepped-up hate a desperate audience. Not if it brings about chaos in the delicately-balanced world economy. Not if it means widespread unemployment in America, among other places, with all the misery that suggests. Not, in America, if it acts to reverse progress on the segregation question by pitting the unemployed against each other. We are surely bankrupt if we are able to make political hay only through economic disaster.

OUTPOST ON THE NEGEV

Heat, Dust and Sheep . . . by Dan Wakefield

Sde Boker, Israel

IT IS A measure of the outside world's vast innocence that Sde Boker is known as David Ben-Gurion's “desert retreat.” And in this case the outside world means Tel Aviv as well as New York. The visitor who spends several days in conversation with the people of Beersheba and settlements to the south learns quickly that the world is divided into two distinct parts—the desert and the rest.

The fact that Ben-Gurion settled at Sde Boker during his brief retirement and goes there now on his infrequent holidays, is quite incidental to the community's role in the world of the desert. It has its own history, character and future. Furthermore, the very term “retreat” is unsuitable for Sde Boker. It is rather an “advance”—a hot barracks outpost twenty miles south of Beersheba, surrounded by rolls of barbed wire and the desert.

Sde Boker was started in 1952 by a dozen Israelis, all either Palestine-born or longtime residents, who had come to the Negev in the 1948-49 war with the Arabs and caught the peculiar philosophic fever of the desert. “What we had in mind for

Sde Boker,” one of its founders explained, “was an experiment. First of all, we wanted to set up a kind of nomad life; that is, we would have a mobile camp of trailers, and be able to move at short notice to follow the herds to new grazing land or new water sources. Then, we could carry out agricultural experiments for the government to supplement our income. We imagined it as a ‘joint company,’ with each of us holding a share—but we would have our own money and private property, and therefore a different form of organization from a *kibbutz*. So you see, we were trying to do many new things—and, of course, on top of it all was the security problem: infiltrators and Beduins.”

IN MAY of 1952, half of the dozen founders moved out to their chosen site with three tents, a tin hut and a rifle apiece. It was the first Jewish settlement in the central Negev region, and the first of any kind since the ancient city of Abda—a mountain stronghold of Nabotean and Byzantine civilizations some ten miles to the south—had crumbled from power into pickings for visiting archeologists.

At first it seemed doubtful that Sde Boker would survive long enough to crumble. In the first months, one of the group's girl shep-

herds was killed by Beduins and one of the men was killed when infiltrators ambushed a truck. Winter came, and the water froze in the horse's troughs. And winter in the Negev means floods—sudden torrents of water that burst out of the hills and envelop anything in their course. An army jeep and its driver were caught in the path of one of these moving walls of water in the Sde Boker region and destroyed. Then with spring the locusts came—wiping out half the settlement's newly planted vegetable garden.

The pattern of life at Sde Boker had begun to take form—freezes and mountain floods in the winter, locusts and smothering heat in the summer; Arab raiders all year round. The “nomad” idea gave way to a more conventional permanent site, modeled more and more along *kibbutz* lines. Several of the originators, disillusioned with the dream's corruption, pulled up stakes and set out for other spots. By 1954 the goings and comings had left the camp with a partially different dozen inhabitants, who decided to issue a call for help from one of the country's youth groups.

In Israel the young men and women fresh out of high school may substitute their army service by two years of work in a “Nahal” group. These are formed from city youth

DAN WAKEFIELD has been contributing a notable series of articles on Israeli life to *The Nation*.

June 16, 1956

movements (some sponsored by political parties and some independent, such as the Scouts) who are trained in agriculture and sent to establish or reinforce agricultural settlements, usually on the border. The idea is that when their time of required service is up, most will stay.

SDE BOKER is farther from the borders than any other settlement in the country. The Jordan border is thirty miles to the east. The Egyptian border is twenty-five miles to the west. But there is nothing between the borders and Sde Boker except the empty immensity of the Negev landscape, animated only by the shifting movements of the Beduins and bands of Arab smugglers and raiders from Egypt and Jordan who move back and forth in the shrouded business of inter-tribal feuds and the hashish trade.

The Scout group from Tel Aviv that was asked to go to Sde Boker, however, was not too happy about the idea. Michael Shenar, one of that group's original members, recently explained to a visitor that "We had wanted to set up our own *kibbutz* on the Jordan border. But the Sde Boker people said if we would just come and help them out for six months we could leave. Of course what happened was that at the end of the six months our own group was doing so much of the work that the whole place would collapse if we left. Some wanted to leave anyway, but the more we stayed, the more we wanted to stay. Of course some left—mostly girls. That's one of the big problems in any *kibbutz*—getting enough girls to stay. But especially here, where conditions are worse than usual."

The visitor was curious to know just what the conditions were, and asked to put in a few days' work.

"Well, we need another man with the sheep," Michael said. "The

guard will wake you at 4:30 tomorrow. Be sure to take a hat—the sun will kill you."

The sun was only a suggestion in the east when the visitor was awakened the next morning. The main camp of Sde Boker was cold and pale, the typical narrow *kibbutz* houses (long single-story buildings divided into four or five separate rooms) looking like a misplaced motel on the blank grey face of the dust that stared at the equally expressionless sky.

The Negev is not a conventional desert. Its flat spaces, however great, are always eventually broken by sudden cliffs and enormous hills, and the washed-out color of its dust-laid valleys runs into rich browns and greens before the horizon fades. But standing in the middle of one of those tables of dust—like the one that Sde Boker is on—the relief of different shapes and colors seemed too far away to be convincing. The hills to the east were shadowed with purple and one-dimensional in the distance, and looked like a giant backdrop curtain. The only reality was the dust.

MICHAEL gave the visitor a canvas bag of food and water canteens, and a rifle, and pointed him toward the flock. The current grazing ground was three miles south of the sheep camp—a truck converted to living quarters for four—and after leaving the road (the new connection between Beersheba and Eilat) the sheep straggled out. Finally the flock was successfully funnelled into a long narrow *wadi* of high green weeds. The sheep moved slowly as they grazed, the sound of their bodies brushing through the foliage all at once like a flowing river, and Yahiel, one of the shepherds, motioned the visitor up to a high plateau of chalk overlooking the valley. There was time to build a

fire and to have a bite of breakfast.

But the meal was mainly dust. The Negev is made of dust, not sand, and even when you leave the flat sweeps of brown that defy vegetation, and move into slopes of green and deeper brown, you can't leave the dust. It follows with the wind, cracking your face and accumulating in a film over your closed eyelids and drying your lips. The cold egg sandwiches were flavored with dust by the time they got to the mouth, and dust crept into the coffee when Yahiel poured it from the fire-blackened pot to the cups.

BY THAT time the sheep had begun to string out of sight, and Yahiel ran down shouting to round them back into place. When he returned he told me that "the Beduin could sit up here and make his whole flock move by certain calls and whistles. His sheep are very smart. Ours are still ignorant, you see. We are only learning. All that most of us have done before is go to school." He took a copy of Remarque's *Spark of Life* from his pocket and settled back to read.

It was dark by the time the flock was counted into the corral. The oil-lamps were burning in the "wagon-house" and the table was set and centered with a tin can full of pink thistle flowers. Haya, the girl from the *kibbutz* assigned to keep house and cook for the shepherds, was fussing at the oil-burner that serves as a stove, and the fumes of oil and hot food filled the narrow shelter.

The day was over, and the only "bright lights" of the night were from the army jeeps and trucks on the otherwise empty road to Beersheba. After eating there was time for a cigarette and a glance at the paper or a magazine, but by then it was almost nine o'clock and the next day began at 4:30. The visitor went to his bed and ceased to wonder why there weren't more people flocking to the Negev—but rather why as many have come as were there. The kids at the sheep camp had all left Tel Aviv and the prospects of government or business careers for this job that could hardly be said to hold glory for a young man or woman fresh out of school. The work is fourteen hours a day, six days a week. The profits are food and shelter and the sun.

The best explanation of the mad-



ness came from Haim, as he shouted to the visitor in the back of a truck that was taking some members of Sde Boker to Beersheba: "Most all of our parents live in Tel Aviv, and they don't understand what we're doing here. My father came down and he looked around and said, 'What do you expect to do here, anyway? Look at it. It's only little bushes—it's nothing.'

"The first year or so I was here I didn't see it myself—but now I see it. I know this part of the country now,

and I see what it's going to be—what we're going to make it. You know there were many who left, and I don't blame them. I blame the ones who didn't come at all. They sit in cafes and try to forget that we're surrounded by enemies and can't afford to sit back and take it easy yet. They are not realistic.

"Anyway I'm staying and I think we'll make something of it. I'm going to get some goats for us soon. We haven't tried goats yet, but we will—I think there's good pasturage

for them here. Do you know anything about pasturage?"

The visitor didn't know a thing about pasturage. He leaned against the side of the open truck and looked at the monstrous Negev landscape—the brown hills lapped across one another in the distance, the rough, hostile cliffs and the empty grey valleys, and he tried to see what it would be in fifty years—the way Haim saw it. But the truck was driving into the wind and he had to close his eyes against the dust.

Starving the PURE FOOD ACT

After Fifty Years—Neglect .. by *Walter Goodman*

AMERICA'S Pure Food and Drug Law will be fifty years old June 30. The appropriate tributes being paid on this golden anniversary include national meetings, a commemorative resolution by Congress and a postage stamp honoring Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the U. S. Department of Agriculture chemist who pioneered the act. Despite the festivities, however, the returns of the day are not entirely happy.

The passage of the nation's supreme food and drug law in 1906 climaxed a series of more limited legislation in an area whose odor Upton Sinclair conveyed so pungently in his novel, *The Jungle*. The importation of adulterated drugs had been prohibited in 1848; adulterated food had been barred from the country in 1890; the year 1902 had seen the outlawing of false branding of food in interstate commerce; a scattering of laws had also been adopted covering cheese, flour, butter, oleomargarine and tea. Finally, in 1906, twenty-seven years after its introduction, the controversial bill which brought together the piecemeal legislation and added significant controls of its own was signed by Theodore Roosevelt. In 1938, after six years of Congressional birth pangs, Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Federal Food, Drug and

Cosmetic Act which modernized and strengthened the basic measure.

Administering this wide-ranging law today is the Food and Drug Administration, an arm of the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. A creation of the Executive Department, FDA has responsibility for protecting every man, woman and child in the United States from impure foods, drugs and injurious cosmetics.

FDA now regulates more than 100,000 commercial establishments trading in products worth more than \$60 billion. It sets standards for more than half of all the packaged foods and about one-third of the prescription drugs retailed in America. It is responsible for seeing to it that foods and drugs are produced under sanitary conditions and for keeping unwholesome or dangerous products off the counters of the country. It seeks to give an air of reality to the words written on those colorful and enticing packages that fill our bulging supermarket shelves.

THE PROLIFIC post-war American family has multiplied the area of FDA activity. The population has increased by some thirty million since 1941, and the number of America's manufacturers, processors, shippers and retail outlets has grown accordingly. Technological developments in recent years have transformed—and complicated—the na-

ture of FDA's work. Almost half of the highly potent drugs available today were in the realm of science fiction fifteen years ago; the sales of endocrine products, barbiturates, sulfonamides and vitamins have gone up by 300 to 900 per cent since World War II; the output of frozen foods has been more than tripled in the past decade; chemical additives have been pumped into our comestibles by a lavish and untiring hand. Your neighborhood supermarket stocks more than five times as many items today—many of them precooked—as it did in 1939.

But while FDA's responsibilities have multiplied, its resources have not. Between 1939 and 1952, the funds appropriated for it rose with a snail-like steadiness. In 1953, even this bare progress was halted, and the appropriation leveled off at an extremely modest \$5,600,000. The next year it was cut to \$5,200,000; in 1955 another \$100,000 was sliced off. Whereas Canada is spending about 8 1/3 cents per person to administer its Food and Drug Act, the U. S. citizen must make do with 3 1/3 cents.

There are fewer FDA enforcement officials today than there were in 1941. That year found one official for each 160,000 of the population; in 1955, the figure was one for every 200,000. The causes of this decrease are by no means obscure. While private industry is starting graduate

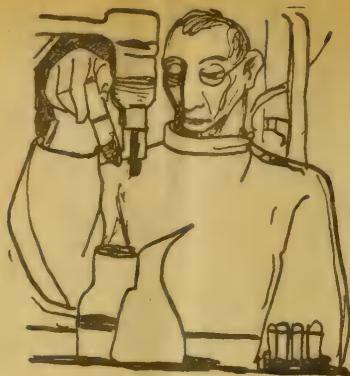
WALTER GOODMAN is a freelance writer.

chemists off with salaries of \$5,000 and more, FDA is obliged to lure the young men into the government service with a spanking \$65 a week.

The significance of all this has not been completely lost on Washington. At the beginning of 1955, then Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby appointed a National Citizens Advisory Committee to determine what effect this lack of money was having on FDA's operations. The committee, headed by G. Cullen Thomas, a vice president of General Mills, Inc., delivered its report almost exactly a year ago. Here are some of the things it told Mrs. Hobby: There was a 15 per cent reduction in FDA personnel between 1951 and 1955; laboratory and other equipment, some of which dates back to 1914, is not being replaced; field travel by inspectors and other personnel has been curtailed; a program of educational cooperation with industry has not been developed; the lack of attorneys has resulted in the accumulation of a backlog of legal actions.

WHERE does this gloomy parade of facts lead? "The committee is firmly of the opinion that (1) the scope and complexity of the present enforcement and regulatory problems, if dealt with inadequately, constitute a threat to the health and welfare of our citizens; and (2) that the resources of the FDA are woefully inadequate to discharge its present responsibilities." The Citizens Committee recommended a three to four-fold expansion of the administration in the next five to ten years.

The days of *The Jungle* are long past. FDA's job today does not lend itself readily to dramatic treatment. Perhaps if a batch of radioactive tuna fish had been shipped into this country after the 1954 atomic tests in the Pacific and had poisoned an American community, the resulting indignation might have inspired Congress to vote more money for FDA. But America was assured that this would not happen by a quiet round-the-clock Geiger counter check during the spring of that year of more than thirty-five million



pounds of fresh and canned tuna sent here from Japan. FDA's work now is largely preventive—not the stuff of which best-selling novels or exciting picture magazine spreads is made. This change of tone in fifty years from the sensational to the routine is one measure—and one cost—of FDA's achievement.

The inspection of food factories is a sure-fire way of making certain that our packaged-food-buying families stay well. But this is hopelessly colorless work—even when some 2,500 tons of filthy and decomposed food is seized as it was in 1954; even when one of our oldest and largest candy manufacturers is found to be operating a seriously infested factory; even when one creamery is caught scraping flies from a pasteurizing vat and then churning the remaining cream into butter; even when insect-ridden chickpeas are used by economical coffee roasters to cheapen the cost of their product. These things all happened in 1954, the year that food-factory inspections were slashed by a quarter as the result of a reduction in FDA's inspection force.

Then there are the "pocketbook protection" cases. A coffee roaster is found to be making an illegal profit of \$1,000 a week by distributing short-weight coffee. An extraordinary strawberry ice cream is discovered to contain no fruit product whatever. Candy bars are wrapped in deceptive packages to give them the appearance of their former, larger size. The manufacturers of fruit syrups neglect to add the word "imitation" on their labels. All doings worthy of FDA's attentions to be sure—but apparently not capable of wangling bigger appropriations out of Congress.

More than 200 drugs and related

devices were seized by FDA in 1954. A machine reputedly capable of diagnosing any ailment by an examination of a dried blood spot on sterile paper was found by FDA inspectors to be incapable of distinguishing the blood of the living from that of the dead. "Orgone energy" accumulators were rounded up despite the protest of their promoter that FDA was incapable of understanding the "basic natural law" from which his machines obtained their wondrous powers. He therefore felt it useless, apparently, to appear in court to defend them against the Philistines.

MOST OF the seized drugs printed extravagant medical claims on their labels, assuring users that they would instantly relieve such ailments as diabetes, cancer, deep-seated infections (including venereal diseases), epilepsy and heart trouble, not to mention diverse malfunctionings of the kidney and liver. Each of these cases might have achieved a small paragraph in a local newspaper—easily missed or rapidly forgotten by a busy Congressman. The nationwide FDA surveys on patient reactions to new drugs, the tests of how atomic explosions effect foods, may never even get into the newspapers. An article is published in a scientific journal, and FDA has made another important—and unpublicized—contribution to the public welfare.

After fifty years of accomplishment, the Food and Drug Administration appears to have accomplished itself right out of the headlines. This would not be worrisome—except that marginal food and drug firms are still tempted by easy ways to save dollars. Adequate regulation requires funds, and every police commissioner knows that nothing gets more money for his force than a healthy, well-publicized crime wave. Traffic cops, however dutiful, are unlikely to stir the imagination of the citizenry. The resources of FDA, concluded the Citizens Committee, "are woefully inadequate to discharge its present responsibilities."

A postage stamp is a genial gesture, but it will be an unhappy irony if, after half a century, one of the most needed and successful administrative organs ever devised is prevented by lack of interest from effectively enforcing laws necessary to safeguard our health and our pocketbooks.

See back cover of this issue for your Presidential Preference ballot. BE SURE TO VOTE--TODAY!

A Balance of Fears

REVOLT OF THE MODERATES.

By Samuel Lubell. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

TESTAMENT OF A LIBERAL.

By Albert Guérard. Harvard University Press. \$4.50.

AMERICAN PARADOX. The Conflict of Thought and Action. By Merle Curti. Rutgers University Press. \$2.75.

By Gordon Harrison

ONE infallible sign of good times is the uneasiness of intellectuals. With reason they fear preoccupation with wealth and the arrogance it breeds. They fear the power which success gives to the status quo and the sanction it lends to conformity. Most of all they fear the climate of fear which infects a nation wishing rather to hold on to what it has than to advance to better things.

Samuel Lubell finds the present tapestry of fear in American life so tightly woven and ingeniously balanced that, even though static, its internal stresses seem to deserve the paradox of his title: *The Revolt of the Moderates*. The prevalence of fear is assumed by Albert Guérard as background to the perils of the free individual which chiefly concern him in *Testament of a Liberal*. "Of all freedoms," he writes, "the essential one is freedom from fear; for it is fear that paralyzes thought. . . . If we are free from morbid fear, we shall also be free from unreasoning hate. . . . Both hatred and fear are the fruit of division and doubt." And the deepest of divisions, the most searing of doubts are those that set individual Americans at odds among themselves. The plight of the individual, central to both books, is the base of Mr. Lubell's political essay, the summit of Dr. Guérard's.

Mr. Lubell, as must now be apparent to all who read, is a skilful, thoughtful and enthusiastic exponent of a method of political analysis which he probably invented and certainly practices without serious

popular competition. The method combines the statistical sample of the pollsters with an historian's sense of perspective and a journalist's taste for getting the feel of truth by talking to people. Fear, he now finds, inhibits the will of the individual farmer who watches the price indexes, uncertain whether he should vote Republican to preserve his gains or Democratic to cut his losses. It divides the farm community, splitting politically the older farmers who paid off their debts during the wartime prosperity from the younger ones who find it increasingly difficult to get started.

Among the city workers and the foreign-born who were the backbone of the Roosevelt coalition, the dread of war and the dread of depression exert such strong contrary pulls that the citizen is either hopelessly undecided or rationalizes his dilemma by voting for both parties in turn while supporting neither. Like the crooked man in the crooked house, the divided urbanite lives in a divided community, split and balanced between the more or less faithful Democratic core and the heavily Republican suburbs. Cleavage and balance are also the essence of the politics of both parties. The Republicans, desperately weak on economic issues, perpetuate their division on foreign policy in order to hold the isolationists. The Democrats, counting on Negro support and saddled with Southern Bourbonism, are torn by race and economic class conflict which they can neither resolve nor escape.

The result of these contradictions within the individual and the group to which he is attached is at the moment a kind of political paralysis which passes for moderation. Yet, as Mr. Lubell is aware, so far as balance is the mutual frustration of increasingly sharp antagonisms it is not moderate in origin or implication. Nor is it moderate in its immediate consequences for government, if the times call not for drift but for imaginative, active defense of democratic institutions against extremist attacks.

While recognizing the dangers, Mr. Lubell is optimistic about the outcome. For one thing, he thinks current political schizophrenia results from the loosening of traditional party loyalties grounded in old battles and outworn prejudices. The first product of emancipation is the conflict in the voter's mind between the past and the present. In picking the present to win, Mr. Lubell plucks hope from the waning of the nineteenth-century ideological war between socialism and *laissez-faire*. Despite verbal echoes, we have turned our backs, he thinks, on the futile argument over whether government should do everything or nothing, and are "rediscovering the arts of governing day by day and problem by problem."

SOME such conclusion—that the salvation of politics lies in a pragmatic concern with good government—is implicit in Dr. Guérard's reflections, although the road he travels is quite different. While Mr. Lubell toured the precincts, Dr. Guérard, taking himself rather too self-consciously as an urbane curmudgeon, plumbed his own mind to discover what economic and political conditions of society are tolerable to a free man. Where Mr. Lubell is endlessly fascinated by the game of politics and its human counters, Dr. Guérard hates politics so bitterly that he can hardly be civil and cannot be fair. It is the more remarkable that from such opposite starting points they emerge with such similar warnings on the dangers of our time.

The middle class, on which Mr. Lubell necessarily pins his hope for the triumph of moderate politics, is cursed, he notes, with an "overfondness for contentment and quiet." From this come an impatience with the economic and psychological burdens of the cold war and a disposition to close class ranks at the bottom, as in the flight to the all-white, restricted suburbs of homogenized mediocrity. Rather more succinctly, Dr. Guérard observes the stupefaction of success. "When all is well with us, why think at all? . . . Who in his senses," he asks, "would question the essential rightness of a

GORDON HARRISON, author of *The Road to the Right*, is an editorial writer on the *Detroit News*.

society whose only harrowing problems are to find a parking space and a baby sitter?"

He exaggerates, of course. Worse, both he and Mr. Lubell note the coexistence of anxiety and complacency in our society without comment on the apparent paradox. No doubt a man who loves above all his own peace and quiet is pretty sure to be a neurotic who spends much of his peace and quiet worrying about it. But the balance of fears which Mr. Lubell describes betrays a deeper unease. We dread change not because we don't want to lose what we have but because we have so little faith in what we shall get. The farmer, for instance, while still relatively well off, is aware both that tomorrow he may be bankrupt and that neither he nor anyone else has a solution—even an ultimate one—to his problem. Despite official boasting that we can now manage the economy, the enduring heritage of depression is the suspicion of boom no matter how foolproof it looks. Preoccupation with security—and this extends from pensions to loyalty and preventive war—is the sign of an ineradicable sense of insecurity. Moderation in politics, from this point of view, is not so much a grasping for ease as the trance of one too scared and too confused to move.

The way out of irrational fears can only be through taking thought. So far as Dr. Guérard has a prescription for our ills, it is this: Let the political man with his exclusive concern for victory give way to the thoughtful man who seeks not to beat his enemies but to convert them. Peace without victory, like Christianity, has never been tried. But before it can be, politicians must be driven from their high estate. With curious inattention to the lessons of history, Dr. Guérard hopefully reintroduces the liberal panaceas of yesterday (although, to be fair, he no longer thinks of them as panaceas): a more enlightened public, more direct democracy, extension of civil service. But the answer he really believes in is the extension of civilization, by which he means "the critical mind, the judicial temper." The argument thus comes full circle: we must become more thoughtful by taking thought.

WHY DON'T we? This is the question on which the third book of this

trio on the American temper should supply illumination. Merle Curti in *American Paradox* examines in three brief lectures "the conflict of thought and action" in America. But while he traces the rise of anti-intellectualism and suggests some of its causes in our heritage and experience, the analysis seems finally unrealistic and unusable because he assumes that the distrust of thinkers is no more than an aberration in a society of still imperfectly rational individuals. Characteristically, he concludes with a lecture on the "Crisis in Education" in which he suggests that the cure for anti-intellectualism is to teach the young how to think. Granting the need and usefulness of such a proposal, it ignores the biological fact that, even with the best teaching in the world, thoughtfulness would remain an attribute of the few and would therefore seem to the many an invidious distinction. Surely the hue and cry against the egghead is the perennial appeal of the rabble rouser and succeeds exactly in proportion as social values are dominated by the mass.

ABOUT all three of these books, thoughtful and readable as they are, there is an oddly old-fashioned ring. Mr. Lubell, employing an up-to-the-minute technique of analysis, carries with him a nineteenth, or even eighteenth, century faith in the en-

lightened demos which approaches George Bancroft's mystique of the ultimate wisdom of the people. Dr. Guérard believes that the public can be enlightened and that public opinion can be captured and used as an instrument of reform by intellectual leaders. Dr. Curti has faith in what he calls "multiple leadership," the recognition and exploitation of manifold skills and talents "for the common good."

One would not rule these ideals out of court, much less disparage the faith behind them, but it does seem relevant to ask how far the notion of self-government by rational men fits the facts of a society increasingly numerous, increasingly frustrated by ignorance of increasingly complex problems of government, and relentlessly pressed into a common mold by mass production, mass selling and mass communications. This is the environment with which thoughtful and free men must somehow make their peace—or, rather, in which they must continue their war against prejudice and stupidity with just that modicum of success needed to survive. It will not do to try to educate the mass not to act like a mass. The only effective defense of freedom, as Dr. Guérard observes, is to use it effectively, which is to say that nothing will be yielded the individual on principle which he cannot prove he deserves in practice.

How To Get Away With It

A DISCORD OF TRUMPETS. By Claud Cockburn. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

By Kingsley Amis

THE REALLY formative experience of Claud Cockburn's career seems to have been his discovery at boarding school that the more rules there are, the easier and safer it is to break them. He was well qualified to be granted such a revelation. Born at Peking, on the day, typically enough, when the Japanese blew up the Russian flagship at Port Arthur, he was raised in the enviably anarchic environment of well-to-do Edwardian England. The Cockburns were not only eccentric; they were

influential enough to have some (though not, thank heaven, very much) effect on public events. Thus Uncle Philip constructed a scare about French torpedo boats which nearly broke up Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee naval review; Uncle Frank encouraged revolutions in Mexico; Cockburn senior canvassed a scheme whereby a Chinese army should hold down India and an Indian army China, with the British sitting snugly in the middle. Even the Cockburns' landlord had once worn a tea cozy on his head when the Queen came to tea with him in Scotland; it was meant to show that he was as keen as anyone on the party being a success. It was no wonder that young Claud, deciding on political journalism as his field, should set about diminishing law and order therein.

KINGSLEY AMIS is the author of *That Uncertain Feeling* and *Lucky Jim*.

After warming-up sessions in Hungary and France, he became a correspondent of the London *Times* in Berlin, thereby evading the various character-building hoops through which the *Times* ordinarily required its neophytes to jump. He encountered (at different times) Stresemann, the daughter of a Hungarian count, a whole squad of bankers and baronesses, Ezra Pound, Sinclair Lewis' dog and a woman on the Orient Express who behaved like an international spy and later turned out to be an international spy. At the *Times* office in London, Cockburn's first peek into the foreign editorial room caught one sub-editor reciting Plato in Greek while another sub-editor translated it into Chinese. The whole thing showed that the *Times* is like what people say it is like, and even more like a parody of what people say it is like. But it is Cockburn's special talent to make farcial things happen wherever he goes, just as fictional detectives foment murder.

THE United States did not escape. Wall Street in 1929 was remarkable for the slow, almost dream-like tempo of its way of life. Things hotted up a little when the crash came, and we get a curiously impressive story, funny and disturbing at the same time, about the millionaire Edgar Speyer, whose servants burst into the dining room among the guests, crying out that they had been ruined and he must come and save them. The *Times* requested a dispatch from Chicago on Al Capone, "not unduly emphasizing crime." With a submachine gun covering him from a convenient transom, Cockburn understood Capone to deny that he was a goddam radical or was knocking the American system: his rackets were run on strictly American lines and were going to stay that way. On arrival in Washington Cockburn saw the Capitol dome burst into flames, as it had done 115 years earlier soon after the arrival, in less pacific circumstances, of a Cockburn ancestor.

In 1933, when he was back in London, Cockburn's rule-breaking talents really got cracking. Feeling that people ought to know what was actually going on in the international scene, he founded a mimeographed journal, *The Week*, on a shoestring budget. All the stories

that established papers dared not print, all the rumors which said as much as facts, were typed up and sent to selected addresses. The policy was less to break the libel laws than not to know what they were and to resist all efforts to explain them. Cockburn's only rule was to see that what he printed would make his antagonist look more foolish than himself if it came to an action. *The Week* was a dead flop until the Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, denounced it as conspiratorial and subversive. Then subscriptions flooded in from diplomats, bankers, Congressmen, Senators, correspondents, King Edward VIII, Charlie Chaplin and a sect who foretold the future by measuring the Pyramids. Von Ribbentrop, the Reich's ambassador in London, honored the journal by calling it the focus of British slanders about the Nazis. Yet even when it named and attacked Lady Astor's Cliveden Set, there were no libel actions: the Cockburn rule worked. Such was *The Week's* influence that it was selected to run the story which might have saved King Edward from abdication. At the last minute the promised dispatch failed

to arrive, but at any rate Cockburn had had "a lot of fun."

Yes, it was all a lot of fun. Fun being London correspondent of *Time*, *Fortune* and *Pravda* in the intervals of running *The Week* and writing for the London *Daily Worker* (which turned out to resemble the *Times* to an almost macabre degree); fun being twice nearly shot as a spy during the Spanish war, once unjustly, once deservedly; fun bamboozling the French Premier into letting through a secret consignment of arms for the Spanish government. And what fun we would all have if *The Week* were running today. Think of the stories about Eden, Eisenhower, Bulganin and Khrushchev which Cockburn undoubtedly knows but which you and I will never read. Let us be thankful that at least we have *A Discord of Trumpets*, the most brilliantly amusing and invigorating modern autobiography that any of us is likely to get his hands on. And let us be grateful, too, that all the disillusionments one can read behind these witty and high-spirited pages left Cockburn as they found him, hard-headed but never cynical, sensitive but never soft.

Painting and Shelter in the Far East

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF CHINA. By Laurence Sickman and Alexander Soper. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. \$8.50.

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN. By Robert Treat Paine and Alexander Soper. The Pelican History of Art. Penguin Books. \$8.50.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF JAPAN. By Arthur Drexler. The Museum of Modern Art. Simon and Schuster. \$6.50.

ART IN EAST AND WEST: An Introduction through Comparisons. By Benjamin Rowland. Harvard University Press. \$5.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE NINTH and tenth volumes of the Pelican History of Art, edited by Nicolaus Pevsner, complete the coverage of Far Eastern art which was planned for this forty-eight-volume publication. With Professor Rowland's Pelican volume on the art and architecture of India (not to be confused with the book reviewed below),

they provide up-to-date and scholarly resumes of what is known of these vast subjects.

The present volumes follow the pattern set for this series: some 300 pages of text with maps, generous notes and bibliography, plus a corpus of nearly 200 pages of half-tone illustrations. Both are further subdivided, because of dual authorship, some 200 pages of text being devoted to sculpture and painting, and the remaining 100 pages to a study of architecture. Professor Soper, who has written the sections on architecture for both volumes, is one of a very few Westerners who qualify as experts in this obviously important field. Mr. Sickman presides over the W. R. Nelson Gallery in Kansas City, where he previously served as curator of Oriental art, and Mr. Paine is assistant curator in the similar branch of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The collections

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of these two institutions rival all but the greatest state collections in China and Japan. In deference to the American public, the authors have emphasized in their choice of illustrations works available in the Western world, notably in public museums in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland, Toronto, Cincinnati and Honolulu, in addition to Boston and Kansas City. A sampling of European museums and of the national collections at Peking and Tokyo is also included.

While these texts are scholarly and intensive throughout, Mr. Paine's is perhaps the most successful from the point of view of the general reader. It is less purely descriptive, more contemplative and more intellectual. It offers such thoughtful generalizations as the following:

Emotional values, those of an impressionable and appreciative spirit, were esteemed in Japan more than the fruits of reason and philosophy. In spite of the proximity of China . . . there is in Japan a freedom of feeling which stands in strong contrast to the ethical high-mindedness expressed in the arts of China and reflecting the spirit of Confucius.

In so compressed a coverage digressions are necessarily few. Nevertheless, Professor Soper characterizes Japanese architecture as essentially colonial in relation to the Chinese, "approximately as close to its original as was the brick Palladianism of Philadelphia to the English Georgian." Elsewhere he speaks of the late architecture of Peking as favoring "a kind of neo-classical respectability."

Though Chinese civilization covers some 4,000 years and Japanese less than 1,500, the early centuries of China are shrouded in such mystery and its recent history has been marked by so considerable an artistic decline that the overall balance between these volumes is more nearly even than might be expected.

MUCH of Dr. Drexler's volume on Japanese architecture covers the same ground as Mr. Soper's long essay, but it is more detailed and the illustration is much more generous and of notably superior quality. Furthermore, special attention is paid to postwar rebuilding of Japan, so that old traditions are fol-

lowed into their contemporary metamorphoses. Relationships with the West are likewise studied, and in both directions: for every Frank Lloyd Wright Imperial Hotel there is direct Japanese impact on Western house building. Landscape gardening receives its proper emphasis as fundamental to Japanese architectural design, and here the connections with Far Eastern painting becomes striking.

His text is an extension of the extremely important photomural exhibition of Japanese architecture which has been circulated in the United States by the Museum of Modern Art. A supplementary section gives a detailed account of the Japanese house which stood for months in the museum's garden.

While Professor Rowland's small volume is no longer new, I feel it

should be mentioned in the company of these more specialized works. For some years now, Mr. Rowland has been giving a course at Harvard which offers comparative studies of Eastern and Western forms in sculpture and painting through examples selected for their apparent similarity. The similarities, while spectacular, are generally coincidental, though in the case of certain Indian sculptures the impact of Alexander's conquest is not to be overlooked. Malraux's *Voices of Silence* contains many such confrontations, but Rowland's analyses are more workmanlike, if less ecstatic.

To the ambitious reader who wishes to become informed on the whole subject of Far Eastern art, I would suggest that he try *Art in East and West* as an *hors d'oeuvre* before he attacks the main course.

Technique Above Comment

LUCY CROWN. By Irwin Shaw. Random House. \$3.95.

THE SHADOW OF MY HAND. By Holger Cahill. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.95.

A HOUSE OF CHILDREN. By Jovce Cary. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

A CONTEST OF LADIES. By William Sansom. Reynal and Company. \$3.50.

By John R. Willingham

IF NO particularly valuable generalizations about the state of modern fiction arise from the consideration of these books in juxtaposition, the four, taken singly, exemplify a considerable persistence of the technical advance of the 1920's and 30's, and a certain reflection of the predicament arising from technique without comment of commensurate importance. The first three are novels; Sansom's book is a volume of short stories. All four men—Shaw and Cahill are Americans; the last two are British—are well known, established, professional writers. Of the lot, Cary probably warrants and gets the most sustained and enthusiastic attention from the practicing critics.

Irwin Shaw's retreat from the powerful writing of which he was

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capable in the late 1930's, particularly in the plays *Bury the Dead* and *The Gentle People*, is continued in this, the third novel. Into the story of eternally youthful and beautiful Lucy Crown, enough melodrama to satisfy the most avid reader of women's magazine fiction and enough parlor psychology to satisfy the most zealous amateur analyst are poured, not subtly but pell-mell. A family of three—Lucy, her husband and their son—rend one another emotionally from pages 3 to 339. The overprotective mother's careless proclivity for sleeping with younger men brings on the major difficulties, as if Shaw hadn't suggested plenty in just the impossible nature of the marriage and the son's numerous psychic wounds. But the major stages of the plot veer drastically away from the probable, and one is left with the conviction that, despite Shaw's often brilliant parts, there just isn't any structural or thematic justification for *Lucy Crown*.

American novelists quite understandably get the urge from time to time to write novels of our native soil, to explore the meaning of American experience through something like a "neo-local-color" medium or through the much more ambitious semi-epic, bardic tradition of Whitman's exultant quest for America. Within the past twenty or twenty-five years, Steinbeck,

Wolfe, Waldo Frank and Ross Lockridge, Jr., have succeeded in varying degrees in handling the chaos of American life, perhaps because all four resisted the impulse to sentimentality that seems to be inextricably connected with strictly regional fiction. Mr. Cahill's novel of life in the wheat country of North Dakota fails because there is too obvious an attempt to weight down a clear enough love of the northern prairie land to a rather trite plot of pastoral romance, politics and jealousies. The prose is lush, the motivation is romantic and the theme is blurred.

JOYCE CARY'S career has been unusual from the beginning. Now in his late sixties and acknowledged to be in the top rank of British novelists, he did not start his writing career until he was forty-four, and had already had a career in government service. *A House of Children*, which was originally published in England in 1941 and honored by the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, plumbs Cary's own childhood memories. Cary profits from the experiments of other English novelists (e. g., Virginia Woolf) at the same time that he remains free of any coterie. His special strength has always been in the creation of a world sustained by the imagination of his viewpoint character—a world whose lineaments became even more durable as the reader becomes Cary's character. Such an achievement always seems particularly difficult for an author who deals with the world of children for an adult audience. Yet *A House of Children* succeeds admirably in evoking childhood's magic world with all its clarity and

richness unsullied by adult analysis. Young Evelyn, the narrator, simply relives his summers near the end of the last century at Dunamara with his brother and cousins—ten children whose ages range from four to fourteen. There is no plot really—only awareness of things going on. The children observe and sometimes act; they perceive the evasions and the defections of adults with an astonishing unself-conscious clarity. Cary informs us that children don't enjoy life any more than adults; "they are only more eager for experience."

Sansom's facile short stories, which are already familiar to readers of *Harper's Bazaar*, *Argosy* and a large number of British magazines, specializes in the quiet but fierce ironies of experience. Not so much experiences of exotics (as in the case of John Collier's tales, which Sansom's superficially resemble) as those of mild eccentrics: a retired actor who furnishes his house as a hotel and ends up housing a bevy of beauty contestants, or a British lover who discovers the unpredictable nature of women through the chance upheaval of a window display of fish. The reader participates in the escape of a timid widower from an overbearing female professional tourist, the casual and unaccountable advent of death in the city streets on Sunday, or the perverse rivalry between two old gentlemen whose main interests in life are their exquisite economies.

In manner and matter, Cary and Sansom certainly outstrip the two American writers, both of whom have surrendered, in different ways, to the dubious demands of writing popular fiction.

Eve Beyond Eden

Today I looked with clearer eyes and saw
The rough black soil which we must learn to plough,
The pods blown wide and wind-torn from the bough
And grasses in the sun aging to straw.
Those perfect streams where I no more shall draw
Have idled into stagnant ponds by now
Where only fitful dragonflies allow
The frightening calm its brilliance and its flaw.
Today wild coveys shiver the open air
Amazed with freedom; as we, dazed with choice,
Tremble unsure between desire and prayer
Where once we needed only to rejoice.
Birds settle to evensong, but I must share
The new tormenting knowledge in your voice.

ELLEN DE YOUNG KAY

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RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey

Letter From Paris

Gerald Sykes

IT WILL BE generally agreed, I think, that one of the most fortunate human traits is the capacity to enjoy the routine incidents of daily life, to treat them, so to speak ritually, to turn them into events. This has been called ■ sacramental attitude, because it implies a reverence for each manifestation of life. It may be combined with traits which might seem, superficially, to contradict it, such as humor or mordancy; it is the exclusive property of no faith and no nation; only ■ few people achieve it now and then, though ideally it is within the reach of all of us all the time.

I think it could be demonstrated, now when the tourist season is getting under way, that many people come to this city because they believe it might help them to achieve this attitude. They come to the City of Light because they believe it may help them to become more enlightened. On their police cards their motivations are restricted to health, work, or tourism; there is no fourth space for the pilgrimage impulse that draws them to a place renowned not only for its monuments, its cuisine, its "atmosphere," but for the remarkable frequency with which people have found here historically a humane way of life.

This pilgrimage is strange, because today that attitude is on the defensive. In an age of heavy industry and heavy armament to insist on ritual enjoyments, to make a ceremony of daily routine, is not only anachronistic but politically dangerous. It creates individuals who demand too much from their tenure on earth to be useful to the state. They resist both one-party and two-party systems and unite, when they unite at all, in splinter groups that have almost brandished their impracticality. Such people make too much fuss over mere beauty of language. They are notoriously overfond of good meals. (During the war a French journalist attributed American victories to our cafeteria method of feeding our troops—the time it saved, the resentment it engendered, the combativeness it finally levelled at the foe.) Such people, when they

go to ■ children's party, do not wait impatiently until it ends; they enjoy it as much as the children do. If they attend the *vernissage* of ■ painter, they do not mutter "Very nice" and hurry off; they stay for hours, debate the theories implicit in his style, praise, denounce, write articles in small magazines. They even argue at funerals about the place in history of the deceased.

They have not yet learned that all this is a waste of time, that survival in today's power struggle demands strict curtailment of all natural joys, that the future belongs to the sourpuss. Above all, the backslapping sourpuss, the fake hearty. They would be inclined to dismiss such a thought as secularized puritanism and turn away from it to the childish pleasures they still seem to find in mere lovemaking.

Alas, they have infected one visitor with their decadence. The trivia recorded below were all events, savored to the hilt, if only because they occurred here.

THERE WAS, for example, the first bicycle built for two that I have seen in a year and a half of close watching. Pre-war memories returned of the Popular Front and Henry Miller. The tandem swung over the Pont Royal, from the Left Bank to Right Bank, with the husband in front and the wife in back. An old-fashioned-looking couple: the kind that would go to ■ folk-dance hall in Lower Manhattan to do the Pattycake Polka. No doubt they couldn't afford one of those handsome new scooters—family-style motorcycles—which have filled all Europe with a glorious new music, by way of scientific compensation, ever since DDT eliminated the mosquitos and *their* music.

THERE WAS the controversy over Graham Greene's *The Quiet American* when it appeared as *Un Américain Bien Tranquille*, first in the pro-Mendès-France *Express* and then as a book. This is the shrewdest bit of anti-American propaganda in years, and was given a heated welcome here, especially after its forthcoming

publication in Moscow was announced. Its plot turns on the charge that an American undercover agent in Indo-China, always a sensitive subject in Paris, caused bombing outrages that killed women and children and were duly blamed on Communists; a charge so grave as to call either for the repudiation at the polls of the American government which authorized such outrages, if authorized they were, or for the moral repudiation of Graham Greene, if he invented this gruesome twist, as having overstepped maliciously the bounds of fictional license. As an American I cannot say I enjoyed this controversy, but it reimpressed me with the readiness of the rest of the world to believe the very worst of my compatriots. And so in ■ sense it too was savored.

THERE WAS the night when the lights went out in my hotel, and the electrician was sent for. When he arrived—this is the *other* side of French ritualism—he couldn't go to work until after he had shaken hands with the proprietor, his wife, his children and all the help. Since his hands were dirty he could only give a finger. When he replaced a fuse—which even I can do—he was hailed as a technocratic hero. More drinks, more felicitation, more fingershakes.

THERE WAS the production of James Joyce's *Exiles*, which startled theatregoers by the rapidity with which the wife reports to her morbid husband each pass that his best friend has made at her. This new move in the art of the triangle was regarded locally as a sinister threat to the very foundations of the home.

THERE WERE the openings, on the same afternoon, of the Salon de Mai and a new Braque show. Both exhibitions were excellent—the former of one recent work apiece of about 250 advance-guard painters, sculptors and engravers, including Leger, Picasso, Villon, Hartung, Severini and the Americans Phillips, Schnabel and de Caro; the latter of new pictures (fresh and powerful) by one of the world's great masters. Equally good shows are given in New York. These were made to feel like *events*—by a municipal magic that has not yet gone West.

To judge by a recent symposium

The Nation

on the radio, and private conversations, most serious Parisians believe that the emphasis on individual experience, and the sacramental attitude it assists, will soon be snowed under by scooters, DDT, coca cola, blue jeans, tv, picture magazines, jazzed-up newspapers, popular novelists, *hot-dogs véritables* and spoiled children. There is great fear here

that this bastion of reverence for life will fall fast enough before the invincible legions of "other-directed" massmindedness. If that is true, this is the time of year to watch the hordes of camera-toting tourists who arrive at the greatest vacation center in the world for a last affectionate look at invisibilities they themselves are destined to destroy.

Records

B. H. Haggin

THOMAS SCHIPPERS, in the Metropolitan's performance of *Don Pasquale* the past season, revealed not only impressive powers as a conductor but a feeling for the style of Italian comic opera that one didn't expect from someone born in Kalamazoo. And on Angel 35335 he demonstrates discerning musical taste by his selection of the unfamiliar pieces that he plays with the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples. These include two concertos for strings by Francesco Durante (1684-1755) arranged from his *Quartetti concertanti* by Lualdi: the one in A major with a long and beautiful slow movement between two delightful fast ones; the one in F minor a more elaborate work, with two very beautiful slow movements and three engaging fast ones. In addition there are two unfamiliar and unusual pieces by Vivaldi: the Sinfonia in B minor *Al Santo Sepolcro*, a single long and affecting slow movement; and the attractive Concerto in C for a large and varied group of solo winds and strings, edited by Casella. And finally Salieri's Overture to *Axur, Re d'Ormus*, which reveals Mozart's contemporary and rival as a skilful composer in the idiom of his period. The Scarlatti Orchestra is a much larger group than the Virtuosi di Roma and I Musici; and Schippers produces with it performances which are excellently paced and shaped and fine-sounding.

Oiseau-Lyre 50073 offers a group of Vivaldi pieces—the Concertos in A and F for orchestra, the Concertos in D minor and F for oboe, the Concerto in B flat for oboe and violin—played by Claude Maisonneuve, oboe, George Alès, violin, and an instrumental group under de

Froment. The engaging Concerto in A for orchestra is the one performed by I Musici with more refinement of tone and phrasing on Angel 35087. The impressive Concerto in D minor is the one performed by Zanfini and the Virtuosi di Roma on Decca DL-9679; and though Maïsonneuve plays with more subtly inflected tone (but also with disturbing noises from the mechanism of his instrument), Zanfini is an excellent oboist whose performance is heard in a context of finer string-playing by the Virtuosi. The first movement of the Concerto in F for orchestra doesn't prepare one for the harmonically powerful slow movement and the delightfully unusual finale. The other two works are less interesting; and Alès is an unattractive violinist, who fortunately is heard only briefly. The excessively sharp recorded sound is improved by reduction of treble.

Oiseau-Lyre 50008 offers two brilliant-sounding and enjoyable works by Francesco Barsanti (1690-1760)—the Concerti Grossi Op. 3 No. 4 for two horns and drums and No. 10 for two oboes, trumpet and drums, both with strings and harpsichord—which are performed excellently by the Lamoureux Chamber Orchestra and unidentified soloists under Pierre Colombo. On the reverse side is a fluently inconsequential Cimarosa Concerto in G for two flutes, with beautiful playing of the solo parts by Rampal and Hériché.

THE MUSICOLOGISTS have taken it into their heads to question the authenticity of Bach's Clavier Concerto in D minor, with arguments which have concerned everything but the one decisive thing these men are unable to appreciate:



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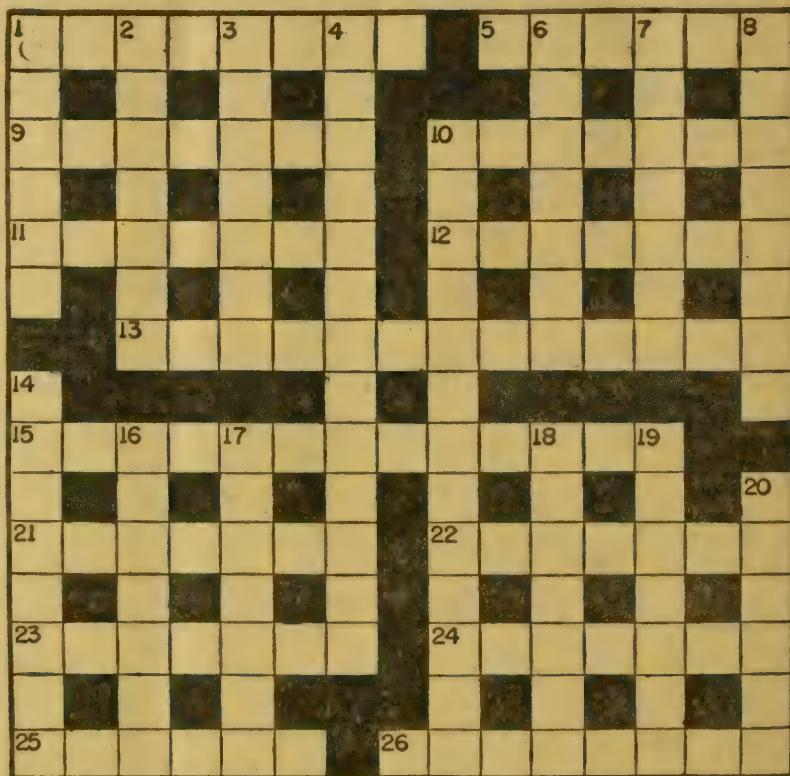
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Crossword Puzzle No. 676

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Not likely to be very proficient 10 down, without a fund there. (8)
- 5 Inside cutter-out. (6)
- 10 Unfortunately, not a mink producer. (3,4)
- 11 He could be helpful to one who leans to port. (7)
- 12 Not very thick drink around! (7)
- 13 This might result from sitting on square eggs! (5-8)
- 15 Prepared for the altar, or just by the new bride? (5,8)
- 21 Inimical, like the sick bard. (3,4)
- 22 Namely this? (17)
- 23 The break of day came to this, obviously. (7)
- 24 No small part of a circular gesture. (7)
- 25 Turns out. (6)
- 26 Blake's tiger's was fearful. (8)

- 4 Be completely suspicious of this? (13)
- 6 Certainly one shouldn't be like this! (7)
- 7 In it butter, in a manner of speaking rises in the drink. (7)
- 8 Sort of green years, perhaps. (8)
- 10 Money, so be it, to count, basically. (14)
- 14 The rule has to be changed, when someone does. (8)
- 16 Things might be given up like this, or else are changed. (7)
- 17 Attribute of Poseidon. (7)
- 18 What to do with a dead guy, in the meantime? (7)
- 19 Bab. (7)
- 20 Vulgarly large, but pleasing. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 675

ACROSS: 1 PHOENICIAN; 6 ODDS; 10 PREVAIL; 11 OBLIGES; 12 PASSABLE; 13, 16, 9, 5, 20, 22 ALONE, ALONE, ALL ALL ALONE, ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA; 15 OPERA; 17 ABSCONDED; 19 PROMOTERS; 21 EDWIN; 23 EVADE; 24 PSALMODY; 27 SWILLED; 28 REVISED; 29 DOES; 30 BEDSPREADS. DOWN: 1 PIPS; 2 OVERAWE; 3 NEARS; 4 CALIBRATE; 7 DOGWOOD; 8 SUSPENDING; 14 COMPRESSED; 18 SASSAFRAS; 24 PADRE; 25 MOVER; 26 ADDS.

DOWN:

- 1 Gather by inference. (6)
- 2 Short study in secular surroundings. (7)
- 3 A notion of character, probably. (7)

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(Continued from page 519)

the first time the performance of the concerto that she recorded in December, 1938, with a string group under Bigot. Why it was never issued here before is hard to understand; for it offers some of the excitingly enlivening phrasing Landowska was capable of at that time, as against her recent gigantesque pounding. The harpsichord can be heard with sufficient clarity most of the time (but not with as much clarity as Szigeti's violin in the superb performance of the violin version on Columbia ML-4286); the shrill string sound needs reduction of treble. On the reverse side Landowska's less attractive playing of today is heard in Bach's less interesting Fifteen Two-Part Inventions, concerning which she writes her more usual pomposities on the envelope.

Bach's Suite No. 2, the most enjoyable of the four, and No. 1, the least interesting, are played well by van Beinum with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra on Epic LC-3194. And Telefunken LGX-66040 offers No. 1 with No. 3, which has the famous melodic movement known as the Air for G String, and which is played well by von Benda with the Berlin Chamber Orchestra—despite an unconvincing change of tempo in the second Gavotte.

Handel's six Concerti Grossi Op. 3 don't equal the better-known Concerti Grossi Op. 6, but are fine works for the most part, and are played well by the Boyd Neel Orchestra on London LL-1130.

As for Haydn, Szell's performances of the Symphonies Nos. 88 and 104 with the Cleveland Orchestra on Epic LC-3196 are insensitive and graceless. Leinsdorf and the Rochester Philharmonic give good performances of Nos. 94 (*Surprise*) and 101 (*Clock*) on Columbia's low-priced RL-6621; but insufficient care in recording has resulted in low level, loss of brightness and volume near the center, inaudible plucked bass notes in the finale of No. 94, and too much reverberation. Angel 35312 offers a sensitively phrased performance of No. 101 by Markevitch and the French National Radio Orchestra, in which the second movement sounds hurried and texture isn't always clear. Texture also isn't always clear in the otherwise excellent performance of the less familiar but superb No. 102 on the reverse.

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Once the nominating conventions are over, your choice for President and Vice President is limited. In order to give *Nation* readers an opportunity to indicate their preference now, we are sponsoring this Pre-Convention Presidential Preference Poll.

The ballot below gives you opportunity to weigh the health factor in Eisenhower's candidacy and to register your reaction to the race for the Democratic nomination and the likely alternatives you will face in November. The ballot need not be signed. *Vote it today.*

Instructions

1. All ballots must be mailed not later than July 3 and should be addressed to: POLL EDITOR, THE NATION, 333 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 14, NEW YORK.
2. No reader should send in more than one ballot.
3. In view of the fact that most copies of *The Nation* are read by more than one reader, extra ballots have been printed, one of which will be sent to any individual who requests it in writing before June 28.



THE NATION'S PRE-CONVENTION PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCE BALLOT

(to be mailed not later than July 3, to Poll Editor, The Nation,
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York).

Giving due weight to the health factor, do you believe Eisenhower should run again?

- ☐ Yes
☐ No

Who is your preference as Democratic nominee for President? VOTE FOR ONE.

- ☐ Harriman
☐ Kefauver
☐ Stevenson
☐ Symington

----- (write in)

If Eisenhower runs with Nixon as his running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.

- ☐ Eisenhower and Nixon
☐ Harriman

☐ Eisenhower and Nixon
☐ Kefauver

☐ Eisenhower and Nixon
☐ Stevenson

☐ Eisenhower and Nixon
☐ Symington

If the GOP chooses a less controversial figure than Nixon as Eisenhower's running mate, and any of these four Democratic alternatives is given you, how do you think you will vote on Election Day? CHECK ONE BOX IN EACH PAIRING.

- ☐ Eisenhower and X
☐ Harriman

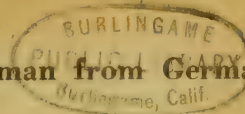
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THE *Nation*

JUNE 23, 1956

20c

Madison Avenue Jungle: Admen and Madmen

by David Cort

The Sobell Case *by Stephen Love*

Talk With Chou En-lai *by James Bertram*

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Letters

China's Cooperatives

[Note: Rewi Alley, ■ New Zealander, worked for years with the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives behind the Japanese lines in China. He is now living in Peking, where he recently met ■ fellow New Zealander, John Bertram, whose article appears on page 529 of this issue. The following letter was received from Mr. Alley postmarked Peking, February 10.]

Dear Sirs: One morning recently it was announced that all the privately-owned small factories, all the myriad handicraft establishments throughout China, would be organized into cooperatives. My telephone rang, and friends who had worked with me in the old War of Resistance Gung-Ho movement inquired how it felt to see everything go cooperative like this in one great sweep. I said it felt fine.

Agricultural cooperatives, as an initial step towards farm collectives, are already well developed in rural China, and the radio and press have familiarized many people with the movement. The change of handicrafts from private to cooperative organization on ■ broad basis will therefore prove comparatively easy, especially as there were already some 70,000 industrial cooperatives in existence.

Everyone familiar with the old China knows the myriad of small shops which lined the streets of every town, manned by employees who worked too long for too little and who, even then, constituted an unbearable burden on the producer. Now the cooperative idea, in which the state will be ■ partner, brings new hope. Continuity of employment is assured, with better living conditions, better techniques and a chance to advance towards state enterprise on ■ rational basis. I like the report I heard yesterday: Peking's 1,800 bicycle-repair shops and makers of spare parts for bicycles and allied vehicles have been organized into thirteen cooperatives operating 750 shops throughout the city. Each shop is being run by from two to six people, paid

according to their skill. The cooperatives get their spare parts from other cooperatives 16 per cent cheaper than previously, and they have a standardized price for servicing. It will now be possible for them to obtain better tools and improved working premises ■ they become available; gradually the workers will win the many benefits—medical care, etc.—already enjoyed by their colleagues in heavy industry.

This is just one trade. The makers of musical instruments, the candy makers, the toy makers, the creators of art objects, the printers, the bakers and furniture makers—all of these now come into the fold. Their productive capacity will be greatly enlarged, and in the future all consumer goods of this kind exported from China will be "cooperatively made"—with all that means in better living for the workers.

REWI ALLEY

Peking

The Bonetti Case

Dear Sirs: After the death of his father in 1923, Frank Bonetti, at the age of fifteen, came to the United States from his native France. He worked in the coal mines and steel mills of Pennsylvania to help support his mother and the younger children. When twenty-one, he applied for citizenship, but unemployment and the search for work forced him to drop his application at that time.

In 1937 he went to Spain, where he lost ■ leg in the war against Franco. Upon return to the United States in 1938, he was detained at Ellis Island. A Department of Immigration Board of Inquiry then admitted him as ■ permanent resident. Mr. Bonetti gave a complete account of himself, which has not been questioned since. His membership in the Communist Party from 1932 to 1936 did not bar him from permanent residence.

When he again applied for citizenship in 1942, he was turned down on the basis of the same information he had given to the Board of Inquiry. Following the passage of the Walter-McCarran Act, he was arrested for deportation. The case has been in the courts since 1951. A decision is expected momentarily from the U. S. District Court of Appeals in Washington, D. C.

The defense, which is being handled by the Los Angeles Committee for the Foreign Born, is basing its case on the principles of double jeopardy and on the definition of "entry" into the United States. What the Department

of Immigration hath given, it now wants to take away. Moreover, Mr. Bonetti was admitted in 1938 as a new immigrant. Thus, according to the precedent which has been several times reaffirmed by the Supreme Court, his "basic entry" was in 1938; therefore, political activity prior to that date is irrelevant under the Walter-McCarran Act.

EDITH K. KEIM

Los Angeles, Calif.

Enough for Both

Dear Sirs: Reading the article by Edgar Snow on Foreign Aid Begins at Home (May 12 issue), I find it difficult to withhold two reflections. First, a nation that can afford fifty to sixty billion dollars a year for financing atomic warfare (and thirty to thirty-five billions for buying motor cars) should certainly be able to invest in both domestic and world progress. Second, Democratic partisans who oppose progress in the American South also oppose U. S. aid for international welfare. Unfortunately, they are assisted by those Republicans who prefer a McCarthy man in Wisconsin to an Eisenhower man.

I do not see how Mr. Snow or The Nation can expect any deliverance from the muddle of U. S. party politics until the present party system is "liquidated" and a progressive party, based on labor, takes over the thirty-five or forty million votes necessary to establish a long-range policy of progress in Washington.

JAMES ROESSEL

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To Our Readers

A REMINDER—Fill out and return the Presidential ballot printed on the back cover of last week's issue of *The Nation*.

And while you are doing so, don't forget to mark a box in EACH of the last eight pairs on the ballot. In other words, of the last sixteen boxes, you should mark eight.

Dulles Edits Eisenhower

SECRETARY DULLES insisted the other day that there aren't any differences between him and President Eisenhower on neutralism. Until that moment they had apparently just been giving a wonderful imitation of disagreement.

Just before his latest illness, President Eisenhower opened his news conference with a volunteered statement on neutrality. He was stirred to speak out as the result of Congressional opposition to the Administration's foreign-aid bill. Senator McCarthy was leading a move to halt all U. S. assistance to Yugoslavia because of Marshal Tito's reconciliation with Moscow. Others at the Capitol were agitating against American help for India owing to Jawaharlal Nehru's stand for non-alignment and against military blocs.

Mr. Eisenhower spoke to newsmen that day—June 6—with feeling and with much good sense. He defended the right of any nation to keep out of military alliances. He said being neutral didn't necessarily mean neutrality between right and wrong. If a neutral nation is attacked, he continued, world opinion is outraged. But if the same country has tied itself militarily to a Great Power and then falls victim to aggression, people would say, "Good enough for it. They asked for it." Mr. Eisenhower recalled that during its first 150 years the United States itself had been a neutral.

The President's words echoed like a thunderclap in some exalted ears. They alarmed Dulles. They shocked U. S. military chiefs. They startled and angered a number of Allies.

The day after Mr. Eisenhower's little sermon, an unannounced meeting was held at the Iraq Embassy in Washington. Those participating were the envoys of the five Baghdad Pact nations: Britain, Pakistan, Iran, Iraq and Turkey. The Baghdad Pact is the U. S.-engineered alignment of states running along the Soviet Union's southern border. While America has stayed outside, it is the bloc's principal supporter. This relationship was personified by the presence of an American observer at the Iraq Embassy gathering. He was William Rountree, U. S. Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Mid-Eastern Affairs.

The session of the Baghdad Pact diplomats was not convened as a result of the President's animadversions on neutralism. It had been arranged before he spoke. But it turned into a hot protest meeting against American policy. Rountree must have wished he could hop a magic carpet for Baghdad, just to fly away from it all.

One of the United States' staunchest friends in Asia,

Pakistan's Ambassador Mohammed Ali, found himself in the unfamiliar role of America's sharpest critic. He remarked that at the peak of East-West tension and at some risk to themselves, certain Mid-Eastern and Asian countries had allied themselves against Russia and Red China in response to Washington's appeal. Ali went on to suggest that the governments in those lands might be chucked out of office if the United States were to veer from its alliances and begin backing the neutrals. He made the point that President Eisenhower's views seemed to put a premium on neutrality and make it harder to budge India and other like-minded states from their uncommitted position. The Ambassadors of Iran and Iraq seconded the Pakistani's indictment of the United States. British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins, looking every inch the perfect English butler, listened attentively and tried to calm the storm.

ELSEWHERE in the U. S. capital, Thailand's Ambassador Pote Sarasin hurried to the State Department and conveyed his anxiety to Walter Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. Thailand had joined another U. S.-led alliance, SEATO, in compliance with Washington's plea.

To enliven the party a bit more, the West German Minister Albrecht von Kessel visited Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert Murphy and indicated that American sympathy for neutralism was hardly making life easier for dear old Konrad Adenauer.

Amid all this backstage commotion, the White House issued a statement purporting to clarify President Eisenhower's justification of neutrality. But this postscript was a lame mumbo-jumbo which satisfied nobody and simply indicated that the President hadn't meant what he said. The White House statement followed a long talk Dulles had with the President in which the Secretary reported the meaning which America's allies were reading into Mr. Eisenhower's views on neutrality.

Three days after the President's remarks, Dulles tried to reassure everyone that the United States isn't going mushy on neutralism. In a speech at Iowa State College, the Secretary of State assailed the neutrals. The principle of neutrality, Dulles charged, pretends that a nation can best gain safety by being indifferent to the fate of others. "This has increasingly become an obsolete conception," said Dulles, "and except under very exceptional circumstances, it is an immoral and shortsighted conception."

At a news conference later, Dulles named Switzerland

as the only neutral entitled to exception from the stigma of political immorality. His implication was that other neutrals must be written off as lost souls. Those thus condemned to the Dullesian purgatory include Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, Afghanistan, Nepal, all the Arab countries except Iraq, Sweden, Finland, Austria and Ireland—to say nothing of several Latin American states like Mexico.

When Dulles had the impertinence to deny the existence of any difference between his own and President Eisenhower's comments on neutralism, James Reston of *The New York Times* asked whether it was fair to infer that all the press reports on the subject had been misleading. Dulles paused, discomfited, and replied that he wouldn't sit in judgment on the reporters. That didn't prevent the reporters from sizing up Dulles. And the Secretary's position was not enhanced when, on the following day, Ambassador Lodge switched back to the Presidential line by warning against viewing neutrals "with petulance or impatience."

This was by no means the first time that the Secretary had found himself out of step with the President. They got into each other's hair in public once before, strangely enough on the same neutrality issue. The previous incident arose from a White House news conference on May 18 last year. A French journalist asked the President to comment on the then current idea of a neutrality belt between the Soviet and anti-Soviet camps in Europe. Then, too, Mr. Eisenhower defended the neutrals. He pointed to Austria and Switzerland. Both are armed and committed to defend their neutrality, he said.

"All right," President concluded. "That kind of neutrality is a far different thing from just a military vacuum." On that occasion, too, the President's opinion afflicted Dulles with a sharp pain. Two days afterwards, Dulles informed German Ambassador Heinz Krekeler that Mr. Eisenhower's comment should not be construed as implying U. S. approval of German neutrality.

In the present confusion about the U. S. attitude towards the unaligned part of the globe, Dulles has again upheld his reputation as the only bull who carries his own china around with him. In trying to smooth the ruffled feathers of several allies, the Secretary managed to offend India and the other uncommitted peoples at a time when the Soviets are wooing them with greater ardor than ever. As a result, Dulles had to sit still and listen while Indian Ambassador Mehta told him a few plain truths. Mehta mentioned India's commitments under the U. N. charter: obligations which prevent any member from observing neutrality towards an aggressor.

Mehta could fairly have reminded Dulles that even now the United States is adopting a neutral position when that suits American interests or, in the U. S. view, buttresses peace. That is true of the U. S. middle-of-the-road position between Britain and Greece on Cyprus, between France and Algeria, India and Portugal on Goa, the Netherlands and Indonesia on West New

Guinea—and, by no means last of all, between the Arab nations and Israel.

We do not believe the Administration is practicing neutralism in these conflicts because it is indifferent. The motive is in part a desire, sometimes misplaced, to help improve relations between the disputants. If we arrogate that right to ourselves, however, what business has Dulles to damn as immoral others who pursue a similar policy?

Time to Cry "Halt"

The Supreme Court's 6-to-3 decision that only those federal employees who hold "sensitive" positions can be dismissed as security risks is another step in the snail-like process by which the Eisenhower court is gradually reversing the disastrous civil-liberties precedents which it inherited from the Truman court. Since it took seven years for the witch hunt to reach a turning point, it may take seven years to restore Constitutional freedoms. At the rate we are moving, it could take even longer. Yet why should it? Can't we speed the process? Must we saddle the court with the entire burden of lifting the shadow of guilt from the American conscience? How many more lives and reputations must be ruined before we decide to put a stop to the inquisitions of Francis Walter and his adjutants?

At the height of the cold war we informally suspended the Constitution, as to certain groups, on the ground that a grave emergency existed. Every thoughtful citizen must now know that the emergency is over. The emergency was in part genuine, in part pure hoax. But in any case the danger is neither clear nor present today. To permit the witch hunt to continue with full knowledge of this fact is, therefore, to confirm a widespread impression that we actually enjoy witch hunts. One can understand and even sympathize with a mob which, in a moment of fear, panic or passion commits acts of brutality. But there is nothing more obscene than the spectacle of a group of overgrown boys torturing someone just for the pleasure of it. The current passport hearings being conducted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities must arouse, in all but a permanent minority of paranoids and sadists, a reaction of loathing and disgust.

Let's not be Germans and pretend that we don't know what is going on in Washington or attempt to excuse our indifference by saying that since no blood has been shed, no one has been hurt. All of us would feel a little less humiliated—the memory of the self-induced cruelties and follies of the cold-war years would be a little less painful—if, at this point, we were to extinguish the still smouldering faggots of the witch hunt with one swift, massive dousing. We won't fool anyone—future historians, God, friends, neighbors or grandchildren—by relying on the old discredited alibi that we were so frightened by big bad wolves outside that we didn't hear the screams and protests in the basement.

MADISON AVENUE JUNGLE

Admen and Madmen . . by David Cort

ONE OF THE MOST significant and quietly sensational stories of the year has remained relatively inconspicuous in the pages of American newspapers. The reason: the story was a lawsuit against an important advertising agency.

This treatment of an important news story brings into focus a basic fact of American journalism. In telling about a murder, adultery, drunken misbehavior, tax evasion, American newspapers seldom identify the criminal as an employee of any large corporate advertiser, department store, chain store or, most particularly, any advertising agency.

The reader has no grounds for complaint about all this exquisite tact in his paper, because in most instances he does not pay for the publication. The advertiser pays for it. The citizen pays a symbolic tip to get in on a free ride. All he really has to contribute is his response to the advertising pages. You don't imagine, do you, that your twenty cents pays for the eighteen pages of four-color pictures in *Life*? Count the full-color advertising pages: in the issue I am looking at they come to forty against eighteen. That should tell you how you rate against the advertiser in *Life's* love-life.

The existing press is primarily a vending machine. "Freedom of the press" is 90 per cent a beautiful parrot cry by which we seek to identify ourselves with the Founding Fathers. Indeed, it is unfair and irrelevant to criticize this vending machine because it dispenses Coca-Cola instead of truth. Should the American people ever decide that it wants the whole news, it would have to begin paying for the whole magazine or newspaper. Meanwhile we must settle for what we get.

The lawsuit that the press ignored revolved around the advertising account of American Airlines (president: C. R. Smith), which rose rapidly from a trifling \$7,000 in 1938 to over \$4,000,000 last year. The selling of air travel was pioneered for American Airlines and to some extent for the whole airline industry by a man named P. P. ("Pete") Willis. In 1938, American Airlines gave Mr. Willis the power to choose an advertising agency. For the then small account, the agency of Ruthrauff & Ryan gave Mr. Willis a "lifetime, irrevocable" contract paying him \$1,000 monthly and a third of all gross agency commissions on the account exceeding \$18,000 in any six-month period.

On December 14, 1955, Llewellyn A. Wescott, Master in Chancery in Chicago Superior Court, ruled on the facts in a suit for an accounting between Ruthrauff & Ryan and Mr. Willis. Not a newspaper reported that the master had found that Ruthrauff & Ryan had tried to harass and "dominate" Mr. Willis, offering him small "loans" to be repaid at interest, trying to get him to sign cancellations of the contract, reneging on a plan to pay his back income taxes and ultimately suing him for \$5,000 that the Bureau of Internal Revenue had returned. Mr. Willis launched his counter-suit in November, 1954.

The Master in Chancery's report described the testimony of the company officers, F. Barry Ryan, Jr., and Ralph Van Buren, as follows:

I find that Mr. Van Buren's testimony must be disregarded in its entirety as being untrustworthy and unreliable. . . . Mr. Ryan, Jr., exhibited a reckless disregard for the facts in permitting himself to swear falsely to two affidavits. . . . Mr. Van Buren and Barry Ryan, Jr., betrayed the confidence and trust that Willis placed in each of them by displaying a lack of good faith and fair dealing. . . . I find that the statements of both Messrs. Ryan Jr. and Van Buren are unreliable and untrustworthy and should be disregarded. . . .

The full story appeared in only one American publication, *Advertising Age*. Soon afterward Barry Ryan, Jr., surrendered his job as board chairman to Paul E. Watson, uncle of the company's president. Superior Court justices will normally accept the findings of Masters in Chancery. But on June 4, 1956, Judge Marcovitz in Chicago reversed the master's findings and ruled for the defendants. This sort of news the press was able to handle, though still furtively and cryptically. In the back pages of the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* of June 5, near the bottom of an advertising

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S
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UND
ORE
IDEAS

DAVID CORT, author of *The Big Picture* and *The Calm Man*, writes frequently for *The Nation*.

June 23, 1956

h.p.

business column, was an item noting that Ruthrauff & Ryan were very happy that day because the court had "noddod favorably to them in the million-dollar action by Paul Willis in connection with the American Airlines account."

Included in the trial evidence was a letter to Mr. Willis from the man who replaced him as account executive for American Airlines: "I am not the type of person who turns around and cuts a friend's throat. . . . Throughout this whole mess, I have felt that our interests were more closely related than apart, yet you call me every kind of blackguard imaginable. In this racket that's comparative (sic) to two inmates on a penal jute machine calling each other crooks." The helpless immorality expressed in this pathetic letter reflects a world in which the immorality seems to some inhabitants conventional and necessary.

TO EXPLAIN this I am led to a brief survey of the advertising business.

There is too much money in it for too little effort. In the present phase, there is very little pioneering toward the creation of new American habits and a gigantic brawl to pander to established consumption habits. A campaign or layout costing perhaps \$50,000 to create is duplicated in media whose billing runs into the millions, theoretically profiting the agency perhaps \$500,000 at the 15 per cent commission for billing. One TV commercial may be repeated \$10,000,000 worth (agency commission at 15 per cent: \$1,500,000).

What kind of money are we talking about? In 1955 the billing in magazines, TV networks and newspaper sections alone for the top one hundred advertisers came to about \$2 billions. Add to that oddly limited statistic all radio and local TV time and newspaper space for all advertisers and a much better figure, according to *Tide*, is \$8 billions. The pregnant 15 per cent of that figure comes to \$1.3 billions in commissions. Some 3,000 agencies (excluding 1,800 one-man operations) divide it for an average of \$444,000. Actually, only sixty-six agencies do \$2.5 billions of the billing. J. Walter Thompson should keep about \$35 millions on its billing of \$220 millions; Young & Rubicam, \$27 mil-

lions on \$182 millions. McCann-Erickson and B. B. D. & O. should keep about \$25 millions. Next in order come N. W. Ayer; Foote, Cone & Belding; Leo Burnett; Benton & Bowles; Kenyon & Eckhardt; Grant and Kudner.

More interesting is where all the money comes from. A breakdown of that unsatisfactory \$2 billion total shows the giants among the advertisers (figures in millions of dollars): General Motors, 44; Procter & Gamble, 42; General Foods, 30; Chrysler, 27; Colgate-Palmolive, 25; General Electric, 19; Gillette, 19; Ford, 18; American Tobacco, 17; Reynolds Tobacco, 15; Lever Brothers, 14; General Mills, 14; American Home Products, 11; Campbell Soup, 10; National Dairy Products, 10; Bristol-Myers, 9; Liggett & Myers, 9; Lorillard, 9; Distillers-Seagram, 8; Pillsbury, 7; Goodyear, 7; A. T. & T., 7; Swift, 6; Borden, 6; Kellogg, 6; Westinghouse, 6; R. C. A., 6; and duPont, 6.

A lot of money is moving around. But do the advertisers actually let the agencies keep all of that enormous 15 per cent? If not, do the agencies bid competitively for accounts with promises of ever-larger "kickbacks"? If so, where does the backflow disappear to? Is the United States government missing out on its tax cut?

Constant flirtation by agencies with the accounts of other agencies is the present foundation of the advertising business. The "kickback" is a very seductive form of flirtation. Every week several accounts change agencies; yet there is rarely any sensible apparent reason for the change. However subtle the flirtation, in the minds of the two parties involved it has all the dignity of a trollop's wink.

The reason for this unattractive and unnecessary relationship is an odd one, and the whole vice of the advertising business. It is just the opposite of the trollop's practice of getting paid. In this case, the client—the advertiser—never pays the strumpet. He pays the business man at the other end—the newspaper, magazine, TV or radio network. The poor trull gets to handle the money briefly and takes off her huge commission; but it is not morally her money for real services rendered. She passes it on minus her cut, and may even give back some of that to

the heartless client to keep his favor.

This system is the disease that turns men into hucksters. The agency's charge does not really add a great deal to the cost of a product to the consumer. But the agencies constantly advise the manufacturers how to get more and more out of the consumer. The current conspiracy against the American consumer, disguised as a shower of free-enterprise blessings, is quarterbacked by the agency.

The days are past when every agency employed a few men solely to butter up the clients' sales personnel. They produced the tickets, reservations, women and liquor, and sometimes have been known to secure a contract with a well-placed tape-recorder. But if the practice is now largely extinct, there are certain interesting exceptions. One applies to the lower echelons of executives in the transportation corporations—automobiles, airlines, railroads and shipping. The more conspicuous exception is the hard-liquor industry, some of whose proprietors today are Capone-era graduates now surrounded by C. P. A.'s as well as charcoal-gray hoods. Here again only the lesser executives can be so easily seduced.

HOWEVER, there are many real friendships in the business. The social pal-ships flourish between the client's sales manager and the agency's account executive, or at a lower level between the agency's media buyer and a magazine's sales manager. In New York they can all be found lunching at Twenty-One, the Stork Club, the Ritz Bar, the Cloud Club, the Waldorf Men's Bar, Christ Cella's, the Divan Parisien and the Park Lane, often at their own expense. They may be telling the joke, six months late now, about the account executive who lost his account and whose hair turned charcoal-gray overnight. Not a very good joke, it is hilarious to agency men because they read the agony beneath it. An account executive in the same situation, telling his hundred subordinates about the lost account, choked up and burst into tears. The best story right now is about Milton Biow who, on dissolving his great agency and throwing hundreds out of work, told them, "I've saved my money, old friends. Please don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

This was really funny because Biow's whole career had clearly told everybody they need never worry about Milton Biow. A few days later, according to the *New York Herald-Tribune*, he was dining in Paris with Art Buchwald.

THE huckster's love for 15 per cent commission system within the advertising agencies seems to me to separate the men from the hucksters. *Tide* and the Association of National Advertisers generally seem to regard it as sacred. Others within the business have attacked it for forty years as senseless, humiliating and obsolete. The Grocery Manufacturers' Association debates it at every meeting. The late Albert Lasker got around it by buying control of a company before he advertised his products. One agency, Cowan & Dengler, managed to do business on a flat retainer fee. The U. S. Justice Department recently got a consent decree against advertising associations for conspiracy to make the 15 per cent commission standard.

THE hucksters' love for 15 per cent is compounded of belief that they are getting something for nothing and a groggy conviction that they are already running the United States. One agency man recently proposed to solve farm surpluses by "awarding wheat to McCann-Erickson, corn to J. Walter Thompson, cotton to Cunningham & Walsh and butter to B. B. D. & O." Sometimes advertising men feel capable of repealing the law of supply and demand, or even the law of gravity, for a 15 per cent commission.

My own suggestion, if a percentage system is preferred, is that an agency, like a lawyer, playwright, novelist or inventor, take a contingent fee based on a percentage of sales income rather than a percentage of billing costs.

Perhaps the present system is irresistible to the business man because he, too, thinks he is getting something for nothing and if he gets a "kickback" he is getting it for minus nothing. It is tempting to analyze the attitude as the ancient and consecrated contempt that the man of business has always accorded the man of talent. The advertising talent does its work with such ease and enjoyment that the business man finds it somehow obscene, hardly worth paying hard dollars



for. Make no mistake about the talent in the advertising business. Compared to most other editorial work in America today, advertising offers more jobs, more scope, more research, more challenge and more money. It draws some of the best people in the United States, along with the dull boys and the connivers. They certainly deserve an honest day's pay for an honest day's work.

But the commission on billing is not an honest day's pay. The only reason it exists now is that the advertising business started that way, under circumstances very different from the present ones.

In 1880 there was mass production in the United States, but the problems of mass distribution and mass consumption had not yet been solved. The chief consumer goods were "do-it-yourself" necessities such as sewing machines, bolt cloth, pins and needles, tools, rifles and revolvers, and the unique swindle of patent medicine. They were sold by drummers, door-to-door salesmen, peddlers, pitchmen, fairs and local newspaper advertising. In this situation, the forerunner of the advertising man bought space in the newspaper and resold it for whatever he could get from the advertiser. Sometimes he helped to write the copy.

National advertising did not arrive until after the invention of the mass magazine by *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, the *Ladies Home Journal* (1883) and the *Woman's Home*

Companion (1893). Now the first advertising men, like J. Walter Thompson and Frank Presbrey, bought space in the magazines and sold it at a mark-up to the first true mass-commodity producers. The earliest fortunes were made by the patent medicines; the attitude that advertising was a bare-faced swindle lingered on, not in the minds of the readers but in the minds of the advertisers and agents. Oddly, the agents rarely went into the magazine business. They evidently liked the something-for-nothing illusion; the advertisers liked it, too.

American periodicals in 1908 numbered 5,136. In 1955 there were 6,092 consumer magazines, 8,525 country weeklies, 1,870 business newspapers, 1,765 daily newspapers, 2,698 radio stations, 412 TV stations and three TV networks, nearly all living on advertising revenue. The fleshpots were very enjoyable. In 1955, *Time Inc.* netted \$144 millions in advertising the *Saturday Evening Post* alone took in \$83 millions, the Hearst magazines \$119 millions, Crowell-Collier \$24 millions and U. S. newspapers \$695 millions.

EVEN at these prices, it is sad and unnecessary that the magazine be so servile to the advertiser. Any communications medium that can prove it has a relative monopoly on a particular audience may charge anything it likes, up to taking over ownership of the advertiser. The medium makes the mass corporation possible—not, as so many advertising people believe, the other way around. If there were no way to speak to the consumer, consumer goods would become local or home-made again. The trouble is that everybody in the act of selling, from the editor to the business man, is ashamed of selling. They all think they are getting something for nothing, try to get something more for less than nothing and end up with less than they are actually entitled to.

The consequent demoralization in American culture is most apparent in radio, TV and magazines, in that order. Magazines do not accept much interference with their editorial matter, though they certainly do not intentionally offend the advertisers. Daytime radio, on the other hand, has long been ruined by the insistence of the advertising agency on writing and producing the whole

progr a for its client, who usually Procter & Gamble, Lever or American Home Products. Hence the soap opera, the most abominable art form ever conceived.

The agencies are outraged that they have not yet got the same free hand in TV as in radio. Senator John F. Kennedy's Congressional investigation would challenge the monopoly that networks have in TV. Who would be behind the investigation? Who but the agencies? They have already got their hands, usually in collaboration with "talent-packagers," on such shows as the \$64,000 Question (Revlon), Groucho Marx (De Soto) and the Kraft Theatre, while convincing the naive that they want no part of TV. The operation is as impudent as if a political dictator should demand to sit in on *Saturday Evening Post* editorial conferences or, worse yet, "package" the whole magazine.

The agency's dictatorship over what ought to entertain America is not necessary or even useful to the advertiser. The advertiser knows as much about entertainment as I know about dressing hogs. Until the communications medium throws him bodily into the street, he is going to dictate what the people want as long as he can.

And all this is a consequence of the American people's happy abdication of the burden of paying for their magazines, newspapers, TV and

radio. The occasional editor who still puts up a suicidal fight for the integrity of the American people's information sources goes unsung and unthanked. The tragedy is all in the closet.

Meanwhile, I must go on getting my pleasure from the advertising-trade publications. The Ruthrauff & Ryan story, which started all this, is not the only good one. In recent weeks Colgate-Palmolive and Mennen lost a patent case to Carter Products on the pressurized shaving cream they have been selling; Toni and Hudnut are at war; Liggett & Myers changed agencies to blended agony and jubilation; and Lucky Strike won its case against a man who claimed to have invented "Be Happy-Go Lucky." Above all, in April there was the crash of the once mighty Biow agency that had once handled \$50 millions in billings and lost half that in its last six weeks. Its trouble went back to Biow's testimony in 1953 in a tax evasion case against one Arthur Samish. But Biow went down fighting, obstreperous and inscrutable to the last. You miss these great stories in the newspapers and news magazines.

It must be clear by now that a great deal that is both important and invisible bears on the decisive influences that bear in turn on the American people. As I have said before, the invisible man is always unpopular; he has too great an ad-

vantage over the rest of us. But in this case the advertising man, who is the invisible one, is not the ultimate villain. Behind the visible pages of consumer-goods advertising, behind the loving gargle on TV and radio, stands the really invisible man, the one with the false face, the man of business who is being given these words for nothing, who did not and could not think of them, who despises everything about them except the sales they bring him, who despises the idiots who believe the words and at the same time cannot help believing them himself, who despises the sycophants who wrote the words for nothing and is constantly looking for new sycophants who will write shiny new words.

If the Revolution or Counter-Revolution should ever come to America, I would not be surprised to find on the first line of barricades none but advertising men and women. I would have to be on the other side, but my heart would go out to them. Certainly if they wanted to change America, they would know well what it is they have to change. Finally, it should be remembered that the Republican National Committee is employing Lee Burnett's advertising agency, and the Democratic National Committee Norman, Craig & Kummel. The advertising people may have already decided on revolution—an invisible one, without the risks of the barricades.

THE SOBELL CASE . . . *by Stephen Love*

THE CASE of Morton Sobell, now serving a thirty-year sentence in Alcatraz, presents a striking example of mass misunderstanding induced by self-styled "news commentators" and newspaper reporters, very few of whom have examined the record.

The record does not justify the designation of Sobell as a traitor or as an "atomic spy."

Sobell was not even indicted as a traitor. He was tried on a superseding indictment returned in the U. S. District Court for the Southern Dis-

trict of New York on January 31, 1951, charging him with having conspired with Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Anatoli A. Yakolev, David Greenglass, Ruth Greenglass and Harry Gold, between June 6, 1944, and June 15, 1950, while the United States was at war, to deliver to the Soviet Union certain documents, sketches and information relating to the national defense of the United States, with intent and reason to believe that it would be used to the advantage of the Soviet Union. There was no charge that this might be harmful to the United States.

As a matter of fact, Sobell was not even named in the original in-

dictment returned August 17, 1950, in which the only defendants were the Rosenbergs and Anatoli A. Yakolev, a former Russian vice-consul in New York, who, as the government knew, had been allowed to return to Russia in 1946 and could not be tried.

The government filed a list of twelve alleged overt acts, charged to the Rosenbergs, all of which were laid between June 6, 1944, and January 14, 1945, well before the advent of the cold war. As against Sobell, the government filed a bill of particulars charging him with having joined the conspiracy on or about June 15, 1944, and with five "overt

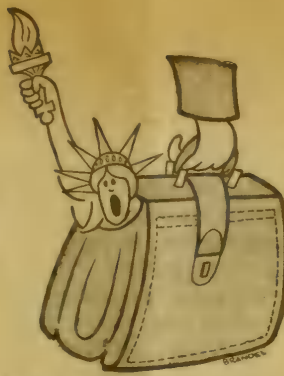
STEPHEN LOVE, a member of the Illinois bar, is professor of law at Northwestern University.

acts," consisting of conversations with Julius Rosenberg between January, 1946, and May, 1948.

At the outset, it is indisputable that despite the fact that the gravamen of the indictment was the delivery of the documents, sketches and information relating to our national defense, nevertheless, not a single witness testified, nor was there a scrap of paper, to the effect that Sobell had delivered *anything* to *anybody* at *any* time relating to our national defense. With the exception of the witnesses who testified to Sobell's alleged flight to Mexico, there were only two witnesses who even mentioned the name of Sobell, namely, Max Elitcher and William Danziger.

MOREOVER, even the characterization of Danziger as a witness against Sobell is hardly justified. Danziger testified that he and Sobell had attended school and college together and also worked together for some years at the navy Bureau of Ordnance in Washington; that he had visited Sobell at the latter's home in May, 1950, when he told Sobell that he was in the electrical business and had asked Sobell for the address of Julius Rosenberg, who, Sobell told him, was in the machine-shop business, it being the witness' idea that he might give Rosenberg some machine-shop work. Danziger also testified that Sobell told him that he was leaving for a vacation in Mexico in June, 1950, and that, some time later, he received a letter from Sobell from Mexico City, the return address name on which was M. Sowell, the envelope containing a letter to be forwarded to his sister-in-law, Edith Levitov, and to his parents, the return address on this letter being that of M. Levitov.

The only witness against Sobell who offered any testimony as to any conspiracy or any acts pursuant thereto was Max Elitcher, who had attended high school and then college with Sobell until 1938. He testified that in 1939 he and Sobell had a conversation in regard to the Communist Party; that he joined a cell of the Communist Party in Washington at Sobell's suggestion and attended meetings of that cell for two or three months after May, 1939, and until 1941; that he continued to be a member of the Communist Party until 1948, one group of the



party being known as the Navy Branch. He testified nothing further about membership in the Communist Party, but said that he met Sobell again in 1947 at the Reeves Instrument Plant in New York where Sobell asked him if he knew of students who could be approached concerning espionage and obtaining classified material.

Elitcher further testified that during the week preceding Labor Day in 1944 he had a conversation with Sobell, and that Sobell was angry when he heard that Rosenberg had mentioned his name; that Sobell was employed in the General Electric Plant in Schenectady in 1946; that Sobell asked Elitcher whether there was any written material available as to his work; that Sobell suggested or "implied" that Elitcher was to see Rosenberg about espionage business in 1946; that in 1947, when he met Sobell at the Sugar Bowl Restaurant, the latter asked him whether his wife knew about the espionage business and also asked him whether he would let Sobell know of any engineering students who were "progressive"; that in June, 1948, Elitcher told Sobell that he was leaving the Bureau of Ordnance and that Sobell asked him to do nothing about that until he had discussed things with Rosenberg, subsequent to which Sobell arranged a meeting between the witness and Rosenberg; that at that meeting Sobell and Rosenberg both tried to persuade Elitcher to stay at the Bureau of Ordnance because Rosenberg needed someone there for espionage purposes, but that the witness adhered to his determination to leave Washington.

Elitcher finally testified that in July or August, 1948, when he was driving from Washington to Sobell's home in New York, he was followed by two cars and that when he told

this to Sobell the latter was angry; that Sobell asked him to go with him to deliver a thirty-five-millimeter-film can to Rosenberg and that they drove to the neighborhood of the *Journal American* building, where Sobell got out of the car; that when Sobell returned he told him that Rosenberg was not concerned about Elitcher's having been followed and that Rosenberg also admitted that he had once talked to Elizabeth Bentley, but said that she had not recognized his voice. The last time the witness talked to Sobell was in June, 1950.

There were five witnesses who testified in relation to Sobell's visit to Mexico in July, 1950; the gravamen of their testimony was that Sobell had used the names of M. Sand, Morris Sand, Marvin Salt and N. Sand; one of them also testified that Sobell had sent two letters intended for his wife, then in Mexico City, enclosed in envelopes addressed to the witness. One of these witnesses testified that Sobell had told him that he was afraid to return to the U. S. army since he already had seen a war, had experienced war; the government thereupon produced the records to show that Sobell had never served in the army.

The foregoing was the only evidence against Sobell. The trial judge instructed the jury, "If you do not believe the testimony of Max Elitcher as it pertains to Sobell, then you must acquit the defendant Sobell." The jury believed Elitcher, although this witness admitted that he knew he had committed perjury in 1947 in applying for a government position, in executing a loyalty oath and in concealing the fact that he was then a Communist. He admitted also that when he was interrogated about the Sobell case by the FBI in 1950, they told him that they knew he was a Communist, and that he was then fearful that he would be prosecuted for perjury. The trial judge, on the basis of Elitcher's testimony, sentenced Sobell to thirty years in the penitentiary.

Since the evidence against Sobell was obviously so inconclusive, the question arises as to why he was found guilty. There are several answers:

1. The most potent factor was that although Sobell and his co-defendants, the Rosenbergs, had not been indicted and ostensibly were not

being tried on the charge of being Communists, the U. S. attorney, in his opening statement, introduced that element into the case by vigorously charging that the loyalty of the defendants was "not to our country, but . . . to communism," and by referring to them as "traitorous Americans" guilty of "traitorous activities" and "treasonable acts." This despite the fact that the defendants were not on trial for treason. Following this line, the government introduced extensive and colorful testimony of Harry Gold and the ubiquitous Elizabeth Bentley with respect to their respective activities in behalf of the Communists: each had a Roman holiday on the stand. The trial court permitted this testimony even though neither Gold or Bentley knew either Sobell or the Rosenbergs, and the name of Sobell was not mentioned in the testimony of either.

When the defendants objected to this line of evidence, the trial judge held that the inquiry was proper as going to the motive of the defendants to commit the acts charged against them. (The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals subsequently upheld his ruling). The trial judge went on to caution the jurors that they were "not to determine the guilt or innocence of a defendant on whether or not he is a Communist." While such a performance by a trial judge may be legally sound, in the long run it is one of the less amiable hypocrisies of the law. In these days, repeatedly to call a defendant in a criminal case a Communist and then expect him to get a fair trial before a jury simply because the trial judge directs the jury to disregard that charge is either naive or insincere.

2. Apparently convinced that there was not enough evidence to justify a conviction, counsel for Sobell did not permit him to take the stand; that was a mistake, as it now appears.

3. The trial judge repeatedly, in the presence of the jury, demonstrated his hostility to the defendants and their counsel. The Circuit Court of Appeals held, however, that no reversible error had been committed by him in this respect.

4. The government made it appear that Sobell had fled to Mexico in 1950 and that Mexico had deported him; it even offered in evidence a card in the possession of the

U. S. immigration authorities on which appeared the phrase, "Deported from Mexico."

Sobell and the Rosenbergs lost their appeal to the circuit court by a two-to-one decision. Judge Jerome Frank, in a dissenting opinion, argued that Sobell was entitled to a new trial on the ground that the evidence established, if anything, two separate conspiracies: (a) a conspiracy between Rosenberg and Sobell to solicit and obtain Elitcher's aid in espionage activities and to send military engineering and fire-control information to Europe; (b) a conspiracy between Rosenberg, Greenglass and Gold to send atomic information to Russia, with which conspiracy Sobell was not even remotely linked by any evidence. Judge Frank held that trying Sobell jointly with defendants charged with another conspiracy, with which he had no connection, was grave, reversible error.

BUT the majority of the Circuit Court of Appeals held that there was no error of law, and the Supreme Court has steadfastly refused to review the record. As succinctly stated by Mr. Justice Black: "This Court has never reviewed this record and has never affirmed the fairness of the trial." It seems incredible that in a capital case, in which two defendants receive the death sentence and the other a thirty-year sentence, the Supreme Court refuses to take jurisdiction to ascertain whether they had had a fair trial. This is particularly tragic in view of the fact that even in the Circuit Court of Appeals the defendants did not have a hearing as to the sufficiency of the evidence to sustain the convictions against them. As stated by Judge Frank: ". . . Where trial is by jury, this court is not allowed to consider the credibility of witnesses or the reliability of testimony. Particularly in the federal judicial system, that is the jury's province."

In other words, once a jury, into whose ears are drummed the word "Communists" and who are hearing a case before a judge obviously unfriendly to the defendants, finds the defendants guilty, then thereafter no court of review can find that the jury was wrong in its verdict.

Confronted with this situation, counsel for Sobell has had to rely on a different approach.

Sobell and his family left the United States for Mexico in 1950; there was considerable doubt as to their reasons for leaving. If they left under circumstances indicating a consciousness of guilt, that would be a potent, perhaps a conclusive, factor in the minds of the jury. If, on the other hand, their stay there was to be temporary, or, more convincingly, if they returned to the United States before Sobell had been indicted, then this assumption of a consciousness of guilt would be eliminated. It was, therefore, an important link in the government's case to prevent Sobell's voluntary return. The U. S. government prevented such a return by having the Mexican secret police seize Sobell in Mexico, rush him to Laredo, Texas, and there turn him over to the U. S. Immigration Service. That this was done without any judicial process, and without any hearing, is incontrovertible. It was an abduction, even involving physical assault.

To make its charge even stronger, the government somehow produced and offered in evidence a card purporting to be a document prepared and kept by an immigration inspector of the Immigration Service bearing the legend, "Deported from Mexico." Since there had been no deportation procedure or hearing in Mexico, the entry was patently incorrect. That it did incalculable damage to Sobell's cause in the eyes of the jury cannot be doubted.

COUNSEL for Sobell has filed a petition before the same trial judge who sentenced him, setting forth the facts as to the alleged deportation and asking for a new trial. The petition alleges that the prosecuting authorities had knowingly, wilfully and intentionally used false and perjurious testimony, had made false representations to the court and had suppressed evidence which would have impeached and refuted testimony given against Sobell.

If the trial judge rejects the defense petition, counsel will doubtless present the matter to the Circuit Court of Appeals. That court will then be squarely confronted with the question as to whether a conviction obtained by such methods will be upheld as the basis for a thirty-year sentence to a defendant against whom there was so little reliable evidence.

OPEN DOOR TO CHINA

Interview With Chou En-lai... by James Bertram

Peking
ON THE afternoon of May 8—one of those sunny spring days when a cold wind sneaks out of the Gobi, and nobody in Peking knows what clothes to wear—our visiting New Zealand cultural mission was invited to meet Premier Chou En-lai at his official residence beside the old palace. We drove in a cavalcade of cars from the hotel and swept impressively through an old-style Chinese gateway, getting a smart salute from gloved guards and occasional sentries along the curving drive. We were shown into a moderate-sized drawing-room with arm chairs and chesterfields arranged in a wide circle.

As soon as we had settled in our places, the Premier entered. He was wearing the familiar navy-blue working uniform of Chinese civil officialdom—a severe and unbecoming garb in which it is very hard for anyone to look distinguished. That Chou managed to appear both extremely well-dressed and informally elegant was a triumph of personality over sartorial limitation. In an informal meeting with a dozen ordinary New Zealanders, there was little occasion for any oratorical display; but to us all it was immediately apparent that we were meeting a man of immense natural gifts and highly concentrated intelligence who enjoyed talking and made his points with grace and humor.

Chou began speaking in Chinese, with a young and rather nervous interpreter beside him. He asked us about our visit, and our general impressions of New China. It was clear from his sparkling eyes, the rapid shifts of those bushy, expressive eyebrows and the ironical quirk of the

wide mouth that he was following most of the English spoken before it was translated back to him. Before long he was correcting the interpreter whenever he made a slip, and occasionally he would himself interpolate an English phrase—always with a slight grimace, and an actor's trick of pulling down the corners of his mouth, that turned these exchanges into an amusing parlor game. So what might have been a stiff and rather labored interview slipped rapidly into genuine intimacy and friendliness.

"A man cannot live without friends," Chou told us. "Our country cannot make progress without many foreign visitors such as yourselves. To close your door is to block progress. Today it is America that seems to want to close doors. We would like to have Americans come to China, as you are coming now. But the American government will not give them passports; and so many Americans really believe what one journalist wrote—that China is 'one vast concentration camp.'"

THERE was an immediate murmur of amused protest from all the Chinese present. But Chou was enjoying his own joke and rapidly went on to expand it. "What sort of concentration camp is that," he asked, "when I myself am in it—and all of us? So many millions inside the concentration camp—and who is it who guards them? Of course, this story is not true; but how can we prove it to the Americans, if they will not come here to see for themselves?"

We talked about the possibility of exchange visits; Chou was keenly interested in the idea of some specially qualified New Zealanders coming to China. He himself suggested a visit from New Zealand grassland and livestock experts. He spread his fine nervous hands in one of those delicate gestures that constantly suggest the movements of Chinese opera. "We are not afraid to expose our weaknesses and shortcomings,

especially in modern techniques. If you will send good people to investigate the condition of our agriculture and animal husbandry, they will learn something; and we will learn much from them, if they will give us their friendly criticism and advice."

Then, as if taking his cue from his own remarks, Chou talked about internal conditions in China and the progress they were making with their five-year plans. In agriculture generally, he considered the present position reasonably satisfactory, considering the great setback of the disastrous floods and the very bad season of 1954. Chou made three points about the current year's program in agriculture: "First, we aim to increase overall production by at least 10 per cent; second, we hope that something like 90 per cent of the farm population will have increased income this year; third, we plan to divide the increased revenue as follows—70 per cent to go toward the net personal income of the farmers and the remaining 30 per cent to be divided among government taxes, a sinking fund for capital expenditure and a welfare fund for the peasants and their families." Asked what proportion of a peasant's income went for taxation, the Premier said: "Between 5 and 8 per cent. It cannot be higher, otherwise we could not convince the peasants that our policy is deserving of their cooperation." [Last week China's Finance Minister, announcing the 1956 national budget, said peasants' taxes would not amount to more than 12 per cent of their total income.—THE EDITORS.]

CHOU was then asked a key question: If cooperation and collectivization proceed, with improved methods of production and greater mechanization (especially on the state farms), will there not be a surplus laboring population on the land? What is to become of this surplus? Chou answered that production and the improvement of living standards

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generally would more than keep up with any population increase (the figures he gave were an overall annual increase of more than 6 per cent in production as against a 2 per cent increase in population). In industry, production increases were much more spectacular than in agriculture—more than 10 per cent annually, with still higher figures for light industry.

Chou seemed to share the confidence of all we had talked with in China—statisticians, economists and the like—that there was no real population problem here. Increase of production, the reclamation of underdeveloped areas of farming land, the development of basic heavy industry, were the answers to the Malthusian nightmare. And it is only fair to say that in New China today this is no uninformed optimism, but the considered view of experts who have read all that Western theorists have had to say on this subject and do not lightly disregard their warnings. Only the future will prove who is right; at present, it is clear, people in China are marrying and having families with complete confidence that their children have a rosy future. Confidence, in such a matter, is not all; but it is a great deal of the battle. And to those of us who were only too familiar with the uncertainty and timidity of the middle and professional classes in Western countries about the size of families and the future occupations of a single son or daughter, this Chinese attitude was like a breath of fresh air.

THE Premier went on to discuss internal politics in China, the nature of the government and the role of the Communist Party. "Of course we have taken the road of socialism because we believe this was the only road open to us after the national struggle for independence. But it is not only the Communists who accept this. In our government—both national and local—many other parties and groups besides the Communists are represented.

"Some of you have met members of the government who represent the smaller parties that used to exist in China; you have met representatives of state-private industry; you have seen industrialists marching in the May Day procession. If you go to some other cities, I hope you will



Premier Chou En-lai

meet some Chinese capitalists. In Shanghai, for example, there is Mr. Jung Yi-jen—he is the biggest capitalist in all China. He owns textile mills and factories with a capital of over thirty million [Chinese dollars]; the property owned by his family is valued at more than one hundred millions. He will tell you why a rich capitalist is prepared to give his support to our government."

This was the only part of Chou's interview which I later heard described by one member of our group as "phoney." "Obviously, this chap Jung must be a stooge, who is told off to deal with foreign visitors." A day or so later, when I met a visiting Cambridge economist who had lunched with Mr. Jung Yi-jen, the argument came out into the open once more. "Oh, yes, he is certainly a capitalist," the Cambridge man commented. "He gave us a sixteen-course luncheon, and he lives in an absolute palace. His father built up the business, he inherited it; and now he is a capitalist-Communist, or a Communist-capitalist, whichever you prefer. No doubt he is very useful to them—he's a nice chap, too." I reserved my own judgment until I had had the chance to talk with Mr. Jung Yi-jen myself.

But it seemed to me natural enough that Chou En-lai, to make a point, should illustrate it with the most striking single example he could cite. We had met a more modest example of a New Zealand capitalist, Mr. Young Tong Shing, in Canton. Mr. Young, who had been a strong Labor Party supporter in New Zealand, had come back to China with his two sons; he was working as manager of one of the twelve factories of a large dying con-

cern mainly financed by overseas Chinese capital (the total investment, he told us, was in the nature of a hundred million Chinese dollars). I was prepared to believe a man who came from my own part of the world, whose son had been a student at the university college where I teach, and whose personal sincerity was transparent. He assured me that he was doing very nicely indeed, thank you, with a guaranteed 8 per cent annual profit for his investors; and he told me that many Chinese capitalists living in Hong Kong or in other places abroad were increasingly attracted by the opportunities of investment and offers of executive positions inside New China.

Our interview with Chou had already occupied more than an hour when, inevitably, the question of Communist "dictatorship" came up. Chou gave us briefly the standard Chinese introduction to this theme: the historical background of Koumintang-Communist cooperation from 1925-27 and the subsequent breach; the war-time cooperation against the Japanese. "Of course, the Communist Party takes the lead in our country, because of its experience in all these years of struggle, because the people trust it, because it is by far the largest political party." (Figures here speak for themselves: Chinese Communist Party: 1945, 1.21 million members; 1949, 4.5 million members; 1955, nine million members). "But it is important that we should have other parties and other groups active in our country, so that they can criticize and 'oversee' the Communist leadership."

"Is it possible," one of our group asked, "to conceive of conditions under which the Communist Party would pass the leadership of the country to any other party?"

Chou's hands became even more dramatic and expressive than usual. "If the Chinese Communist Party continues to give effective leadership and makes no errors in following a correct general line, then that is inconceivable. But if the Communist Party should make such major errors, and the people felt that they were major errors, then we can say it is possible that some other party might replace the Communist Party." It was an orthodox Marxist answer, I supposed; but it was pretty

clear that Chou considered the second alternative remote. He went on to speak of "democratic centralism" and the method of party organization; the party must keep in touch with the people and must respect the views of others.

"It is our experience," one of our group put in, "that all political parties make mistakes sooner or later and lose their usefulness. We think it is better, when this happens, that they should give way—at least, for a time—to another leadership."

Chou En-lai accepted this politely, but without any obvious enthusiasm. "That is the way of Western democracies. We are following the way of socialism, and socialization is our immediate goal. If we achieve it, and if we move beyond this to communism, then of course we believe that all political parties will disappear."

"Eighteen years ago," I said,

"when I interviewed Chairman Mao Tse-tung in Yenan, I asked him how long he thought it would take for China to catch up with the economic progress of Western nations. The answer he gave me then was 'several decades.' What answer would you now give to the same general question?"

But Chou En-lai was much too old a bird to be caught with ground-seed. "If you mean the establishment of basic industry, then perhaps we can say within three five-year plans—fifteen years. But if you mean the full modernization of the whole country, so that the standard of living of the workers reaches the standard of employed workers in, say, the United States, then we must say several decades."

The sun was slanting through the southern lattices, and the Chinese Premier hinted politely that, though he would like us to ask more ques-

tions, he had, alas, another engagement. He rose and gestured us all towards the steps outside, where he stood smiling with our group for a photograph. We took our farewells, and the line of cars moved along the drive.

It had been a curious experience for most of us. The comment that hung at the back of my own mind, and that I made later to a Chinese friend, was expressed something like this: If a group of Chinese came to Wellington, it was not impossible that a New Zealand prime minister might receive them and even have something to say to them. But that he should give an hour and a half to serious discussion of the main problems of his government with them, inviting their questions and replying to them in detail, was almost as "inconceivable" as the peaceful "replacement" of the Chinese Communist Party.

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

Yeats and the Young Mind.. by *Dan Wakefield*

"... eyes that rage has brightened,
arms it has made lean,
Give place to an indifferent multitude. . ."

—William Butler Yeats

The younger intelligentsia of the twenties in America, at least that part of it that dealt with ideas, was crossing the ocean to Paris—or planning to. Their counterparts of the thirties were going to Spain, either physically or vicariously via rallies

On page 533 of this issue M. L. Rosenthal, The Nation's poetry editor, writes of Yeats as poet; in this article Dan Wakefield writes of him as political mentor of today's younger generation of intellectuals—a generation of which Mr. Wakefield is clearly a most reluctant member.

and parades. From all indications, the intellectual section of today's younger generation is launched on quite a different voyage—a voyage that, significantly, is guaranteed not to get the passengers' feet wet. They are Sailing to Byzantium. That cold, metallic world of abstraction de-

scribed by William Butler Yeats in his poems "Byzantium" and "Sailing to Byzantium" seems to hold the climate most desired by the recently-graduated English majors.

Not long ago a professor of English at Columbia informed a class in Wordsworth, Keats and Yeats to devote more time to Wordsworth and Keats. "I know you're all interested in Yeats before we start," he explained. He paused for a moment, turned his palms towards the ceiling, and asked "Just what is it you see in Yeats?" The answer to this and the whole question of Yeats's great popularity among the new intellectual youth is that his poetry reflects the world they face—and their reaction to it. The visions of Yeats the prophet are coming to pass, and today's young people need no imagination to see them.

They have read that "somewhere in sands of the desert" nuclear progress is being made, and after Hiroshima it takes no muse to supply the image of "a gaze blank and pitiless

as the sun" that could overturn the civilization of twenty centuries. "The Second Coming," like so much of Yeats's important work, is filled with the hopes and fears and realities peculiar to the current young generation. And it articulates a major theme of the generation's mood with the line, "The best lack all conviction. . . ." The intellectuals are the best, at least as far as mentality is concerned, and this generation's intellectuals are set apart from their predecessors of the twenties and thirties not by the difference in their political convictions but in their lack of them. This is not an unusual attitude for the majority of any time; but today it seems to be the predominating attitude of the leaders, the Phi Beta Kappas, the valedictorians, the ones "Most likely to . . ."; in short, "the best." How long ago was it that James Wechsler stepped out of his role as a *Spectator* reporter to speak in the student rallies at Columbia he was supposed to be covering?

How long ago was it that Ernest Hemingway was out of money in Paris, writing his first stories, and turned down a lucrative offer from Hearst? It must have been a long, long time.

It is usually the dream of the young, no matter how tangled the world they inherit, that they and their friends will be able to master it. Today there is neither much evidence of dream nor desire, but a heavy sense that this world and its H-bombs, complex politics and swollen corporations has got beyond the control of its creators. Or, as Yeats puts it in "The Second Coming,"

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer.

The men in business remind the newest generation of interviewees that the country is enjoying its greatest prosperity. And yet, the personnel heads of three of New York's most influential firms told a group of college seniors this year that the first question of most job-seeking young men nowadays is "What kind of a retirement plan do you have?" What the personnel men and the writers of *Life* editorials seem to forget when they talk about the high rate of prosperity is the high rate of divorce, delinquency, crime and mental illness which might make a young scholar reading Yeats stop and ponder a while at the line, "Things fall apart, the center cannot hold," and perhaps have a cold and convincing sensation that this was his world the poet was speaking of.

OF COURSE other generations have faced worlds more fluid and frightening than this one, but this generation seems unique in its reaction and the widespread mood of it. The mood is expressed in the hopes of Yeats for his child in "Prayer for My Daughter" when he writes

O may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.
And may her bridegroom bring her to a house
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;
For arrogance and hatred are the wares
Peddled in the thoroughfares.

The thoroughfares of action appear quite empty, and the dominant

voice of the new generation is not like its predecessors'—raised in shouts—but lowered in prayer. The Here is overlooked for the Beyond in perhaps the biggest boom of religious interest our nation's colleges have ever seen. It is the cautious and weary revival of a group that has inherited two wars in its lifetime and lives in the knowledge that a John Foster Dulles has taken it three other times "to the brink" of atomic catastrophe—and may sally forth again when the spirit moves him. Beyond "the brink"—there has to be heaven. The atmosphere and its results are best understood through another vision of Yeats, described in "The Valley of the Black Pig," where

The dews drop slowly and dreams gather;
unknown spears
Suddenly hurtle before my dream-awakened eyes.
And then the clash of fallen horsemen and the cries
Of unknown perishing armies beat about my ears.
We who still labor by the cromlech on the shore,
The grey cairn on the hill, when day sinks drowned in dew,
Being weary of the world's empires, bow down to you,
Master of the still stars and of the flaming door.

The young are apparently numbed by the nightmare. It was only the intellectual minority that caused all the noise in the student strikes against war in the thirties; but the noise they made was enough to convince a lot of people that they spoke for multitudes of youth throughout the country. The corresponding minority of this generation shows a preference for sitting in silence, self-removed from a world they never made and have little desire to change.

SUCH an attitude is standard for the mass of men in every time, but it is strange indeed for those who aspire to be writers. It is their job to meet the world head on, to understand it; but in this generation they hurry past it with lowered eyes on the way to the classroom. The academy, not the world, is being chosen as the province of the youngest writers today in what is reported to be a constantly growing procession to graduate schools of English. There the prematurely world-weary youth may turn to their books and

books about books and reassure one another that

Words alone are certain good.

Where are now the warring kings,
Word be-mockers?—By the Rood,
Where are now the warring kings?

A likely possibility of the trend to the campus is that words for words' sake, produced in ivied towers of graduate schools, will be the major fruit of the youngest generation's literary efforts—and even that hot-house product may well be scarce. One aspiring young writer has admitted with regret that the burden of his studies had crushed, at least temporarily, his own work at fiction. "But teaching is the only way to write and make a living these days," he explained. "It's impossible now to just take off and roam around and spend your time writing."

But it has always been impossible. It was just as impossible when Hemingway lived on potatoes in Paris. The difference today is that the young are so willing to accept the impossibility. They sail toward their particular goal, not in the spirit of Jay Gatsby who "believed in the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us," but as men passing through a strange interlude that separates them from retirement. The voyage is not to the orgiastic future sought in the twenties, or the socially Utopian future desired in the thirties. Today the young intellectual pledges himself that

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing.
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
To keep a drowsy emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Byzantium looms as the promised land of the new youth—a land of images instead of humans, a land of artificial experience where

... all complexities of fury leave,
Dying into a dance.
An agony of trance,
An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

That is the fire of Byzantium, and unless the voyage of the youngest generation of thinkers and writers in America changes its course, that will be the fire of their work. It is a fire that holds little danger of burning anyone—and even less promise of warming them.

Sources in Myth and Magic

By M. L. Rosenthal

THE simultaneous publication of Yeats's *Collected Poems* (Definitive Edition) and reissuing of his *A Vision* give us nothing significantly new, yet remind us of everything in his work that remains marvelously the same. Both, we are told, contain "the author's final revisions," yet their pagination is identical with the 1951 *Collected Poems* and the 1938 *A Vision*, the latter long out of print. Of course, a comma here and a semicolon there can make a great difference, and we reserve the right (learned journals please note) to descant on those fine bibliographical points in another season. Meanwhile, we are given two happy excuses to think once more about a great poet's work.*

One of the first thoughts is the astounding *relevance* of his work to the critical issues of twentieth-century consciousness—astounding partly because the more one reads Yeats the more absorbed and fascinated one becomes by the idiosyncrasies of his technical achievement, his symbols, his many-sided intellectual biography and his system of images. But the simplicities are what count first: the natural yet varied music of his verse, the full vigor and candor of his way of statement, the wit and wide applicability of his insights. You may not like what he has to say in his short poem "Parnell," but you are bound to feel its force:

Parnell came down the road, he said
to a cheering man:
"Ireland shall get her freedom and
you still break stone."

The poem speaks to the modern world, bringing to the fore one of its great fears—of an ultimate futility of politics. So does "The Great Day":

Hurrah for revolution and more
cannon-shot!

*THE COLLECTED POEMS OF W. B. YEATS. Definitive Edition with the Author's Final Revisions. The Macmillan Company. \$6.

A VISION. A Reissue with the Author's Final Revisions. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

A beggar upon horseback lashes a
beggar on foot.
Hurrah for revolution and cannon
come again!
The beggars have changed places,
but the lash goes on.

To begin with these examples may be to present an unfamiliar, acerbated Yeats, but it will show also his distrust of that callous demagoguery which feeds on mankind's greatest hopes and ideals. A third unfamiliar poem, "Church and State," will recall too the fearless cast of his mind, his ability to appreciate mutually contradictory possibilities at the same time, giving each its weight in the emotional scheme of things. It is a political poem which, like Blake's "London," is not tendentious but deeply responsive to the state of man:

Here is fresh matter, poet,
Matter for old age meet;
Might of the Church and the State,
Their mobs put under their feet.
O but heart's wine shall run pure,
Mind's bread grow sweet.

That were a cowardly song,
Wander in dreams no more;
What if the Church and the State
Are the mob that howls at the door!
Wine shall run thick to the end,
Bread taste sour.

But the relevance is not mainly political at all. Even Yeats's superficially political poems—those like "Easter, 1916," for instance—are not really so. This poem sings the glory of the men whose lives were lost in the Easter Rebellion, and the "terrible beauty" born in Ireland as a result of that sacrifice. At the same time, it grants that the rebels may have been mistaken, that England may yet abide by her promise to grant Ireland her independence. The poem is characteristically honest, and all the more convincing because it refuses, as Yeats always did refuse, to be dogmatic. What saves it from dogmatism is the way it turns on a single image (of hearts "enchanted to a stone") which, followed through with strict poetic integrity, forces the poet to shift the ground of his thought and include the possibility that his heroes may have been wrong. And so the truer relevance of the

poem lies in the way it allows for a play of opposites against each other. This play, or dialogue, of opposites in his work almost always transcends the warring issues themselves.

The audacity of "Church and State" is characteristic of Yeats's spokesmanship for the contemporary mind and sensibility. In the deepest sense he believed in nothing yet spoke for belief; and speaking for it, he yet detested the thought of vain causes and idealisms that could make a man false to himself. He was interested in folklore, in theories of the occult from Rosicrucianism to spiritualism and mystical idealism of every sort including the doctrines of Plato and Plotinus. His attraction to these cults and doctrines had many motivations, but one was overriding: his belief that they provided symbolic clues to the unconscious life of mind and spirit as well as to the subjective world of image, emotion and creative imagination. He sought a kind of anti-scientific science of symbolic realization, derived from mythical and esthetic sources: a science that would therefore—from a poet's standpoint, at least—go beyond both the materialistic thought-systems that prevailed in his youth and the vague bodiless religiosity that shuddered away from those systems.

A list of his most famous poems brings into the mind a series of vibrant, archetypal pictures, surrounded by passionate song: the rape of Leda; a Sphinx-like beast "moving its slow thighs" over the desert as the annunciation of a new, terrible recording of human destiny; an old whore shrieking beautiful obscene profundities at a doctrinaire priest, an Earthly Paradise where the great sages and heroes of tradition take their whimsical ease while the Innocents of the New Testament "re-live their death" again and again and "nymphs and satyrs copulate in the foam."

Through this symbolic "science" he succeeded in constructing a poetic world in which there was simultaneously room for the most bleak and candid recognitions and the most exalted visionary transformations:

These masterful images because
complete

Grew in pure mind, but out of what began?

A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,

Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,

Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut

Who keeps the till. Now that my ladder's gone,

I must lie down where all the ladders start,

In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

The organizing system for this poetic world of actively related opposites (which is perhaps most fully realized dramatically in the two Byzantium poems, in the play *The Resurrection* and one or two others, and in "A Dialogue of Self and Soul") is provided in that surprising, delightful, partly makeshift book *A Vision*. Behind *A Vision* lies the parallel occultist experience, reading and thinking of both Yeats and his wife. Her efforts at automatic writing shortly after their marriage in 1917 were what led to the conscious formulation and emergence in images of the themes and diagrams around which the book is built: the cycles of history and of individual personality; the relations between the wheel of time and timelessness, between physical universe and pure spirit; the opposition of Christian and pagan-Renaissance values; the "dreaming-back" by the soul after death of its worldly experience; the new applications of the ancient concept of the "Great Year"—the two-thousand-year cycle within which a dominant mode of civilization is born, flourishes and dies; and the basic symbol of the interpenetrating gyres, or vortexes, forever at war and forever passing through regular phases in their relation to one another.*

HOW many of these ideas Yeats believed in unreservedly is open to question, especially since it is impossible to be sure that he believed unreservedly in *anything*. It is interesting that he begins his introduction to the book with the observation that, as a result of the "incredible experience" it represents, "my poetry has gained in self-possession and

power." Also he tells us (possibly without intentional humor) that when he offered to spend the rest of his life interpreting the messages received through his wife's automatic writing, the spirits replied: "No, we have come to give you metaphors for poetry." (These spirits, incidentally, were demanding, pedantic, even petulant. For instance, "they asked me not to read philosophy until their exposition was complete," and sent flashes of light or struck chairs violently when they disapproved of the Yeatses' behavior. On the other hand, they quite sentimentally filled the house with the smell of roses when a son was born there.) And he ends his introduction with these words:

... if sometimes, overwhelmed by miracle as all men must be when in the midst of it, I have taken such periods [the Great Years] literally, my reason has soon recovered; and now that the system stands out clearly in my imagination I regard them as stylistic arrangements of experience comparable to the cubes in the drawing of Wyndham Lewis and to the voids in the sculpture of Brancusi. They have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice.

The combination of whimsical writing (the book contains a letter to Ezra Pound that begins: "My Dear Ezra, Do not be elected to the Senate of your country"—although here again Yeats may not have realized the lovely absurdity of this plea), textbookish precision and organization, passages of poetry, and personal speculation of a quite elegant order makes *A Vision* rewarding in many ways. It is surprising that it has no real literary reputation in its own right, and is generally thought merely schematic, even if fantastically so. It is full of passages that are not only interesting in themselves but also illuminating for readers of Yeats's poetry:

A civilization is a struggle to keep self-control, and in this it is like some great tragic person, some Niobe who must display an almost superhuman will or the cry will not touch our sympathy. The loss of control over thought comes towards the end; first a sinking in upon the moral being, then the last surrender, the irrational cry, revelation—the scream of Juno's peacock.

Out of the organized subjectivisms of *A Vision* and his brooding over their implications came the rich art

of the later Yeats. He had developed a mode of symbolic thinking that was free and hypothetical, yet emphatic and concrete, and he was enabled thereby to encompass the great issues without being swamped in partisanship. ("I never bade you go," he wrote, "to Moscow or to Rome") *A Vision* brought to fruition his lifelong search for a supernaturalism and a set of intellectual points of reference that could not commit him to any established religion or philosophical school. It provided the necessary exotic themes and images—he calls them his "circus animals"—which, because largely and primarily esthetic, allowed him the greatest latitude of thought and statement without risk of public outrage or censorship. (Even his espousal of an aristocratic ideal, though "real," is basically esthetic in conception.) His humor too was enriched by this liberating effort—so that we have many effects like that in "Crazy Jane on the Mountain," in which amidst the painful realization of the loss of heroic meanings in the modern world there is suddenly called up the vision of the mythical warrior-king Cuchulain and his queen, "great-bladdered Emer" (an allusion to a contest in which Emer clearly demonstrated her superiority to certain other mythical ladies). The whole of "John Kinsella's Lament for Mrs. Mary Moore" has this kind of tragic-hilarious quality.

Yeats did achieve the definitive success of transforming his whole consciousness of himself, mind and body, into the objectified and dramatized symbolic counters of his art.

To Our Readers

A REMINDER—Fill out and return the Presidential ballot printed on the back cover of last week's issue of *The Nation*.

And while you are doing so, don't forget to mark a box in EACH of the last eight pairs on the ballot. In other words, of the last sixteen boxes, you should mark eight.

*The best book on Yeats's thought, including, of course, *A Vision*, and on its relation to the development of his poetry is Richard Ellmann's *The Identity of Yeats* (Oxford University Press: 1954)—a distinguished study that has been unaccountably neglected.

And because he *used* the system but was rarely its creature, he could always change the counters, re-explore their implications, try out this solution and that, and if need be discount them entirely:

But hush, for I have lost the theme,
Its joy or night seem but a dream;
Up there some hawk or owl has struck,

Dropping out of sky or rock,
A stricken rabbit is crying out,
And its cry distracts my thought.

The Shock of Mencken

H. L. MENCKEN: A Portrait from Memory. By Charles Angoff. Thomas Yoseloff. \$3.95.
MINORITY REPORT: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks. Knopf. \$3.95.

By William Bittner

THE OLD MAN is dead, and the reminiscences and table-scrappings are beginning to come in. Not many can equal the memories of Charles Angoff, who worked on the *Mercury* in its best years; but his diligent reportage of H. L. Mencken's peccadilloes and comments, edited for shock quality, becomes tedious after a while, like the chatter of a too-fond parent who insists on telling you all the clever remarks of his little boy. Mencken, in his time, was America's Boswell, and it is quite possible that a Boswell for a Boswell operates on too diminished a scale, like the Quaker on the breakfast-food box held by the Quaker on the box.

Listening to Angoff's Mencken, one has difficulty distinguishing him from Westbrook Pegler, except that what he is quoted as saying is evidently too outrageous and self-contradictory to be taken literally. Mencken was just as much an experimenter with language as Joyce or Gertrude Stein; his method, however, was communication by shock. He opposed the popular view, whatever it was, and he provoked a great deal of enlightenment by means of dicta that were literally just ridiculous. Nevertheless, he frequently had hold of the coattails of truth when more earnest people clutched air.

The only artifacts of the Mencken regime that have not lost all their gilt and most of their shape are the *American Mercury* under his editorship, and *The American Language*. The *Days* are charming, as autobiog-

raphy goes, but it does not ever go very deep. Philologists can blast tremendous holes in the etymology of *The American Language*—Mencken was no more a scholar than is any other reporter—but he developed and demonstrated a workable and lively theory of the peculiar dynamics of American English, and his book, with its supplements, is certainly as accurate, and more readable than Sam Johnson's Dictionary. The *Mercury* under Mencken (reading a copy of the current journal is like finding your sister in a you-know-what house) set high standards without ever being inhospitable to new writers, treated serious subjects frivolously and was never trivial. It died because its enemy, conformity, seemed to be dead, and too many people failed to recognize the phoenix quality of the wowsers attitude. I wish we had it back.

As Angoff points out, Mencken

became more interested in politics as he grew older, to the exclusion of fields in which he had competence, and *Minority Report* shows that weakness mingled only here and there with cracks at the more conventionally revered totems. The trouble with Mencken and politics is that his strength lay in expressing the attitude of a querulous and tiny minority, as modification to the dominance of the majority; but in debunking politics and politicians, and in expressing prejudices against Negroes, Jews and all foreigners who were not German, his epigrams were not minority. He was expressing the attitude of the booboisie—just a bit more honestly than they would say it.

Mencken was worthier than either of these books would indicate; but between his own leftovers and what he said to bait Angoff, I prefer the latter. The picture Mr. Angoff gives of the old man is raw, but it is alive; the quotations are more extreme than any Mencken would have printed. Nevertheless, if it is not taken as the ultimate source-book on him, it can serve very effectively as an antidote to some of the eulogistic hogwash that has been written and said about H. L. Mencken—not to speak of that which will be.

A Show Worth Watching

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WITH IT. By Herbert Gold. Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.75.

By Alan Harrington

I was with it and for it . . . I had risen fast despite my habit, from tent man and candy butcher to shill and apprentice inside man in a count-your-ball, rob 'em all shop. I was no first-of-Mayer. . . . I traveled through foul September rains on the canvas. I gave myself to voyaging. . . .

THIS is young Bud Williams, hero of Herbert Gold's third novel, *The Man Who Was Not With It*. Bud, a sort of hipster Huck Finn, having fled his father's house in Pittsburgh, has found a home in the sleazy realm of a traveling carnival, and a new father in the great con-artist Brack, king of the sideshow pitch-men. Morphine helps the boy forget the loneliness and guilts of his early

years. With Grack's aid, he gets rid of his "habit."

The Man Who Was Not With It is itself a carnival, bringing the reader into a strange and fascinating tent. The novel is a spectacular linguistic performance. Herbert Gold's writing is sometimes flashy and full of sideshow guile, but much more often his story is beautifully told, with tough and tender humor, as he gives us Bud Williams' confession in the fever of his youth.

One warning is in order. It may take a few pages for the reader to get used to the novel's carney lingo. Once he approaches the midway, he will almost surely be hooked, for Herbert Gold is no longer a novelist to be watched in the future—his performance is here, and well worth watching right now.

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Films

Robert Hatch

THERE IS something unresolved about the moral focus of *The Proud and the Beautiful*, a film of excellent quality made near Vera Cruz by Yves Allegret and starring Michele Morgan and Gerard Philipe. It tells one kind of story with material that appears to belong to a very different kind of story. More specifically, it is a rather sentimental bit of optimism based on a story by Jean-Paul Sartre.

On the surface, *The Proud and the Beautiful* is the tale of a derelict, an alcoholic doctor living in a warren of whores, who is restored to grace by a time of crisis and the love of an understanding woman. That is the kind of romance that Clive Brook used to glory in. The crisis of the film is an epidemic of spotted fever, and there is one scene—when the pathetic, ragged, shaking hero picks up a hypodermic and, with hands become suddenly sure and strong, plunges the four-inch needle into a colleague's spine—that is the hallmark of bunkum.

But beneath the easy sentiment the picture seems to be telling a more bitter tale. The woman who rescues the doctor has just lost her husband to the fever. It appears that he had been an invalid all their life together and as soon as he dies she turns with sure instinct toward the next weakling. If, as it appears, she has a taste for broken men, the future does not promise well for her new invalid-lover.

Scenes and characters have more weight than they bring to bear. There is an unresolved bit of violence wherein the hotel proprietor, a brutal dandy, begins to rape the widow and then suddenly desists. The head doctor, himself dying, works under ludicrously inadequate conditions to save the dying. He is

clear enough as an existentialist character, but so far as this picture is concerned one never learns what he represents. And the proprietor's wife, a slut with a head for figures, seems always about to enter the action but finally slopes off inconclusively. I have a notion that M. Allegret bit off more of a story than he decided to chew.

Nevertheless it is an engrossing and beautifully prepared picture. The hot loneliness of the few sophisticated outsiders caught in the teeming and contagion-struck village; the mood of exhausted despair in which the lovers first notice each other—as though love too were a fever that felled you when your resistance was gone; the herd-like indifference of the peasants to the death striking all around them—it is a week of fiesta and fireworks keep going off in the faces of the dying as they are carted through the streets; the determination to set up a quarantine when there is no possibility of its being enforced: these and like ingredients evoke the bleak and seductive valor of existentialism at the same time that the explicit story is telling us rather fatuously not to underestimate the power of a woman.

And Gerard Philipe is an actor of such grace and taste that he is always a delight to watch. He offers on this occasion a portrait of abasement, bravado, irony and self-disgust that is perfectly observed and perfectly communicated. Michele Morgan is more appealing than eloquent—her pale eyes are never very expressive and she seems here at a loss as to what she is intended to express. Whether M. Allegret could not make her fill out the implications of her role, or did not want her to do so, she is at the center of the picture's ambiguity.

THE OLD adage that the only good Indian is a dead Indian has fallen out of repute in recent years, but John Wayne so thoroughly subscribes to it in *The Searchers* that he shoots an Indian who is already dead and in his grave—shoots his eyes out so that he cannot see his way to the happy hunting ground. This is car-

rying prejudice to an extreme, even by movie frontier standards.

The Searchers, a John Ford desert spectacular in prismatic Vista-Vision, is long on brutality and short on logic or responsible behavior. It tells how a Confederate officer, just back from the wars, spends ten years pursuing a small band of Indians which has kidnapped his niece. During these years he is always mounted on a superb horse, dressed and armed to the satisfaction of Abercrombie and Fitch and engaged in firing off whole arsenals of ammunition. He came home with a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket and he does not a lick of work in a decade. I can only suppose that he is operating on a grant from some research foundation.

Throughout the picture Wayne behaves like a dangerous lunatic. There is no method to his search but a good deal of pointless slaughter. He is a bully, he is subject to sudden rages, he is trigger-happy, he goes in for scalping, always an alarming symptom in white men. When he finally catches up with the right band of Indians and discovers that his niece has grown to be a beautiful squaw and married the chief, he tries to shoot her.

All this could be psychologically tenable, and even interesting, but Wayne's behavior is presented as the heroic stuff out of which the West was made. In fact, the ex-soldier he portrays is a psychotic with homicidal tendencies which he is given almost unlimited opportunities to indulge, and *The Searchers* is a picnic for sadists in very beautiful country.

CRIME pictures usually succeed or fail according to the ingenuity and excitement of their plots. But *Rififi*, the new French import, though weak in that major respect, is beautifully successful for secondary reasons. The four jewel thieves of the yarn are richly drawn, thoroughly entertaining scoundrels who behave toward one another with a charming courtesy and mutual regard seldom maintained for long in even the most accomplished professional communities. The elegant boulevard shop on which they fix their attention is singularly ill-protected; nevertheless, they attack it with exquisite finesse. They work out a true ballet of pre-

COMING

This Age of Re-forming History

A critical essay on
Richard Hofstadter

by William Appleman Williams

cise timing and delicate movement; their burglar equipment is entirely chic, and they pass the tools from one hand to another with the silent accord of a top surgical team. This jaunty deftness is witty and you feel like breaking into applause as the small chamois bag of jewels is fetched out of the bowels of the safe exactly at the predicted minute of six A. M.

Then, too, the city of Paris is lovingly photographed, especially in the grey light of early morning, and the violence of the French underworld is sketched with a fine quiet intensity. Toward the end, the picture's

style breaks up in an Elizabethan orgy of homicide; the lesson that crime doesn't pay is taught so thoroughly that no one in the cast is left alive to profit from it. I thought this cadaver-strewn conclusion was funny in a way that the director, Jules Dassin, hadn't intended. Up to that point, however, he indisputably made a silk purse out of some old gangster odds and ends, some ingenious atmospheric detail and a small company of expert, almost unknown character actors—one of the most appealing of them being Dessin himself as the master safe-cracker of the team.

a smaller house in which intimate plays are produced. I did not inquire how large the state subsidy was, but I was informed that in the smaller city of Frankfurt, the subsidy amounts to \$1,500,000 a year.

The stage of the Schiller Theater occupies one third of the building's space. (In most American theatres the stage is confined to one tenth of the total area.) It has several revolving tables and is equipped in most up-to-date fashion in regard to lighting, scene docks, etc.

Almost all the actors of the Schiller Theater are employed by the season, which is also true of the imposing technical and administrative staff. The repertory includes at present a German play of the twenties, a play by Calderon freely translated by Von Hoffmansthal, Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and *Doll's House*, Anouilh's latest play *Ornifle*, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, Goethe's *Faust*, Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*, Büchner's *Danton's Death*, Erwin Piscator's adaptation of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker*, Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun*, and a new play, being given its world premiere here, by Marcel Pagnol.

At the Berliner Ensemble Theater in East Berlin the repertory includes, besides Brecht's plays, versions of Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, a play by the nineteenth-century Russian classic Ostrovsky. Other plays being offered in other East Berlin theatres include Molière's *George Dandin*, plays by Schiller, Goldoni, Lorca, Hauptmann, Shaw, Shakespeare. All the East Berlin theatres are state supported, as are the opera houses in both West and East Berlin. In West Germany alone there may be as many as 200 state-owned theatres. I paid ten marks for my orchestra ticket at the Schiller Theater: about \$2.50. The cost of a similar ticket (in dollars) is less than half that amount in East Berlin.

The audience which attends the theatre in both sectors—it is to be noted incidentally that West Berlin residents may and do attend East Berlin theatres and vice versa, just as actors living in either sector may be employed in theatres of the other—the audience, I say, appears as well “trained” as the companies themselves. They are almost invariably

Theatre in Germany: I

Harold Clurman

Berlin

AS I remember Berlin—which I first visited in 1922—it was a stuffily comfortable city which gave evidence of a fulsomely prosperous, unmistakably middle-class past. There were marks, too, of shock and despair—a kind of wan astonishment as of a man who, while still surrounded by substantial possessions, discovers that he is no longer solvent.

Berlin today is two towns: the one in the West strikes me like an old-fashioned ice-cream parlor built on a waste land; the other in the East resembles a shabby encampment constructed from the rubble of a formidable city. One can travel without any trouble from West to east Berlin by subway or electric train; yet the effect of the division is to make both sectors seem bloodless, ghost-like, almost unreal. There is a sense of ruin which no one, except the sightseeing guides, thinks it proper to notice or remark upon. In West Berlin people behave as if all were normal or were soon going to be; in East Berlin, as if the shattered streets were a promise of future achievement. Is this the end of a world or the beginning of a new one?

ONE THING has not changed: the theatre now, as in the twenties, is of the best. There were more ambitious and practiced playwrights then—in fact the German expressionists of those days were auguries, some people believed, of a new and exalted drama—and there were innu-

merable actors of high rank. Today there are few new playwrights worth special mention, and most of the famous actors whose names were the pride of the European stage have disappeared through natural causes and some through causes which were not at all natural.

Yet there is no escaping the fact: in quality of production, in scenic invention, in variety of repertory, in solidity of organization, the German theatre at this moment (and Berlin is by no means the single nor even the most signal instance of it) makes the American, English, French stages look like little-theatre activities.

I had not expected this because, for one thing, such critics as Eric Bentley in New York and Kenneth Tynan in London had made it appear that the German theatre today was interesting only because of Bertolt Brecht's “Berliner Ensemble Theater.” (Brecht is not the titular administrative director, but he is unquestionably its guiding spirit.) While it is true that this East Berlin company represents the most strikingly new development in the German theatre since the Second World War, it is all wrong to suggest that it is the only distinguished theatre in Germany or even in Berlin.

There is, for example, the state-supported Schiller Theater in West Berlin, a modern and handsome construction on the site of the old building which was destroyed in the air raids. It has a seating capacity of 1,200, and its management also runs

punctual, extraordinarily attentive and quiet during the performance, rarely applaud till the curtain is down and the house lights have been turned up. There is something almost solemn about their behavior in the theatre auditorium—they drink beer or juices and eat sandwiches during intermission in the commodious foyers intended for the purpose. They laugh discreetly, as if laughter might disturb the actors or as if the theatre were not intended for undue levity, although the biggest laugh and applause in a very bad production of *Bus Stop* I saw at one of the "private" (non-subsidized) theatres came just where it did in the New York production.

MY PURPOSE in beginning this report on the Berlin theatre with some hasty observations on the physical appearance of the city itself was not simply to introduce a bit of local color into my description. The scarred city and the atmosphere produced by the causes and consequences of its wounds stand in a vital relationship to what one sees in the theatre.

Danton's Death, at the Schiller Theater, is the work of a German dramatist—George Büchner—who died in 1837 at the age of twenty-three. The play was written when he was twenty-one. A medical student, Büchner was a romantic, unhappy with the reaction which had set in in Germany after Napoleon's final defeat. But Büchner's mind had also a critical and realistic bent—he thought of drama as a form of history—and his emotions were torn between the tug of his yearning for freedom, beauty and ethical nobility and the repressive conservatism, which the disillusionment with the French Revolution and the fear of Napoleon—who to most Europeans outside France somehow symbolized that Revolution—had bred.

Büchner was attracted to the purposes for which the revolution had been undertaken—this made him a radical—but he was horrified by the physical and moral depredations of the historical process as it actually works itself out in daily needs. "Freedom has become a whore," one of the characters says in *Danton's Death*; and the play which seems buoyed up by a kind of revolutionary afflatus also has about it a quality of anguish and pessimism which

a determined or doctrinaire radical would qualify as counter-revolutionary. Throughout the play, a revolution is expressed at the nemesis of history, which seems to compel its human agents to commit criminal acts.

Because the play is wildly episodic and was utterly impracticable for stage conditions at the time of its composition, it was not produced until seventy-five years later—in 1910. I saw it done in German by the company Reinhardt brought to the old Century Theatre in New York in 1927. The production was extremely picturesque, spectacularly brilliant, but chiefly ornamental, because the play's material served Reinhardt merely as the springboard for a splendid show.

For the present director, Erwin Piscator—some twelve years in exile from Germany and only recently repatriated in West Germany, though still markedly "independent" in his views—the play is something more than an experience in sparkling modern theatrics—though it is that as well. *Danton's Death* is a romantic epic of political turmoil, a grandiose lyric statement of history's heartbreaking contradictions, a song of revolutionary ardor, and a heroic dirge on the personal misery of revolutionary action and the savage errors by which humanity progresses.

How appropriate and meaningful all this is at the state-supported theatre of West Berlin. For everything is here—on the stage, in the audience and in the streets outside: the memory and witness of "revolutionary" faiths of all kinds (we must not forget that for many Germans National Socialism represented a kind of religious revolt against capitalism and the decadent democracies) and the still harassing need to choose between different ideologies each of which is tainted with confusions, compromises and elements of shame.

Beyond all this, the energy, opulence, mechanical inventiveness of the production—which seems to move as easily and colorfully as any movie—serve in sum as an example of the sophistication, resourcefulness and imaginative exuberance of that part of the German theatre which has absorbed all the salutary influences in the world of modern art. Here are ideas, social significance, lavish showmanship, poetry—Büchner

was a beautiful writer—free of the shackles of the ordinary commercial stage. The total production is a stage event of which most of us in New York, London and Paris are largely unaware—as if the theatre itself were an experience still to be discovered by us.

There are no great actors in *Danton's Death*, but the company—largely composed of people in their thirties—is virile, well endowed in voice, diction, looks and wholly practiced in the uninhibited use of the stage. A young man, Hans Dieter Zeidler, displays a combination of temperamental dash and solidity which, while it as yet wants the modification of greater subtlety of feeling that may come with a little more living and the opportunity for repose, could well make him another of the big actors for which the German theatre is celebrated.

THE SETTING for *Danton's Death* is a triumph of eclectic methods. Revolving platforms are used, and certain devices of constructivism: the main architectural feature of the setting is a scaffolding which resembles a modified scenic railway, itself frequently in motion, so that when people promenade on it—which is what they do in many street scenes—we get the sense of constant mobility. Images of places and people are fluently projected against screens on three sides of the stage. The result is a feeling of complete freedom in the background and environment of the play.

This setting is the work of Caspar Neher, the original designer of the Brecht-Weill *Three Penny Opera* and one of the two best designers in Germany. The other is Theo Otto, now residing in Zurich (but employed throughout Germany), who designed Brecht's *Mother Courage* at the Berliner Ensemble Theater. Both men stand among the world's most talented stage designers of our day.

This brings me to the famous troupe whose theatrical ideology and a large part of whose repertory is the product of Bertolt Brecht's lively brain. This poet and dramatist is almost unanimously admired—certainly respected—by people of both West and East German citizenship or persuasion. A fuller discussion of Brecht's theatre and productions will be the subject of my next article.

Music

B. H. Haggin

THE American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut, put on what it described as the first of a series of annual music festivals—this one devoted to Mozart. It included on the one hand a convocation, with Virgil Thomson as chairman, which discussed the subject *What Mozart Means to Modern Music*, and on the other hand two ballets which demonstrated in living art what Mozart's music means to the man I have come to regard as the greatest creative artist of our day, George Balanchine. One, *A Musical Joke*, danced to Mozart's piece with that title, was entirely new; the other, *Divertimento*, danced to the Divertimento K.287, was a largely new version of *Caracole*, which the New York City Ballet presented briefly a few years ago.

Divertimento, like *Caracole*, is one of what have been described as Balanchine's "concentrated essays . . . in extended classic vocabulary"—which is to say the classic ballet vocabulary as extended by Balanchine in invention of increasing intricacy and unending originality. That invention delights the eye with its brilliance in the Allegro and Minuet movements of *Divertimento*; but its high points are the variation and Adagio movements. In the first, Mozart's own elaboration of his musical theme in the series of variations elicits from Balanchine a succession of richly diverse, fascinatingly complex and marvelously beautiful solos; for the long aria in the second Balanchine produces one of his great supported adagios. As in *Caracole* the continuity of the aria that is heard sung throughout by one instrumental voice is disturbed several times by the shifting from one supported dancer to the next; but this time Balanchine gives each couple a longer stretch to do and thus reduces the number of breaks.

A Musical Joke, characterized as a "ballet-burlesque," is another such essay, but with special features related to the special character of the music. Mozart begins with the banalities a group of village amateurs would play; he includes obvious jokes in the form of the occa-

sional dissonant disasters of their performance, and subtle ones concerned with tonality for the eighteenth-century ears that could appreciate them; but in a slow movement apparently he cannot be anything but serious—that is, write anything but music that is characteristically lovely and affecting, except for a burlesque cadanza at the end. And in response to all this Balanchine too begins with banalities, contrives details that are obviously funny to anyone and subtler "mistakes" that dancers will smile at, but produces for the slow movement another of his great supported adagios, with a few jokes in the cadanza, but until then holding one spell-bound with the sustained beauty and grandeur of its development, the new things which the Balanchine imagination contrives for the dancers to do.

The pieces make enormous demands on the dancers, with their intricacies and difficulties that must be executed with an appearance of effortless ease. And their effectiveness at the second Stratford performance, which I attended, resulted from the way those demands were satisfied by Adams and Bliss, LeClercq and Magallanes, Wilde and Moncion in *A Musical Joke*; Adams, Hayden, Allegra Kent, LeClercq, Wilde, Bliss, Magallanes, Tobias and a small corps of girls in *Divertimento*. It is for his female dancers that Balanchine produces his most brilliant invention; and each of the soloists was, in her own way, dazzling. But LeClercq's movements—her unfolding arabesques in the long supported adagio of *A Musical Joke*, for example—were made breath-takingly beautiful by the aura of personal radiance that gives an added dimension to her dancing.

Karinska contributed enchanting costumes for *A Musical Joke*, and charming new ones for *Divertimento*. There was no scenery for the first piece; and I think none would have been better for the second than the backdrop from *Sinfonie Concertante*.

THE BALLETS were preceded by

Mozart's Serenade K.361 for thirteen wind instruments, performed by members of the Symphony of the Air under Leinsdorf. Mozart's writing for winds alone is very beautiful; but forty minutes of it is a lot to listen to even when executed by first-rate players; and I found it too much as it was executed by the not altogether first-rate group from the Symphony of the Air, which included a first oboe whose tone was quite unpleasant. It was a relief after that to hear the orchestra's strings, which with two horns played under Fiorato for the ballets. The winds and strings together

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constituted an excellent orchestra for a performance of Mozart's opera *The Abduction from the Seraglio* which was in most other respects too—the conducting of Leinsdorf, the staging by Rexford Harrower, the scenery and costumes of Robert Fletcher—a good one. But a performance of opera stands or falls by its singers, and a performance of the *Abduction* by the sopranos for the taxing parts of Constanza and Bionda. Their high florid passages must be sung with assurance, ease and bravura; they must not be struggled with, as they were by Sarah Fleming and Sylvia Stahlman in the second Stratford performance, which I attended. Miss Fleming didn't even succeed in the struggle with her first-act aria, but she managed to get through the later "*Martener aller Arten*" accurately; the high notes Miss Stahlman produced were ear-piercing. In music which employed their lower range, however, they exhibited agreeable voices, as did William Lewis, the Belmonte, and Richard Humphrey, the Osmin; but the voice of Norman Kelley, the Pedrillo, was a little dry. Once again I could distinguish very few of the words of the Chester Kallman translation in the arias; even some spoken dialogue was unclear as it was declaimed by Basil Rathbone, the Pasha Selim, or mumbled by Mr. Humphrey.

AT THE final concert Newell Jenkins conducted the orchestra in an excellently paced and phrased performance of Mozart's Symphony K.338; after which he conducted performances of the *Exultate Jubilate* K.165 with Joan Moynagh, soprano, the Masonic Music K.471 with Loren Driscoll, tenor, and the *Coronation Mass* K.317 with Miss Moynagh, Mr. Driscoll, Beatrice Krebs, alto, Guy Gardner, bass, and the Stratford Congregational Church Oratorio Choir. Miss Moynagh's singing of the florid passages of *Exultate* wasn't clearly articulated and she couldn't produce a trill; but elsewhere she sang well, as did the other soloists; and the chorus was good. Outstanding, in this vocal music, was the "*Credo*" of the mass, with its persistent energetic figure in the opening section, the affecting slow section beginning at the words *Et incarnatus est*, the return of the energetic figure at the words *Et resurrexit*.

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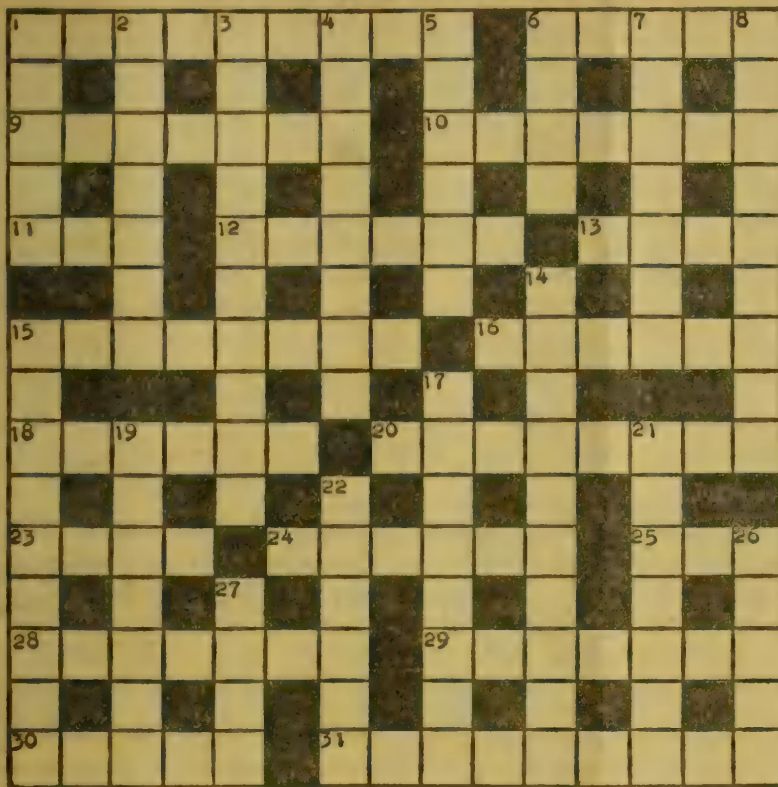
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THE NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 677

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Massage the top spot inside by successively changing the argument by ■ constant. (9)
- 6 When Junior leaves 1 down, look in place of it. (5)
- Such an account could hardly be 14. (7)
- 10 Ovid said the omnipotent Father made Olympus this, and from Ossa hurled Pelion. (7)
- 11 This takes two to play. (3)
- 12 Lay around, and allow to return in. (6)
- 13 and 25 If someone calls you one, he's only trying to be helpful. (7)
- 15 Impel or incite. (8)
- 16 Statesman in a different country, and in mine, too. (6)
- 18 Such skies go with cloudless climes, when she walks in beauty. (6)
- 20 Rode around with what might be said to be a bad heart. (8)
- 23 and 3 down Given by early settlers, no doubt. (4,2,8)
- 24 Such a column can't wrong us inside. (6)
- 25 See 13 across.
- 28 One might leave it on ■ trip which is scheduled, or a trip which is unusual. (7)
- 29 This means cutting things a little bit short. (7)
- 30 When followed by space, it isn't very fast. (5)
- 31 Such things might give quiet and a charge for satisfaction following me inside. (9)

DOWN:

- 1 Scandinavians may travel in it, but it only suggests a foreign car! (5)
- 2 Dear overseas, returning too much like smoke for some. (7)
- 3 See 23 across.
- 4 Sameness. (8)
- 5 Not like the head of 26—not much! (6)
- 6 and 7 This doesn't necessarily imply the liberty of the ship! (4,2,5)
- and 27 Edith woodenly implies such things should be fast. (4-2-3-4)
- 14 The lid makes it more than painful but after 23 and 3 things might be so marked. (4,2,4)
- 15 Their jobs should scarcely be all work and no play. (9)
- 17 John Steinbeck said man walks up the stairs of his this, and emerges ahead of his accomplishments. (8)
- 19 The country at the extremes of Australia. (7)
- 21 Have ■ tendency to cant. (7)
- 22 Such a vessel should look sharp. (6)
- 26 He's obstinately attached to his own 17. (5)
- 27 See 8 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 676

1 DOLLARDS; 5 REAMER; ■ RECITES; 10 FIR TREE; 11 VINTNER; 12 NOTHING; 13 CROSS-HATCHING; 15 BURNT OFFERING; 21 ILL WILL; 2 TITULAR; 23 ACADEMY; 24 LARGEST; 25 EVERTS; 26 SYMMETRY; DOWN: 1 DERIVE; 2 LACONIC; 3 ANTONIO; 4 DISTRUSTFULLY; 6 ERATIC; 7 MARTINI; ■ REENGAGE; 10 FUNDAMENTALLY; 14 ABBICATE; 16 RELEASE; 17 TRIDENT; 18 INTERIM; 19 GILBERT; 20 PRETTY.

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Some critics have felt that the methods which proved successful in historical fiction were not adequate to modern themes and contemporary conflicts. The author's intentions, some believe, have too often dominated his contemporary fiction, the true complexity of our times sacrificed in the interest of making a point.

But whatever the validity of these criticisms, they cannot be levelled at *The Story of Lola Gregg*. Here Howard Fast emerges as a critical realist of impressive force and insight; here he grapples in the best realistic tradition with a major issue of our times and explores a highly controversial area of American reality which has general significance to all American readers and controversial significance to the American progressive movement.

In this novel the author steps boldly into the present, and not only creates typical and contemporary characters, scenes, and events in the best tradition of American realism, but here grapples with the central question which faced American progressives in the crucial days of 1949, and which still has significant reverberations: had America stumbled to the edge of the fascist abyss and must inevitably plunge into its depths, or did the American demo-

cratic tradition have enough vitality to evade this social tragedy? When the novel opens Americans were by no means clear on this issue; a strong body of opinion had decided that fascism was at hand, that the only resort was to disappear into the background and carry on the fight from there. Another view was that conditions in the U. S. A. were very different from those which had allowed fascism to triumph in Germany and Italy, that the vitality of the American democratic tradition would repel the threat which no one could doubt faced Roger Gregg the day the arrests began. Warned by a radio announcement and by the loyalty of a friendly counterman in the diner where he always had breakfast, Gregg elected to disappear into the vast anonymity of New York City.

The novel deals with one day in the life of Lola Gregg, Roger's wife. During that terrible day, with her husband a fugitive from the F. B. I., Lola Gregg had a lifetime of experience, not only in the tensions and suspenses of her husband's plight, but in the discovery of the real nature of American democracy. The counterman, the family across the hall, the grocer, friends, acquaintances, a variety of plain Americans all move in and through Lola's day as she struggles to decide whether she should encourage Gregg to escape or to return and give himself up. Should Roger Gregg consider that fascism had arrived and that he should fight underground, or should he face the arrest with the confidence of an American who knew that the democracy of the American people would repel the threat?

In a novel of unbearable tension the reader sees the problem unfold. The climax is reached when the federal police close in and the big questions of life and death, freedom and imprisonment face two unforgettable people, Roger and Lola Gregg.

This novel explores more than flight and arrest in a day of tense action; it explores the essential problem which all Americans faced then and now: how much vitality has American democracy got, how deep is the conviction of the American people in the principles of freedom.

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THE *Nation*

JUNE 30, 1956

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Letters

Churchill as Historian

Dear Sirs: Go back over the quotations about men, armed with iron, smashing skulls and dragon ships with the glint of steel and the scent of murder (which James R. Newman exhibits as "felicities of style" in his May 19 review of Churchill's "A History of the English Speaking Peoples") and substitute nouns of a modern moral equivalent; what you would have would be something that sounds like a more pretentious kind of Mickey Spillane or sadistic "comic" book. Churchill has selected "the pageant-worthy events of the past" (Mr. Newman's description) and made them into a melodrama which, if it were American history he was writing, we would be justified in calling one long Fourth of July speech of the vintage of 1880—only a lot bloodier.

Mr. Newman's attitude toward Churchill is a hangover from the wartime Churchill the Ally, and is no better, intellectually and morally, than Stalin the Ally against Fascism-Nazism. War makes strange bedfellows, but in this late, long-overdue morning-after-the-war, Mr. Newman should certainly be capable of a Scientific American view of Churchill. England needs an agonizing reappraisal of this pompous bully with his bloody imagination and his borrowed magniloquence. It needs the British equivalent of the sort of reappraisal that is going on in the Soviet Union today.

LAWRENCE LIPTON

Venice, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Four things I gather from Lawrence Lipton's letter. He does not like Winston Churchill; he does not like him as a historian; he does not like his style; he compares his prose to Mickey Spillane's. All this comes down to one point: Lipton dislikes Churchill. There is nothing to challenge in this position. Where Lipton weakens it is in the supporting arguments, some of which, e.g. matching Churchill against Spillane, are manifestly absurd.

It is true that Churchill is a fine describer of battles and that he is rarely so eloquent in chronicling armed conflict. But it is a mistake, I think, to regard him as an apostle of war. No one, as Lord Keynes once wrote, has preached greater sermons against wholesale slaughter than Churchill; no one has shown more contempt for those who plot and those

who manage wars. Several of the examples I gave prove the point; they are superb ironical commentaries on man's murderous instincts. Lipton misreads these quotations and offers them as evidence of a "pompous bully's" lustful and sadistic appetite; this shows how far prejudice can distort the judgment of an obviously literate and well-meaning man.

JAMES R. NEWMAN

Washington, D. C.

Cult of Ike

Dear Sirs: George Dangerfield's article, Cult of Ike, in the June 16 issue deals ably with the crucial issue in American politics today. What I have thought of, since 1952, as The Eisenhower Mystique hangs like cloud over the contemporary scene and, as Mr. Dangerfield rightly observes, blurs the popular vision to such an extent that the Presidency is virtually cut off from the people. While one does not quite share Mr. Dangerfield's fear that this unconstitutional and undemocratic situation need remain a model for succeeding administrations, it is nonetheless morbid, particularly since it is used so efficiently by society's least rational, most powerful and most unscrupulous elements.

One measure of the cult's strength is Mr. Dangerfield's own sceptibility to certain of its retrospective manifestations. If military historians have already dented the massive wartime reputation of General MacArthur, it requires little foresight (or hindsight) to predict that they will be even less generous to General Eisenhower after he has left the White House and after the Hall-Hagerty-Montgomery machine has applied its talents elsewhere. Undeified by Captain Butcher, Miss Summersby and General Smith, the strictly military Cult of Ike will be in for trying days at the antiseptic hands of objective historians. Whether Mr. Dangerfield's "great General" will survive, as Grant did, is a moot question that grows steadily less so.

I wonder, too, if Mr. Dangerfield is not overly kind when he speaks of those "simple and sensible speeches" and of the "something" in Eisenhower's character that deflects controversy. If he believes in his own conclusions about the desperately unhealthy condition of American politics, Mr. Dangerfield might well expend less energy "fighting" the unpleasant reality that needs to be recognized and dealt with

in this election year. The unadorned and rather pathetic incompetence of President Harding was one thing in the 1920s. President Eisenhower's incompetence at this juncture in America's development poses a vastly more formidable problem. It is time for the responsible press to face that problem squarely so that we may be spared another four years of regency by default.

ROBERT HEUSSLER

Moscow, Vt.

The Real Compulsion

Dear Sirs: Compulsion of some by others is hated and resented. Still, it is a ghastly mistake to charge "the government" or "the court" with compelling desegregation. The compulsion lies in the situation—in a world two-thirds non-white and, like a dozen giants, all wakening at once to their birthright and finding reasons to believe that the whites are withholding it.

Intelligent leaders in government and out are wise enough to make plain wherein compulsions lie and to direct courses of action which save our most precious possessions by adjusting to those compulsions. The Supreme Court appears to discern this. It appears to say: "Take time to make this adjustment. Make it step by step in the way best for each locality. If you go to work sincerely you can meet the compulsions of this situation and meet them in time. But we dare not say you can ignore them or defy them."

FRANCIS GOODELL

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The Office and the Man

THE TIME has come for President Eisenhower to evidence the full measure of his respect for the office of the Presidency by announcing his retirement from public life.

Current discussion of Mr. Eisenhower's health is only incidentally related to the real issue. The Presidency of the United States is the greatest elective office in the world; by the same token it is the highest public trust. Since the President's heart attack last September, the office and the man have been confused. And the reason is clear: a majority of the American people want *this* man—Dwight D. Eisenhower—to run again. Popular attention, therefore, has been fixed on the man, not the office. But this particular man can succeed himself only if the office of the Presidency is cut and tailored to fit the personal limitations which have resulted from his heart attack and more recent illness. The Presidency cannot be refashioned just to make it possible for some one person to hold the office. No man is as great as the office itself; to imply the contrary would be to demean the Presidency.

A specific aspect of the office confirms this conclusion. Franklin D. Roosevelt once remarked that only the insoluble problems reach the President. The Chief Executive must devote all of his waking hours, his best energies, his undivided attention to these difficult problems, to the issues that only he can resolve. Efficient staff work can expedite the handling of routine business; it can make it a little easier for the President to deal with the great issues; but it can never be accepted as a substitute for the personal responsibility which the office imposes on the man who occupies it. It is this awesome responsibility—nothing else—that tempers the judgment of the President. Occupancy of the office is an ordeal—of fire, water and battle combined—and the ordeal and the office are inseparable.

With deep regret, *The Nation* has reached the conclusion that President Eisenhower should not seek re-election. In our view, he has honored the office. On one occasion we said that he was not only the inevitable nominee of the Republican Party, he was the *best* nominee. But he is not the same person he was then; what has happened to him cannot be undone by any miracle of modern surgery or therapy. The cause of the disease which occasioned his operation is unknown. It is a disease for which surgery is supportive, not curative; it is likely to recur. In view of his age, the heart attack he suffered last September and the facts about his

recent illness, the insistence that he run again is not only unfair to him; it puts the nation in the untenable position of endangering his life to the end that the Republican Party may remain in office. The demand is indecent. The only consideration that could possibly justify such a sacrifice would be that Mr. Eisenhower alone could preserve the peace. But, thanks in part to his own initiative, the danger of war has receded; the next President is more likely to be concerned with guarding against the danger of our becoming, in the next decade, a second- or a third-rate world power than with the risk of war *per se*.

Do we want world opinion to draw the inference that we regard the risk of war as so great that we have set aside considerations of ordinary decency and humanity to insist that the President run again? Moreover, we put ourselves in a humiliating position by insisting on the indispensability of this one man. Is it really true that any one man is indispensable to the proper functioning of the most powerful representative government in the world today?

IN confusing the man with the office, we have lost sight of the fact that the entire world has an active and quite legitimate interest in the question of who succeeds President Eisenhower. Should the President be re-elected, his slightest indisposition would send tremors around the globe. Speculation would be continuous and rife about who it was in the President's entourage that really had his ear. The way would be open for serious miscalculations based on faulty appraisals of who had authority to speak for him or negotiate in his name.

In domestic politics, his re-election would greatly intensify the scramble for power, the backstage intrigue of the palace guard, which is already apparent in Washington. The public would not know, in every case, whether a particular decision was the President's or some advisor's. In our view, President Eisenhower is the least dictatorially inclined of any recent occupant of the White House; but precedents could be established, were he re-elected, that conniving men of the future might use to manipulate a lesser man as President. Nor does it require much imagination to foresee the kind of crisis-in-leadership that might arise were we to face another situation of the kind that prevailed over Indo-China in the spring of 1954 when the lights blazed all night in the Pentagon for a week or more. To endure ordeals of this kind—and it is in the ordeal

of fire that the President's will is forged—necessarily requires every ounce of strength and energy that even the most robust incumbent can summon to the task.

But an even graver risk is that the cynicism toward the office of the Presidency which so clearly prevails among some of President Eisenhower's political advisors might come to be the popular attitude toward the office. It would be a dark day indeed if the American people ever came to believe that the Presidency was merely an honorary position or that we could afford to

turn the office over to a kind of President Emeritus. As long as the Presidency is regarded as the great office it is—as long as we insist that it be so regarded—we can afford the risk, inevitable in a democracy, that mediocre men may hold it for a term or more. Such hazards we can survive. But another kind of danger might arise if the Presidency ever came to be regarded as merely an exalted chairmanship. Our concern—it should be everyone's concern—is with the office of the Presidency and the high trust it implies.

SMALL BUSINESS

And The Cold War . . . by Carey McWilliams

"RUSSIAN SMILES and the coming of the H-bomb," reports the *Wall Street Journal*, have created new pressures in Washington for the curtailment of military spending. But any attempt to cut military appropriations will meet with stout resistance and increasingly so if the economic outlook does not improve. Oddly enough, the resistances are stronger in the Democratic Party, the party of labor and small business, than in the big-business GOP.

This is not as paradoxical as it sounds. Big business, of course, gets the lion's share—80 per cent or more—of defense contracts. But since the Korean War, small business has been encouraged to believe that the competitive advantages of big business might be offset if only a larger slice of defense work went to the smaller firms. In point of fact, however, every expansion of the military budget only intensifies the forbidding disparity between them. It has been the expectation of *more* defense work, rather than any actual benefits received, that accounts for the surprising number of cold warriors in the ranks of small business.

But if small business has played a small part financially in military procurement it has, in the words of the Select Senate Committee on Small Business, "played a large part numerically." There are 4,000,000 small businesses in the country and 300,000 small manufacturing concerns ("small" meaning here an establishment with 500 employees or less). On one contract, Pratt and Whitney

gave out 5,278 subcontracts to firms located in twenty-eight states. RCA Victor reported it had roughly 5,000 suppliers in forty-two states. Fifty producers of airplanes, engines and component parts reported that they had negotiated 60,000 subcontracts. The geographic spread of these subcontracts is as significant as the number: nearly every Congressional district is represented.

THE industrialization mobilization that preceded but was rapidly accelerated by the Korean War found small business no more anxious than big business to abandon rising consumer markets for defense production. Even before the outbreak of the Korean War, business was recovering from the 1949 recession and the civilian market was on the upgrade. A great many GIs had set up firms of one kind or another in the post-1945 period and by 1950 were just beginning to "get on their feet." An older generation had vivid memories of what happened to small business during World War II: from Pearl Harbor to the middle of 1943 the number of small establishments declined by 16 per cent. Big business could be induced to superimpose a military program on existing consumer production schedules by the government's offer to finance, under the accelerated tax-amortization program, the construction of new "standby" or "parallel" plants to take care of defense work. But with small business the government had to use a stick as well as a carrot.

Washington's reconversion carrot for the small-business man was an assurance of preferred treatment. This time, the government said, he would get his share of defense work. The Select Senate Committee on Small Business was set up a few weeks before the outbreak of the Korean War to encourage "the participation of small business in military procurement." A similar intent was manifest in the Defense Production Act of 1950 and, under a July, 1951, amendment, the Small Defense Plants Administration had been created to give more prime contracts to small business. Various executive orders were issued aimed at "broadening the industrial base" and "encouraging subcontracting." Small-business defense clinics—designed to show the small-business man how to get defense orders—were held across the country. The armed services set up special small-business divisions and added literally hundreds of liaison officers to encourage subcontracting. With much fanfare, the air force launched Operation Pacemaker—a special program designed to give small business a larger share of aircraft procurement. Seldom has small business been catered to in this fashion.

If the "carrot" proved to be an illusion, the stick was real enough. Even before the outbreak of the Korean War it was virtually impossible for small business to obtain scarce materials, particularly copper, steel, aluminum—precisely the materials that most small manufactur-

ing plants needed for their civilian or regular production. Even if a small plant got a DO—a defense-order priority—it could not always get scarce materials. Most small plants are not diversified; they purchase materials, for the most part, through jobbers and warehouse suppliers, not from prime producers. Caught in the materials squeeze, small business had to bid on defense work as a condition of survival. But the prime contracts—the so-called “hard core” of the defense effort—went to big business, which alone had the necessary productive and financial resources. A hundred large corporations received 62.4 per cent of the value of all prime contracts awarded from the outbreak of the Korean War to June, 1952. In 1951, the three services awarded small business about 20.8 per cent of the total dollar value of procurement; but for the year ending in June, 1950, the average figure was 24.5. During World War II the figure had been as high as 34.5 per cent (small business, after all, accounts for something like 40 per cent of the nation's productive capacity).

MUCH of the politics of the cold-war period is implicit in the vicissitudes of the Master Freeze Company of Sister Bay, Wisconsin, as related to the Senate Committee on February 12, 1952. The company manufactured prefabricated refrigerators, food freezers and milk coolers for the civilian market. The number of employees varied from twenty-five to 225. Founded in 1946 with family funds—the outside capital amounted to only \$4,000—the company managed to show a net worth of \$79,000 by 1949. The materials squeeze forced it to enter a bid for defense work. The bid—the lowest—was opened on May 3, 1950. With the Korean War, prices for materials and labor skyrocketed. Net result: the company lost \$81,710.10 on its first defense contract and was forced to lay off all but six of its employees. The impact on the economy of Sister Bay can be readily imagined. Master Freeze was the only industrial plant in the peninsula of Wisconsin where Sister Bay, population 500, is located. With the backing of the community, officials of the company had come to Washington to seek an adjustment—and more defense work. That is how the story came to light.



Partymiller in York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily
What a System!

In this and many similar situations one can see how it came about that the Democratic Party's efforts to win a larger share of the arms pie for small business created an enormous mass pressure at the grassroots for larger military appropriations. Although the relative position of small business was weakened, many small firms did enjoy, for a time, a delirious interlude of prosperity. With from 40 to 60 per cent of their entire productive capacity devoted to defense work, many small firms could afford to dismantle sales organizations. Profits soared as sales costs declined. One firm reported \$4.2 million worth of business with sales costs of only \$10,000 (later the same firm spent \$24,000 to get new civilian business which grossed only \$450,000). It is not surprising, therefore, that a kind of March-on-Washington—from Main Street—should have taken place. Five percenters thrived and the sale of mink coats and deep freezers boomed. A small-business man told the Senate committee that, in one year, he had spent \$20,000 and twenty-two weeks of his time in Washington chasing defense orders.

The chasing, however, was mostly waste motion; small business got a steadily diminishing percentage of defense work. It received 51 per cent of the total dollar value of advertised procurement but managed to get only 18 per cent of the dollar value of negotiated procurement. Procurement-by-negotiation tends to be non-competitive; procurement officials naturally find it easier to negotiate with one large corporation than with many small firms. And vague phrase-

ology in executive orders and legislation made it possible for department heads to decide that more and more items were best procured through negotiation. “A great many small concerns,” one witness testified, “find that negotiated prime contracts are very hard, I might say almost impossible, to find.” Later the Defense Department prepared a list of “preferred firms” for a great many “essential items”; even the Senate Committee was unable to pin down the precise meaning of the preference. In resigning as head of the Small Defense Plants Administration, Telford Taylor charged that the Defense Department's delay in implementing directives in favor of small business reflected an “apparent hostility.” Then and since, small business has complained about the ambiguity of the phrase “or equal quality” in advertised bids; of unrealistic delivery dates; of tricky specifications; of its inability to secure progress payments; of Pentagon red-tape. At one hearing, former Senator Benton remarked that a small-business man was one who could not afford to keep a lobbyist in Washington. This remains an excellent “operational” definition.

NOW and then a small-business man appeared before the Senate committee who was able to take a detached view of the position in which he and his colleagues found themselves. One of these—John Orchard—told the committee that it was “like fifty people at a picnic going after twenty-eight hot dogs. . . . If there are small boys among those fifty people—and lots of us are small boys—then it is kind of rough, particularly when the big boys are in the first row around the barbecue pit.” Remember, the total military budgets of the cold-war years were never more than about 50 per cent of the peak World War II budgets and America's productive capacity had greatly increased in the meantime. Three years after Korea, the Senate committee reported that “thousands of small businesses” were “still feeling the pinch.” There just didn't seem to be enough defense work to go round.

But small-business interests failed to appreciate the meaning of the accelerated tax-amortization program which enabled big business not only to walk off with most of the defense

work but to enlarge its share of the civilian market. Since this program was initiated in November, 1950, fast tax write-offs have been authorized covering private-capital outlays of \$36.3 billions. For the whole period, November, 1950, through 1956, the program has resulted in an estimated tax loss of \$2.8 billions and, should taxes be reduced now or in the immediate future, the government will never recover this amount or anything like it.

The great bulk of the write-off certificates have gone to big firms. In 1954 only 11 per cent of the proposed capital investment authorized under this program went to small business; for 1955 the small-business share had dropped to 8 per cent. In theory, write-off certificates are issued only in connection with needed defense facilities; but, since 1950, certificates have been concentrated in primary metal manufacturing, private utilities, railroad transportation, chemicals and allied products, and petroleum and coal products. Oddly enough, there has been a sharp rise in certificates in the past six months despite official assurances in 1951 and again in 1952 that the program would soon be terminated.

THE effect of the amortization program has been this: government has largely underwritten a huge plant-expansion program which has enabled big business to take on defense work without cutting back production for the civilian market. Small business had an equal right to apply for certificates but obviously failed to come off with its share. But the taxes paid by small business have helped to support the program. And now that the emergency is about over, what assurance does small business have that the vastly expanded industrial plant operated by big business will not be used to its competitive disadvantage? Small wonder that Secretary Humphrey, in urging a cessation of the program, should have characterized it as "an artificial stimulus of a dangerous type" and then gone on to say that encouraging industrial production by an inducement of this kind "is not the American way." More ironic than the fact that this stricture on the accelerated amortization program should have been voiced by the spokesman for a big-business Administration is the circumstance that this remarkable

giveaway to big business should have been sponsored by a Democratic one.

By 1952 the Korean panic began to subside and the cutbacks began. Big business, of course, could afford to be philosophical; in the post-Korean period it had gobbled up the major share of the civilian market and accumulated huge cash reserves. But small business had not been able to operate "parallel" plants for military orders; reconversion for small business often meant starting from scratch, reassembling a sales force, reentering the civilian market against formidable odds. Then, too, the profits of small business, after taxes, had shrunk, while the profits of the largest corporations had increased. Small business lacked funds to convert or expand. The larger firms had prepared for the cutbacks by diversifying their holdings and operations and by using mergers to strengthen their competitive position. But the relative position of small business was weaker than before the Korean War.

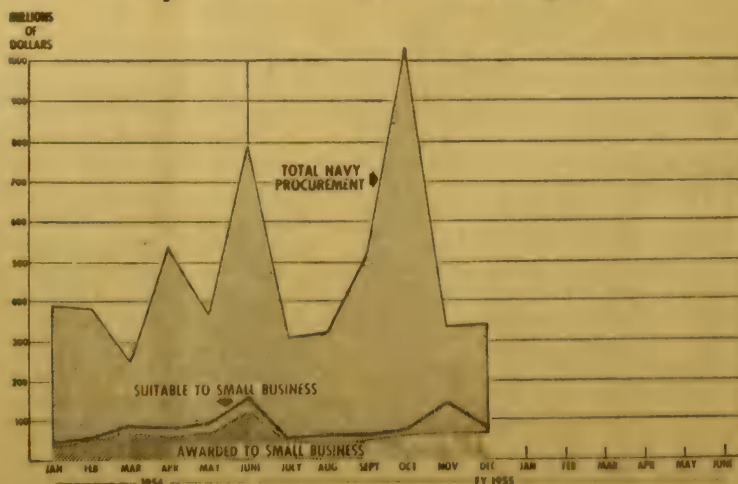
The Senate committee lost little time in pointing out that the cutbacks "began to play havoc with many established prime-subcontractor relationships as the primes . . . pulled increasingly large amounts of work under their own roofs and cut out many of their suppliers completely." The committee found, for example, that a 20 per cent cutback in the amount of prime contracts usually means "a hundred per cent cutback of that corporation's sub-

contractors." "Experience shows," to quote the Senate report, "that when there is a decrease in general military buying, the subcontractors will feel the impact more acutely than the prime contractors."

In the period since Korea, rapid technological innovations have greatly changed the military needs of industry's biggest customer. Even before Korea, the army was the best bet for small business (it buys caps, shoes, shoe polish and brass buttons as well as guns, shells and tanks), the navy next best and the air force a poor third. Today about 90 per cent or more of air force procurement is handled by large companies; thirteen of the fifteen top suppliers of war materials from July 1, 1953, to December 31, 1954, were aircraft companies. In the first year of the Korean War, the air force spent \$6.3 billions, a shade more than the navy and a little less than the army. Two years later the air force spent \$15.2 billions and this year will spend about \$16.8 billions (much more than the army or navy). In a year or so the air force total may well jump to \$20 or \$24 billions. Army expenditures for the current year are estimated at \$8.6 billions; the navy, \$9.6 billions.

The shift in the dollar value of procurement from the older services to the air force has a special significance to small business. The steady decline in the small-business share of the military procurement dollar since Korea has reflected, in part, the

Navy: Small Business Participation

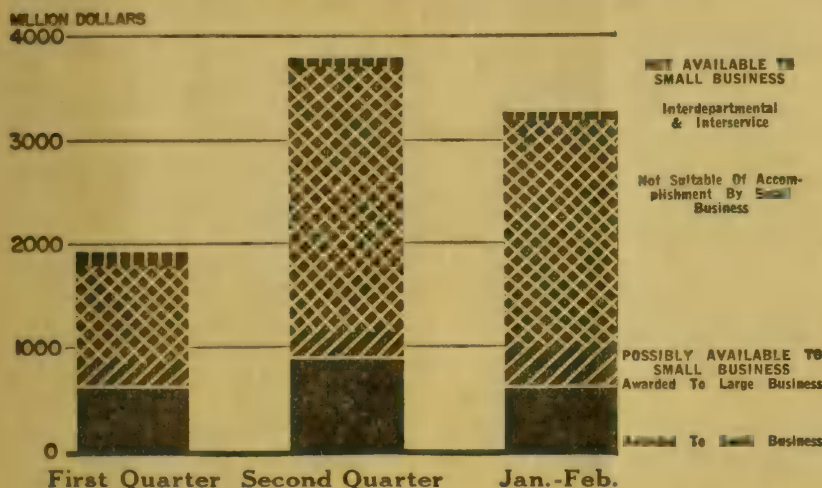


Report of Select Committee on Small Business, U. S. Senate.

Amount of Navy Procurement Awarded to Small Business From January, 1954, to December, 1955

Army: Small Business Participation

All-Size Prime Contracts in United States For First Eight Months of Fiscal Year 1952



Report of Select Committee on Small Business, U. S. Senate

For the first eight months of fiscal year 1952, small business' share of all prime contracts awarded by the U. S. Army was approximately 24 per cent of the total dollar volume.

expansion of the air force and the relative decline of the other services. Here were the percentages of total dollar volume which the three services allocated to small business in 1951: army, 28.6 per cent; navy, 16.5; air force, 11. Today the percentages are estimated approximately as follows: army, 29.8; navy, 13.6; air force, 9.8. The fact is that none of the services has ever managed to award small business the full percentage of procurement for which it has been found to be "suitable" by Defense Department experts. And when the navy, in a realistic move aimed at helping small business, attempted arbitrarily to set aside a fixed portion of its business for the little guy, it was promptly told that the practice violated basic government policy.

AS THE air force expands, big business will increasingly monopolize procurement. The "empire builders" in the armed services are acutely aware of the problem this poses: small business, which has provided so much of the political support for cold-war policies, may become disaffected—the more so as cold-war tax policies have favored big business. Hence political strategists in the three services are working overtime

to convince prime contractors that they must be more generous with subcontractors. They exhort, they argue, they issue directives, but the outlook for small business is not good. Indeed, it is clear to almost everyone except the small-business man that his real interests lie in the direction of a curtailed arms economy and an expanded civilian market. Not many B-52s are being made; they cost about \$8 or \$10 millions each. This is not the kind of production in which small business can compete.

Unfortunately, small business is shot through and through with contradictions. It is badly organized. Its spokesmen, too, are mostly cold warriors. At a recent House committee hearing in Los Angeles, one small-business man said: "the small-business man does not want charity—he just wants equal rights with the major companies." This he will never get. Indeed, an arms economy directly menaces small business. To the degree that the small-business man profits from procurement, his competitive position is usually weakened; what he gains on the military side, he loses on the civilian. Small business is invariably hardest hit when industry converts to war production; it is hardest hit also when

the cutbacks come. The Senate committee sums it up this way:

Small business thrives in a free economy. Statistics show that small concerns fare best in open competition. When materials and equipment and all the other necessities of commerce are available to all, large and small alike, small business can more than hold its own. Its size is no handicap. In fact, its size in many instances gives small business certain advantages of fast changing conditions and opportunities. . . . The ability of a small concern to concentrate and specialize on one product or one particular type of service also has its advantages. When a national emergency requires that controls be placed temporarily on the economy, however, many of these advantages are lost.

Yet it has been the pressure of small business for defense orders that largely accounts for the Democratic Party's consistent attempts to increase military appropriations. Although they berate the Republicans for advocating a "trickle down" theory of prosperity, the Democrats favor a trickle-down procurement policy. The small-business man is supposed to become a subcontractor. Recently Senator Chavez, who heads a Senate Appropriations subcommittee, succeeded in getting an extra billion for more B-52s. Other Democrats, notably Senator Symington, have been equally active in urging larger aircraft appropriations. In terms of strategy, it may be wise to increase aircraft appropriations, but it is not the way to help small business.

AT THE moment, big business is less warlike than small business; it can afford to be. But what would the outlook be if the consumer side of the market should shrink? Would big business then insist on an expansion of the military side of the government's spending? Dangerous vested interests have been created in our \$39 billion defense budget. To be free from these pressures, American policy-makers should devise alternative means by which this country's vast productive machine can be fully utilized. It may not make much difference to the company that holds a defense contract—or to its stockholders or employees—whether the plant is used to produce milk-storage tanks or shells. But it makes a great deal of difference to the rest of us.

In the one case we are asked to support production that is wasted; in the other—even if we were taxed to support it—we would be adding to the world's store of wealth and resources.

In the long run, production-for-waste cannot benefit any section of

the economy—large units or small. Today, for the first time since the inception of the cold war, there is reason to hope that the waste of arms production can be curtailed. But the vested interests that have been created in a large military budget will continue to resist cut-

backs unless an economic alternative is provided. Small business remains one of the most potent of these interests despite the fact that the likelihood of small firms getting a larger slice of defense work is even less now than it was at the outset of the cold war.

SOVIET LEGAL REFORMS

Steps Toward Justice . . by *Harold J. Berman*

ALL REMAINING doubts concerning the existence in the Soviet Union of a system of arbitrary arrests, extorted confessions, secret trials, political executions—in sort, a system of terror—have been entirely dispelled by the Soviet leadership itself. A large part of Khrushchev's famous "secret" speech to the Twentieth Party Congress last February consisted of detailed testimony of Stalin's systematic violations of what we would call due process of law. The question remains, however, how the post-Stalin regime proposes permanently to eliminate the "arbitrariness and lawlessness" which Khrushchev denounced.

To find the answer one must view Soviet internal developments in broad perspective. As dramatic and powerful as was Khrushchev's speech, it preached essentially the same doctrine which the Malenkov government announced immediately after Stalin's death in March, 1953, and which since has been repeated with increasing vigor. "Collective leadership" and "the strengthening of Socialist legality," the two main positive themes stressed by the party secretary last February, have been major domestic policies of the post-Stalin government since its inception.

It took the Twentieth Party Congress to awaken most Americans to what has been going on inside Rus-

sia for three years—namely, that the Soviet leadership presents itself to the Russian people as a reform government intent on doing away with abuses of the past and on making concessions to popular dissatisfaction. Every Russian-speaking American who has been in the Soviet Union recently will testify to the popularity which the new regime has earned by its promises of reform and by its step-by-step fulfillment of those promises. "Things are much better since Beria," I was told by dozens of Russians in Moscow last August and September. "We are much freer now; the climate has changed." And they documented these statements.

MOST of the reforms—those achieved as well as those only promised—involve changes in Soviet law; their significance must be assessed in the light of Soviet legal developments of the past twenty years. In that light they appear neither as a fundamental constitutional change in the Stalinist system nor as a mere propaganda stunt, but rather as a substantial strengthening of the legal order and a substantial increase in the legal rights of the people.

Many Americans believe that if any legal system operates in the USSR at all, it must have been invented after Stalin's death. Yet it was Stalin who proclaimed in the mid-1930s, "We need stability of laws," and it was Stalin's Attorney General Vyshinsky who then led the movement against the nihilistic theories of law which had previously prevailed. For the past twenty years

"Socialist legality" has been invoked for greater protection of rights of property and contract, of family responsibilities, of procedural guarantees in court cases, of judicial independence from local party pressure, of the lawyer's obligation to serve his client's interests. This trend toward orthodox legal institutions and doctrines since the mid-1930s was linked with the return to conservatism in many other areas of Soviet social and economic life, such as family integrity, military honor, money incentives.

Any American in Russia today can visit Soviet trial and appellate courts (though not the Supreme Court, whose sessions are generally closed) and see lawyers, or the parties themselves, arguing their cases before a three-judge court (at the trial level, a professional judge and two laymen; on appeal, three professional judges)—not only in criminal prosecutions but also in civil disputes over rights to living space, title to houses, job reinstatement and back pay, divorce, author's royalties and a host of other matters. It is worth noting that a special system of courts decides contract disputes among state business enterprises, and that there are over 400,000 such cases tried every year.

Stalin learned that a planned economy cannot function without a highly developed legal system, and that law is an essential means of preserving stability even in a Socialist society. But the role of law must not be confused with the rule of law. Under Stalin, hundreds of thousands of persons suspected of political or ideological opposition were

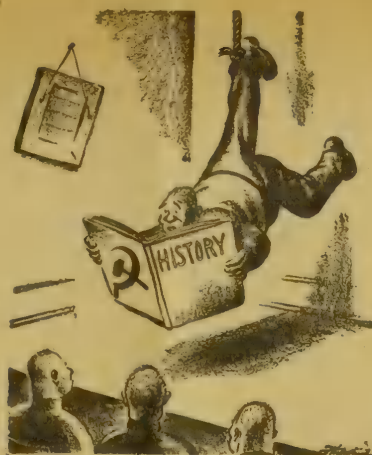
HAROLD J. BERMAN, who visited the Soviet Union last summer, is professor of law at Harvard Law School, and research associate of the Russian Research Center, Harvard University.

ruthlessly liquidated, usually without even a pretense of a fair trial. The notorious three-man "Special Boards" of the Ministry of Internal Affairs (M. V. D.) were authorized by statute to sentence for long terms in labor camps persons considered to be "socially dangerous." The boards met in secret and followed an administrative procedure in which there was no right of counsel and no right of appeal. These *troikas*, as the Russians nicknamed them, were the chief legal instrument of terror in the purges of the late thirties and in the wartime and post-war campaigns against dissident groups and individuals in Poland, the Baltic states and elsewhere.

Reserved for some of the more important victims of the terror was a special procedure introduced in December, 1934—mentioned by Khrushchev in his February speech—for trial of persons charged with espionage, subversion and terrorist acts. Such persons were subject to secret trial in the Military Division of the Supreme Court of the USSR without right of counsel and without even the right to be present; the trial took place within twenty-four hours after indictment and sentence was executed immediately, with no right of appeal or even of plea for clemency. Many of the victims of Stalin's despotism were dispatched by this special procedure, and it was used, with variations, by his successors against M. V. D. chief Beria and Minister of State Security Abakumov.

SHOCKED by the system of terror which Stalin perfected for dealing with real or potential political enemies, we in the West have paid insufficient attention to the system of law which he simultaneously sponsored for solving social and economic, as apart from political, problems. Many have taken it for granted that a system of law and a system of terror cannot coexist without terror swallowing up law. The importance of the struggle for law since the mid-1930s is clearly apparent today, when, with Stalin's death and Beria's execution, some of the oppressive measures of past decades are being renounced and law is serving as a means of promoting both the popularity and the efficiency of the new government.

A few weeks after Stalin's death,



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"Yesterday's lesson ~~was~~ wrong"

on March 27, 1953, an amnesty decree was issued which not only provided for the release of a large proportion of people who had been convicted of non-political crimes but also declared that the penal law must be re-examined with a view to eliminating criminal responsibility for various acts and lightening criminal punishment for others. Shortly thereafter the theme of "strengthening Socialist legality" began to be stressed in the Soviet press. The political implications of this became evident when, in April, the doctors who had been accused under Stalin of plotting the deaths of various Soviet leaders were exonerated and the security officials who indicted them were charged with using "impermissible procedures" to extract confessions.

However, the first post-Stalin major law reform did not derive from the decree on amnesty or from the exposure of the doctors' frame-up, but from the denunciation of Beria in July. Soon afterward the Special Board of the M. V. D. was abolished by an edict of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet—a committee of thirty-three members of the Supreme Soviet which enacts laws between sessions of the larger body. The edict was not published. No American knew about it, apparently, until last August, when I was informed of it by a score of leading Soviet law professors, judges, lawyers and Ministry of Justice officials. It still remains unpublished, though it was referred to, for the first time, in a Soviet law journal last January and it was shown to a visiting French delega-

tion by the president of the Soviet Supreme Court last April.

The abolition of the Special Board restores jurisdiction over so-called counter-revolutionary crimes to the regular courts and to the military courts (which are permanent tribunals with professional military judges, governed by the same codes of criminal law and procedure as the regular courts but with jurisdiction over military crimes and over certain political crimes.) Persons previously convicted by the Special Board are having their sentences reviewed either in the military or in the regular courts. Khrushchev said last February that from 1954 to that time the Military Division of the Supreme Court had rehabilitated 7,649 persons who had been unjustly convicted.

A second major reform in the sphere of political crimes took place in April of this year, when the special procedure in cases of espionage, subversion and terrorist acts was abolished—and this time the edict was published. The military courts still have jurisdiction over these crimes, but the trial is now supposed to be public and the accused has the same procedural rights accorded to persons charged with non-political crimes.

THE long-range significance of these two reforms is not that the leadership has given up any of its power to prosecute and imprison those whom it considers enemies, but that it has agreed to do so through public trials and by orthodox procedures instead of through the hated M. V. D. This is a symbol not only of the reduction in importance of Beria's organization, but also of an effort to introduce legality into the realm of politics itself.

The limitations of this effort are far more severe, however, than the word "legality" suggests to an American. The very notion of a secret law—that is, a law revealed only to officials immediately concerned—is an intolerable violation of justice. Furthermore, so long as Article 58 of the Soviet Criminal Code, defining various counter-revolutionary crimes, is not completely revised, it remains possible for a Soviet court to convict a person for any act "directed toward the overthrow, undermining, or weakening of the authority of the . . . Worker-Peasant governments of

the USSR." Despite the fact that the Soviet Supreme Court in 1938 interpreted Article 58 as requiring the showing of a "counter-revolutionary intent," the language is still vague enough so that mere dissent from the party line may be a punishable offense.

On the other hand, it is a mistake to conclude that these two major reforms are just window-dressing. As a leading Soviet legal scholar and official of the Attorney General's Office said to this writer last August: "It is true we are not planning any substantial change in the law on counter-revolutionary crimes. But the climate has changed, and that has great significance."

The state of law in the new Soviet climate is well reflected in the report of an American journalist recently returned from the USSR. He states that he saw the trial of several men accused of "counter-revolutionary agitation." They were charged with making propaganda for Zionism. They pleaded not guilty and defended themselves vigorously. They were convicted by the trial court. There is no way of knowing whether they appealed and whether the appellate court sustained the conviction: since 1950 Soviet Supreme Court decisions are not available to the public. What is unusual is the plea of not guilty in a political case, the vigorous defense and the public trial.

THE change in climate, insofar as it relates to broader political and ideological freedom, may prove to be temporary. Insofar as it relates to other aspects of the legal order, however, it has produced definite and substantial reforms which give every evidence of being enduring.

In accordance with the provision of the 1953 amnesty decree that "criminal responsibility for certain official, economic, moral and other less dangerous crimes" should be eliminated, a 1954 law abolished criminal responsibility for women who consented to abortions and a 1955 law eliminated all restrictions on abortions performed in hospitals or medical establishments.

Even before Stalin's death—as early as 1951—criminal sanctions introduced in 1940 against a worker's quitting his job were allowed to lapse—again under an unpublished edict. This year, the 1940 law was

explicitly and publicly repealed. Criminal penalties against managers of state business enterprises for sale of surplus equipment were revoked in 1955. Also the law which makes a collective farmer criminally liable for failure to fulfill the required amount of work on the collective fields is reportedly repealed.

Conditions in the corrective labor camps have been made subject to closer supervision by the Attorney General's Office (the Procuracy). Procurators are now themselves subject to disciplinary or criminal responsibility for failure to report abuses by camp officials.

The president of the Moscow Bar (College of Advocates) told this writer that the power to disbar a lawyer is to be transferred from the Minister of Justice—who now, he said, may disbar without stated reasons—to the presidium of the College of Advocates. It is very doubtful that he would have said that the Minister of Justice now has this power if, in fact, it were not true that it is about to be taken away from him.

In June, 1956, it was announced that a legal commission will be appointed to reform and systematize legislation on the court system. The most important reforms are still in the planning stage. A new criminal code and a new code of criminal procedure are "almost completed," according to Soviet law professors and officials who are working on them. The new codes, they state, move in the direction of "humanization" and "democratization" of the law.

The specific changes which are planned, however, like those already introduced, must be understood as reforms within the Soviet system of law and government and not as a reform of the system itself. There is no thought of erecting laws which would formally or practically limit the power of the leadership of the Communist Party in any way; "democratization" in the Soviet context does not carry the implication of opposition parties or an opposition press. Nor is it contemplated to restrict the leadership from dealing with particular problems or particular people in an "exceptional" fashion; "humanization" in the Soviet context does not carry the implication of mercy towards enemies.

The reform movement mitigates the harshness of the Communist

system and thereby increases popular acceptance of it. There is a renewed emphasis upon the rights of the individual, but these rights are conferred by the state as a matter of grace in order to encourage industry, initiative, respect for law, respect for the state. The Soviet government is seeking to create a working totalitarianism which will satisfy the needs of the Russian people for justice in their personal and social relations without altering the leadership's monopoly of political and ideological power.

TO DISCOUNT the significance of this effort, in terms both of its initial successes and of its long-range challenge, is to hide our head in the sand. It is of course true that so long as top-level Soviet politics is beyond precise legal definition and institutionalized legal controls, a recurrence of Stalinist mass terror is always a possibility and the continuation of severe political pressure against individuals who defy the party line is inevitable. What we can learn from current developments in the Soviet Union, however, and indeed from the last twenty years of Soviet history, is that there is a struggle and a hunger for law in Russia which makes itself felt even within the top leadership.

Under Stalin, law was for the masses but it could barely penetrate the high walls of the Kremlin. Now Khrushchev denounces Stalin's "brutal violations of Socialist legality," and by eliminating the Special Board of the M. V. D. and the special procedure in the Military Division of the Supreme Court, his government has removed the major symbols of those violations. We should welcome these significant gestures toward legality in Soviet political life. We should also welcome the important reforms in criminal law, labor law, court procedure and other aspects of the Soviet legal system.

At the same time we must fear these developments, for they create the challenge of a working totalitarianism which operates by law and with law but not under law. We must recognize that the competition of legal systems may prove to be one of the crucial aspects of that "peaceful competition" to which America and Russia are now committed.

VIEW FROM TANGIER

The Spreading Arab Tide . . by Paul Bowles

Tangier
WALK DOWN into the Zoco Chico any night. In the little square lined with cafés you can see that in fact, if not officially, the integration of Tangier with the rest of Morocco has already taken place. Instead of the customary assortment of European tourists and residents, elderly Moslems in *djellabas* and native Jews from the nearby streets of the Medina, you are likely to see sitting at the tables no one but young Moslems in European dress—mostly blue jeans. From time to time a noisy cortege passes from a side street through the open space and disappears into the darkness of another alley: two or three policemen leading a protesting Moslem in torn clothing. He has been caught drinking wine or beer and is on his way to the commissariat. Tomorrow he will be given a sentence of six months in jail and a fine of 500 pesetas. If it is a woman, she will receive the same sentence plus an additional penalty: her hair and eyebrows will be shaved. It is a good law because it was made in Rabat by Moslems; there is no need to consider it further.

AND THE Europeans who used to be here every night, where are they? Safe in their houses, or sitting in the fluorescent glare of the French and Italian cafés of the Boulevard Pasteur. They know better than to wander down into the part of town where they are not wanted; besides, everyone is whispering that members of the Army of Liberation have arrived in Tangier, and that is certain to mean trouble. But the weeks succeed each other, and nothing happens. Is it possible that Tangier is going to stay like this—sober and joyless, the brothels boarded up, the *camareros* of the cafés piling their

chairs and pulling down their blinds at twelve-thirty or one, and after that the streets so quiet that one can hear the crickets singing and the roosters crowing from the rooftops? And great banners strung from building to building across the streets, proclaiming in Arabic characters that two Moslems of the opposite sex caught walking or talking together (unless they can prove they are married) will be prosecuted? There is, of course, no way of telling, but it is certainly a possibility that this may be a permanent state of affairs.

The *Wall Street Journal* recently

ran a front-page article under the heading: "Tangier Turmoil: Tiny, Shadowy Land of Fiscal Freedoms Has the Shakes." For the moment, at least, it is quite true. Discussions of integration are ubiquitous, inexhaustible. Your Spanish barber says: "We are living in bad times. *Es una pena*." The French waitress tells you: "It's going to be very difficult, *vous savez*. How shall we live?" The English lady sitting near you in the Café de Paris is heard to remark: "Isn't it too sad? But I do think we shall be able to stick to it, don't you?" The American bar owner stares nervously around his establishment and

The Status of Tangier

IN THE Franco-Moroccan agreements of March 2, 1956, the French government admitted that the 1912 Franco-Moroccan Treaty of Fez, which had established a French protectorate over the whole of Morocco had become outdated. Less than five weeks later—on April 7—Spain recognized the independence and sovereignty of Morocco, thus bringing to an end her forty-four year guardianship of the Spanish Zone of Morocco. . . . Tangier remained the only [important] area over which the Sultan's full sovereignty had not been acknowledged.

France and Spain had now by implication accepted the need to recorder [Tangier's] status as defined by the International Statute of 1923 (an outcome of the Fez Treaty). As revised in 1953, the statute is in force today. Under it, the zone is administered by an International Legislative Assembly of twenty-seven members over which a control committee—composed of the diplomatic representatives of Britain, France, Spain, the United States, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Portugal—has a power of veto.

After the return of the exiled Sultan, tension in Spanish Morocco was reflected inside the International Zone by anti-Spanish demon-

strations. On April 30, the Moroccan members of the International Legislative Assembly proposed that no more laws should be made by the Assembly since independence now gave full legislative powers to the Sultan. After a majority had voted for the reference of the motion to committee, all the Moroccan members—Arabs and Jews—withdrew from the chamber. . . .

On May 4, the International Control Committee, by agreement of its members, decided to renounce its legislative powers in order not to interfere with the powers of the Sultan. The administration of Tangier may therefore be said to have broken down. In the following week Spain, the United States and Britain indicated their willingness to consider the possibility of revising the statute.

Many Moroccan nationalists, though they believe that the zone will eventually come under Moroccan administration, wish to see the present economic freedom of Tangier preserved because they consider that a free money market could be a valuable asset for a newly independent country in need of foreign investments and loans.

—"The World Today": Royal Institute of International Affairs, London.

PAUL BOWLES, novelist and long-time resident of North Africa, is the author of *The Spider's House*, *The Sheltering Sky* and other books.

June 30, 1956

confides: "I don't want to be in on it. I'm getting a line on a little place in Tobago. I think that's for me." It means official integration; non-Moslem Tangerines are more inclined to wonder when it will come than they are to consider exactly of what it will consist. They are convinced that it won't be good for them; beyond that there is no way of being sure about anything.

The cost of living, on its way up now, is estimated to be due for a hundred per cent increase, but that is not their principal preoccupation. Will integration mean, for the first time in Tangier, property taxes, an income tax, a levy on bank holdings, the creation of a new currency—sole legal tender—whose value will be set at an arbitrary rate of exchange? Will it be all these things, plus eventual confiscation of non-Moslem businesses? Will Europeans be forced to leave, or, worse, will they be able to get out in time if violence becomes the order of the day? The ordinary mortal is not in a position to answer, and the few political leaders who are, or who should be, prefer to give the most evasive sort of replies. An interview with Abdelhalak Torres, leader of the defunct Reformist Party (now merged with the Istiqlal) appearing in *España* on May 30, quoted him as saying, in reply to a query as to the future of Tangier: "It is not easy to answer a question which demands first of all knowing what the definitive opinion of those qualified to speak is going to be. . . ."

THE outsider must form his opinion regarding things to come both by reading interviews such as this, given purely for the benefit of European residents, in which there are always multiple assurances that shortly all will be well, and by reading condensations of the addresses given by the same political chiefs to the Moslem population, in which a rather different note is constantly reiterated. These speeches are earnest pleas for cooperation in the government's attempt to restore order.

Why is it that, among the Europeans, even those most sympathetic to the new regime are dubious about the immediate future? It would be absurd to expect things to run smoothly; a certain initial instability is normal in such cases, one might argue. I can trace my own doubts

to the fact that I believe the whole present situation in North Africa is due to a vast series of misunderstandings. The Moslem and Western points of view are basically irreconcilable. "Independence within Interdependence," France's famous formula for Tunisia and Morocco, is so much meaningless doggerel to the man in the street, to whom independence means the power to organize an army strong enough to rid his country once and for all of the Christian invader. Everywhere Islam is emotionally committed to the principles of Bandung; nothing but the passage of time can alter that. Habib Bourghiba and Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef, on the other hand, although their ultimate aims are those of the people of their respective countries, are at the moment involved in an attempt to achieve those aims through a considerable amount of collaboration with the West. It is an untenable state of affairs, and modifications are inevitable; when and what these will be depends primarily on the outcome of the Algerian war. For it is in Kabylia, the Aurès, the Nementcha, the Medjerda, not on the Quai d'Orsay, that the fate of North Africa is being decided.

THE question of Algeria continues to be the stumbling block in the road of negotiations between France and Morocco. It could scarcely be otherwise. There is not a Moroccan who is not passionately desirous of seeing the Algerian Army of Liberation victorious in its unequal war against French colonialism. Now that Morocco is independent, what France had feared might happen has become reality: the Moroccan Army of Liberation, in spite of its ritual submission to the Sultan in March, has set up recruiting stations in the cities and supply centers for the Algerian army in the waste lands of eastern Morocco along the Algerian border, activities which France is legally powerless to prevent.

For a long time the Moroccan government has hedged whenever the Army of Liberation was mentioned. First it no longer existed, having supposedly been disbanded when certain tribal chieftains journeyed to Rabat to present their arms to the Sultan. Then it did exist, but was merely maintaining order in disturbed areas. During these weeks

there were constant encounters between it and French security forces in the Central Rif, the Middle Atlas and the extreme northwestern corner of Morocco. Villages and plantations were raided, French officers and Moslem dignitaries were abducted, French military convoys ambushed and an effective campaign of sabotage was carried out.

When in mid-May the new Moroccan army was formed in Rabat, the question of the Liberation Army's precise status once more became paramount. It was then announced by spokesmen of the Liberation Army that their organization was being integrated with the official army of the Sultan. The Minister of Defense, Si Ahmed Reda Guedira, upon being questioned as to the accuracy of this report, replied: "I have no idea."

THE PRIZE question is, of course: where is the seat of power? Who takes orders from whom? Ambiguous statements such as Guedira's are certainly instrumental in lessening one's inclination to take official declarations at their face value. There is obviously a need for an army and a police force able to cope with the widespread lawlessness which could conceivably return Morocco to its ancient condition of anarchy. But just as surely as the country at large would profit by the reestablishment of order, certain active minorities are interested in augmenting the chaos. Not only the common bandits on the highways, but also the organized colonial diehards, as well as the extreme political Left, are—to put it gently—disinclined to assist the government in its difficult task. And the new government needs all the help it can get. Being wholly dependent upon the French for guidance in administrative operations, it cannot afford to antagonize them too openly by giving voice to the political opinions of the Moslem majority, opinions whose tenor is distinctly Francophobe. In the mind of the illiterate private citizen the settling of accounts has scarcely begun. There are still thousands of evil-doers, most of them Moslems who in the past have made a business of collaborating with or informing for the French authorities, who remain to be liquidated. The Moslem population lives in the expectation of eventual large-scale violence, and for vari-

though he shows an almost wistful insistence on the improvements in Marianne's epistolary style, there is always the natural self-congratulation that I, an artist, managed to emerge from such. Many and great writers have sprung from this seed-bed and have had cause to be grateful for the vigor, the intransigence, the narrowness of purpose, the spiritual hardihood and masculinity that they have received from it. Forster seems to have inherited rather those virtues of moderation that he half-praises, half-deplores in his great-grandfather. So it may well have been the deep pull of affinity that caused him to go against his better judgment and tackle so unpromising a subject—and bereft of the classical weapons.

But, as the passage quoted and the present work both show, the affinity, the admiration, the affection even, were qualified. And we wonder a little, since we are searching the past, how then *did* Forster emerge from such? Casting about, we come on his Forster grandfather, an Irishman, a clergyman, treated briefly and unsympathetically, who yet suggests those odd birds his grandson uses to needle the complacent. His face, in youth at least, appears delicate and intensely thoughtful and he did manage to write ten books, if dull. There is Forster's father, an architect, possessed of "a charming, niggling pencil." There is his mother and her family: "They had no enthusiasm for work, they were devoid of public spirit, and they were averse to piety . . . and it is with them that my heart lies." Meagre sources, but more probable than Thorntons as forerunners of this particular artist.

Not that Forster seems to favor such fancies. His final and most eloquent statement of thanks to the aunt who inspired this biography is not for any spiritual legacy, but for the eight thousand pounds she left him, ". . . she and no one else," he declares, "made my career as a writer possible."

There he does himself, at least, injustice.

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A Mask of Letters

THE LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON. Edited by J. E. Norton. Macmillan. Three volumes. \$30.

By Kenneth Rexroth

WE HAVE all heard the wisecrack about Gibbon's *Autobiography*, that he wrote of himself as though he was the Roman Empire. How true it is. Never, not even in Plutarchian Rome, did the public mask, the Social Lie, so completely obscure reality, as in Gibbon's day and world. We may expect our great politicians, some fraudulent old "tub of whiskey and stale nicotine," to be strutters on the stage, devoid of personal life, and who will ever number the heartaches of Arthur Godfrey? But Gibbon is another matter. Somehow, somewhere, we get the conviction of a tragic, hidden self, nursed through life like an imbecile in a garret. I think mostly the secret leaks through in the fact of the style. This is one place where we can say for sure, the style is the man. True, *The Decline and Fall* is pompous at times, snickers at times, but by and large, it conveys, more than any other work in English, in sentence after noble sentence, the conviction of integrity and tragedy.

The famous footnote on Theodora, "in the decent obscurity of a learned language," is not just a leer. The whole Theodora story is a muffled cry across time, sex, space, circumstance, of one lost and frightened person to another. Reading it, you know Gibbon was haunted by those terrified Byzantine eyes in the Ravenna mosaic, the little circus girl, growing old under her topheavy crown. A strange lover—this man who proposed only once to a woman, and who then, too chubby to rise in his tight breeches, had to be helped from his knees by her. An apocryphal legend, but with its own truth.

It is of course to Gibbon's letters to Suzanne Curchoc that you turn first, hoping for something new. Here they are again, just as they were before, set pieces of evasion. This Abelard, "a man naturally cold, or at best tepid," preferred to wait

till old age and write the "History of His Calamities" in the guise of the terrible romance of the martyrdom of Boethius, the noblest pages of *The Decline and Fall*, and one of the greatest short narratives in any language. There are plenty of secrets in that big book, there are none at all in these twelve hundred pages of letters. Not a secret. Not a single leak. Not just Suzanne—it is romantic to think she was of crucial importance—there is nothing at all. All the right eighteenth-century opinions on all the right subjects at all the right times. Letters composed by a committee from *The Manchester Guardian*, or, if you prefer, *The Nation*. No wonder college professors love the eighteenth century, those untroubled days when nobody peeked, nobody spilled the beans. Nobody except Blake and Burns and ten thousand other witnesses, from Cowper to Sade. No-

body ever let on. Nobody burned the Bastille.

So, to talk like a book reviewer, here at last is the personal Gibbon, as complete as he is every likely to be, three volumes of consummate care and scholarship. Here is plenty of documentation for "Main Forces in Eighteenth-Century Thought and Life." Here is some charming, witty, often even wise, observation, in a prose no less noble for being intimate. Here is all the editorial information and apparatus anybody could desire. As for Gibbon, he is somewhere else, on the throne and in the brothels of the Levant with Theodora, in the tower with Boethius. Miss Norton has worked to do what she could, but, as she says, speaking of certain letters to a fellow scholar, "Had Gibbon continued the pursuit of pure scholarship, he would no doubt have become more correct and more fastidious, and the present letters indicate that he might have become an accomplished Latinist with an individual style."

Prose and Verse of Japan

ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST ERA TO THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by Donald Keene. Grove Press. \$6.50.

By Thomas C. Smith

DESPITE the long history, richness and individuality of Japanese literature, it has remained almost unknown in the West outside a circle of devotees. One suspects appreciation of it is an acquired taste; but a more important factor perhaps is that translations have been scattered and too often graceless or unfeeling. This first English anthology of Japanese literature is happily a very good one.

Beginning with the beginnings, and ending at the mid-nineteenth century, with selections foreshadowing a modern Japan, the volume gives us representative pieces from many major works and genres. On the quite sensible view that literature is meant to be enjoyed, the editor has limited selections to works translating into pleasing English.

One may promise the reader much pleasure from this volume—and some disappointments. He will find poems that tell more than they say: "In its

eye/the far-off hills are mirrored/ dragonfly!" He will find some excellent stories, a sensitivity to the moods of nature that will delight him, freshness and charm in savoring the smallest events of life. But he will not often be deeply moved. The fault is not in the translation. Either there is an emotional dimension in Japanese literature that I miss or it exists only in a few very exceptional works. I am inclined to think the former is the case, but I suspect most Westerners will share my failing.

Where I am able to judge, the translations are perhaps as successful as English permits. Something of the suggestiveness of even the seventensyllable *haiku*, an exceedingly difficult poem to translate, has been preserved. Particularly interesting are the *haiku* translations of Mr. Harold G. Henderson. I should not have thought it possible nor legitimate to use rhyme where there is none in the original. But Mr. Henderson's unforced rhymes seem to convey a sense of the severe limitations of the *haiku* and, with one or two exceptions, give his versions added sharpness.

THOMAS C. SMITH is professor of Japanese history at Stanford.

KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, will bring out this year translations of Japanese, Chinese, Greek and French poems.

Books In Brief

Fine Arts

GIAN LORENZO BERNINI: THE SCULPTOR OF THE ROMAN BAROQUE. By Rudolf Wittkower. Phaidon. \$12.50. The first monograph in English about the sculptor who was probably the most prolific and influential of any in history. In other languages no full-dress treatment of this major luminary has appeared for a generation, though Bernini scholarship in the form of articles has been active. Both as architect and sculptor, Bernini established Baroque Rome, and thereby dominated European arts of the seventeenth century and also in the eighteenth and nineteenth whenever Baroque forms were employed. Wittkower, the leading Bernini scholar, is somewhat cramped even by the format of the Phaidon series; but the text will serve the general reader and the catalogue raisonné will serve the specialist. The 135 full-page black-and-white plates are for the most part suitably magnificent.

AMERICAN PAINTING FROM THE ARMORY SHOW TO THE DEPRESSION. By Milton W. Brown. Princeton. \$15. A thorough historical treatment of painting in the United States between 1913 and 1929. The conflict of modern European idioms, introduced dramatically by the Armory Show, with a rapidly stratifying academic hegemony is fully studied. While the historical limits of the book are clearly stated in its title, one wonders whether they imply some degree of negative artistic judgment on subsequent painting in America. Undercurrents of approval of mural paintings with themes of social significance (but with far less significance in their forms and expression) seem to lead in the same direction. Mr. Brown is so preoccupied with classifying and correlating and historicizing, that he takes too little time to consider the quality or the unique character of the individual painting. Thus the book as a whole is rather more a historical compendium of the effects of social forces on American painting at a given period than it is a critical estimate of the value of the work done at that time.

PICASSO. By Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartes. Harry N. Abrams. \$15. In format this volume is similar to the recent monograph on Paul Klee by Will Grohmann. The text is elaborately illustrated with line cuts, interlaced batches of full-

page half-tone cuts and smaller groups of tipped-in color plates; each of these groupings follows a roughly chronological order, but as they are independent of one another the classified catalogue and chronological listing at the rear of the book are indispensable. The more than 600 illustrations cover all phases of Picasso's work in all media, with the inclusions from the past dozen years being especially plentiful. The value of the book lies partly, then, in its supplying a sumptuous pre-

liminary to a definitive catalogue. Boeck's text, however, is equally useful, not only for its historical coverage but for its critical analyses and its enlightening study of the connections across six decades between the forms of Picasso's art. In all this he manages to avoid both mumbo-jumbo and hero worship. The same cannot be said for Sabartes' sixty-page reminiscence, placed at the beginning of the book, though it has considerable documentary interest.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Theatre in Germany: II

Harold Clurman

BERTOLT BRECHT'S Berliner Ensemble Theater in East Berlin has been called by one foreign critic the finest acting company in Europe. A number of other critics tend to discuss the productions of that remarkable organization from the standpoint of Brecht's theories. Both these approaches seem to me alien to the value or significance of any artistic phenomenon. The way to understand work in the theatre is to register and measure the effect created and the human, social and (sometimes) technical attributes which render that effect.

I begin my report on Brecht's theatre in this fashion because Brecht himself, as well as many of his admirers, lays so much stress on the unsentimental, didactic, demonstration-like nature of his art. The first thing I should like to note, therefore, is that I found *Mother Courage and Her Children*, perhaps the best of Brecht's plays, very touching.

Brecht is a poet. To overlook the extremely sensitive bareness and strength of his writing is to miss its core. It strikes me as downright silly to talk of Brecht's production methods—the tenets of his co-called Epic Theatre—without realizing that if such methods did not exist, the quality of Brecht's writing would require their invention. Brecht says that his plays may be done in different ways, but it is clear that they would make no sense if one adhered to the ordinary naturalism of the contemporary stage.

Brecht's plays are morality plays as surely as anything written in the Middle Ages to demonstrate the road to Salvation or to mock the Evil

One. There is in Brecht the same basic seriousness, the same need to be clear, popular, real (that is, essential). Those old plays depended a good deal on comedy—often of a primitive kind; so does Brecht, whose shrewd wit and robust humor nearly always assume a rather peasant-like bluntness. The old plays were direct: each scene had its unmistakable comic or pathetic point. They had very little of the ambiguity and indirection of the modern play. Brecht's plays do not attempt to render nuances of personal psychology: they are displays of primary action governed by primary motives. Finally, we are constantly kept aware that we are looking at an artifice, and that helps us to maintain the objectivity and critical sense which Brecht insists is the proper frame of mind for an adult in the theatre.

Mother Courage is the tale of a woman of the people who, with three illegitimate children, follows the troops during the Thirty Years War to sell them liquor and sundry other articles soldiers crave. The play shows us how she is slowly deprived of everything she cherishes: her children, her trade, her reason for being. This woman who takes no sides, who seeks only to live and let live in the most friendly fashion, is swept along by the currents of life in a war period until nothing remains of her native honesty, good nature, moral or material possessions.

THERE are very funny scenes in the play, dramatic scenes and scenes which for all their brevity give us a remarkably sharp view of the epoch. But what is most important to bear

in mind is that, though Brecht always endeavors to keep his writing and presentation dispassionate and rather matter-of-factly quiet—effects of climax, suspense, mood being systematically avoided—what is ultimately achieved is indelibly vivid and emotionally telling. One leaves the theatre with the unalterable conviction that war is nothing less than the greatest scourge of man's making.

In his staging, Brecht doesn't attempt picturesqueness; yet his stage has a constant visual interest. Everything is apparently being done to destroy illusion—the light, for instance, is always bright white, and the electric apparatus always in view; the revolving stage by which *Mother Courage's* endless wanderings are shown is plainly a stage mechanism. Songs interrupt the action arbitrarily. They sharpen the play's points like epigrams of instruction. (Splendid songs they are too.)

The purpose of all this is to tell the audience that the play is a conscious device to present what the dramatist and his colleagues want the audience to understand—the play's moral point. But, and it cannot be repeated too often, all this does not make the play any the less moving. Everything seems congruous and right. One rarely gets any feeling of a stylistic mannerism, of a trick, labored "modernism."

BRECHT is a classicist. He seeks that form of artistic truth which emphasizes the thing created above the creator, a manner which allows the spectator to appreciate the play with that repose and refinement of attention which liberate the spirit without drugging the senses. Brecht's programmatic anti-romanticism is against art as magic as it is against faith as superstition. But, more deeply, Brecht's technique is a form of discipline undertaken by the artist to convey as devotedly and self-abnegatingly as possible his perception of reality. The goal is wisdom rather than excitement. It has always been the aspiration of the highest art.

Brecht's ideas and this theatre are the product of a destroyed world: Germany from 1919 to the present. The landscape of *Mother Courage* (written in exile in 1938) is that of Berlin—particularly East Berlin—today. The audience is part of a world which has been destroyed or one

which may be reborn. This is not a metaphor: it is a visible tangible fact. In such a world, one has to get down to fundamentals, everything is truly a matter of life and death. In these circumstances, an art such as Brecht's is emblematic, necessary, national.

Would Brecht's methods serve all plays? Certainly not. Still Brecht's ideas and practice are stimulating and instructive for an understanding of the theatre everywhere. That Brecht's technique may at times be applied with happy results in certain plays other than his own is attested to by *Drums and Trumpets* (Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*) directed by one of the younger men of the Berliner Ensemble Theater. It has been adapted to the uses of this theatre by making the war for which the recruiting is being done the American war of Independence (the original was written about seventy years earlier) and by making it even more than Farquhar's comedy

an occasion for monkey-shines and vaudevillesque lampoon. The result is a hilarious anti-war farce of savage propaganda interlarded with all sorts of theatrical hokum—the whole giving no impression of artiness, strain or falsification.

I say "propaganda," but I must immediately add that it is of a kind which may readily be accepted by anyone at all—except a Junker or a Nazi. This explains why 30 per cent of the Berliner Ensemble Theater audience comes from West Berlin. I have also mentioned a certain primitivism, but it should be clear that this is of a highly sophisticated sort. One striking example of this is the music. Much of it is by Hans Eisler and Paul Dessau—Brecht's pre-war musical collaborators. It reminds one very effectively of *The Three Penny Opera* and of that time in Berlin when Marlene Dietrich was driving the Emil Jannings type of boys crazy. It is an echo of the past easing the revolution of the present.

Television

Anne W. Langman

THE LARGEST mass audience in the history of man—an estimated 120 millions—will observe the 1956 Presidential conventions in August; a sobering thought for American politics. The tv viewer will see much more of the convention than any delegate, learn much more of what's going on elsewhere in the convention city, be guided through these complexities by some of the world's most experienced news commentators. Who can tell what the effect may be on our political practices?

Networks describe their coverage of the conventions in superlatives which make Barnum and Bailey a merely colossal memory. Each will have the largest number of reporter technical and engineering personnel ever converged on one spot, the biggest tonnage of equipment, the latest in technical developments. Sponsors for this super-spectacular confluence of man and electronic machinery will pay fifteen million dollars for the three-network coverage. Because this all takes place in a limited time and in one place at a time (barring the much-headed

possibility that the Democrats will run over the scheduled week and make simultaneous coverage necessary) and because details are worked out well in advance, it is a major chance for the industry to use everything it has in know-how and equipment. It should be a tv landmark of considerable proportions.

Basic arrangements are much the same for all three networks. Inside the International Amphitheatre in Chicago at the Democratic Convention, and in San Francisco's Cow Palace with the Republicans, five pool cameras will be shared by the networks. There will be no individual network cameras on the floors of the conventions. A pool committee chaired by William McAndrew, director of NBC News, for Chicago; and by Sig Mickelson, CBS vice-president for News and Public Affairs, for San Francisco, will direct this operation. In addition, each network will have twenty to thirty of its own cameras in conference rooms, hotel lobbies, airports, railroad stations and in mobile units roaming the convention city. Its reporters and

commentators will be on the convention floor as well as on location with the camera crews. CBS, NBC and ABC will each have a specially constructed central facility in the convention hall. In 150,000 square feet of working space will be a tv studio, newsroom, master control room, telephone switchboard, engineering maintenance room, announcer's booth, make-up room, art department, film projection room.

TO EACH network's nerve center will come pictures from both pool and its own cameras, radio and telephone reports from newsmen on the convention floor, out in the city and elsewhere in the nation. Here will sit the brain trust—the men who will decide which picture to send to your screen and how to use it. In a booth overlooking the convention floor, the anchor man, who will provide continuity during the entire event, will face another camera. He and his associates, who will provide commentary and summaries, will carry out the decisions of the brain trust. As he watches his monitor screen, listens to instructions on earphones, it is the anchor man who will tell you "And now we take you to a smoke-filled room where our reporter will bring you. . . ."

Starting with this basic structure, each network has added special technical attractions of its own. CBS engineers are still working on a new device which executive producer Paul Levitan represents as a top-secret improvement on the "wedge-wipe" (split screen technique) which they introduced in the '52 conventions. They have given their walkie-talkies six-hour batteries, a hedge against repeating '52 experiences of having the power die at a crucial reportorial moment. NBC's Bill McAndrew is proud of the Teleregisters—instantaneous computing machines—to give the viewer cumulative delegate totals for each candidate. ABC has a self-contained tv broadcasting unit in a station wagon, weighing only 5,000 pounds, which vice-president Thomas Velotta calls the "crash unit"; he is also proud of the Audipage, a receiver the size of a tiny cigarette lighter.

In preparation for the conventions, both CBS and NBC have booklets, available through local stations, which will serve as aids to following the conventions on tv and radio.

The news staffs of all three networks have been spending considerable time reviewing past experience and the current political scene in order to prepare themselves for interpreting the forthcoming jamboree. NBC will employ many specialists to develop a feature-story approach: i.e., the woman's angle, programs for future voters. CBS will handle the conventions as a straight news story, using its own staff of newsmen, headed by such veterans as Edward R. Murrow, Eric Sevareid, Walter Cronkite.

Although the conventions this year may not be completely absorbing in their content, they provide an intriguing possibility for the viewer. Here are three tv networks presenting the

same event, simultaneously. They will be using similar technical and engineering arrangements, spending approximately the same amount of money and air time. Each claims that the uniqueness of its presentation lies in its staff: producers, reporters, commentators. It is an opportunity for the viewer to see if there is any difference, any truth to claims of superiority in this most competitive of industries. One may size up the newsmen, the choice of shots, the commentary, decide on the effectiveness of the running narrative, both visually and orally, on the depth of interpretation. Anyone can be a tv critic, without moving from his mountain fastness, favorite beach or bar.

Records

B. H. Haggin

LISTENING to Oistrakh's performances of Mozart's Concerto K.218 and the Mendelssohn E minor with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy on Columbia ML-5085 I recalled a statement by Paul Henry Lang last fall about the visiting Russians—that their playing exhibited inadequacies which were the consequence of their having been cut off from the musical life of the Western world. And while I was thinking about this a letter arrived in which a perceptive young reader remarked on Professor Lang's tendency "to criticize . . . in what he considers his brilliant manner, however different the performance may turn out from his preconception." Even the preconception in this instance, though plausible, disregarded the fact that Moscow and Leningrad had themselves been important centers in the Western musical world for a century or more; that Soviet Russian musicians had remained in contact with those of the West through radio and in some degree through phonograph records; that some of them had had direct contact at international competitions in which they had exhibited enough expertness in Western practice to win over their Western competitors. And Professor Lang made his statement in the face of the actual performances by Oistrakh and Gilels which exhibited full com-

mand of Western practice, and which were good or bad, as are the performances of Western musicians, by virtue of the personal musical taste that operated in the practice.

What delighted one in Oistrakh's Russian recording of Mozart's Concerto K.219 a few years ago was the

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excellent taste evident in the pure tone and simple sustained phrasing—a taste manifested in much the same way by Isaac Stern in his first years; what shocked one in Oistrakh's performance of the work with the New York Philharmonic last fall was the deterioration in taste evident in the excessive vibrato that made the tone over-rich, the swells and portamentos that made the phrasing over-expressive—the sort of thing one has heard also in Stern's later playing. And what one hears now in Oistrakh's recorded performance of Mozart's K.218 is not his unfamiliarity with the ways of Western violinists, but an all too great familiarity with them: it is the fat-toned, high-powered performance, without delicacy and grace, that one might get from a Western violinist throwing his virtuosic weight around. The same kind of playing is heard in the Mendelssohn Concerto, instead of the unimpassioned elegance which the work calls for. For the Mendelssohn I recommend Grumiaux's performance on Epic LC-3173; for the Mozart K.218 his performance on Epic LC-3060, or better still the remarkable performance of thirteen-year-old Gerard Poulet on Remington 199-125.

MOZART'S Piano Concerto K.466, one of the greatest of the later series, is coupled on London LL-1357 with the seldom heard and for the most part uninteresting K.415. In both Katchen plays with the insipid, melting delicacy that used to be considered right for Mozart. Maag conducts the New Symphony of London.

The Piano Concerto K.449, on Epic LC-3226, though one of the lesser members of the later group, is more interesting than the unfamiliar K.238. Henkemans' playing is unpleasantly percussive in the Allegros of K.238, but better elsewhere. Paumgartner conducts the Vienna Symphony.

As for Mozart's symphonies, Victor LM-6035 offers K.425 (Linz) and the final three, K.543, 550 (the great G minor) and 551 (the so-called *Jupiter*), played by Reiner with the Chicago Symphony. The tempos of the opening movements of K.425 and 551 are too fast for the music to have the majesty it should have; and the Poco Adagio movement of K.425 loses by being played Allegretto. The performances of the

other two are more satisfying; and one notes appreciatively the excellence of the orchestra. The over-reverberant hall doesn't blur the performances; but the sound becomes strident at the ends of record sides.

The performance of K.550 by Münchinger with the Vienna Philharmonic on London LL-1285 is pedestrian, and its recorded sound compressed and sharp. But the engaging K.319 is played well and reproduced with more spacious sound.

K.551 and the lovely K.201 are performed excellently by Klemperer with the London Philharmonia on Angel 35209. And another good performance of K.201 by Keilberth and the Bamberg Symphony is on Oiseau-Lyre 50005, with the pleasantly inconsequential German Dances K.509 and 571.

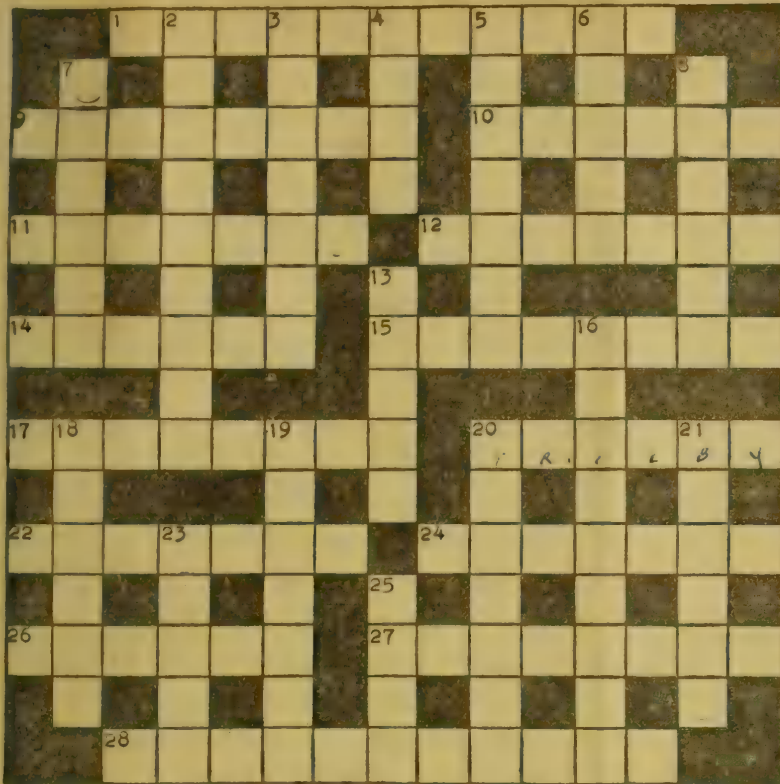
The Symphony K.297 (*Paris*), with its brilliant Allegros and affecting slow movement, has been available in unsatisfactory performances by Beecham on Columbia ML-4474 and Krips on London LL-542, but is now to be had on Epic LC-3215 excellently performed by Paumgartner with the Camerata Academica of the Salzburg Mozarteum. On the reverse side is a good performance of the engaging K.200.

Reiner and the Chicago Symphony are also heard in Mozart's Divertimento K.334 and *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* on Victor LM-1966, and in the Divertimento K.251 and *A Musical Joke* on LM-1952. The charming K.334 has wonderful details in its variation movement; the first, third and fifth movements are the best in K.251, and *A Musical Joke*, a take-off on the banalities a group of village amateurs would play and the occasional disasters of their performance, includes nevertheless a characteristically Mozartian lovely and affecting slow movement. Possibly because the less-frequently played works stimulated Reiner more, the performances are musically livelier than the ones of the symphonies. The sound from LM-1952 is a little sharp.

As for the Serenade K.361 for thirteen winds played by members of L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande under Ansermet on London LL-1274, the piece is more attractive as played with more beautiful tone and more sensitive phrasing by members of the Berlin RIAS Symphony on Telefunken 60006.

Crossword Puzzle No. 678

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Good spellers probably had no difficulty with this word. (11)
- 9 Gets professional remedies, obviously. (8)
- 10 A bird thus comes back to seek food. (6)
- 11 Spreads the news along the line, perhaps. (7)
- 12 What the doctor might prescribe takes years to waste. (7)
- 14 Truly ill-fitting livery! (6)
- 15 Take on a complete crew in a resolute manner? (8)
- 17 To have a predilection for sage, also! (8)
- 20 Svengali's model. (6)
- 22 Certainly not an undernourished confederate. (7)
- 24 Looks as though 4 down is confused by the golf score! (7)
- 26 Game exemplified by 21 down? (3,3)
- 27 Get used to the current usage, obviously. (8)
- 28 This could make a Northern Spy blush! (5,6)

DOWN:

- 2 Edils lose religion. (4-5)
- 3 Wasting away, yet with a mark of the winner. (7)
- 4 It returns with the sparrows. (4)

5 and 25 This should certainly play only current tunes. (7,4)

■ Push off when a sick man comes up! (5)

7 A rectangular rabbit. (6)

8 Did this region take Franklin to measure? (6)

13 Is the inaccessibility of this resin no longer so popular? (5)

16 Provinces of thought conceived as forming closed systems. (9)

18 Likenesses of Debussy, perhaps. (6)

19 A stormy gale after the kind of wind that brings no good. (7)

20 A pith helmet on top of Mr. Coolidge should have been more than a matter of immediate discussion. (7)

21 When this dog comes up it gives one short weight to steal. (6)

23 Even when they do, most people start at the top. (3-2)

25 See 5 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 677

ACROSS: 1 FACTORIAL; ■ FLOOD; 9 OVERDUE; 10 TREMBLE; 11 DUO; 12 LATELY; 13 and 25 TAKICAB; 15 MOTIVATE; 16 PANDIT; 18 STARRY; 20 ROADSIDE; 23 and 3 CASH ON DELIVERY; 24 TUSCAN; 28 AIRPORT; 29 PRUNING; 30 SNAIL; 31 RESILIENT. DOWN: 1 FJORD; 2 CHEROKEE; 4 IDENTITY; 5 LITTLE; ■ and 7 FREE ON BOARD; ■ and 27 DYED-IN-THE-WOOL; 14 PAID IN FULL; 15 MUSICIANS; 17 CONCEPTS; 19 AUSTRIA; 21 INCLINE; 22 CUTTER; 26 BIGOT.

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